


IN

DARKEST AFRICA

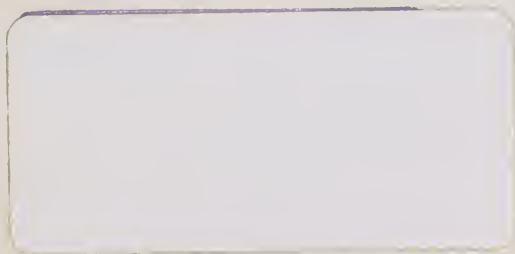


HENRY M. STANLEY

DAVID S.

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SURGEON T. H. PARK, A.M.D.

CAPTAIN NELSON.

H. M. STANLEY

A. J. MOUNTENEFY JEPHSON.

LIEUT. W. G. STAIRS, R.E.

IN DARKEST AFRICA

OR THE

QUEST RESCUE AND RETREAT

OF

EMIN

GOVERNOR OF EQUATORIA

BY

HENRY M. STANLEY, D.C.L. OXON., LL.D. EDIN.

HONORARY MEMBER OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY AND THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETIES
OF THE ROYAL SCOTTISH, MANCHESTER, ETC.;
DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF HALLE;
GOLD MEDALLIST OF LONDON, PARIS, ITALY, SWEDEN, AND ANTWERP GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETIES, ETC.;
GRAND CORDON OF THE MEDJIDIE; GRAND COMMANDER OF THE OSMANLIE;
GRAND CORDON OF THE ORDER OF THE CONGO; GRAND COMMANDER OF THE ORDER OF LEOPOLD;
STAR OF ZANZIBAR; STAR OF SERVICE ON THE CONGO; ETC.

AUTHOR OF

*"How I Found Livingstone;" "Through the Dark Continent;" "The Congo, and the
Founding of its Free State;" "Coomassie and Magdala;" etc.*

WITH ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY WOODCUT ILLUSTRATIONS
AND MAPS.

"I will not cease to go forward until I come to the place where the two seas meet,
though I travel ninety years."—KORAN, chap. xviii., v. 62.

(COLONIAL EDITION.)

LONDON

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE AND RIVINGTON
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1890

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STANLEY

AUTHOR'S AND PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

THE Author of this work and the Publishers thereof desire to express their thanks to the many gentlemen without whose earnest co-operation it would have been impossible to publish it within the allotted time. Especially are they due to the artists who cheerfully put aside other engagements in order to assist in the accomplishment of this task; their names will be found attached to the List of Illustrations; but they cannot refrain from mentioning specially the names of M. G. MONTBARD, of Highgate, to whose indefatigable zeal they are indebted not only for the many woodcuts which bear his name, but also for the six fine etchings which adorn the *Edition de Luxe*. Mr. FORESTIER, of Sydenham, and M. RIOU, the well-known French artist, and Mr. SCHONBERG, are entitled to their thanks for the good work they have done; so also is Mr. SYDNEY HALL, who generously came to their assistance when other artists through ill-health were unable to do what they had undertaken. Amongst the engravers it would be improper not to mention the names of the veteran J. D. COOPER—who brought the same fervour and zeal to bear upon this work as he did upon *How I Found Livingstone*, eighteen years ago—M. BARBANT, of Paris, and the other French engravers, who, inspired by the enthusiasm of a good friend, Monsieur FOURET of MM. Hachette & Co., worked with equal goodwill: whilst as regards the Maps, Mr. EDWARD STANFORD, aided by Mr. JOHN BOLTON, deserves the highest praise.

Mr. WALERY, of Regent Street, is entitled to thanks for the excellent portrait of the Author which forms the frontispiece to the First Volume of the *Edition de Luxe*, and Mr. FERGUS, of Largs, for the group which forms the frontispiece to the Second Volume of that Edition.

Bearing in mind that the first line of this work was written in the Hotel Villa Victoria, Cairo, on the 25th of January of this year (1890); that the Author worked continuously for fifty days, averaging over twenty printed pages a day; that the first portion of manuscript was placed in the printer's hands on the 12th of March, and the last proof-sheet returned for press on the 3rd of June—Messrs. CLOWES, whose names we mention last, are far from being the least entitled to gratitude. It may safely be asserted, without fear of the assertion being questioned, that no work of travel of this magnitude was ever before produced in so short a space of time; it has taxed to the utmost the vast resources of Messrs. CLOWES and SONS' Printing Establishment; and two of the largest binderies in London, those of Messrs. Burn, of Hatton Garden, and Messrs. Leighton,

Son, and Hodge, of New Street Square, E.C., have scarcely been equal to the demands made upon them. The publishers' aim throughout has been to produce workmanship of the very best kind: any deficiencies that may be discovered must be attributed to their earnest endeavour to meet as speedily as possible the extraordinary and unprecedented demand that has been made upon them by the public.

H. M. S.

S. L. M. S. & R.

The publishers take the opportunity which this "note" affords them to state that they have in preparation a third volume which may in some sense be regarded as supplementary and as filling up an important gap in *In Darkest Africa*. Mr. Mountney Jephson, whom Mr. Stanley sent to convey his message to the troops of the Equatorial Province, has written a volume of a most interesting character.

It will be remembered that Mr. Jephson was imprisoned and detained in Wadelai for nine months, where he went through many extraordinary adventures, from which he eventually escaped. The work will form an octavo volume, with map and illustrations, and will be ready for publication in the autumn.

S. L. M. S. & R.

LONDON, *June*, 1890

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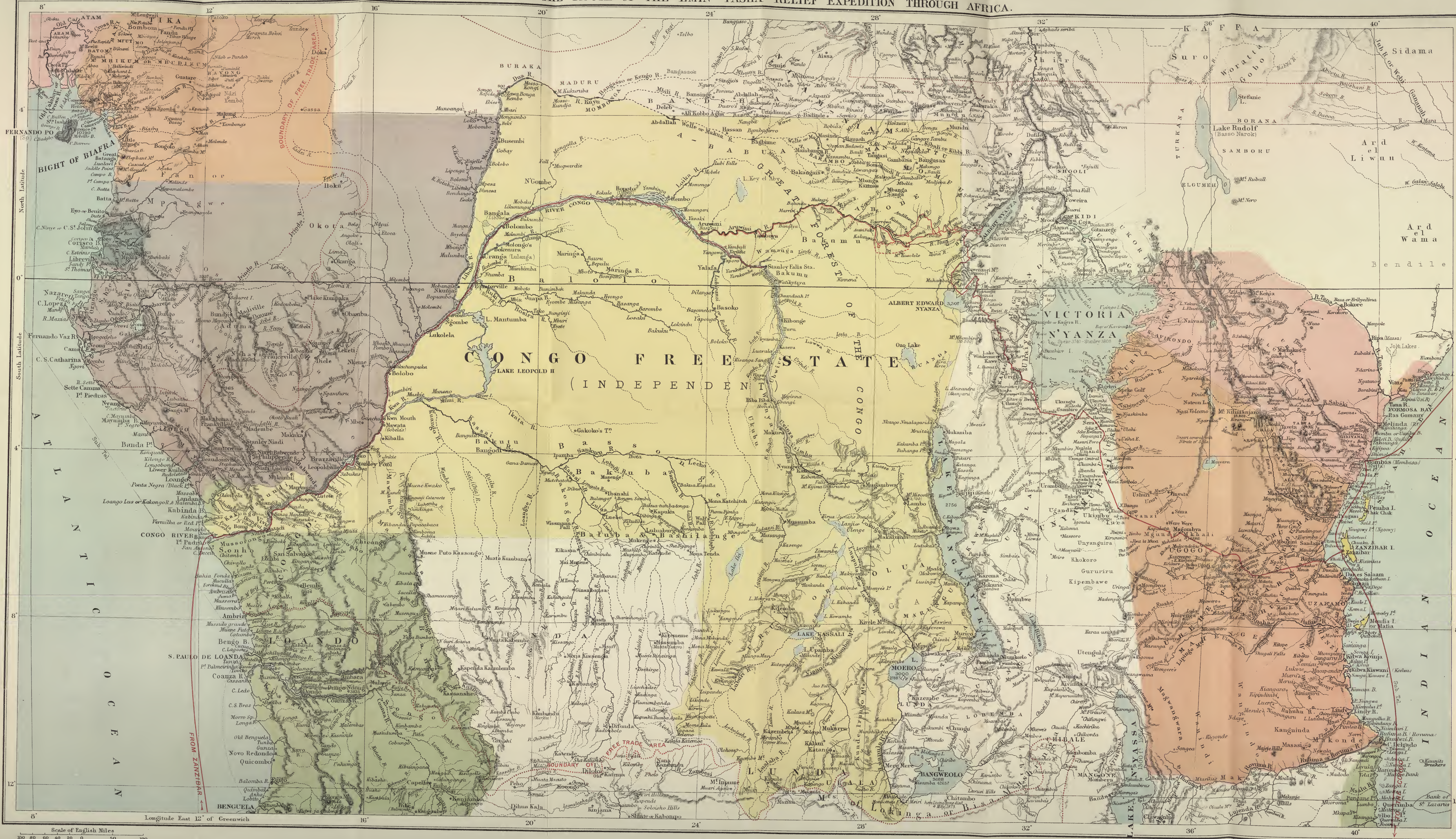
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A MAP OF THE ROUTE OF THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION THROUGH AFRICA.



Teacher 1890.

IN DARKEST AFRICA.

PREFATORY LETTER.

MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

I have great pleasure in dedicating this book to you. It professes to be the Official Report to yourself and the Emin Relief Committee of what we have experienced and endured during our mission of Relief, which circumstances altered into that of Rescue. You may accept it as a truthful record of the journeyings of the Expedition which you and the Emin Relief Committee entrusted to my guidance.

I regret that I was not able to accomplish all that I burned to do when I set out from England in January, 1887, but the total collapse of the Government of Equatoria thrust upon us the duty of conveying in hammocks so many aged and sick people, and protecting so many helpless and feeble folk, that we became transformed from a small fighting column of tried men into a mere Hospital Corps to whom active adventure was denied. The Governor was half blind and possessed much luggage, Casati was weakly and had to be carried, and 90 per cent. of their followers were, soon after starting, scarcely able to travel, from age, disease, weakness or infancy. Without sacrificing our sacred charge, to assist which was the object of the Expedition, we could neither deviate to the right nor to the left from the most direct road to the sea.

You who throughout your long and varied life have steadfastly believed in the Christian's God, and before men have professed your devout thankfulness for many mercies vouchsafed to you, will better understand than many others the feelings which animate me when I find myself back again in civilization, uninjured in life or health, after passing through so many stormy and distressful periods. Constrained at the darkest hour to humbly confess that without God's help I was helpless, I vowed a vow in the forest solitudes that I would confess His aid before men. A silence as of death was round about me; it was midnight; I was weakened by illness, prostrated with fatigue and worn with anxiety for my white and black companions, whose fate was a mystery. In this physical and mental distress I besought God to give me back my people. Nine hours later we were exulting with a rapturous joy. In full view of all was the crimson flag with the crescent, and beneath its waving folds was the long-lost Rear Column.

Again, we had emerged into the open country out of the forest, after such experiences as in the collective annals of African travels there is no parallel. We were approaching the region wherein our ideal Governor was reported to be beleaguered. All that we heard from such natives as our scouts caught prepared us for desperate encounters with multitudes, of whose numbers or qualities none could inform us intelligently, and when the population of Undusuma swarmed in myriads on the hills, and the valleys seemed alive with warriors, it really seemed to us in our dense ignorance of their character and power, that these were of those who hemmed in the Pasha to the west. If he with his 4000 soldiers appealed for help, what could we effect with 173? The night before I had been reading the exhortation of Moses to Joshua, and whether it was the effect of those brave words, or whether it was a voice, I know not, but it appeared to me as though I heard: "Be strong, and of a good courage; fear not, nor be afraid of them, for the Lord thy God He it is that doth go with thee, He will not fail thee nor forsake thee." When on the next day Mazamboni commanded his people to attack and exterminate us, there was not a coward in our camp, whereas the evening before we exclaimed in bitterness on seeing four of our men fly before one native, "And these are the wretches with whom we must reach the Pasha!"

And yet again. Between the confluence of the Ihuru and the Dui rivers in December 1888, 150 of the best and strongest of our men had been despatched to forage for food. They had been absent for many days more than they ought to have been, and in the meantime 130 men, besides boys and women, were starving. They were supported each day with a cup of warm thin broth, made of butter, milk and water, to keep death away as long as possible. When the provisions were so reduced that there were only sufficient for thirteen men for ten days, even of the thin broth with four tiny biscuits each per day, it became necessary for me to hunt up the missing men. They might, being without a leader, have been reckless, and been besieged by an overwhelming force of vicious dwarfs. My following consisted of sixty-six men, a few women and children, who, more active than the others, had assisted the thin fluid with the berries of the phrynium and the amomum, and such fungi as could be discovered in damp places, and therefore were possessed of some little strength, though the poor fellows were terribly emaciated. Fifty-one men, besides boys and women, were so prostrate with debility and disease that they would be hopelessly gone if within a few hours food did not arrive. My white comrade and thirteen men were assured of sufficient for ten days to protract the struggle against a painful death. We who were bound for the search possessed nothing. We could feed on berries until we could arrive at a plantation. As we travelled that afternoon we passed several dead bodies in various stages of decay, and the sight of doomed, dying and dead produced on my nerves such a feeling of weakness that I was well-nigh overcome. Every soul in that camp was paralysed with sadness and suffering. Despair had made them all dumb. Not a sound was heard to disturb the deathly brooding. It was a mercy to me that I heard no murmur of reproach, no sign of rebuke. I felt the horror of the silence of the forest and the night intensely. Sleep was impossible. My thoughts dwelt on these recurring disobediences which caused so much misery and anxiety. "Stiff-necked, rebellious, incorrigible human nature, ever showing its animalism and brutishness,

let the wretches be for ever accursed! Their utter thoughtless and oblivious natures and continual breach of promises kill more men, and cause more anxiety, than the poison of the darts or barbs and points of the arrows. If I meet them I will——” But before the resolve was uttered flashed to my memory the dead men on the road, the doomed in the camp, and the starving with me, and the thought that those 150 men were lost in the remorseless woods beyond recovery, or surrounded by savages without hope of escape, then do you wonder that the natural hardness of the heart was softened, and that I again consigned my case to Him who could alone assist us. The next morning within half-an-hour of the start we met the foragers, safe, sound, robust, loaded, bearing four tons of plantains. You can imagine what cries of joy these wild children of Nature uttered, you can imagine how they flung themselves upon the fruit, and kindled the fires to roast and boil and bake, and how, after they were all filled, we strode back to the camp to rejoice those unfortunates with Mr. Bonny.

As I mentally review the many grim episodes and reflect on the marvellously narrow escapes from utter destruction to which we have been subjected during our various journeys to and fro through that immense and gloomy extent of primeval woods, I feel utterly unable to attribute our salvation to any other cause than to a gracious Providence who for some purpose of His own preserved us. All the armies and armaments of Europe could not have lent us any aid in the dire extremity in which we found ourselves in that camp between the Dui and Ihuru; an army of explorers could not have traced our course to the scene of the last struggle had we fallen, for deep, deep as utter oblivion had we been surely buried under the humus of the trackless wilds.

It is in this humble and grateful spirit that I commence this record of the progress of the Expedition from its inception by you to the date when at our feet the Indian Ocean burst into view, pure and blue as heaven, when we might justly exclaim, “It is ended!”

What the public ought to know, that have I written, but there are many things that the snarling, cynical, unbelieving, vulgar ought not to know. I write to you and to your friends, and for those who desire more light on *Darkest Africa*, and for those who can feel an interest in what concerns humanity.

My creed has been, is, and will remain so, I hope, to act for the best, think the right thought and speak the right word, as well as a good motive will permit. When a mission is entrusted to me, and my conscience approves it as noble and right, and I give my promise to exert my best powers to fulfil this according to the letter and spirit, I carry with me a Law that I am compelled to obey. If any associated with me prove to me by their manner and action that this Law is equally incumbent on them, then I recognize my brothers. Therefore it is with unqualified delight that I acknowledge the priceless services of my friends Stairs, Jephson, Nelson and Parke, four men whose devotion to their several duties was as perfect as human nature is capable of. As a man's epitaph can only be justly written when he lies in his sepulchre, so I rarely attempted to tell them during the journey, how much I valued the ready and prompt obedience of Stairs, that earnestness for work that distinguished Jephson, the brave soldierly qualities of Nelson, and the

gentle, tender devotion paid by our Doctor to his ailing patients; but now that the long wanderings are over, and they have bided and laboured ungrudgingly throughout the long period, I feel that my words are poor indeed when I need them to express in full my lasting obligations to each of them.

Concerning those who have fallen, or who were turned back by illness or accident, I will admit, with pleasure, that while in my company every one seemed most capable of fulfilling the highest expectations formed of them. I never had a doubt of any one of them until Mr. Bonny poured into my ears the dismal story of the Rear Column. While I possess positive proofs that both the Major and Mr. Jameson were inspired by loyalty, and burning with desire throughout those long months at Yambuya, I have endeavoured to ascertain why they did not proceed as instructed by letter, or why Messrs. Ward, Troup and Bonny did not suggest that to move little by little was preferable to rotting at Yambuya, which they were clearly in danger of doing, like the 100 dead followers. To this simple question there is no answer. The eight visits to Stanley Falls and Kasongo amount in the aggregate to 1,200 miles; their journals, log-books, letters teem with proofs that every element of success was in and with them. I cannot understand why the five officers, having means for moving, confessedly burning with the desire to move, and animated with the highest feelings, did not move on along our track as directed; or why, believing I was alive, the officers sent my personal baggage down river and reduced their chief to a state of destitution; or why they should send European tinned provisions and two dozen bottles of Madeira down river, when there were thirty-three men sick and hungry in camp; or why Mr. Bonny should allow his own rations to be sent down while he was present; or why Mr. Ward should be sent down river with a despatch, and an order be sent after him to prevent his return to the Expedition. These are a few of the problems which puzzle me, and to which I have been unable to obtain satisfactory solutions. Had any other person informed me that such things had taken place, I should have doubted them, but I take my information solely from Major Barttelot's official despatch (see Appendix). The telegram which Mr. Ward conveyed to the sea requests instructions from the London Committee, but the gentlemen in London reply, "We refer you to Mr. Stanley's letter of instructions." It becomes clear to every one that there is a mystery here for which I cannot conceive a rational solution, and therefore each reader of this narrative must think his own thoughts but construe the whole charitably.

After the discovery of Mr. Bonny at Banalya, I had frequent occasions to remark to him that his goodwill and devotion were equal to that shown by the others, and as for bravery, I think he has as much as the bravest. With his performance of any appointed work I never had cause for dissatisfaction, and as he so admirably conducted himself, with such perfect and respectful obedience, while with us from Banalya to the Indian Sea, the more the mystery of Yambuya life is deepened, for with 2,000 such soldiers as Bonny under a competent leader, the entire Soudan could be subjugated, pacified and governed.

It must thoroughly be understood, however, while reflecting upon the misfortunes of the Rear Column, that it is my firm belief that had it been the lot of Barttelot and Jameson to have been in the place of, say Stairs

and Jephson, and to have accompanied us in the advance, they would equally have distinguished themselves : for such a group of young gentlemen as Barttelot, Jameson, Stairs, Nelson, Jephson, and Parke, at all times, night or day, so eager for and rather loving work, is rare. If I were to try and form another African State, such tireless, brave natures would be simply invaluable. The misfortunes of the Rear Column were due to the resolutions of August 17th to stay and wait for me, and to the meeting with the Arabs the next day.

What is herein related about Emin Pasha need not, I hope, be taken as derogating in the slightest from the high conception of our ideal. If the reality differs somewhat from it, no fault can be attributed to him. While his people were faithful he was equal to the ideal ; when his soldiers revolted his usefulness as a Governor ceased, just as the cabinet-maker with tools may turn out finished wood-work, but without them can do nothing. If the Pasha was not of such gigantic stature as we supposed him to be, he certainly cannot be held responsible for that, any more than he can be held accountable for his unmilitary appearance. If the Pasha was able to maintain his province for five years, he cannot in justice be held answerable for the wave of insanity and the epidemic of turbulence which converted his hitherto loyal soldiers into rebels. You will find two special periods in this narrative wherein the Pasha is described with strictest impartiality in each, but his misfortunes never cause us to lose our respect for him, though we may not agree with that excess of sentiment which distinguished him, for objects so unworthy as sworn rebels. As an administrator he displayed the finest qualities ; he was just, tender, loyal and merciful, and affectionate to the natives who placed themselves under his protection ; and no higher and better proof of the esteem with which he was regarded by his soldiery can be desired than that he owed his life to the reputation for justice and mildness which he had won. In short, every hour saved from sleep was devoted before his final deposition to some useful purpose conducive to increase of knowledge, improvement of humanity, and gain to civilization. You must remember all these things, and by no means lose sight of them, even while you read our impressions of him.

I am compelled to believe that Mr. Mounteney Jephson wrote the kindest report of the events that transpired during the arrest and imprisonment of the Pasha and himself, out of pure affection, sympathy, and fellow-feeling for his friend. Indeed, the kindness and sympathy he entertains for the Pasha are so evident that I playfully accuse him of being either a Mahdist, Arabist, or Eminist, as one would naturally feel indignant at the prospect of leading a slave's life at Khartoum. The letters of Mr. Jephson, after being shown, were endorsed, as will be seen, by Emin Pasha. Later observations proved the truth of those made by Mr. Jephson when he said, "Sentiment is the Pasha's worst enemy ; nothing keeps Emin here but Emin himself." What I most admire in him is the evident struggle between his duty to me, as my agent, and the friendship he entertains for the Pasha.

While we may naturally regret that Emin Pasha did not possess that influence over his troops which would have commanded their perfect obedience, confidence and trust, and made them pliable to the laws and customs of civilization, and compelled them to respect natives as fellow-subjects, to be guardians of peace and protectors of property, without

which there can be no civilization, many will think that, as the Governor was unable to do this, that it is as well that events took the turn they did. The natives of Africa cannot be taught that there are blessings in civilization if they are permitted to be oppressed and to be treated as unworthy of the treatment due to human beings, to be despoiled and enslaved at will by a licentious soldiery. The habit of regarding the aborigines as nothing better than pagan *abid* or slaves, dates from Ibrahim Pasha, and must be utterly suppressed before any semblance of civilization can be seen outside the military settlements. When every grain of corn, and every fowl, goat, sheep and cow which is necessary for the troops is paid for in sterling money or its equivalent in necessary goods, then civilization will become irresistible in its influence, and the Gospel even may be introduced; but without impartial justice both are impossible—certainly never when preceded and accompanied by spoliation, which I fear was too general a custom in the Soudan.

Those who have some regard for righteous justice may find some comfort in the reflection that until civilization in its true and real form be introduced into Equatoria, the aborigines shall now have some peace and rest, and that whatever aspects its semblance bare, excepting a few orange and lime trees, can be replaced within a month, under higher, better, and more enduring auspices.

If during this Expedition I have not sufficiently manifested the reality of my friendship and devotion to you and to my friends of the Emin Relief Committee, pray attribute it to want of opportunities and force of circumstances, and not to lukewarmness and insincerity; but if, on the other hand, you and my friends have been satisfied that, so far as lay in my power, I have faithfully and loyally accomplished the mission you entrusted to me in the same spirit and to the same purpose that you yourself would have performed them had it been physically and morally possible for you to have been with us, then indeed am I satisfied, and the highest praise would not be equal in my opinion to the simple acknowledgment of it, such as "Well done."

My dear Sir William, to love a noble, generous and loyal heart like your own, is natural. Accept the profession of mine, which has been pledged long ago to you wholly and entirely.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

To Sir WILLIAM MACKINNON, Bart.,
of Balinakill and Loup,
in the County of Argyleshire,
The Chairman of the Emin Pasha Relief Committee.
 &c. &c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

ONLY a Carlyle in his maturest period, as when he drew in lurid colours the agonies of the terrible French Revolution, can do justice to the long catalogue of disasters which has followed the connection of England with Egypt. It is a theme so dreadful throughout, that Englishmen shrink from touching it. Those who have written upon any matters relating to

these horrors confine themselves to bare historical record. No one can read through these without shuddering at the dangers England and Englishmen have incurred during this pitiful period of mismanagement. After the Egyptian campaign there is only one bright gleam of sunshine throughout months of oppressive darkness, and that shone over the immortals of Abu-Klea and Gubat, when that small body of heroic Englishmen struggled shoulder to shoulder on the sands of the fatal desert, and won a glory equal to that which the Light Brigade were urged to gain at Balaclava. Those were fights indeed, and atone in a great measure for a series of blunders that a century of history would fail to parallel. It only a portion of that earnestness of purpose exhibited at Abu-Klea had been manifested by those responsible for ordering events, the Mahdi would soon have become only a picturesque figure to adorn a page or to point a metaphor, and not the terrible portent of these latter days, whose presence blasted every vestige of civilization in the Soudan to ashes.

In order that I may make a fitting but brief introduction to the subject-matter of this book, I must necessarily glance at the events which led to the cry of the last surviving Lieutenant of Gordon for help in his close beleaguement near the Equator.

To the daring project of Ismail the Khedive do we owe the original cause of all that has befallen Egypt and the Soudan. With 5,000,000 of subjects, and a rapidly depleting treasury, he undertook the expansion of the Egyptian Khedivate into an enormous Egyptian Empire, the entire area embracing a superficial extent of nearly 1,000,000 square miles—that is, from the Pharos of Alexandria to the south end of Lake Albert, from Massowah to the western boundary of Darfur. Adventurers from Europe and from America resorted to his capital to suggest the maddest schemes, and volunteered themselves leaders of the wildest enterprises. The staid period when Egyptian sovereignty ceased at Gondokoro, and the Nile was the natural drain of such traffic as found its way by the gentle pressure of slow development, was ended when Captains Speke and Grant, and Sir Samuel Baker brought their rapturous reports of magnificent lakes, and regions unmatched for fertility and productiveness. The termination of the American Civil War threw numbers of military officers out of employment, and many thronged to Egypt to lend their genius to the modern Pharaoh, and to realize his splendid dreams of empire. Englishmen, Germans, and Italians, appeared also to share in the honours that were showered upon the bold and the brave.

While reading carefully and dispassionately the annals of this period, admiring the breadth of the Khedive's views, the enthusiasm which possesses him, the princely liberality of his rewards, the military exploits, the sudden extensions of his power, and the steady expansions of his sovereignty to the south, west, and east, I am struck by the fact that his success as a conqueror in Africa may well be compared to the successes of Alexander in Asia, the only difference being that Alexander led his armies in person, while Ismail the Khedive preferred the luxuries of his palaces in Cairo, and to commit his wars to the charge of his Pashas and Beys.

To the Khedive the career of conquest on which he has launched appears noble; the European Press applaud him; so many things of grand importance to civilization transpire that they chant pæans of praise in his honour; the two seas are brought together, and the mercantile navies ride

in stately columns along the maritime canal; railways are pushed towards the south, and it is prophesied that a line will reach as far as Berber. But throughout all this brilliant period the people of this new empire do not seem to have been worthy of a thought, except as subjects of taxation and as instruments of supplying the Treasury; taxes are heavier than ever; the Pashas are more mercenary; the laws are more exacting; the ivory trade is monopolised; and finally, to add to the discontent already growing, the slave trade is prohibited throughout all the territory where Egyptian authority is constituted. Within five years Sir Samuel Baker has conquered the Equatorial Province, Munzinger has mastered Snaar, Darfur has been annexed, and Bahr-el-Ghazal has been subjugated after a most frightful waste of life. The audacity manifested in all these projects of empire is perfectly marvellous—almost as wonderful as the total absence of common sense. Along a line of territory 800 miles in length there are only three military stations in a country that can only rely upon camels as means of communication, except when the Nile is high.

In 1879, Ismail the Khedive, having drawn too freely upon the banks of Europe, and increased the debt of Egypt to £128,000,000, and unable to agree to the restraints imposed by the Powers, the money of whose subjects he had so liberally squandered, was deposed, and the present Khedive, Tewfik, his son, was elevated to his place, under the tutelage of the Powers. But shortly after, a military revolt occurred, and at Kassassin, Tel-el-Kebir, Cairo, and Kafr Dowar, it was crushed by an English army, 13,000 strong, under Lord Wolseley.

During the brief sovereignty of Arabi Pasha, who headed the military revolt, much mischief was caused by the withdrawal of the available troops from the Soudan. While the English General was defeating the rebel soldiers at Tel-el-Kebir, the Mahdi Mohamet-Achmet was proceeding to the investment of El-Obeid. On the 23rd of August he was attacked at Duem with a loss of 4,500. On the 14th he was repulsed by the garrison of Obeid, with a loss, it is said, of 10,000 men. These immense losses of life, which have been continuous from the 11th August, 1881, when the Mahdi first essayed the task of teaching the populations of the Soudan the weakness of Egyptian power, were from the tribes who were indifferent to the religion professed by the Mahdi, but who had been robbed by the Egyptian officials, taxed beyond endurance by the Government, and who had been prevented from obtaining means by the sale of slaves to pay the taxes, and also from the hundreds of slave-trading caravans, whose occupation was taken from them by their energetic suppression by Gordon and his Lieutenant, Gessi Pasha. From the 11th of August, 1881, to the 4th March, 1883, when Hicks Pasha, a retired Indian officer, landed at Khartoum as Chief of the Staff of the Soudan army, the disasters to the Government troops had been almost one unbroken series; and, in the meanwhile, the factious and mutinous army of Egypt had revolted, been suppressed and disbanded, and another army had been reconstituted under Sir Evelyn Wood, which was not to exceed 6000 men. Yet aware of the tremendous power of the Mahdi, and the combined fanaticism and hate, amounting to frenzy, which possessed his legions, and of the instability, the indiscipline, and cowardice of his troops—while pleading to the Egyptian Government for a reinforcement of 5000 men, or for four battalions of General Wood's new army, Hicks Pasha resolves upon the conquest of Kordofan, and marches to meet the victorious Prophet, while

he and his hordes are flushed with the victory lately gained over Obeid and Bara. His staff, and the very civilians accompanying him, predict disaster; yet Hicks starts forth on his last journey with a body of 12,000 men, 10 mountain guns, 6 Nordenfelts, 5,500 camels, and 500 horses. They know that the elements of weakness are in the force; that many of the soldiers are peasants taken from the fields in Egypt, chained in gangs; that others are Mahdists; that there is discussion between the officers, and that everything is out of joint. But they march towards Obeid, meet the Mahdi's legions, and are annihilated.

England at this time directs the affairs of Egypt with the consent of the young Khedive, whom she has been instrumental in placing upon the almost royal throne of Egypt, and whom she is interested in protecting. Her soldiers are in Egypt; the new Egyptian army is under an English General; her military police is under the command of an English ex-Colonel of cavalry; her Diplomatic Agent directs the foreign policy; almost all the principal offices of the State are in the hands of Englishmen.

The Soudan has been the scene of the most fearful sanguinary encounters between the ill-directed troops of the Egyptian Government and the victorious tribes gathered under the sacred banner of the Mahdi; and unless firm resistance is offered soon to the advance of the Prophet, it becomes clear to many in England that this vast region and fertile basin of the Upper Nile will be lost to Egypt, unless troops and money be furnished to meet the emergency. To the view of good sense it is clear that, as England has undertaken to direct the government and manage the affairs of Egypt, she cannot avoid declaring her policy as regards the Soudan. To a question addressed to the English Prime Minister in Parliament, as to whether the Soudan was regarded as forming a part of Egypt, and if so, whether the British Government would take steps to restore order there, Mr. Gladstone replied, that the Soudan had not been included in the sphere of English operations, and that the Government was not disposed to include it within the sphere of English responsibility. As a declaration of policy no fault can be found with it; it is Mr. Gladstone's policy, and there is nothing to be said against it as such; it is his principle, the principle of his associates in the Government and of his party, and as a principle it deserves respect.

The Political Agent in Egypt, Sir Evelyn Baring, while the fate of Hicks Pasha and his army was still unknown, but suspected, sends repeated signals of warning to the English Government, and suggests remedies and means of averting a final catastrophe. "If Hicks Pasha is defeated, Khartoum is in danger; by the fall of Khartoum, Egypt will be menaced."

Lord Granville replies at various times, in the months of November and December, 1883, that the Government advises the abandonment of the Soudan within certain limits; that the Egyptian Government must take the sole responsibility of operations beyond Egypt proper; that the Government has no intention of employing British or Indian troops in the Soudan; that ineffectual efforts on the part of the Egyptian Government to secure the Soudan would only increase the danger.

Sir Evelyn Baring notified Lord Granville that no persuasion or argument availed to induce the Egyptian Minister to accept the policy of abandonment. Cherif Pasha, the Prime Minister, also informed Lord

Granville that, according to Valentine Baker Pasha, the means at the disposal were utterly inadequate for coping with the insurrection in the Soudan.

Then Lord Granville replied, through Sir Evelyn Baring, that it was indispensable that, so long as English soldiers provisionally occupied Egypt, the advice of Her Majesty's Ministers should be followed, and that he insisted on its adoption. The Egyptian Ministers were changed, and Nubar Pasha became Prime Minister on the 10th of January, 1884.

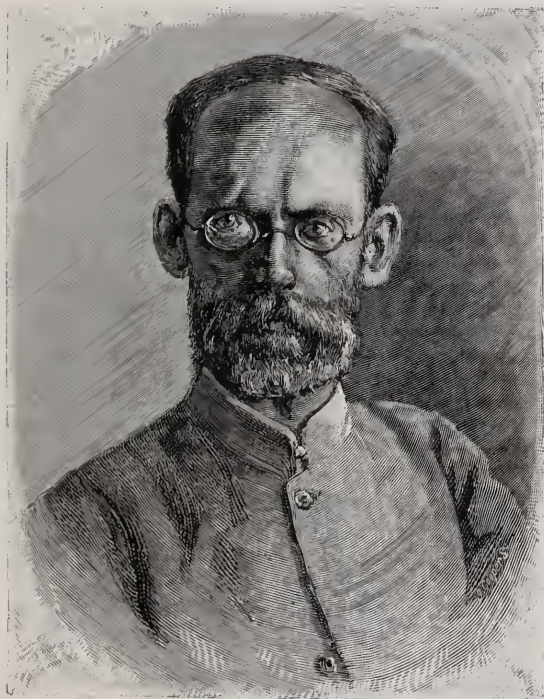
On the 17th of December, Valentine Baker departed from Egypt for Suakim, to commence military operations for the maintenance of communication between Suakim and Berber, and the pacification of the tribes in that region. While it was absolutely certain in England that Baker's force would suffer a crushing defeat, and suspected in Egypt, the General does not seem to be aware of any danger—or if there be, he courts it. The Khedive, fearful that to his troops an engagement will be most disastrous, writes privately to Baker Pasha: "I rely on your prudence and ability not to engage the enemy except under the most favourable conditions." Baker possessed ability and courage in abundance; but the event proved that prudence and judgment were as absent in his case as in that of the unfortunate Hicks. His force consisted of 3,746 men. On the 6th of February he left Trinkitat, on the sea shore, towards Tokar. After a march of six miles the van of the rebels was encountered, and shortly after the armies were engaged. It is said that "the rebels displayed the utmost contempt for the Egyptians; that they seized them by the neck and cut their throats; and that the Government troops, paralysed by fear, turned their backs, submitting to be killed rather than attempt to defend their lives; that hundreds threw away their rifles, knelt down, raised their clasped hands, and prayed for mercy."

The total number killed was 2,373 out of 3,746. Mr. Royle, the excellent historian of the Egyptian campaigns, says: "Baker knew, or ought to have known, the composition of the troops he commanded, and to take such men into action was simply to court disaster." What ought we to say of Hicks?

We now come to General Gordon, who from 1874 to 1876 had been working in the Upper Soudan on the lines commenced by Sir Samuel Baker, conciliating natives, crushing slave caravans, destroying slave stations, and extending Egyptian authority by lines of fortified forts up to the Albert Nyanza. After four months' retirement he was appointed Governor-General of the Soudan, of Darfur, and the Equatorial Provinces. Among others whom Gordon employed as Governors of these various provinces under his Viceregal Government was one Edward Schnitzler, a German born in Oppeln, Prussia, March 28th, 1840, of Jewish parents, who had seen service in Turkey, Armenia, Syria, and Arabia, in the suite of Ismail Hakki Pasha, once Governor-General of Scutari, and a Mushir of the Empire. On the death of his patron he had departed to Niesse, where his mother, sister, and cousins lived, and where he stayed for several months, and thence left for Egypt. He, in 1875, thence travelled to Khartoum, and being a medical doctor, was employed by Gordon Pasha in that capacity. He assumed the name and title of Emin Effendi Hakim—the faithful physician. He was sent to Lado as storekeeper and doctor, was afterwards despatched to King Mtesa on a political mission, recalled to Khartoum, again despatched on a similar mission to King Kabba-Rega

of Unyoro, and finally, in 1878, was promoted to Bey, and appointed Governor of the Equatorial Province of *Ha-tal-astiva*, which, rendered into English, means Equatoria, at a salary of £50 per month. A mate of one of the Peninsular and Oriental steamers, called Lupton, was promoted to the rank of Governor of the Province of Bahr-el-Ghazal, which adjoined Equatoria.

On hearing of the deposition of Ismail in 1879, Gordon surrendered his high office in the hands of Tewfik, the new Khedive, informing him that he did not intend to resume it.



EMIN PASHA.

In 1880 he accepted the post of Secretary under the Marquis of Ripon, but resigned it within a month.

In 1881 he is in Mauritius as Commandant of the Royal Engineers. In about two months he abandons that post to proceed to the assistance of the Cape authorities in their difficulty with the Basutos, but after a little experience, finds himself unable to agree with the views of the Cape Government, and resigns.

Meantime, I have been labouring on the Congo River. Our successes in that immense territory of Western Africa have expanded into responsi-

bilities so serious that they threaten to become unmanageable. When I visit the Lower Congo affairs become deranged on the Upper Congo; if I confine myself to the Upper Congo there is friction in the Lower Congo. Wherefore, feeling an intense interest in the growth of the territory which was rapidly developing into a State, I suggested to His Majesty King Leopold, as early as September, 1882, and again in the spring of 1883, that I required as an associate a person of merit, rank, and devotion to work, such as General Gordon, who would undertake either the management of the Lower or Upper Congo, while I would work in the other section, as a vast amount of valuable time was consumed in travelling up and down from one to the other, and young officers of stations were so apt to take advantage of my absence. His Majesty promised to request the aid of General Gordon, but for a long time the replies were unfavourable. Finally, in the spring of 1884, I received a letter in General Gordon's well-known handwriting, which informed me I was to expect him by the next mail.

It appears, however, that he had no sooner mailed his letter to me and parted from His Majesty than he was besieged by applications from his countrymen to assist the Egyptian Government in extricating the beleaguered garrison of Khartoum from their impending fate. Personally I know nothing of what actually happened when he was ushered by Lord Wolseley into the presence of Lord Granville, but I have been informed that General Gordon was confident he could perform the mission entrusted to him. There is a serious discrepancy in the definition of this mission. The Egyptian authorities were anxious for the evacuation of Khartoum only, and it is possible that Lord Granville only needed Gordon's services for this humane mission, all the other garrisons to be left to their fate because of the supposed impossibility of rescuing them. The Blue Books which contain the official despatches seem to confirm the probability of this. But it is certain that Lord Granville instructed General Gordon to proceed to Egypt to report on the situation of the Soudan, and on the best measures that should be taken for the security of the Egyptian garrisons (in the plural), and for the safety of the European population in Khartoum. He was to perform such other duties as the Egyptian Government might wish to entrust to him. He was to be accompanied by Colonel Stewart.

Sir Evelyn Baring, after a prolonged conversation with Gordon, gives him his final instructions on behalf of the British Government.

A *précis* of these is as follows:—

1. "Ensure retreat of the European population, from 10,000 to 15,000 people, and of the garrison of Khartoum."*
2. "You know best the when and how to effect this."
3. "You will bear in mind that the main end (of your mission) is the evacuation of the Soudan."
4. "As you are of opinion it could be done, endeavour to make a confederation of the native tribes, to take the place of Egyptian authority."
5. "A credit of £100,000 is opened for you at the Finance Department."

Gordon has succeeded in infusing confidence in the minds of the

* No. 2 clashes with No. 3 somewhat. Khartoum and the Soudan are not synonymous terms. To withdraw the garrison of Khartoum is an easy task; to evacuate the Soudan is an impossibility for a single person.

Egyptian Ministry, who were previously panic-stricken and cried out for the evacuation of Khartoum only. They breathe freer after seeing and hearing him, and according to his own request they invest him with the Governor-Generalship. The firman given him empowers him to evacuate the respective territories (of the Soudan) and to withdraw the troops, civil officials, and such of the inhabitants as wish to leave for Egypt, and if possible, after completing the evacuation (and this was an absolute impossibility) he was to establish an organized Government. With these instructions Lord Granville concurs.

I am told that it was understood, however, that he was to do what he could—do everything necessary, in fact, if possible; if not all the Soudan, then he was to proceed to evacuating Khartoum only, without loss of time. But this is not on official record until March 23rd, 1884, and it is not known whether he ever received this particular telegram.*

General Gordon proceeded to Khartoum on January 26th, 1884, and arrived in that city on the 18th of the following month. During his journey he sent frequent despatches by telegraph, abounding in confidence. Mr. Power, the acting consul and *Times* correspondent, wired the following despatch:—"The people (of Khartoum) are devoted to General Gordon, whose design is to save the garrison, and for ever leave the Soudan—as perforce it must be left—to the Soudanese.

The English Press, which had been so wise respecting the chances of Valentine Baker Pasha, were very much in the condition of the people of Khartoum; that is, devoted to General Gordon and sanguine of his success. He had performed such wonders in China—he had laboured so effectually in crushing the slave-trade in the Soudan, he had won the affection of the sullen Soudanese, that the Press did not deem it at all improbable that Gordon with his white wand and six servants could rescue the doomed garrisons of Senaar, Bahr-el-Ghazal and Equatoria—a total of 29,000 men, besides the civil employés and their wives and families, and after performing that more than hereulean—nay, utterly impossible—task, establish an organized Government.

On February 29th Gordon telegraphs, "There is not much chance of improving, and every chance is getting worse;" and on the 2nd of the month, "I have no option about staying at Khartoum, it has passed out of my hands." On the 16th of March he predicts that before long "we shall be blocked." At the latter end of March he telegraphs, "We have provisions for five months, and are hemmed in."

It is clear that a serious misunderstanding had occurred in the drawing up of the instructions by Sir Evelyn Baring and their comprehension of them by General Gordon, for the latter expresses himself to the former thus:—

"You ask me to state cause and reason of my intention for my staying at Khartoum. I stay at Khartoum because Arabs have shut us up, and will not let us out."

Meantime public opinion urged on the British Government the necessity of despatching an Expedition to withdraw General Gordon from Khartoum. But as it was understood between General Gordon and Lord Granville that the former's mission was for the purpose of dispensing with the

* This is the only clearly-worded despatch that I have been able to find in the Blue Book of the period.

services of British troops in the Soudan, and as it was its declared policy not to employ English or Indian troops in that region, the Government were naturally reluctant to yield to the demand of the public. At last, however, as the clamour increased, and Parliament and public joined in affirming that it was a duty on the country to save the brave man who had so willingly volunteered to perform such an important service for his country, Mr. Gladstone rose in the House of Commons on the 5th of August to move a vote of credit to undertake operations for the relief of Gordon.

Two routes were suggested by which the Relief Expedition could approach Khartoum—the short cut across the desert from Suakim to Berber, and the other by the Nile. Gordon expressed his preference for that up the Nile, and it was this latter route that the Commanding General of the Relief Expedition adopted.

On the 18th of September the steamer *Abbas*, with Colonel Stewart (Gordon's companion), Mr. Power, the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Herbin, the French Consul, and a number of Greeks and Egyptians on board—forty-four men all told—on trying to pass by the cataract of Abu Hamid was wrecked in the cataract. The Arabs on the shore invited them to land in peace, but unarmed. Stewart complied, and he and the two Consuls (Power and Herbin) and Hassan Effendi went ashore and entered a house, in which they were immediately murdered.

On the 17th of November, Gordon reports to Lord Wolseley, who was then at Wady Halfa, that he can hold out for forty days yet, that the Mahdists are to the south, south-west, and east, but not to the north of Khartoum.

By Christmas-day, 1884, a great part of the Expeditionary Force was assembled at Korti. So far, the advance of the Expedition had been as rapid as the energy and skill of the General commanding could command. Probably there never was a force so numerous animated with such noble ardour and passion as this under Lord Wolseley for the rescue of that noble and solitary Englishman at Khartoum.

On December 30th a part of General Herbert Stewart's force moves from Korti towards Gakdul Wells, with 2,099 camels. In 46 hours and 50 minutes it has reached Gakdul Wells; 11 hours later Sir Herbert Stewart with all the camels starts on his return journey to Korti, which place was reached January 5th. On the 12th Sir Herbert Stewart was back at Gakdul Wells, and at 2 p.m. of the 13th the march towards Abu Klea was resumed. On the 17th the famous battle of Abu Klea was fought, resulting in a hard-won victory to the English troops, with a loss of 9 officers and 65 men killed and 85 wounded, out of a total of 1,800, while 1,100 of the enemy lay dead before the square. It appears probable that if the 3,000 English sent up the Nile Valley had been with this gallant little force, it would have been a mere walk over for the English army. After another battle on the 19th near Metammeh, where 20 men were killed and 60 wounded of the English, and 250 of the enemy, a village on a gravel terrace near the Nile was occupied. On the 21st, four steamers belonging to General Gordon appeared. The officer in command stated that they had been lying for some weeks near an island awaiting the arrival of the British column. The 22nd and 23rd were expended by Sir Chas. Wilson in making a reconnaissance, building two forts, changing the crews of the steamers, and preparing fuel. On the

24th, two of the steamers started for Khartoum, carrying only 20 English soldiers. On the 26th two men came aboard and reported that there had been fighting at Khartoum; on the 27th a man cried out from the bank that the town had fallen, and that Gordon had been killed. The next day the last news was confirmed by another man. Sir Charles Wilson steamed on until his steamers became the target of cannon from Omdurman and from Khartoum, besides rifles from a distance of from 75 to 200 yards, and turned back only when convinced that the sad news was only too true. Steaming down river then at full speed, he reached Tamanieb, when he halted for the night. From here he sent out two messengers to collect news. One returned, saying that he had met an Arab who informed him that Khartoum had been entered on the night of the 26th of January through the treachery of Farag Pasha, and that Gordon was killed; that the Mahdi had on the next day entered the city and had gone into a mosque to return thanks, and had then retired, and had given the city up to three days' pillage.

In Major Kitchener's report we find a summary of the results of the taking of Khartoum. "The massacre in the town lasted some six hours, and about 4,000 persons at least were killed. The Bashi Bazouks and white regulars numbering 3,327, and the Shaigia irregulars, numbering 2,330, were mostly all killed in cold blood after they had surrendered and been disarmed." The surviving inhabitants of the town were ordered out, and as they passed through the gate were searched, and then taken to Omdurman, where the women were distributed among the Mahdist chiefs, and the men were stripped and turned adrift to pick a living as they could. A Greek merchant, who escaped from Khartoum, reported that the town was betrayed by the merchants there, who desired to make terms with the enemy, and not by Farag Pasha.

Darfur, Kordofan, Senaar, Bahr-el-Ghazal, Khartoum, had been possessed by the enemy; Kassala soon followed, and throughout the length and breadth of the Soudan there now remained only the Equatorial Province, whose Governor was Emin Bey Hakim—the Faithful Physician.

Naturally, if English people felt that they were in duty bound to rescue their brave countryman and a gallant General of such genius and reputation as Gordon, they would feel a lively interest in the fate of the last of Gordon's Governors, who, by a prudent Fabian policy, it was supposed, had evaded the fate which had befallen the armies and garrisons of the Soudan. It follows also that if the English were solicitous for the salvation of the garrison of Khartoum, that they would feel a proportionate solicitude for the fate of a brave officer and his little army in the far South, and that, if assistance could be rendered at a reasonable cost, that there would be no difficulty in raising a fund to effect that desirable object.

On November 16th, 1884, Emin Bey informs Mr. A. M. Mackay, the missionary in Uganda, by letter written at Lado, that "the Soudan has become the theatre of an insurrection; that for nineteen months he is without news from Khartoum, and that thence he is led to believe that the town has been taken by the insurgents, or that the Nile is blocked;" but he says:—

"Whatever it proves to be, please inform your correspondents, and through them the Egyptian Government, that to this day we are well, and that we propose to hold out until help may reach us, or until we perish."

A second note from Emin Bey to the same missionary, on the same date as the preceding, contains the following:—

“The Bahr-Ghazal Province being lost, and Lupton Bey, the Governor, carried away to Kordofan, we are unable to inform our Government of what happens here. For nineteen months we have had no communication from Khartoum, so I suppose the river is blocked up.”

“Please therefore inform the Egyptian Government by some means that we are well to this day, but greatly in need of help. We shall hold out until we obtain such help or until we perish.”

To Mr. Charles H. Allen, Secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society, Emin Bey writes from Wadelai, December 31, 1885, as follows:—

“Ever since the month of May, 1883, we have been cut off from all communication with the world. Forgotten and abandoned by the Government, we have been compelled to make a virtue of necessity. Since the occupation of the Bahr-Ghazal we have been vigorously attacked, and I do not know how to describe to you the admirable devotion of my black troops throughout a long war, which, for them at least, has no advantage. Deprived of the most necessary things, for a long time without any pay, my men fought valiantly, and when at last hunger weakened them—when, after nineteen days of incredible privation and sufferings, their strength was exhausted, and when the last torn leather of the last boot had been eaten, then they cut a way through the midst of their enemies and succeeded in saving themselves. All this hardship was undergone without the least *arrière pensée*, without even the hope of any appreciable reward, prompted only by their duty and the desire of showing a proper valour before their enemies.

This is a noble record of valour and military virtue. I remember the appearance of this letter in the *Times*, and the impression it made on myself and friends. It was only a few days after the appearance of this letter that we began to discuss ways and means of relief for the writer.

The following letter also impressed me very strongly. It is written to Dr. R. W. Felkin on the same date, December 31, 1885.

* * * * *

“You will probably know through the daily papers that poor Lupton, after having bravely held the Bahr-Ghazal Province, was compelled, through the treachery of his own people, to surrender to the emissaries of the late Mahdi, and was carried by them to Kordofan.

“My province and also myself I only saved from a like fate by a stratagem, but at last I was attacked, and many losses in both men and ammunition were the result, until I delivered such a heavy blow to the rebels at Rimo, in Makraka, that compelled them to leave me alone. Before this took place they informed us that Khartoum fell in January, 1885, and that Gordon was killed.

“Naturally, on account of these occurrences, I have been compelled to evacuate our more distant stations, and withdraw our soldiers and their families, still hoping that our Government will send us help. It seems, however, that I have deceived myself, for since April, 1883, I have received no news of any kind from the north.

“The Government in Khartoum did not behave well to us. Before they evacuated Fashoda, they ought to have remembered that Government officials were living here (Equatorial Provinces) who had performed their duty, and had not deserved to be left to their fate without more ado. Even if it were the intention of the Government to deliver us over to our fate, the least they could have done was to have released us from our duties; we should then have known that we were considered to have become valueless.”

* * * * *

"Anyway, it was necessary for us to seek some way of escape, and in the first place it was urgent to send news of our existence in Egypt. With this object in view I went south, after having made the necessary arrangements at Lado, and came to Wadelai."

* * * * *

"As to my future plans, I intend to hold this country as long as possible. I hope that when our letters arrive in Egypt, in seven or eight months, a reply will be sent to me *via* Khartoum or Zanzibar. If the Egyptian Government still exists in the Soudan we naturally expect them to send us help. If, however, the Soudan has been evacuated, I shall take the whole of the people towards the south. I shall then send the whole of the Egyptian and Khartoum officials *via* Uganda or Karagwé to Zanzibar, but shall remain myself with my black troops at Kabba-Rega's until the Government inform me as to their wishes."

This is very clear, that Emin Pasha at this time proposed to relieve himself of the Egyptian officials, and that he himself only intended to remain until the Egyptian Government could communicate to him its wishes. Those "wishes" were, that he should abandon his province, as they were unable to maintain it, and take advantage of the escort to leave Africa.

In a letter written to Mr. Mackay dated July 6th, 1886, Emin says:—

"In the first place, believe me that I am in no hurry to break away from here, or to leave those countries in which I have now laboured for ten years."

* * * * *

"All my people, but especially the negro troops, entertain a strong objection against a march to the south and thence to Egypt, and mean to remain here until they can be taken north. Meantime, if no danger overtakes us, and our ammunition holds out for some time longer, I mean to follow your advice and remain here until help comes to us from some quarter. At all events, you may rest assured that we will occasion no disturbance to you in Uganda.

"I shall determine on a march to the coast only in a case of dire necessity. There are, moreover, two other routes before me: one from Kabba-Rega's direct to Karagwé; the other *via* Usongora to the stations at Tanganika. I hope, however, that I shall have no need to make use of either."

* * * * *

"My people have become impatient through long delay, and are anxiously looking for help at last. It would also be most desirable that some Commissioner came here from Europe, either direct by the Masai route, or from Karagwé *via* Kabba-Rega's country, in order that my people may actually see that there is some interest taken in them. I would defray with ivory all expenses of such a Commission."

"As I once more repeat, I am ready to stay and to hold these countries as long as I can until help comes, and I beseech you to do what you can to hasten the arrival of such assistance. Assure Mwanga that he has nothing to fear from me or my people, and that as an old friend of Mtesa's I have no intention to trouble him."

In the above letters we have Emin Bey's views, wherein we gather that his people are loyal—that is, they are obedient to his commands, but that none of them, judging from the tenour of the letters, express any inclination to return to Egypt, excepting the Egyptians. He is at the same time pondering upon the routes by which it is possible to retreat: elsewhere he suggests the Monbuttu route to the sea; in these letters he hints at Masai Land, or through Unyoro, and west of Uganda to Usongora, and thence to Tanganika! If none of the black troops intended to follow

him, he certainly could not have done so with only the Egyptian officials and their families.

From the following letters from the Consul-General, F. Holmwood, to Sir Evelyn Baring, dated September 25th and September 27th, we gather Mr. Holmwood's views, who, from his position and local knowledge, was very competent to furnish information as to what could be done in the way of the proposed relief.

"In Emin's letters to me he only reports his situation up to 27th February, 1886, when he proposed evacuating his province by detachments, the first of which he proposed to despatch at the close of the rains towards the end of July, but both Dr. Junker and Mr. Mackay inform me that they have since heard from Emin that the majority of the 4,000 loyal Egyptian subjects who have remained faithful to Egypt throughout, and have supported him in the face of the constant attacks from the Mahdi's adherents, aggravated by an imminent danger of starvation, refuse to leave their country, and he had therefore determined, if he could possibly do so, to remain at his post, and continue to protect Egyptian interests till relief arrived."

* * * * *

"Were Uganda freed from this tyrant (Mwanga), the Equatorial Province, even should the present elementary system of communication remain unmodified, would be within eight weeks' post of Zanzibar, and a safe depôt on the Albert Nyanza would provide a base from which any further operations that might be decided upon."

"Dr. Junker states that the country to the east of the Ripon Falls* has proved impracticable, and that Emin has lost many troops in endeavouring to open communication through it. If such be the case, the alternative line by which Dr. Fischer tried to relieve Junker, and which I believe he still recommends, could not be relied on for turning Uganda and its eastern dependency, and the well-known route *via* Uganda would be the only one available for an Expedition of moderate size."

* * * * *

"As far as I am able to judge, without making any special calculation, I consider that 1,200 porters would be the smallest number that would suffice, and a well-armed guard of at least 500 natives would be necessary."

* * * * *

"General Matthews, whom I had consulted as to the force necessary for the safety of the Expedition, is of opinion that I have formed far too low an estimate, but after weighing the testimony of many experienced persons acquainted with Uganda, I must adhere to my opinion that 500 native troops armed with modern rifles and under experienced persons, would, if supplemented by the irregular force, fully suffice."

An American officer of the Khedivial Government writes to Mr. Portal, and suggests that communication with Emin might be opened by the Zanzibar Arabs, but that to send stores and ammunition to him was impossible; that the Arabs might manage for his passage, though his safest line of retreat was westward to reach the Congo.

Mr. Fred Holmwood, in his despatch to the Foreign Office of September 23rd, 1886, writes that, "had it not been for the dangerous attitude of the King of Uganda, the question of relieving Emin would have been merely one of expenditure, to be settled at Cairo; but under present circumstances, many other serious considerations are involved in it which will have to be referred to Her Majesty's Government.

* This route would be through Masai Land.

"I would call attention to the account contained in Mr. Mackay's letter regarding the alternative route to Wadelai which Dr. Fischer endeavoured to take, and, I believe, still recommends. If this statement be correct, any attempt to turn Uganda or its Eastern dependency by this unexplored line would probably fail."

Mr. A. M. Mackay writes from Uganda, May 14th, 1886:—

"From Dr. Junker's letter you will have seen that Emin Bey has had the good fortune to have secured the loyalty of the people he governs. Emin seems to have learned Gordon's secret of securing the affection of his subjects, and has bravely stuck to them. There can be no doubt at all but that had he been anxious to leave he would with a few hundred of his soldiers have easily made a dash for the coast either through the Masai Land or this way, asking no permission from Mwanga (King of Uganda) or anyone else. He knows that there is no power here able to stop him. In fact, years ago he wrote me that it would be nothing to him to storm this wretched village and drive off the cattle.

"But what would be the fate of thousands of people who have remained loyal on the Upper Nile? Dr. Junker speaks of thousands. They do not want to be taken out of their own fertile country, and taken to the deserts of Upper Egypt.

"Dr. Emin is on all hands allowed to be a wise and able Governor. But he cannot remain for ever where he is, nor can he succeed himself, even should the Mahdi's troops leave him undisturbed in the future. His peculiar position should be taken advantage of by our country, which undertook to rescue the garrisons of the Soudan."

* * * * *

"Mwanga's action, with respect to the letters forwarded him for Dr. Emin, was as disrespectful as possible to the British Government which had received with such kindness his father's envoys. We asked him merely to forward the letters in the first place until he should receive word from Emin as to whether or not he was prepared to come this way, but he detained your packet altogether."

In Mr. Mackay's letter to Sir John Kirk, June 28th, 1886, he says:—

"Dr. Fischer's difficulties would also only really begin after Kavirondo, as he then had the country of the dreaded Bakedi to cross, and Dr. Junker tells me that whole parties of Dr. Emin's soldiers have been repeatedly murdered by them."

Dr. Fischer, it will be remembered, was engaged to proceed to Equatoria in search of Dr. Junker by that traveller's brother, and chose the road *via* East coast of the Victoria Lake. Arriving at the N.E. corner of the Lake, he returned to the coast.

Mr. Mackay proceeds.—

"Dr. Junker is living here with us. He brought me a letter from Emin Bey, dated the 27th January (1886). He then proposed sending his people at once this way—some 4,000—in small detachments. This policy would be fatal. He also asked me to go to meet him with a view to bringing here two steamers which otherwise he would have to abandon. One of them he meant for the king, and the other for the mission."

"Since then, however, he finds that his people, officers and men, refuse to leave the Soudan, hence he is prepared to remain some years with them, provided only he can get supplies of cloth, etc."

Mr. Mackay always writes sensibly. I obtained a great deal of solid information from these letters.

Naturally he writes in the full belief that Emin's troops are loyal. We all shared in this belief. We now see that we were grossly misled, and that at no time could Emin have cut his way to the coast through Uganda or

any other country with men of such fibre as his ignorant and stolid Soudanese.

Mr. Joseph Thomson, in a letter to the *Times*, suggested a route through the Masai Land, and proposed to be responsible for the safe conduct of a Relief Expedition through that country.

Mr. J. T. Wills suggested that the Mobangi-Welle would prove an excellent way to Emin.

Mr. Harrison Smith expressed himself assured that a way by Abyssinia would be found feasible.

Another gentleman interested in the African Lakes Company proposed that the Expedition should adopt the Zambezi-Shire-Nyassa route, and thence *viâ* Tanganika north to Muta Nzige and Lake Albert, and a missionary from the Tanganika warmly endorsed it, as not presenting more difficulties than any other.

Dr. Felkin, in the 'Scottish Geographical Magazine,' after examining several routes carefully, came to the conclusion that a road west of Lake Victoria and Karagwé, through Usongora to Lake Albert, possessed some advantages over any other.

Early in October, 1886, Sir William Mackinnon and Mr. J. F. Hutton, ex-President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, had spoken with me respecting the possibilities of conveying relief to Emin, with a view to enable him to hold his own. To them it seemed that he only required ammunition, and I shared their opinion, and they were very earnest in their intention to collect funds for the support he required. But many of their friends were absent from town, and they could not decide alone what should be done without consultation. We discussed estimates and routes, and Mr. Hutton informs me that the rough estimate I furnished him then exceeds by £500 the actual cost of the Expedition.

As for routes, I intimated to them that there were four almost equally feasible.

The first, *viâ* Masai Land, was decidedly objectionable while carrying a vast store of ammunition which absolutely must reach Emin. Mr. Thomson had tried it, and his account of the extremities to which he was driven on returning from the Lake Victoria, for want of water and grain, were extremely unfavourable. In proceeding to the lake his people were dispirited, and deserted in such numbers that he was obliged to return a short distance, to Kilima Njaro, leave his camp there, and proceed with a few men back to the coast to recruit more men. In case of a pressing necessity like this it would be extremely unwise to return a mile after commencing the march. The tendency of the Zanzibaris to desert also was another disadvantage, and desertion of late from East Coast Expeditions had assumed alarming proportions owing to the impunity with which they could decamp with rifles and loads, and the number of opportunities presented to them. Many of the Zanzibaris had become professional advance-jumpers, and the greater the expedition the greater would be the loss in money, rifles and stores.

The second, *viâ* Victoria Nyanza and Uganda, which was naturally the best, was rendered impossible for a small expedition, because of the hostility of Uganda. Even this hostility could be avoided if there were any vessels on Lake Victoria capable of transporting across the lake such an expedition as was needed. The danger of desertion was just as imminent on this as on the first.

The third was *via* Msalala, Karagwé and Ankori, and Unyoro and Lake Albert. Immense loss of men and goods would assuredly follow any attempt from the East Coast. Fifty per cent. loss was unavoidable, and no precautions would avail to prevent desertion. Besides Karagwé was garrisoned by the Waganda, and no expedition could pass through that country without persistent hostility from the Waganda. If fortunate enough to force our way through Karagwé, we should have to reckon with the Wanyankori, who number 200,000 spears, and if introduced to them by fighting the Karagwé natives, the outlook would be dismal in the extreme. As for going through any country west of Karagwé to avoid the Waganda, that would be impossible, except at a cost that I did not suppose the subscribers would contemplate paying.

"The whole question resolves itself into that of money. With money enough every route is possible; but, as I understand it, you propose to subscribe a moderate amount, and therefore there is only one route which is safely open for the money, and that is the Congo. This river has the disadvantage of not having enough transport vessels in its upper portion. I would propose then to supplement the Upper Congo flotilla with fifteen whale-boats, which will take an Expedition to within 200 miles, at least, of the Albert Nyanza. A heavy labour will be carrying the whale-boats from the Lower Congo to the Upper, but we can easily manage it by sending agents at once there to prepare carriers. There is one thing, however, that must be done—which is to obtain the sanction of King Leopold.

"But it may be we are rather premature in discussing the matter at all. You know I am aware of many projects mooted, and much 'talk' has been expended on each, and this may end in smoke—collect your funds, and then call upon me if you want me. If you do not require me after this exposition of my views, let Thomson take his Expedition through the Masai Land, and put me down for £500 subscription for it."

As the middle of November drew near, Sir William Mackinnon requested me to write him a letter upon the subject, that he might show it to his friends, who would soon be returning to town.

A few days after the despatch of the letter I sailed for America, and on arrival at New York the lecture "Tour," as it is called, commenced. But on the 11th, December, the fifteenth day after arrival, I received the following:—

London.

"Your plan and offer accepted. Authorities approve. Funds provided. Business urgent. Come promptly. Reply.

"MACKINNON."

A reply was sent from St. Johnsbury, Vermont, for thus far the lecture tour had reached, as follows:—

"Just received Monday's cablegram. Many thanks. Everything all right. Will sail per *Eider*, 8 a.m. Wednesday morning. If good weather and barring accidents, arrive 22nd December, Southampton. It is only one month's delay after all. Tell the authorities to prepare Holmwood (Consul-General), Zanzibar, and Seyyid Barghash (Prince of Zanzibar). Best compliments to you."

"STANLEY."

My agent was in despair—the audiences were so kind, the receptions were ovations; but arguments and entreaties were of no avail.

I arrived in England the day preceding Christmas, and within a

few hours Sir William Mackinnon and myself were discussing the Expedition.

Of course, and without the least shade of doubt, I was firmly convinced that the Congo River route was infinitely the best and safest, provided that I should get my flotilla of whale-boats, and the permission of King Leopold to pass through his territory with an armed force. I knew a route from the East Coast, and was equally acquainted with that from the West Coast. From the furthest point reached by me in 1876, along the East Coast road, the distance was but 100 miles to Lake Albert; from Yambuya Rapids the distance was 322 geographical miles in an air-line to the lake. Yet to the best of my judgment the Congo route was preferable. We should have abundance of water—which was so scanty and bad along the Eastern route; food there must be—it was natural to expect it from my knowledge that unsurpassed fertility such as the Upper Congo region possesses would have been long ago discovered by the aborigines, whereas we knew from Thomson, Fischer, and Hannington's experiences that food and water were scanty in Masai Land; then again, that wholesale desertion so frequent on the East Coast would be avoided on the West Coast.

Yet notwithstanding they admitted that I might be right, it was the opinion of the Committee that it would be best to adopt the Eastern route.

“Very good, it is perfectly immaterial to me. Let us decide on the East Coast route, *via* Msalala, Karagwé, Ankori, and Unyoro. If you hear of some hard fighting, I look to you that you will defend the absent. If I could drop this ammunition in Emin's camp from a balloon, I certainly would do so, and avoid coming in contact with those warlike natives, but it is decided that the means of defence must be put into Emin's hands, and you have entrusted me with the escort of it. So be it.”

A Relief Fund was raised, the subscriptions to which were as follows :—

Sir William Mackinnon, Bart.	£2,000
Peter Mackinnon, Esq.	1,000
John Mackinnon, Esq.	300
Baroness Burdett-Connits	100
W. Burdett-Connits, Esq.	400
James S. Jameson, Esq.	1,000
Countess de Noailles	1,100
Peter Denny, Esq., of Dumbarton	1,000
Henry Johnson Younger, Esq., of the Scottish Geographical Society	500
Alexander L. Bruce, Esq., of the Scottish Geographical Society	500
Messrs. Gray, Dawes & Co., of London	1,000
Duncan MacNeil, Esq.	700
James F. Hutton, Esq., of Manchester	250
Sir Thos. Fowell Buxton	250
James Hall, Esq., of Argyleshire	250
N. McMichael, Esq., of Glasgow	250
Royal Geographical Society, London	1,000
Egyptian Government	10,000

£21,500*

* See Appendix for full statement of Receipts and Expenditure.

In order to increase the funds and create a provision against contingencies, I volunteered to write letters from Africa, which the Committee might dispose of to the press as they saw fit, and accept whatever moneys they might receive as my contribution to it.

The estimate of time required to reach Emin Pasha, after a careful calculation, was formed on the basis that whereas I travelled in 1874-5 a distance of 720 miles in 103 days, therefore :—

1st route.—By Masai Land, march to Wadelai and return to coast, 14 months; reserve for delays 4 months = 18 months.

2nd route.—By Msalala, Karagwé, Ankori, and Usongora to Lake Albert. Land march to and return, 16 months; delays, 4 months = 20 months.

3rd route.—*via* Congo.

Zanzibar to Congo	1 mth. = 1st April, 1887
Overland route to Stanley Pool	1 „ = 1st May „
By steam up the Congo	1½ „ = 15th June „
Halt	25th „ „
Yambuya to Albert Nyanza	3 mths = 25th Sept., 1887
Halt	9th Jan., 1888
Albert Nyanza to Zanzibar, } land march	8 „ = 8th Sept. „
Delays	3½ „ = 18 months.

The actual time, however, occupied by the Expedition is as follows :—

Arrive at Congo	18th Mar., 1887
„ „ Stanley Pool	21st Apr. „
„ „ Yambuya	15th June „
Halt at Yambuya	28th „ „
Albert Nyanza	13th Dec. „
Return to Fort Bodo	8th Jan., 1888
Halt while collecting convalescents	2nd Apr. „
The Albert Nyanza, 2nd time	18th „ „
Halt until	25th May „
Fort Bodo again	8th June „
Banalya, 90 miles from Yambuya	17th Aug. „
Fort Bodo again	26th Dec. „
Albert Nyanza, 3rd time	26th Jan., 1889
Halt near Albert Nyanza until	8th May „
March to Zanzibar, 1400 miles, 6 months.	6th Dec. „

So that we actually occupied a little over 10½ months from Zanzibar to the Albert Nyanza, and from the

Nyanza to the Indian Ocean	6 „
Halt at the Albert	1½ „
	<hr/>
	18 „

I was formally informed by letter on the 31st of December, 1886, that I might commence my preparations.

The first order I gave in connection with the Expedition for the relief of Emin Bey was by cable to Zanzibar, to my agent, Mr. Edmund Mackenzie, of Messrs. Smith, Mackenzie and Co., to engage 200 Wanyamwezi porters at Bagamoyo to convey as many loads of rice (=6 tons) to the missionary station at Mpwapwa, which was about 200 miles east of Zanzibar, the cost of which was 2,700 rupees.

The second order, after receiving the consent of His Highness the Seyyid of Zanzibar, was to enlist 600 Zanzibari porters, and also the purchase of the following goods, to be used for barter for native provisions, such as grain, potatoes, rice, Indian corn, bananas, plantains, etc. :—

			Yards.
400	pieces (30 yards each)	of brown sheeting.	12,000
865	„ (8 „ „)	of kaniki	6,920
99	„ (8 „ „)	handkerchiefs	792
80	„ (8 „ „)	taujiiri	640
214	„ (8 „ „)	dabwani	1,712
107	„ (8 „ „)	sohari	856
27	„ (8 „ „)	subaya	216
121	„ (8 „ „)	Barsati	968
58	„ (24 „ „)	kunguru	1,392
48	„ (8 „ „)	ismaili	384
119	„ (8 „ „)	kikoi	952
14	„ (4 „ „)	daole	56
27	„ (4 „ „)	jawah	108
4	„ (24 „ „)	kanga	96
4	„ (24 „ „)	bindera	96
58	„ (8 „ „)	rehani	464
6	„ (30 „ „)	joho	180
24	„ (4 „ „)	silk kikoi	96
24	„ (4 „ „)	silk daole	96
24	„ (4 „ „)	fine dabwani	96
13	„ (4 „ „)	sohari	52
3	„ (30 „ „)	fine sheeting	90
24	long shirts, white		
24	„ „ brown		
Total yards			27,262

Also 3,600 lbs. of beads and 1 ton of wire, brass, copper, iron.

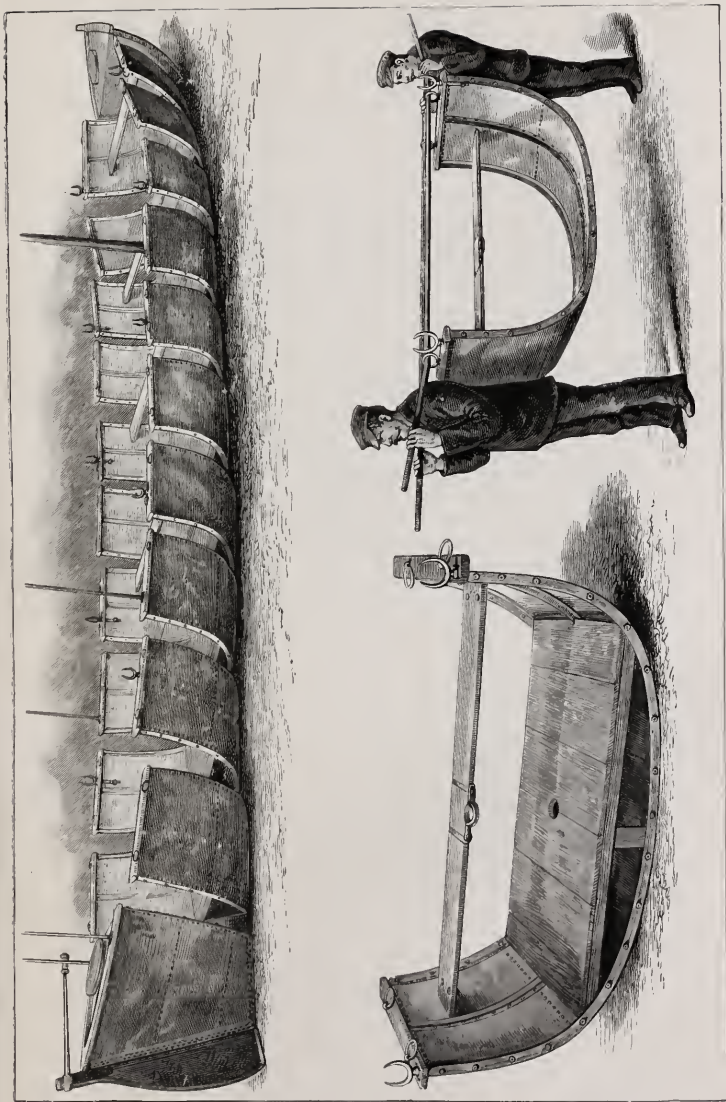
The third order was for the purchase of forty pack donkeys and ten riding asses, which necessitated an order for saddles to match, at an expense of £400.

Messrs. Forrest & Son received a design and order for the construction of a steel boat 28ft. long, 6ft. beam, and 2 ft. 6 in. deep. It was to be built of Siemens steel galvanized, and divided into twelve sections, each weighing about 75 lbs. The fore and aft sections were to be decked and watertight, to give buoyancy in case of accident.

From Egypt were despatched to Zanzibar 510 Remington rifles, 2 tons of gunpowder, 350,000 percussion-caps, and 100,000 rounds Remington ammunition. In England the War Office furnished me with 30,000 Gatling cartridges, and from Messrs. Kynoch & Co., Birmingham, I received 35,000 special Remington cartridges. Messrs. Watson and Co., of 4, Pall Mall, packed up 50 Winchester repeaters and 50,000 Winchester cartridges. Hiram Maxim, the inventor of the Maxim Automatic Gun, donated as a gift one of his wonderful weapons, with shield attached, mounted on a light but effective stand.

We despatched to Zanzibar 100 shovels, 100 hoes, for forming breast-works, 100 axes for palisading the camp, 100 bill-hooks for building zeribas.

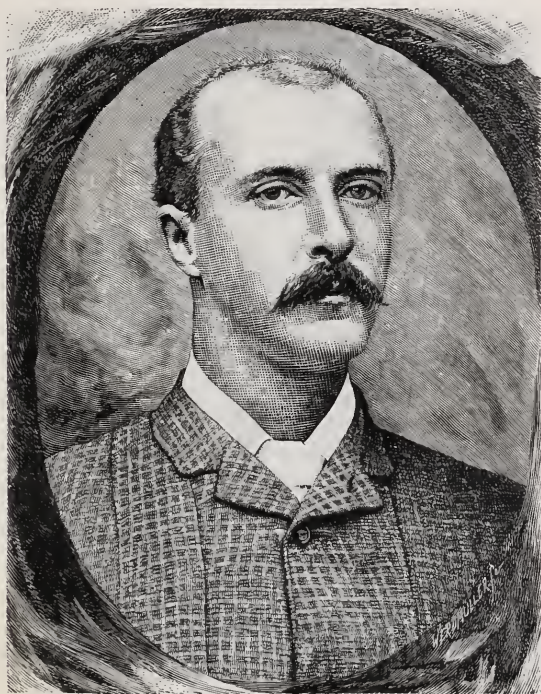
Messrs. Burroughs & Wellcome, of Snow Hill Buildings, London, the well-known chemists, furnished gratis nine beautiful chests replete with



THE STEEL BOAT 'ADVANCE.' (From a Photograph.)

every medicament necessary to combat the endemic diseases peculiar to Africa. Every drug was in tablets mixed with quick solvents, every compartment was well stocked with essentials for the doctor and surgeon. Nothing was omitted, and we all owe a deep debt of gratitude to these gentlemen, not only for the intrinsic value of these chests and excellent medicines, but also for the personal selection of the best that London could furnish, and the supervision of the packing, by which means we were enabled to transport them to Yambuya without damage.

Messrs. John Edgington & Co., of Duke Street, London, took charge of



CAPTAIN NELSON.

our tents, and made them out of canvas dipped in a preservative or sulphate of copper, which preserved them for three years. Notwithstanding their exposure to three hundred days of rain, for the first time in my experience in Africa I possessed a tent which, after arrival at Zanzibar in 1889, was well able to endure two hundred days more of rain.

Messrs. Fortnum & Mason, of Piccadilly, packed up forty carrier loads of choicest provisions. Every article was superb: the tea retained its flavour to the last, the coffee was of the purest Mocha, the Liebig Company's Extract was of the choicest, and the packing of all was excellent.

I need not enumerate what else was purchased. Four expeditions into Africa, with my old lists of miscellanea before me, enabled me to choose the various articles, and in Sir Francis de Winton and Captain Grant Elliott I had valuable assistants, who would know what magazines to patronize, and who could check the deliveries.

Colonel Sir Francis de Winton was my successor on the Congo, and he gave me gratuitously and out of pure friendship the benefit of his great experience, and his masterly knowledge of business to assist me in the despatch of the various businesses connected with the expedition, especially



LIEUTENANT STAIRS.

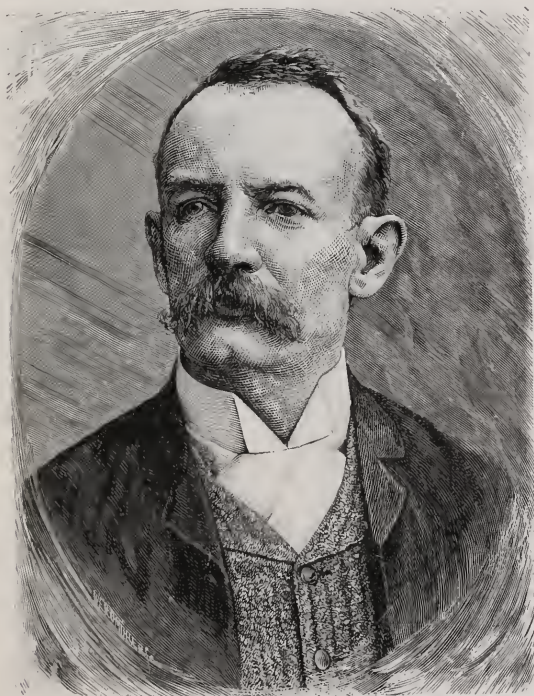
in answering letters, and selecting out of the hundreds of eager applicants for membership a few officers to form a staff.

The first selected was Lieutenant W. Grant Stairs, of the Royal Engineers, who had applied by letter. The concise style and directness of the application appealed strongly in his favour. We sent for him, and after a short interview enlisted him on condition that he could obtain leave of absence. Lord Wolseley kindly granted leave.

The next was Mr. William Bonny, who, having failed in his epistolary ventures on former expeditions, thought the best way was to present him-

self in person for service in any capacity. The gentleman would not take a mild negative. His breast was covered with medals. They spoke eloquently, though dumb, for his merits. The end of it was Mr. Bonny was engaged as medical assistant, he having just left service in a hospital of the A.M.D.

The third was Mr. John Rose Troup, who had performed good service on the Congo. He was intimate with Swahili, the vernacular of Zanzibar. He was not dainty at work, was exact and methodical in preserving accounts. Mr. Troup was engaged.



MR. WILLIAM BONNY.

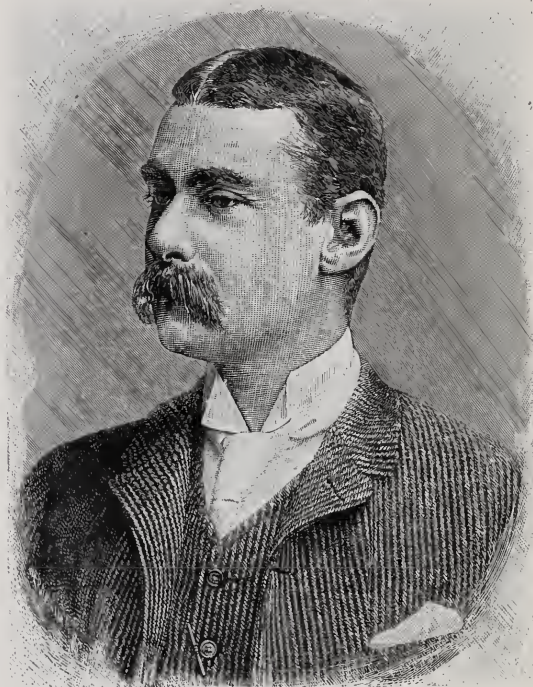
The fourth volunteer who presented himself was Major Edmund Musgrave Barttelot, of the 7th Fusiliers. He was accompanied by an acquaintance of mine who spoke highly of him. What passed at the interview will be heard later on. After a few remarks he was also engaged.

The fifth was Captain R. H. Nelson, of Methuen's Horse, fairly distinguished in Zulu campaigns. There was merit in his very face. Captain Nelson agreed to sign the articles of enlistment.

Our next volunteer was Mr. A. J. Mounteney Jephson, inexperienced as yet in foreign travel, and quite unaccustomed to "roughing" in wilds. On

some members of the Committee Mr. Jephson made the impression that he was unfitted for an expedition of this kind, being in their opinion of too "high class." But the Countess de Noailles made a subscription in his favour to the Relief Fund of £1,000, an argument that the Committee could not resist, and Mr. Jephson signed the articles of agreement with unshaken nerves. Poor young Jephson! he emerged out of Africa after various severe trials which are herein related.

One of the latest to apply, and when the list was about to be closed, was Mr. James S. Jameson. He had travelled in Mashona and Matabele lands



MR. A. J. MOUNTENEY JEPHSON.

in South Africa to collect trophies of the wild chase, to study birds, and to make sketches. He did not appear remarkably strong. We urged that, but he as quickly defended his slight appearance, and argued that, as he had already spent a long time in Africa, his experience disproved our fears. Besides, he was willing to subscribe £1,000 for the privilege of membership, and do faithful and loyal service, as though it was indispensable for the Expedition to employ him. Mr. Jameson was firm, and subscribed to the articles.

We were in the full swing of preparations to meet the necessities of the

overland march from Zanzibar, east to the Victoria Nyanza, when, as will be shown by the tenour of the following letter, it became necessary to reconsider our route.

“Palais de Bruxelles,

“7th January, 1887.

“DEAR MR. STANLEY,

“The Congo State has nothing to gain by the Expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha passing through its territory. The King has suggested this road merely so as to lend your services to the Expedition, which it would be impossible for him to do were the Expedition to proceed by the Eastern coast. According to your own estimate, the Expedition proceeding by the Eastern coast would occupy about eighteen months. His Majesty considers that he would be failing in his duty towards the State were he to deprive it of your services, especially as the latter will be certainly needed before the expiration of this lapse of time.

“If the Expedition proceeds by the Congo the State will promise to show it all goodwill. The State likewise gratuitously places at the disposal of the Expedition the whole of its naval stock, inasmuch as will allow the working arrangements of its own administration, which it is, above all, desirous of ensuring, as you know. The *Stanley* is the largest steamer on the Upper Congo. We are forwarding a second one by the mail of the 15th inst., and we will hasten as much as possible the launching of this steamer at Stanley Pool; she will be a valuable and much-needed adjunct to our flotilla. In the meanwhile the mission steamer *Peace* would no doubt gratuitously effect certain transports.

“Should the Expedition desire it, we would facilitate the recruiting of Bangala; we are very pleased with the latter, as they are excellent soldiers, and do not fear the Arabs like the Zanzibaris.

“You will have remarked that the official documents, published this week in Berlin, limit the territory of Zanzibar to a narrow strip of land along the sea-shore. Beyond this strip the entire territory is German. If the Germans allow the Expedition to cross their territory, the Zanzibaris would be precisely as on the Congo, on foreign soil.

“With kind regards, I am, dear Mr. Stanley,

“Yours very truly,

“COMTE DE BORCHGRAVE.”

That this was not a light matter to be hastily decided will be evident by the following note which was sent me by Sir William Mackinnon:—

“Western Club, Glasgow,

“January 4th, 1887.

“MY DEAR STANLEY,

“I had a pleasant short letter from the King, showing how anxious he is the Congo route should be taken, and how unwilling to allow a break in the continuity of your connection with the Congo State, as he considers you a pillar of the State. He asks me to banish (?) any divergent sentiments, and get all parties to agree to the Congo route. I have explained fully all that has been done and is doing, and the difficulties in the way of cancelling existing engagements, and get the authorities, home and Egyptian, and the Sultan of Zanzibar, to acquiesce in making such a change. I also mentioned the great additional charge involved by sending 600 men, even if the Sultan should consent to their going, from Zanzibar to the Congo, and bringing them back.

“I promised, however, to ascertain whether all interested in the present arrangements would agree in taking the Congo route.”

* * * * *

In my diary of January 5th I find written briefly the heads of businesses despatched this day.

As suggested by Mackinnon, who has been written to by King Leopold upon the subject of the Congo route, I saw Sir Percy Anderson, and revealed the King's desire that the Expedition should proceed *via* Congo. I was requested to state what advantages the Congo route gave, and replied:—

1st. Certainty of reaching Emin.

2nd. Transport up the Congo River by state steamers to a point 320 geographical miles from Lake Albert.

3rd. Allaying suspicion of Germans that underlying our acts were political motives.

4th. Allaying alleged fears of French Government that our Expedition would endanger the lives of French missionaries.

5th. If French missionaries were endangered, then English missionaries would certainly share their fate.

6th. Greater immunity from the desertion of the Zanzibaris, who were fickle in the neighbourhood of Arab settlements.

Lord Iddesleigh writes me that the French Ambassador has been instructed to inform him that if the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition proceeds by a route east of the Victoria Nyanza it will certainly endanger the lives of their missionaries in Uganda. He suggests that I consider this question.

Visited Admiralty, inquired of Admiral Sullivan respecting the possibility of Admiralty supplying vessel to carry Expedition to Congo. He said if Government ordered, it would be easy; if not, impossible.

Wrote to the King urging him to acquaint me how far his assistance would extend in transport on the Upper Congo.

January 8th.—Received letters from the King. He lays claim to my services. Offers to lend whole of his naval stock for transport except such as may be necessary for uses of administration. Wired to Mackinnon that I felt uneasy at the clause; that it was scarcely compatible with the urgency required. Colonel de Winton wrote to the same effect.

Effects of Expedition are arriving by many ewts.

De Winton worked with me until late in the night.

January 9th, 1887.—Colonel J. A. Grant, Colonel Sir F. de Winton, and myself sat down to consider His Majesty's letter, and finally wrote a reply, requesting he would graciously respond with greater definiteness respecting quantity of transport and time for which transport vessels will be granted, as so many matters depend upon quick reply, such as hire of Soudanese, detention of mail steamer for shipment of ammunition, etc. We therefore send special messenger.

January 10th, 1887.—De Winton visited Foreign Office, and was promised as soon as possible to attend to the detention of mail steamer and Government transport round the Cape of Good Hope.

Messrs. Gray, Dawes & Co. write Postmaster-General willing to detain Zanzibar mail steamer at Aden to wait *Navarino*, which sails from London on the 20th with the ammunition and officers. I overtake *Navarino* at Suez after settling matters of Expedition in Egypt.

January 12th.—Answer arrived last night. Meeting was called by Honourable Guy Dawnay, Colonel Sir Lewis Pelly, Colonel Sir F. de Winton and self. The answer as regards Congo route being satisfactory, was decided upon, and this has now been adopted unanimously.

Was notified at 2 P.M. by the Earl of Iddesleigh that he would see me

at 6 P.M. But at 3.13 P.M. the Earl died suddenly from disease of the heart.

January 13th.—Foreign Office note received from Sir J. Pauncefoot transmitting telegram from Sir E. Baring, also letters concerning Admiralty transport. No help from Admiralty.

Goods arriving fast. Will presently fill my house.

Went down with Baroness Burdett Coutts to Guildhall, arriving there 12.45 P.M. I received freedom of City of London, and am called youngest citizen. Afterwards lunched at Mansion House; a distinguished party present, and affair most satisfactory.

Telegraphed to Brussels to know if Friday convenient to King. Reply, "Yes, at 9.30 A.M."

January 14th.—Crossed over Channel last night towards Brussels *via* Ostend to see King Leopold. Saw King and gave my farewell. He was very kind. Left for London in evening at 8 P.M.

Telegram arrived from Sandringham requesting visit.

January 15th.—Sir Percy Anderson requested interview.

Mr. Joseph Thomson at this late hour has been writing to Geographical Society, wanting to go with Expedition.

Arranged with Ingham to collect Congo carriers. He goes out shortly.

Telegraphed Zanzibar to recall rice carriers from Mpwapa. This will cost 2,500 rupees more.

Wrote some days ago to the donor of the *Peace* Mission Steamer on the Congo, requesting loan of her for the relief of Emin Pasha. Received the following quaint reply:—

"Leeds, *January 15th*, 1887.

"DEAR MR. STANLEY,

"I have much regard for you personally, although I cannot, dare not, sanction all your acts.

"I am very sorry if I cannot give assent to your request; but I fully believe you will be no sufferer by the circumstances of not having the ss. *Peace*. Yesterday I was able to come to a decision.

"Mr. Baynes, of the Baptist Missionary Society, Holborn, will, he hopes, make to you any communication he judges proper. If you have any reverential regard for 'the Man of Sorrows,' the 'King of Peace,' may He mercifully preserve and save your party.

"I have no doubt of the safety of Emin—till his work is done. I believe he will be brought through this trial in perfect safety. God seems to have given you a noble soul (covers for the moment, if on your sad sin and mistakes), and I should like you should 'repent and believe the Gospel'—with real sense, and live hereafter in happiness, light, and joy—for ever. *Here* delay in you is more dangerous than delay for Emin.

"Your faithful friend,

"(Signed) ROBERT ARTHINGTON."

January 16th.—Colonel J. A. Grant offered to arrange with Mr. J. S. Keltie, Editor of *Nature*, to discuss Mr. Thomson's offer.

Letters accumulate by scores. All hands employed answering.

January 17th.—Wrote Sir Percy Anderson would call Wednesday, 2 P.M. Correspondence increases.

Mr. Joseph Thomson's offer discussed. Mr. J. S. Keltie is to write to him privately—decision of committee.

Arranged with G. S. Mackenzie about Zanzibar matters. He despatched

two telegrams. General Brackenbury wrote about coal being furnished requiring Treasury sanction.

January 18th.—Worked off morning's business.

Travelled to Sandringham with Colonel de Winton to see His Royal Highness. With African map before us gave short lecture to their Royal Highnesses respecting route proposed to reach Emin Pasha. Had a very attentive audience.

January 19th.—Sir William Mackinnon mustered his friends at the Burlington Hotel at a farewell banquet to me.

Have said "Good-bye" to a host of friends to-day.

January 20th.—The ss. *Navarino* sailed this afternoon, carrying goods of Expedition and officers—Lieutenant Stairs, Captain Nelson and Mr. Mounteney Jephson. Mr. William Bonny started from my rooms with black boy Baruti to Fenchurch Station at 8 A.M. Arriving there, he leaves Baruti after a while and proceeds to Tower of London! He says that returning to station at 2 P.M. he found boat had gone. He then went to Gray, Dawes & Co., shipping agents, and is discouraged to find that the matter cannot be mended. Baruti found deserted in Fenchurch Station, very hungry and cold. Colonel J. A. Grant finds him and brings him to me.

January 21st.—Despatch Mr. Bonny by rail to Plymouth to overtake a steamer bound for India, and instruct him to debark at Suez with boy and await me.

Left London at 8.5 P.M. for Egypt. Quite a crowd collected to take a final shake of the hands and to bid me a kindly "God speed."

CHAPTER II.

EGYPT AND ZANZIBAR.

January 27th, 1887.—Arrived at Alexandria 6 A.M. Surgeon T. H. Parke of the A.M.D. came to my hotel and applied for the position of surgeon to the Expedition. It was the one vacancy not yet filled to my satisfaction. I considered it a Godsend, though I appeared distant, as I had had two most unpleasant experiences with medical men, both of whom were crotchety and inconsistent, in England. An extremely handsome young gentleman—diffident somewhat—but very prepossessing. To try if he were in earnest I said, "If you care to follow me to Cairo, I will talk further with you. I have not the time to argue with you here."

Left Alexandria at 10 A.M. for Cairo. At the station I met Sir Evelyn Baring, whom I had read of in Gordon's journals. We drove to Sir Evelyn's house, and was told in his straightforward and clearest manner that there was a hitch somewhere. The Khedive and Nubar Pasha, the Prime Minister, were doubtful as to the wisdom of the Congo route. Professor Schweinfurth and Dr. Junker had both been struck with consternation, and by their manner had expressed that the idea was absurd.

"Well, Sir Evelyn," I said, "do you not think that there are as clever men in England as Messrs. Schweinfurth and Junker? On the Relief Committee we have Colonel James Augustus Grant—companion of Speke,

Colonel Sir Francis de Winton—late Administrator General of the Congo, Colonel Sir Lewis Pelly—late Political Agent at Zanzibar, the Honourable Guy Dawnay of the War Office, Sir John Kirk—late Consul-General at Zanzibar, the Rev. Horace Waller, and several other distinguished and level-headed men. Nothing has been settled without the concurrence and assent of the Foreign Office. We have considered everything, and I have come thus far resolved to carry the project out as the committee and myself have agreed."

And then I gave Sir Evelyn the pros and cons of the routes, which



SURGEON PARKE, A.M.D.

satisfied him. We then drove to the Prime Minister, Nubar Pasha, and the same explanations had to be entered into with him. Nubar, with a kindly benevolent smile, deferred to Sir Evelyn's superior judgment. Nubar assented to the wisdom and discretion of the change, and as a reward I was invited to breakfast for the morrow.

January 28th, Cairo.—I breakfasted with Nubar Pasha. He introduced me to Mason Bey—the circumnavigator of Lake Albert in 1877, Madame Nubar and three daughters, Tigrane Pasha, his son-in-law, Mr. Fane, formerly Secretary of Legation at Brussels. During breakfast Nubar

Pasha conversed upon many things, principally Egypt, Soudan, Africa and Gordon. Of Gordon he is clearly no admirer. He accredits the loss of the Soudan to him. His views of Baker were that he was a fighter—an eager pioneer—a man of great power.

Showed map to Nubar after breakfast. He examined the various routes carefully, and was convinced the Congo route was the best. He proposes to write instructions to Emin to return to Egypt, on the ground that Egypt cannot afford to retain the Soudan under present circumstances. He permits us the use of the Egyptian Flag as the banner of the Expedi-



NUBAR PASHA.

tion. He says he would like to see Emin return with as much ivory as possible and bringing his Makrakas with him. Should any ivory be brought out he will lay claim to some of the money on behalf of the Egyptian Government—because of the £10,000 furnished by it. Uniforms are being ordered for Emin Pasha and principal officers, for which the Relief Fund will have to pay. Rank and pay due to each officer assured.

I saw Schweinfurth and Junker, who have been considered experts here, and I have had a long and interesting conversation, the pith of which I here embody.

Schweinfurth and Junker, it seems, had formed the curious idea that because the Expedition was to be armed with several hundred Remingtons and a machine gun of the latest invention, it was to be an offensive force conducted after strict military rules.

If they had reflected at all, the very title of the Expedition ought to have warned them that they were astray; the character of the people who subscribed the major portion of the fund ought to have still more assured them that their conception of the Expedition was wide of the mark. It is the relief of Emin Pasha that is the object of the Expedition, the said relief consisting of ammunition in sufficient quantity to enable him to withdraw from his dangerous position in Central Africa in safety, or to hold his own, if he decides to do so, for such length of time as he may see fit. Considering the quality of the escort, being mainly Zanzibaris or freed slaves, it would be rash to expect too much from them. It is already known in Zanzibar that Uganda is hostile, that Mwanga massacred some sixty of the followers of Bishop Hannington, that the Masai route has its dangers, that Karagwé is tributary to Mwanga, that the Wahha are numerous and aggressive, that Ruanda has never yet been penetrated, that beyond a certain line, whether on the Masai route or the Karagwé route, there is certain danger; and no matter with what cheerfulness they would assert at Zanzibar their readiness to defy all and every belligerent, African travellers remember how weak they are proved to be when in actual presence of danger. Assuming, however, that this band of 600 Zanzibaris were faithful; consider their inexperience of these new rifles; their wild, aimless, harmless firing; their want of discipline and tone; their disposition to be horrified at sight of the effects of fighting—remember that in reality they are only porters and do not pretend to be warriors—and you will see how very unequal such men are to the duties of defending munitions of war in the face of an enemy. It was only by stratagem that I secured their services for the desperate work of discovering the issue of the great river along which we had travelled with Tippu-Tib, when that now famous Arab deserted me in mid-Africa. It was only that there were no other means of escape that enabled me with their help to obtain a quiet retreat from savage Ituru. In many other instances they proved that when menaced with instant death they could be utilized to assist in the preservation of their own lives; but to expect them to march faithfully forward to court the dangers of fighting, with the seductions of Unyamwezi and Zanzibar in their rear, would be too much. In this Expedition we cannot turn aside as formerly in presence of a pronounced hostility and seek more peaceful countries; but our objective point must be reached, and risk must be run, and the ammunition must be deposited at the feet of Emin Pasha. Therefore to arm these people with Remingtons or machine guns is not enough—you must cut off their means of retreat, allow no avenue of escape—then they will stand together like men, and we may expect the object of the Expedition to be attained, even if we have now and again to meet bows and spears or guns.

Regarding Emin Pasha my information is various.

From Dr. Junker I learn that Emin Pasha is tall,* thin and exceedingly short-sighted; that he is a great linguist, Turkish, Arabic, German,

* We consequently bade the tailor make long pantaloons, and they were quite six inches too long.

French, Italian and English being familiar to him; to these languages may be added a few of the African dialects. He does not seem to have impressed Junker with his fighting qualities, though as an administrator, he is sagacious, tactful and prudent. His long isolation seems to have discouraged him. He says, "Egypt does not care for us and has forgotten us; Europe takes no interest in what we do." He is German by birth, and is about forty-seven years old.

His force is distributed among eight stations, from 200 to 300 men in each, say about 1,800 in all. The garrisons of the four northernmost



THE KHEDIVE TEWFIK.

stations were discontented and mutinous at last accounts. They answered Emin's advice to consolidate with reproaches; his suggestions that they should all withdraw from the Equatorial Province *via* Zanzibar, were responded to by accusations that he intended only to sell them to Zanzibar as slaves.

Junker cannot give an exact figure of the force itself, or of the Egyptians or clerks or Dongolese with Emin, but being questioned closely as to details, replied that the approximate number of those likely to return with the Expedition would be as follows:—

White Egyptian Officers, 10; non-commissioned (black), 15; white clerks (Copts), 20; blacks from Dongola, Wady Halfa, etc., 300, = men 345. White women, 22; black women, 137; = women 159. Children of officers, 40; soldiers' children, 60 = children 100; = Total 604.

Besides these the native troops, on perceiving a general withdrawal, may also desire to return with their friends and comrades to Egypt. It is impossible to state what may be the effect on their minds of the appearance of the Relief Expedition. The decision of Emin Pasha, to remain or withdraw, will probably influence the majority.

I expect my men from Wady Halfa to be here this afternoon. They will be armed, equipped and rationed at the Citadel, and on Thursday will accompany me to Suez. The *Navarino* is supposed to arrive at Suez the day following, when we will embark and be off.

Received telegrams from London. Reports from a well-known person at Cairo have reached newspapers that Emin Pasha had fought his way through Uganda after some desperate struggles, and that the Egyptian Government had placed difficulty in way of Expedition. Replied that such facts were unknown in Cairo.

February 1st.—Saw Sir Evelyn Baring at 10.45 A.M. Accompanied him to Khedive Tewfik. His Highness is most amiable and good-looking. Fine palace within, abundance of room, a host of attendants, &c. Am invited to breakfast with Khedive at noon to-morrow.

Taken later by Sir Evelyn to General Grenfell's office respecting suggestion made to me last night, at General Stephenson's by Valentine Baker Pasha, that I must assure myself that the Remington ammunition furnished by Egyptian Government was sound, as his experience of it was that 50 per cent. was bad. "You must think then," said he, "if the ammunition is so poor already what it will be about a year hence when you meet Emin, after humidity of tropics."

General Grenfell said he had already tested the ammunition, and would make another trial, since Valentine Baker Pasha entertained such an opinion of it.

February 2nd.—Breakfast with Khedive Tewfik. He protests his patriotism, and loves his country. He is certainly most unaffected and genial.

Before leaving Khedive, the following Firman or High Order, was given to me open with the English translation.

TRANSLATION.

Copy of a High Arabic Order to Emin Pasha, dated 8th, Gamad Awal 1304 (1st February, 1887. No. 3).

"We have already thanked you and your officers for the plucky and successful defence of the Egyptian Equatorial Provinces entrusted to your charge, and for the firmness you have shown with your fellow-officers under your command.

"And we therefore have rewarded you in raising your rank to that of Lewa Pasha (Brigadier-General). We have also approved the ranks you thought necessary to give to the officers under your charge. As I have already written to you on the 29th November, 1886, No. 31, and it must have reached you with other documents sent by His Excellency Nubar Pasha, President of the Council of Ministers.

"And, since it is our sincerest desire to relieve you with your officers and

soldiers from the difficult position you are in, our Government have made up their mind in the manner by which you may be relieved with officers and soldiers from your troubles.

"And as a mission for the relief has been formed under the command of Mr. Stanley, the famous and experienced African Explorer, whose reputation is well known throughout the world; and as he intends to set out on his Expedition with all the necessary provisions for you so that he may bring you here with officers and men to Cairo, by the route which Mr. Stanley may think proper to take. Consequently we have issued this High Order to you, and it is sent to you by the hand of Mr. Stanley, to let you know what has been done, and as soon as it will reach you, I charge you to convey my best wishes to the officers and men—and you are at full liberty with regard to your leaving for Cairo or your stay there with officers and men.

"Our Government has given a decision for paying your salaries with that of the officers and men.

"Those who wish to stay there from the officers and men, they may do it on their own responsibility, and they may not expect any assistance from the Government.

"Try to understand the contents well, and make it well-known to all the officers and men, that they may be aware of what they are going to do.

(Signed) "MEHEMET TEWFIK."

In the evening Tigrane Pasha brought to me Nubar Pasha's—the Prime Minister—letter of recall to Emin. It was read to me and then sealed.

We stand thus, then; Junker does not think Emin will abandon the Province; the English subscribers to the fund hope he will not, but express nothing; they leave it to Emin to decide; the English Government would prefer that he would retire, as his Province under present circumstances is almost inaccessible, and certainly he, so far removed, is a cause of anxiety. The Khedive sends the above order for Emin to accept of our escort, but says, "You may do as you please. If you decline our proffered aid you are not to expect further assistance from the Government." Nubar Pasha's letter conveys the wishes of the Egyptian Government, which are in accordance with those of the English Government, as expressed by Sir Evelyn Baring.

February 3rd.—Left Cairo for Suez. At the station to wish me success were Sir Evelyn and Lady Baring, Generals Stephenson, Grenfell, Valentine Baker, Abbaté Pasha, Professor Schweinfurth and Dr. Junker. The latter and sixty-one soldiers (Soudanese) from Wady Halfa accompanied me. At Zagazig, Surgeon T. H. Parke, now an enrolled member of the Expedition, joined me. At Ismailia our party were increased by Giegler Pasha. At Suez met Mr. James S. Jameson, the naturalist of the Expedition. Mr. Bonny of the Hospital Staff Corps, and Baruti, will arrive to-morrow per *Garonne* of the Orient line.

February 6th.—Breakfasted with Captain Beyts, Agent of the British India Steam Navigation Company. At 2 P.M. Captain Beyts embarked with us on board *Rob Roy*, a new steamer just built for him, and we steamed out to the Suez harbour where the *Navarino* from London is at anchor. At 5 P.M., after friendly wishes from Captain Beyts and my good friend Dr. Junker, to whom I had become greatly attached for the real worth in him, the *Navarino* sailed for Aden.

February 8th.—Weather grows warm. Ther. Fahr. 74° at 8 A.M. in

Captain's cabin. My European servant asked me if this was the Red Sea through which we were sailing. "Yes," I replied. "Well, sir, it looks more like a black sea than a red one," was his profound remark.

February 12th.—Reached Aden at 2 A.M. We now change steamers. *Navarino* proceeds to Bombay. The B.I.S.N. steamer *Oriental* takes us to Zanzibar. On board the latter steamer we met Major Barttelot. Cabled to Zanzibar following:—

"Mackenzie, Zanzibar.

"Your telegram very gratifying. Please engage twenty young lads as officers' servants at lower rate than men. We leave to-day with eight Europeans, sixty-one Soudanese, two Syrians, thirteen Somalis. Provision transport steamer accordingly."

The first-class passengers include self, Barttelot, Stairs, Jephson, Nelson, Parke, Bonny, Count Pfeil, and two German companions bound for Rufiji River.

February 19th.—Arrived off Lamu at 3 P.M. Soon after s.s. *Baghdad* came in with Dr. Lenz, the Austrian traveller, who had started to proceed to Emin Bey, but failing, came across to Zanzibar instead. He is on his way home. Having failed in his purpose, he will blame Africa and abuse the Congo especially. It is natural with all classes to shift the blame on others, and I feel assured Lenz will be no exception.

February 20th.—Arrived at Mombasa. Was told that a great battle had been fought lately between the Gallas and Somalis. The former are for the Germans, the latter are declared enemies to them. We also hear that Portugal has declared war against Zanzibar, or something like it.

Best place for commercial depôt is on right hand of northern entrance, first point within harbour; it is bluff, dips sheer down into deep water, with timber floated along base of bluff, and long-armed derricks on edge of bluff; steamers might be unloaded and loaded with ease. Cocoa-nut palms abundant. Good view of sea from it. If Mombasa becomes an English port—as I hope it will shortly—the best position of new town would be along face of bluff fronting seaward on island just where old Portuguese port is; a light railway and some draught mules would land on train all goods from harbour.

February 22nd.—Arrived at Zanzibar. Acting Consul-General Holmwood warmly proffered hospitality.

Instructed officers to proceed on board our transport, B.I.S.N. Co. *Madura*, and to take charge of Somalis and Soudanese, and Mackenzie to disembark forty donkeys and saddles from *Madura*—route being changed there was no need for so many animals.

Received compliments from the Sultan of Zanzibar; visits from the famous Tippu-Tib, Jaffar, son of Tarya Topan, his agent, and Kanji the Vakeel of Tarya.

Zanzibar is somewhat changed during my eight years' absence. There is a telegraphic cable, a tall clock-tower, a new Sultan's Palace, very lofty and conspicuous, with wide verandahs. The Custom House has been enlarged. General Lloyd Mathews has new barracks for his Military Police; the promenade to Fiddler's grave has been expanded into a broad carriage-way, which extends to Sultan's house beyond Mwenni. There are horses and carriages, and steam-rollers; and lamp-posts, at convenient distances, serve to bear oil-lamps to light the road when His Highness returns to city from a country jaunt.

There are six German war-vessels in port, under Admiral Knorr, H.B.M.S. *Turquoise* and *Reindeer*, ten merchant steamers, and a few score of Arabs dhows, Baggalas, Kanjehs, and boats.

February 23rd.—Paid what is called a State visit to His Highness. As a special mark of honour the troops, under stout General Lloyd Mathews, were drawn up in two lines, about 300 yards in length. A tolerable military band saluted us with martial strains, while several hundreds of the population were banked behind the soldiers. The most frequent words I heard as I passed through with Consul Holmwood were: "Ndio huyu"—"Yes, it is he!" by which I gathered that scattered among the crowds must have been a large number of my old followers, pointing me out to their friends.

State visits are nearly always alike. The "Present arms!" by General Mathews, the martial strains, the large groups of the superior Arabs at the hall porch, the ascent up the lofty flights of stairs—the Sultan at the head of the stairs—the grave bow, the warm clasp, the salutation word, the courteous wave of the hand to enter, the slow march towards the throne—another ceremonious inclination all round—the Prince taking his seat, which intimates we may follow suit, the refreshments of sherbet after coffee, and a few remarks about Europe, and our mutual healths. Then the ceremonious departure, again the strains of music,—Mathews' sonorous voice at "Present arms!" and we retire from the scene to doff our London dress-suits, and pack them up with camphor to preserve them from moths, until we return from years of travel "Through the Dark Continent" and from "Darkest Africa."

In the afternoon, paid the business visit, first presenting the following letter:—

"TO HIS HIGHNESS SEYYID BARGHASH BIN SAID,

"Sultan of Zanzibar.

"Burlington Hotel,

"Old Burlington Street, London, W.

"28th January, 1887.

"Your Highness,

"I cannot allow another mail to pass without writing to express to you my grateful appreciation of the kindly response you made to my telegram in regard to assisting the Expedition, which proceeds under the leadership of Mr. H. M. Stanley to relieve Emin Pasha. The cordiality with which you instructed your officers to assist in selecting the best men available is indeed a most important service to the Expedition, and I have reason to know that it has given great satisfaction in England. Mr. Stanley will reach Zanzibar in about four weeks. He is full of enthusiasm as the leader of his interesting Expedition, and his chief reasons for selecting the Congo route are that he may be able to convey the men your Highness has so kindly assisted him in procuring without fatigue or risk by sea to the Congo, and up the river in boats in comparative comfort, and they will arrive within 350 miles of their destination fresh and vigorous instead of being worn out and jaded by the fatigue of a long march inland. His services will be entirely devoted to the Expedition during its progress, and he cannot deviate from its course to perform service for the Congo State.

"It is probable also he will return by the East Coast land route, and as I know him to be deeply interested in your Highness's prosperity and welfare, I am sure if he can render any service to Your Highness during his progress back to the coast, he will do so most heartily. I have had many conversations with him, and have always found him most friendly to Your Highness's interests, and I

believe also the confidence of our mutual good friend. I pray you in these circumstances to communicate freely with Mr. Stanley on all points—as freely as if I had the honour of being there to receive the communications myself.

“With the repeated assurance of my hearty sympathy in all the affairs that concern Your Highness’s interests,

“I remain,

“Your very obedient servant and friend,

“W. MACKINNON.”

We then entered heartily into our business; how absolutely necessary it was that he should promptly enter into an agreement with the English within the limits assigned by Anglo-German treaty. It would take too long to describe the details of the conversation, but I obtained from him the answer needed.

“Please God we shall agree. When you have got the papers ready we shall read and sign without further delay and the matter will be over.”

At night, wrote the following letter to Emin Pasha, for transmission to-morrow by couriers overland, who will travel through Uganda into Unyoro secretly.

“TO HIS EXCELLENCY EMIN PASHA,

“Governor of the Equatorial Provinces.

“H.B. Majesty’s Consulate, Zanzibar,

“February 23rd, 1887.

“DEAR SIR,

“I have the honour to inform you that the Government of His Highness the Khedive of Egypt, upon the receipt of your urgent letters soliciting aid and instructions, have seen fit to depute me to equip an Expedition to proceed to Wadelai to convey such aid as they think you require, and to assist you in other ways agreeably with the written instructions which have been delivered to me for you.

“Having been pretty accurately informed of the nature of your necessities from the perusal of your letters to the Egyptian Government, the Expedition has been equipped in such a manner as may be supposed to meet all your wants. As you will gather from the letters of His Highness and the Prime Minister of Egypt to you, and which I bring with me, all that could possibly be done to satisfy your needs has been done most heartily. From the translation of the letters delivered to me, I perceive that they will give you immense satisfaction. Over sixty soldiers from Wady Halfa have been detailed to accompany me, in order that they may be able to encourage the soldiers under your command, and confirm the letters. We also march under the Egyptian standard.

“The Expedition includes 600 Zanzibari natives, and probably as many Arab followers from Central Africa.

“We sail to-morrow from Zanzibar to the Congo, and by the 18th of June next we hope to be at the head of navigation on the Upper Congo. From the point where we debark to the southern end of Lake Albert is a distance of 320 miles in a straight line, say 500 miles by road, which will probably occupy us fifty days to march to the south-western or southern end, in the neighbourhood of Kavalli.

“If your steamers are in that neighbourhood, you will be able to leave word perhaps at Kavalli, or in its neighbourhood, informing me of your whereabouts.

“The reasons which have obliged me to adopt this route for the conveyance of your stores are various, but principally political. I am also impressed with the greater security of that route, and the greater certainty of success attending the venture, with less trouble to the Expedition and less annoyance to the natives.

Mwanga is a formidable opponent to the south and south-east. The Wakedi and other warlike natives to the eastward of Fatiko oppose a serious obstacle, the natives of Kishakka and Ruanda have never permitted strangers to enter their country. *En route* I do not anticipate much trouble, because there are no powerful chiefs in the Congo basin capable of interrupting our march.

"Besides abundance of ammunition for your needs, official letters from the Egyptian Government, a heavy mail from your numerous friends and admirers, I bring with me personal equipments for yourself and officers suitable to the rank of each.

"Trusting that I shall have the satisfaction of finding you well and safe, and that nothing will induce you to rashly venture your life and liberty in the neighbourhood of Uganda, without the ample means of causing yourself and men to be respected which I am bringing to you,

"I beg you to believe me,

"Yours very faithfully,

(Signed) "HENRY M. STANLEY."

February 24th and 25th.—On arriving at Zanzibar, I found our Agent, Mr. Edmund Maekenzie, had managed everything so well that the Expedition was almost ready for embarkation. The steamer *Madura*, of the British India Steam Navigation Company, was in harbour, provisioned and watered for the voyage. The goods for barter, and transport animals, were on board. There were a few things to be done, however—such as arranging with the famous Tippu-Tib about our line of conduct towards one another. Tippu-Tib is a much greater man to-day than he was in the year 1877, when he escorted my caravan, preliminary to our descent down the Congo. He has invested his hard-earned fortune in guns and powder. Adventurous Arabs have flocked to his standard, until he is now an unceremonious king of the region between Stanley Falls and Tanganika Lake, commanding many thousands of men inured to fighting and wild Equatorial life. If I discovered hostile intentions, my idea was to give him a wide berth; for the ammunition I had to convey to Emin Pasha, if captured and employed by him, would endanger the existence of the infant State of the Congo, and imperil all our hopes. Between Tippu-Tib and Mwanga, king of Uganda, there was only a choice of the frying-pan and the fire. Tippu-Tib was the Zubehr of the Congo Basin—just as formidable if made an enemy, as the latter would have been at the head of his slaves. Between myself and Gordon there had to be a difference in dealing with our respective Zubehrs; mine had no animus against me personally; my hands were free, and my movements unfettered. Therefore, with due caution, I sounded Tippu-Tib on the first day, and found him fully prepared for any eventuality—to fight me, or be employed by me. I chose the latter, and we proceeded to business. His aid was not required to enable me to reach Emin Pasha, or to show the road. There are four good roads to Wadelai from the Congo; one of them was in Tippu-Tib's power, the remaining three are clear of him and his myriads. But Dr. Junker informed me that Emin Pasha possessed about 75 tons of ivory. So much ivory would amount to £60,000, at 8s. per lb. The subscription of Egypt to the Emin Pasha Fund is large for her depressed finances. In this quantity of ivory we had a possible means of recouping her Treasury—with a large sum left towards defraying expenses, and perhaps leaving a handsome present for the Zanzibari survivors.

Why not attempt the carriage of this ivory to the Congo? Accordingly,

I wished to engage Tippu-Tib and his people to assist me in conveying the ammunition to Emin Pasha, and on return to carry this ivory. After a good deal of bargaining I entered into a contract with him, by which he agreed to supply 600 carriers at £6 per loaded head—each round trip from Stanley Falls to Lake Albert and back. Thus, if each carrier carries 70 lbs. weight of ivory, one round trip will bring to the Fund £13,200 nett at Stanley Falls.

On the conclusion of this contract, which was entered into in presence of the British Consul-General, I broached another subject in the name of His Majesty King Leopold with Tippu-Tib. Stanley Falls station was established by me in December 1883. Various Europeans have since commanded this station, and Mr. Binnie and Lieut. Wester of the Swedish Army had succeeded in making it a well-ordered and presentable station. Captain Deane, his successor, quarrelled with the Arabs, and at his forced departure from the scene set fire to the station. The object for which the station was established was the prevention of the Arabs from pursuing their devastating career below the Falls, not so much by force as by tact, or rather the happy combination of both. By the retreat of the officers of the State from Stanley Falls, the floodgates were opened and the Arabs pressed down river. Tippu-Tib being of course the guiding spirit of the Arabs west of Tanganika Lake, it was advisable to see how far his aid might be secured to check this stream of Arabs from destroying the country. After the interchange of messages by cable with Brussels—on the second day of my stay at Zanzibar—I signed an engagement with Tippu-Tib, by which he was appointed Governor of Stanley Falls at a regular salary, paid monthly at Zanzibar, into the British Consul-General's hands. His duties will be principally to defend Stanley Falls in the name of the State against all Arabs and natives. The flag of the station will be that of the State. At all hazards he is to defeat and capture all persons raiding territory for slaves, and to disperse all bodies of men who may be justly suspected of violent designs. He is to abstain from all slave traffic below the Falls himself, and to prevent all in his command trading in slaves. In order to ensure a faithful performance of his engagement with the State, an European officer is to be appointed Resident at the Falls. On the breach of any article in the contract being reported, the salary is to cease.

Meantime, while I was engaged with these negotiations, Mr. Mackenzie had paid four months' advance pay—\$12,415—to 620 men and boys enlisted in the Relief Expedition, and as fast as each batch of fifty men was satisfactorily paid, a barge was hauled alongside and the men were duly embarked, and a steam launch towed the barge to the transport. By 5 p.m. all hands were aboard, and the steamer moved off to a more distant anchorage. By midnight Tippu-Tib and his people and every person connected with the Expedition was on board, and at daybreak next day, the 25th of February, the anchor was lifted, and we steamed away towards the Cape of Good Hope.

So far there had not been a hitch in any arrangement. Difficulties had been smoothed as if by magic. Everybody had shown the utmost sympathy, and been prompt with the assistance required. The officers of the Expedition were kept fully employed from morning to evening at laborious tasks connected with the repacking of the ammunition for Emin Pasha's force.

Before concluding these entries, I ought to mention the liberal assistance rendered to the Relief Expedition by Sir John Pender, K.C.M.G., and the Eastern Telegraph Company. All my telegrams from Egypt, Aden and Zanzibar, amounting in the aggregate to several hundred words, were despatched free, and as each word from Zanzibar to Europe ordinarily costs eight shillings per word, some idea of the pecuniary value of the favour conferred may be obtained. On my return from Africa this great privilege was again granted, and as I received a score of cablegrams per day for several days, and answers were expected, I should speedily have paid dearly for the fortunate rescue of Emin Pasha, and most probably my stirring career had ended in the Bankruptcy Court had not Sir John Pender and Sir James Anderson quickly reassured me. Among the contributors to the Relief Fund to a very generous amount I therefore may fairly place the names of Sir John Pender and Sir James Anderson in behalf of the Eastern Telegraph Company. I should also state that they were prepared to lend me the Telegraph steamer at Zanzibar to convey my force of carriers and soldiers to the Congo had there been any difficulty in the way of engaging the B.I.S.N. Company's s.s. *Madura*.

CHAPTER III.

BY SEA TO THE CONGO RIVER.

THE following private letter to a friend will explain some things of general interest :—

S.S. *Madura*, March 9th, 1887,
Near Cape of Good Hope.

MY DEAR —,

Apart from the Press letters which are to be published for the benefit of the Relief Fund, and which will contain all that the public ought to know just now, I shall have somewhat to say to you and other friends.

The Sultan of Zanzibar received me with unusual kindness, much of which I owe to the introduction of Mr. William Mackinnon and Sir John Kirk. He presented me with a fine sword, a Shirazi blade I should say, richly mounted with gold, and a magnificent diamond ring, which quite makes Tippu-Tib's eyes water. With the sword is the golden belt of His Highness, the clasp of which bears his name in Arabic. It will be useful as a sign, if I come before Arabs, of the good understanding between the Prince and myself; and if I reach the Egyptian officers, some of whom are probably illiterate, they must accept the sword as a token that we are not traders.

You will have seen by the papers that I have taken with me sixty-one soldiers—Soudanese. My object has been to enable them to speak for me to the Soudanese of Equatoria. The Egyptians may affect to disbelieve firmans and the writing of Nubar, in which case these Soudanese will be pushed forward as living witnesses of my commission.

I have settled several little commissions at Zanzibar satisfactorily. One was to get the Sultan to sign the concessions which Mackinnon tried to obtain a long time ago. As the Germans have magnificent territory cast

of Zanzibar, it was but fair that England should have some portion for the protection she has accorded to Zanzibar since 1841. The Germans appeared to have recognized this, as you may see by the late Anglo-German Agreement. France had already obtained an immense area in West Africa. All the world had agreed to constitute the domain of King Leopold, on which he had spent a million sterling, as the Independent State of the Congo. Portugal, which is a chronic grumbler, and does little, and that little in a high-handed, illiberal manner, has also been graciously considered by the European Powers; but England, which has



PORTRAIT OF TIPPU-TIB.

sent out her explorers, Livingstone, Burton, Speke, Grant, Baker, Keith Johnston, Thomson, Elton, &c., had obtained nothing, and probably no people had taken such interest in the Dark Continent, or had undergone such sacrifices in behalf of the aborigines, as the English. Her cruisers for the last twenty years had policed the ocean along the coast to suppress slave-catching; her missions were twenty-two in number, settled between East and West Africa. This concession that we wished to obtain embraced a portion of the East African coast, of which Mombasa and Melindi were the principal towns. For eight years, to my knowledge, the

matter had been placed before His Highness, but the Sultan's signature was difficult to obtain.

Arriving at Zanzibar, I saw the Sultan was aging, and that he had not long to live.* Englishmen could not invest money in the reserved "sphere of influence" until some such concessions were signed.

"Please God," said the Sultan, "we shall agree; there will be no further doubt about the matter." But his political anxieties are wearing him fast, and unless this matter is soon completed it will be too late.

The other affair was with Tippu-Tib. He had actually in his possession three Krupp shells, unloaded, which he had brought with him from Stanley Falls, on the Upper Congo, to Zanzibar, to exhibit to his friends as the kind of missiles which the Belgians pelted his settlements with—and he was exceedingly wroth, and nourished a deep scheme of retaliation. It took me some time to quiet his spasms of resentment. People very furious must be allowed time to vent their anger. When he had poured out his indignation some time, I quietly asked him if he had finished, saying, in a bland way, that I knew well how great and powerful he was, &c., and I told him that it was scarcely fair to blame all the Europeans and King Leopold because an officer at Stanley Falls had been pleased to heave Krupp shells at his settlements; that this trouble had been caused by the excess of zeal of one man in defending a slave woman who had sought his protection, in the same way that Rashid, his nephew, had been carried away by the fury of youth to defend his rights. The Governor of the Congo State was absent nearly 1,500 miles down the river, and Tippu-Tib, the owner of the settlements, was several hundred miles eastward on the way to Zanzibar. Now I look upon this affair as the result of a match between one young white man and a young Arab. The grey heads are absent who would have settled the trouble without fighting: youths are always "on their muscle," you know.

"Do you know," I continued, "that that station has given us a great deal of trouble. We sent Amelot, you remember. Well, he just left the station without orders, and died somewhere near Nyangwé; then the next, Gleeurup, a Swede, followed suit, and travelled across Africa instead; then we sent Deane, and for a change he would have war with the Arabs. King Leopold is not to blame for all this. It is a difficult thing to get men who are always wise, and understand thoroughly what their orders are. If King Leopold had sent Deane to fight you, he would not have sent him with thirty men, you may be sure.

"Now look here. He proposes that you try your hand at governing that station. He will pay you every month what he would pay an European officer. There are certain little conditions that you must comply with before you become Governor."

Tippu-Tib opened his eyes and snapped them rapidly, as his custom is, and asked, "Me?"

"Yes, you. You like money; I offer you money. You have a grudge against white men being there. Well, if you do your work rightly there will be no need for any white men, except him whom we shall have to place under you, to see that the conditions are not broken."

"Well, what are they?"

"You must hoist the flag of the State. You must allow a Resident to

* Seyyid Barghash died six months later.

be with you, who will write your reports to the King. You must neither trade in slaves, nor allow anybody else to trade in them below Stanley Falls. Nor must there be any slave-catching; you understand. Such trade as you make in ivory, gums, rubber, cattle, and anything else, you may do as much as you please. But there is to be no pillaging native property of any description whatever below your station. A monthly allowance will be paid into the hands of your Agent at Zanzibar. Don't answer right away. Go and discuss it with your friends, and think of what I offer you. My ship sails on the third day. Give me your answer to-morrow."

A favourable answer was given, a proper agreement was drawn up before the Consul-General, and we both signed.

I made another agreement with him about the engagement of carriers to carry ammunition to Lake Albert from the Congo. If there is no ivory I shall be indebted to Tippu-Tib for the sum of £3,600. But there must be some, as both Emin Pasha and Dr. Junker declare there is a large store of it. At the same time I shall not risk the Expedition for the sake of the ivory.

In consideration of these services which Tippu-Tib has solemnly contracted to perform, I permitted him free passage for himself and ninety-six of his kinsmen from Zanzibar to the Congo, with board included. I also undertook the responsibility of conveying the entire party safely to Stanley Falls, thus incurring not a small expense, but which if faithfully performed will be amply paid for by the services mentioned in the articles of agreement. These negotiations with Tippu-Tib also ensure for us a peaceful march from the Congo through his territory, a thing that would have been by no means possible without him—as his various hordes of raiders will be widely scattered throughout the region; and it is scarcely likely that we should be allowed to pass in peace, resenting, as they must naturally do, their late rupture with Deane. Having bound Tippu-Tib to me, I feel somewhat safe against that constant fear of desertion of the Zanzibaris. No Arab will now persuade the people to desert, as is their custom when a white man's Expedition passes near their settlements. Tippu-Tib dare not countenance such proceedings in this case.

The *Madura* is a comfortable steamer. On the *Oriental* and *Navarino* we were uncomfortably crowded. 'Tween decks abreast of the boilers is rather a hot place for the people; but we have had agreeable weather, and the men have preferred to stow themselves in the boats, and among the donkeys, and on deck, to the baking heat below.

Two hours from Zanzibar, what is called a "shindy" took place between the Zanzibaris and Soudanese. For a short time it appeared as though we should have to return to Zanzibar with many dead and wounded. It arose from a struggle for room. The Soudanese had been located directly in the way of the Zanzibaris, who, being ten times more numerous, required breathing space. They were all professed Moslems, but no one thought of their religion as they seized upon firewood and pieces of planking to batter and bruise each other. The battle had raged some time before I heard of it. As I looked down the hatchway the sight was fearful—blood freely flowed down a score of faces, and ugly pieces of firewood flew about very lively. A command could not be heard in that uproar, and some of us joined in with shillelachs, directing our attacks upon the noisiest. It required a mixture of persuasiveness and sharp

knocks to reduce the fractious factions to order, especially with the Soudanese minority, who are huge fellows. The Soudanese were marched out of their place and located aft, and the Zanzibaris had all the forward half of the ship to themselves. After we had wiped the blood and perspiration away I complimented the officers, especially Jephson, Nelson, and Bonny, for their share in the fray. They had behaved most gallantly. The result of the scrimmage is ten broken arms, fifteen serious gashes with spears on the face and head, and contusions on shoulders and backs not worth remark, and several abrasions of the lower limbs.

Surgeon Parke has been very busy vaccinating the entire community on board ship. Fortunately I had procured a large supply of lymph for this purpose, because of the harsh experience of the past.

We also divided the people into seven companies of about ninety men each.

I have ordered my Agent to send me 200 loads of various goods to meet the Expedition at Msalala, south end of Lake Victoria. They will be sent about October or November, 1887, arriving at Msalala in February or March, 1888, because if everything proceeds as I should wish, we shall be somewhere near there not very long after that date.

* * * * *

I have been in the company of my officers since I left Aden, and I have been quietly observing them. I will give you a sketch of them as they appear to me now.

Barttelot is a little too eager, and will have to be restrained. There is abundance of work in him, and this quality would be most lovely if it were always according to orders. The most valuable man to me would be he who had Barttelot's spirit and "go" in him, and who could come and ask if such and such a work ought to be done. Such a course suggests thoughtfulness and willingness, besides proper respect.

There is a great deal in Mounteney Jephson, though he was supposed to be effeminate. He is actually fierce when roused, and his face becomes dangerously set and fixed. I noted him during the late battle aboard, and I came near crying out "Bravo, Jephson!" though I had my own stick, "big as a mast," as the Zanzibaris say, to wield. It was most gallant and plucky. He will be either made or marred if he is with this Expedition long enough.

Captain Nelson is a fine fellow, and without the ghost of a hobby: he is the same all round, and at all hours.

Stairs, of the Royal Engineers, is a splendid fellow, painstaking, ready, thoughtful, and industrious, and is an invaluable addition to our staff.

Jameson is still the nice fellow we saw; there is not an atom of change in him. He is sociable and good.

Bonny is the soldier. He is not initiative. He seems to have been under a martinet's drill.

* * * * *

March 16th, 1887.

At Cape Town, Tippu-Tib, after remarking the prosperity and business stir of the city, and hearing its history from me, said that he formerly had thought all white men to be fools.

"Really," I said; "Why?"

"That was my opinion."

"Indeed! and what do you think of them now?" I asked.

"I think they have something in them, and that they are more enterprising than Arabs."

"What makes you think so, particularly now?"

"Well, myself and kinsmen have been looking at this town, these big ships and piers, and we have thought how much better all these things appear compared to Zanzibar, which was captured from the Portuguese before this town was built, and I have been wondering why we could not have done as well as you white people. I begin to think you must be very clever."

"If you have discovered so much, Tippu-Tib, you are on the high road to discover more. The white men require a deal of study before you can quite make them out. It is a pity you never went to England for a visit."

"I hope to go there before I die."

"Be faithful to us on this long journey, and I will take you there, and you will see more things than you can dream of now."

"Inshallah! if it is the will of Allah we shall go together."

* * * * *

On the 18th of March the *Madura* entered the mouth of the Congo River, and dropped her anchor about 200 yards abreast of the sandy point, called Banana.

In a few minutes I was in the presence of Mr. Lafontaine Ferney, the chief Agent of the Dutch Company, to whom our steamer was consigned. Through some delay he had not been informed of our intending to arrive so soon. Everybody professed surprise, as they did not expect us before the 25th, but this fortunate accident was solely due to the captain and the good steamer. However, I succeeded in making arrangements by which the Dutch Company's steamer *K. A. Nieman*—so named after a fine young man of that name, who had lately died at St. Paul de Loanda—would be placed at my disposal, for the transport to Mataddi of 230 men next day.

On returning to the ship, I found my officers surrounding two English traders, connected with the British Congo Company of Banana. They were saying some unpleasant things about the condition of the State steamers. "There is a piece of the *Stanley* on shore now, which will give you an idea of that steamer. The *Stanley* is a perfect ruin, we are told. However will you leave the Pool? The State has not one steamer in service. They are all drawn up on the banks for repairs, which will take months. We don't see how you are to get away from here under six weeks! Look at that big steamer on the sands! she has just come out from Europe; the fool of a captain ran her on shore instead of waiting for a pilot. She has got the sections of a steamer in her hold. The *Heron* and *Belgique*, both State steamers, have first, of course, to float that steamer off. You are in for it nicely, we can tell you."

Naturally, this news was very discouraging to our officers, and two of them hastened to comfort me with the disastrous news. They were not so well acquainted with the manners of the "natives" of the Lower Congo as I was. I only marvelled why they had not been politely requested to accompany their new acquaintances to the cemetery, in order that they might have the exquisite gratification of exhibiting the painted head-boards, which record the deaths of many fine young men, as promising in appearance as they.

I turned to the Agent of the British Congo, and requested permission to charter his steamer, the *Albuquerque*. The gentleman graciously acceded. This assured me transport for 140 men and 60 tons cargo. I then begged that he and his friend would negotiate for the charter of the large paddle-boat the *Serpa Pinto*. Their good offices were entirely successful, and before evening I knew that we should leave Banana Point with 680 men and 160 tons cargo on the next day. The State steamer *Heron* I was told would not be able to leave before the 20th.

On the 19th the steamers *K. A. Nieman*, *Albuquerque*, and *Serpa Pinto*, departed from Banana Point, and before night had anchored at Ponta da Lenha. The next day the two former steamers steamed straight up to Mataddi. The *Serpa Pinto* hauled into the pier at Boma, to allow me to send an official intimation of the fact that the new Governor of Stanley Falls was aboard, and to receive a hurried visit from two of the Executive Committee charged with the administration of the Congo State.

We had but time to exchange a few words, but in that short time they managed to inform me that there was a "famine in the country;" that "the villages along the road to the Pool were abandoned;" that "the *Stanley* was seriously damaged;" that "the Mission steamers *Peace* and *Henry Reed* were in some unknown parts of the Upper Congo;" that "the *En Avant* was on shore without machinery or boiler;" that "the *A. I. A.* was 500 miles above Stanley Pool;" and that "the *Royal* was perfectly rotten," and had not been employed for a year; in fact, that the whole of the naval stock promised did not exist at all except in the imagination of the gentlemen of the Bureau at Brussels; and, said one, who seemed to be the principal of the Executive Committee, with deliberate emphasis: "The boats were only to assist you if they could be given without prejudice to the service of the State."

The gruff voice of the Portuguese captain of the *Serpa Pinto* ordered the gentlemen on shore, and we proceeded on our way up the Congo.

My thoughts were not of the pleasantest. With my flotilla of fifteen whale boats I might have been independent; but there was an objection to the Congo route, and therefore that plan was abandoned. We had no sooner adopted the East Coast route than the Sovereign of the Congo State invited the Expedition to pass through his territory; the Germans had murmured, and the French Government protested at the idea of our marching through East Africa. When it was too late to order the flotilla of whale boats from Forrestt and Son we then accepted the Congo route, after stipulating for transport up the Lower Congo, for portorage to Stanley Pool, and the loan of the steamers on the Upper Congo which were now said to be wrecked, rotten, or without boilers or engines, or scattered inaccessible. In my ears rang the cry in England: "Hurry up, or you may be too late!" and singing through my memory were the words of Junker: "Emin will be lost unless immediate aid be given him;" and Emin's appeal for help; for, if denied, "we shall perish."

"Well, the aspect of our work is ominous. It is not my fault, and what we have to do is simple enough. We have given our promise to strive our level best. It is no time for regret, but to struggle and "steer right onward." Every article of our verbal bond, having accepted this responsibility, we must perform, and it is the manner of this performance that I now propose to relate.

I shall not delay the narration to give descriptions of the route overland

to the Pool, or of the Upper Congo and its banks, as these have been sufficiently treated of in 'Through the Dark Continent,' and 'The Congo and the Founding of its Free State;' and I now propose to be very brief with the incidents of our journey to Yambuya, at the head of navigation on the Aruwimi.

CHAPTER IV.

TO STANLEY POOL.

ON the 21st of March the Expedition debarked at the landing-place of the Portuguese trading-house of Senor Joda Ferrier d'Abren, situate at Mataddi, at a distance of 108 miles from the Atlantic. As fast as the steamers were discharged of their passengers and cargo they cast off to return to the seaport of Banana, or the river port below.

About noon the Portuguese gunboat *Kaongo* hove in sight. She brought Major Barttelot, Mr. Jephson, and a number of Soudanese and Zanzibaris; and soon after the State steamer *Heron* brought up the remainder of the cargo left on board the *Madura*.

We set up the tents, stored the immense quantity of rice, biscuits, millet, salt, hay, &c., and bestirred ourselves like men with unlimited work before us. Every officer distinguished himself—the Zanzibaris showed by their celerity that they were glad to be on shore.

Our European party now consisted of Messrs. Barttelot, Stairs, Nelson, Jephson, Parke, Bonny, who had voyaged with me from Aden; Mr. Walker, an engineer, who had joined us at the Cape; Mr. Ingham, an ex-Guardsman, who was our Congo Agent for collection of native carriers; Mr. John Rose Troup, who had been despatched to superintend native portorage to the Pool from Manyanga, and a European servant.

On the following day 171 porters, carrying 7 boxes biscuits = 420 lbs., 157 bags of rice = 10,205 lbs., and beads, departed from Mataddi to Lukungu as a reserve store for the Expedition on arrival. There were 180 sacks of 170 lbs. each = 30,600 lbs. besides, ready to follow or precede us as carriers offered themselves, and which were to be dropped at various places *en route*, and at the Pool. Couriers were also sent to the Pool with request to the Commandant to hurry up the repairs of all steamers.

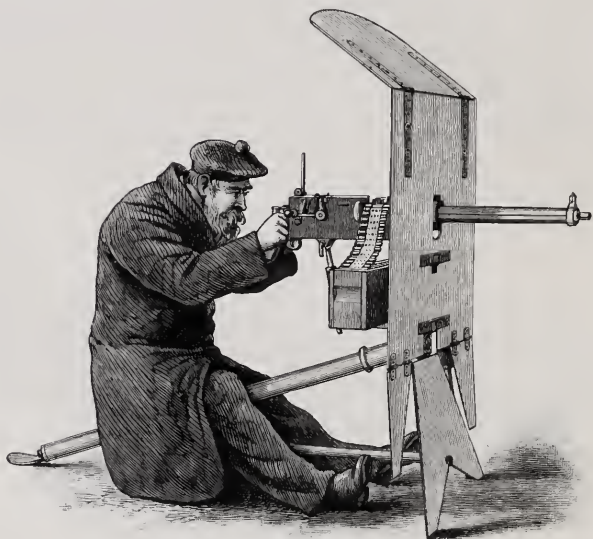
On the second day of arrival, Mr. Ingham appeared with 220 carriers, engaged at a sovereign per load for conveying goods to the Pool. Lieutenant Stairs practised with the Maxim automatic gun, which fired 330 shots per minute, to the great admiration of Tippu-Tib and his followers.

On the 25th the trumpets sounded in the Soudanese camp at 5.15 A.M. By 6 o'clock tents were folded, the companies were ranged by their respective captains, and near each company's stack of goods, and by 6.15 A.M. I marched out with the vanguard, behind which streamed the Expedition, according to their company, in single file, bearing with us 466 separate "charges" or porter-loads of ammunition, cloth, beads, wire, canned provisions, rice, salt, oil for engines, brass rods, and iron wire. The setting out was admirable, but after the first hour of the march the mountains were so steep and stony, the sunshine was so hot, the loads so heavy, the men so new to the work after the glorious plenty on board the

Madura, and we ourselves were in such an overfed condition, that the Expedition straggled in the most disheartening manner to those not prepared for such a sight. Arriving at the first river, the Mpozo, the *Advance* was already jointed, and we were ferried over to the other bank by fifties, and camped.

The Soudanese were a wretched sight. The Somalis were tolerable, though they had grumbled greatly because there were no camels. The former showed remarkably bad temper. Covered with their hooded great-coats, they had endured a terrible atmosphere, and the effects of heat, fatigue, and little worries were very prominent.

The next day we camped in the grounds of Palaballa, belonging to the Livingstone Inland Mission, and were most hospitably treated by Mr.



MAXIM AUTOMATIC GUN.

Clarke, the superintendent, and ladies. As our men were so new to their work, we halted the next day. By the officers' returns I found that nine had died since leaving Zanzibar, and seventeen were so ill that we were compelled to leave them at Palaballa to recuperate.

We resumed the march on the 28th, and reached Maza Mankengi. On the road Mr. Herbert Ward was met, and volunteered as a member of the Expedition. He was engaged, and sent to Mataddi to assist Mr. Ingham with the native transport. Mr. Ward had been of late years in the service of the Congo State, and previously had wandered in New Zealand and Borneo, and was always regarded by me as a young man of great promise.

We were in camp by noon of the 29th at Congo la Lemba, on the site of a place I knew some years ago as a flourishing village. The chief of it

was then in his glory, an undisputed master of the district. Prosperity, however, spoiled him, and he began to exact tolls from the State caravans. The route being blocked by his insolence, the State sent a force of Bangalas, who captured and beheaded him. The village was burnt, and the people fled elsewhere. The village site is now covered with tall grass, and its guava, palm, and lemon-trees are choked with reeds.

There was a slight improvement in the order of the march, but the beginning of an Expedition is always a trying time. The Zanzibaris carry 65 lbs. of ammunition, 9 lbs. per rifle, four days' rations of rice, and their own kit, which may be from 4 to 10 lbs. weight of cloth and bedding mats. After they have become acclimated this weight appears light to them; but during the first month we have to be very careful not to make long marches, and to exercise much forbearance.

A heavy rain detained us the early part of next day, but soon after nine we moved on and reached the Lufu River. It was a terribly fatiguing march. Until midnight the people came streaming in, tired, footsore, and sour. The officers slept in my tent, and supped on biscuits and rice.

Near the Mazamba wood we passed Baron von Rothkirch supervising a party of Kabindas, who were hauling the *Florida's* shaft. At the rate of progress they would probably reach the Pool about August next; and at the Bembezi Ford a French trader was met descending with a fine lot of ivory tusks.

We passed the Mangola River on the 31st, when I was myself disabled by a fit of sickness from indulging in the guavas of Congo la Lemba, and on the 1st of April we travelled to Banza Manteka. At the L. I. Mission Mr. and Mrs. Richards most kindly entertained us. At this place a few years' mission work has produced a great change. Nearly all the native population had become professed Christians, and attended Divine service punctually with all the fervour of revivalists. Young men whom I had known as famous gin-drinkers had become sober, decent men, and most mannerly in behaviour.

I received three letters from up river, one from Troup at Manyanga, Swinburne at Kinshassa, and Glave at Equator Station, all giving a distressing account of the steamers *Stanley*, *Peace*, *Henry Reed*, and *En Avant*. The first is damaged throughout, according to my informants, the Mission steamers require thorough overhauling, the *En Avant* has been reduced to a barge. Mr. Troup suggests that we carry a lighter or two from Manyanga to the Pool, a thing utterly impossible. We were already overloaded because of the rice we carried to feed nearly 800 people through the starving country. In order to lighten our work slightly Messrs. Jephson and Walker were despatched with our steel boat, the *Advance*, by the Congo to Manyanga.

We passed by the Lunionzo River on the 3rd, and the next day camped on the site of the abandoned village of Kilolo. During the march I passed a Soudanese trying to strangle a Zanzibari because the wearied man had slightly touched his shoulder with his box. The spleen the Soudanese show is extremely exasperating, but we must exercise patience yet awhile.

A march of three hours brought us to the Kwilu River, with the usual ups and downs of hills, which tire the caravan. At the river, which is 100 yards wide and of strong current, was a canoe without an owner.

We took possession of it, and began to cross the Advance Company by tens.

The opportunity afforded by the ferriage was seized by me to write appealing letters to the Commandant at Stanley Pool to interpret the orders of the Minister of the interior, Strauch, according to the generous spirit expressed by King Leopold when he invited us to seek Emin Pasha *viâ* the Congo. Another was directed to the Rev. Mr. Bentley, of the Baptist Mission, requesting him to remember the assistance I gave the Baptists in 1880-84, and to be prepared to lend the steamer *Peace* that I might hurry the Expedition away from the poverty-stricken region around Stanley Pool. Another was despatched to Mr. Billington, superintendent of the *Henry Reed*, in similar terms, reminding him that it was I who had given them ground at Stanley Pool. Another to the Commandant of Lukungu Station, requesting him to collect 400 carriers to lighten the labours of my men.

On reaching Mwembi the 6th of April, I was particularly struck with the increase of demoralization in the caravan. So far, in order not to press the people, I had been very quiet, entrusting the labour of bringing the stragglers to the younger men, that they might become experienced in the troubles which beset Expeditions in Africa; but the necessity of enforcing discipline was particularly demonstrated on this march. The Zanzibaris had no sooner pitched the tents of their respective officers than they rushed like madmen among the neighbouring villages, and commenced to loot native property, in doing which one named Khamis bin Athman was shot dead by a plucky native. This fatal incident is one of these signal proofs that discipline is better than constant forbearance, and how soon even an army of licentious, insubordinate, and refractory men would be destroyed.

It had probably been believed by the mass of the people that I was rather too old to supervise the march, as in former times; but on the march to Vombo, on the 7th, every one was undeceived, and the last of the lengthy caravan was in camp by 11 A.M., and each officer enjoyed his lunch at noon, with his mind at ease for duty done and a day's journey well made. There is nothing more agreeable than the feeling one possesses after a good journey briefly accomplished. We are assured of a good day's rest; the remainder of the day is our own to read, to eat, to sleep, and be luxuriously inactive, and to think calmly of the morrow; and there can scarcely be anything more disagreeable than to know that, though the journey is but a short one, yet relaxation of severity permits that cruel dawdling on the road in the suffocating high grass, or scorched by a blistering sun—the long line of carriers is crumpled up into perspiring fragments—water far when most needed; not a shady tree near the road; the loads robbed and scattered about over ten miles of road; the carriers skulking among the reeds, or cooling themselves in groves at a distance from the road; the officers in despair at the day's near close, and hungry and vexed, and a near prospect of some such troubles to recur again to-morrow and the day after. An unreflecting spectator hovering near our line of march might think we were unnecessarily cruel; but the application of a few cuts to the confirmed stragglers secures eighteen hours' rest to about 800 people and their officers, saves the goods from being robbed—for frequently these dawdlers lag behind purposely for such intentions—and the day ends happily for all, and the morrow's journey has no horrors for us.

On the 8th the Expedition was welcomed at Lukungu Station by Messrs. Francqui and Dessauer. These hospitable Belgians had of their own impulse gathered four days' rations for our 800 people, of potatoes, bananas, brinjalls, Indian corn, and palm nuts.

No sooner had we all assembled than the Soudanese gathered in a body to demand more food. In fifteen days they had consumed each one 40 lbs. of biscuit and rice; and they announced their intention of returning to the Lower Congo if more rations were not served out. The four days' rations of vegetables they disdained to touch. I had resolved to be very patient; and it was too early yet to manifest even the desire to be otherwise. Extra rations of rice and biscuits were accordingly served out.

Fortunately for me personally there were good officers with me who could relieve me of the necessity of coming into conflict with wilful fellows like these sulky, obstinate Soudanese. I reserved for myself the rôle of mediator between exasperated whites and headstrong, undisciplined blacks. Provided one is not himself worn out by being compelled throughout the day to shout at thick-headed men, it is a most agreeable work to extenuate offences and soothe anger. Probably the angry will turn away muttering that we are partial; the other party perhaps thirsts for more sympathy on its side; but the mediator must be prepared to receive a rub or two himself.

Thinking that there would be less chance of the Soudanese storming so furiously against the Zanzibaris on the road, I requested Major Barttelot to keep his Soudanese a day's march ahead of the Zanzibaris.

It will not be surprising that we all felt more sympathy for the loaded Zanzibaris. These formed our scouting parties, and foragers, and food purveyors; they pitched our tents, they collected fuel, they carried the stores; the main strength of the Expedition consisted of them; without them the Europeans and Soudanese, if they had been ten times the number, would have been of no use at all for the succour of Emin. The Soudanese carried nothing but their rifles, their clothing, and their rations. By the time they would be of actual utility we should be a year older; they might perhaps fail us when the hour of need came, but we hoped not; in the meantime, all that was necessary was to keep them moving on with as little trouble as possible to themselves, the Zanzibaris, and us. The Major, however, without doubt was sorely tempted. If he was compelled to strike during these days, I must admit that the Soudanese were uncommonly provoking. Job would have waxed wrathful, and become profane.

The heat was terrible the day we left Lukungu—the 10th. The men dropped down on all sides; chiefs and men succumbed. We overtook the Soudanese again, and the usual scuffling and profanity occurred as an unhappy result.

On Easter Monday, the 11th, the Soudanese Company was stricken down with fever, and lamentation was general, and all but two of the Somalis were prostrated. Barttelot was in a furious rage at his unhappy Company, and expressed a wish that he had been doing Jephson's duty with the boat. I received a letter from Jephson in the evening, wherein he wrote that he wished to be with us, or anywhere rather than on the treacherous and turbulent Congo.

The following day saw a foundering caravan as we struggled most wretchedly into camp. The Soudanese were miles from each other, the

Somalis were all ill; one of those in the boat with Mr. Jephson had died. Liebig, and meat soups, had to be prepared in sufficient quantities to serve out cupfuls to each weakened man as he staggered in.

Lutete's was reached the next day, and the experiences of the march were similar. We suffer losses on every march—losses of men by desertion, by illness—of rifles, boxes of canned provisions, and of fixed ammunition.

At Nselo, on the Inkissi River, we encountered Jephson, who has seen some novelties of life during his voyage up the Congo rapids to Manyanga.

The sun has commenced to paint our faces a vermilion tint, for I see in each officer's face two inflamed circles glowing red and bright under each eye, and I fancy the eyes flash with greater brilliancy. Some of them have thought it would be more picturesque, more of the ideal explorer type, to have their arms painted also, and have bared their milk-white arms until they seem bathed in flame.

The 16th of April we employed in ferrying the Expedition across the Inkissi River, and by 5.30 P.M. every soul was across, besides our twenty donkeys and herd of Cape goats.

During the ferriage some hot words were exchanged between Salim, son of Massoud, a brother-in-law of Tippu-Tib, and Mr. Mounteney Jephson, who is the master of the boat. Salim, since he has married a sister of Tippu-Tib, aspires to be beyond censure; his conceit has made him abominably insolent. At Mataddi's he chose to impress his views most arrogantly on Lieutenant Stairs; and now it is with Mr. Jephson, who briefly told him that if he did not mind his own business he would have to toss him into the river. Salim savagely resented this, until Tippu-Tib appeared to ease his choler.

At the next camp I received some more letters from Stanley Pool. Lieutenant Liebrichts, the commissaire of the Stanley Pool district, wrote that the steamer *Stanley* would be at my disposition, and also a lighter! The *En Avant* would not be ready for six weeks. Another was from Mr. Billington, who declined most positively to lend the *Henry Reed*.

One of my most serious duties after a march was to listen to all sorts of complaints—a series of them were made on this day. A native robbed by a hungry Zanzibari of a cassava loaf required restitution; Binza, the goat-herd, imagined himself slighted because he was not allowed to participate in the delicacy of goat tripe, and solicited my favour to obtain for him this privilege; a Zanzibari weakling, starving amidst a well-rationed camp and rice-fed people, begged me to regard his puckered stomach, and do him the justice to see that he received his fair rations from his greedy chief. Salim, Tippu-Tib's henchman, complained that my officers did not admire him excessively. He said, "They should remember he no Queen man now he Tippu-Tib's brudder-in-law" (Salim was formerly an interpreter on board a British cruiser). And there were charges of thefts of a whinstone, a knife, a razor, against certain incorrigible purloiners.

At our next camp on the Nkalama River, which we reached on the 18th April, I received a letter by a courier from the Rev. Mr. Bentley, who informed me that no prohibition had been received by him from England of the loan of the Baptist mission steamer *Peace*, and that provided I assured him that the Zanzibaris did nothing contrary to missionary character, which he as a missionary was desirous of maintaining, that he

would be most happy to surrender the *Peace* for the service of the "Emin Pasha Relief Expedition." Though very grateful, and fully impressed with his generosity, in this unnecessary allusion to the Zanzibaris, and to this covert intimation that we are responsible for their excesses, Mr. Bentley has proved that it must have cost him a struggle to grant the loan of the *Peace*. He ought to have remembered that the privilege he obtained of building his stations at Leopoldville, Kinshassa, and Lukolela was gained by the labours of the good-natured Zanzibaris, who though sometimes tempted to take freedoms, were generally well behaved, so much so that the natives preferred them to the Houssas, Kabindas, Krubois, or Bangalas.

On the 19th we were only able to make a short march, as each day witnessed a severe downpour of rain, and the Luila, near which we camped, had become dangerously turbulent.

On the 20th we reached Makoko's village. The Zanzibaris were observed to be weakening rapidly. They have been compelled to live on stinted rations lately, and their habit of indulging in raw manioc is very injurious. A pound of rice per day is not a large ration for working men, but if they had contrived to be contented on this scanty but wholesome fare for a while they would not be in a robust condition, it is true, but there certainly would be less illness. During this march from the Lower Congo we had consumed up to date 27,500 lbs. of rice—about 13 tons—so that the resources of the entire region had been severely taxed to obtain this extra carriage. The natives having fled from the public paths, and our fear that the Zanzibaris, if permitted to forage far from the camp, would commit depredations, have been the main cause of their plucking up the poisonous manioc tubers, and making themselves wretchedly sick. There were about a hundred men on this date useless as soldiers or carriers.

Arriving at Leopoldville on the 21st to the great delight of all, one of my first discoveries was the fact that the *Stanley*, a small lighter, our steel boat the *Advance*, and the mission steamer *Peace* were the only boats available for the transport of the Expedition up the Congo. I introduce the following notes from my diary:—

Leopoldville, April 22nd.—We are now 345 miles from the sea in view of Stanley Pool, and before us free from rapids are about 1,100 miles of river to Yambuya on the Aruwimi, whence I propose resuming the land journey to Lake Albert.

Messrs. Bentley and Whitley called on me to-day. We spoke concerning the *Peace*. They said the vessel required many repairs. I insisted that the case was urgent. They finally decided after long consultation that the repairs could be finished by the 30th.

In the afternoon I took Major Barttelot and Mr. Mounteney Jephson into my confidence, and related to them the difficulties that we were in, explained my claims on the consideration of the missionaries and the urgent necessity of an early departure from the foodless district, that provisions were so scarce that the State were able to procure only 60 full rations for 146 people, and that to supply the others the State officers had recourse to hunting the hippopotami in the Pool, and that we should have to pursue the same course to eke out the rice. And if 60 rations can only be procured for 146 people by the State authorities, how were we to supply 750 people? I then directed them to proceed to Mr. Billington and Dr. Sims, and address themselves to the former principally—inasmuch

as Dr. Sims was an unsuccessful applicant for a position on this Expedition—and explain matters fairly to him.

They were absent about an hour and a half, and returned to me crest-fallen,—they had failed. Poor Major! Poor Jephson!

Monsieur Liebrichts, who had formerly served with me on the Congo at Bolobo, was now the Governor of the Stanley Pool district. He dined with me this evening and heard the story as related by Major Barttelot and Mr. Mounteney Jephson. Nothing was kept back from him. He knew much of it previously. He agreed heartily with our views of things and acknowledged that there was great urgency. Jephson said, "I vote we seize the *Henry Reed*."

"No, my friend Jephson. We must not be rash. We must give Mr. Billington time to consider, who would assuredly understand how much his mission was indebted to me, and would see no difficulty in chartering his steamer at double the price the Congo State paid to him. Those who subsist on the charity of others naturally know how to be charitable. We will try again to-morrow, when I shall make a more formal requisition and offer liberal terms, and then if she is not conceded we must think what had best be done under the circumstances."

April 23rd.—Various important matters were attended to this morning. The natives from all parts in this neighbourhood came to revive acquaintance, and it was ten o'clock before I was at liberty.

Ngalyema was somewhat tedious with a long story about grievances that he had borne patiently, and insults endured without complaint. He described the change that had come over the white men; that of late they had become more imperious in their manner, and he and other chiefs, suspecting that the change boded no good to them, had timidly absented themselves from the stations; the markets had been abandoned, and consequently food had become scarce and very dear.

Having given my sympathy to my old friends I called Barttelot and Jephson and read to them a statement of former kindnesses shown to the 'Livingstone Inland Mission.' "When you have spoken, request in the name of charity and humanity, and all good feeling, that Mr. Billington allow me to offer liberal terms for the charter of the *Henry Reed* for a period of sixty days."

Barttelot was inspired to believe that his eloquence would prevail, and asked permission to try in his way once more.

"Very good, Major, go, and success attend you."

"I'm sure I shall succeed like a shot," said the Major confidently.

The Major proceeded to the Mission House, and Mr. Jephson accompanied him as a witness of the proceedings. Presently I received a characteristic note from the Major, who wrote that he had argued ineffectually with the missionaries, principally with Mr. Billington, but in the presence of Dr. Sims, who sat in a chair contenting himself with uttering remarks occasionally.

Lieutenant Liebrichts was informed of the event, and presented himself, saying that this affair was the duty of the State.

Monsieur Liebrichts, who is undoubtedly one of the most distinguished officers in the Congo State, and who has well maintained the high character described in a former book of mine, devoted himself with ardour to the task of impressing Mr. Billington with the irrationality of his position, and of his obstinacy in declining to assist us out of our

difficulties in which we had been placed by the fault of circumstances. To and fro throughout the day he went demanding, explaining, and expostulating, and finally after twelve hours prevailed on Mr. Billington to accept a charter upon the liberal terms offered; namely, £100 per month.

April 24th.—Mustered Expedition and discovered we are short of 57 men, and 38 Remington rifles. The actual number now is 737 men and 496 rifles. Of bill-hooks, axes, shovels, canteens, spears, &c., we have lost over 50 per cent.—all in a twenty-eight days' march.

Some of the men, perhaps, will return to their duties, but if such a large number deserts 3,000 miles from their native land, what might have been expected had we taken the East Coast route? The Zanzibar head-men tell me with a cynical bitterness that the Expedition would have been dissolved. They say, "These people from the clove and cinnamon plantations of Zanzibar are no better than animals—they have no sense of feeling. They detest work, they don't know what silver is, and they have no parents or homes. The men who have homes never desert, if they did they would be so laughed at by their neighbours that they could not live." There is a great deal of truth in these remarks, but in this Expedition are scores of confirmed bounty-jumpers who are only awaiting opportunities. In inspecting the men to-day I was of the opinion that only about 150 were free men, and that all the remainder were either slaves or convicts.

Mr. J. S. Jameson has kindly volunteered to proceed to shoot hippopotami to obtain meat. We are giving 1 lb. of rice to each man—just half rations. For the officers and our Arab guests I have a flock of goats, about thirty in number. The food presents from the various chiefs around have amounted to 500 men's rations and have been very acceptable.

Capt. Nelson is busy with the axemen preparing fuel for the steamers. The *Stanley* must depart to-morrow with Major Barttelot and Surgeon Parke's companies, and debark them at a place above the Wampoko, when they will then march to Mswata. I must avail myself of every means of leaving Stanley Pool before we shall be so pinched by hunger that the men will become uncontrollable.

April 25th.—The steamer *Stanley* steamed up river with 153 men under Major Barttelot and Surgeon Parke.

I paid a visit to Kinshassa to see my ancient secretary, Mr. Swinburne, who is now manager of an Ivory Trading Company, called the "Sanford Exploring Company." The hull of his steamer, *Florida*, being completed, he suggested that if we assisted him to launch her he would be pleased to lend her to the Expedition, since she was of no use to anybody until her machinery and shaft came up with Baron von Rothkirch, who probably would not arrive before the end of July. I was only too glad, and a number of men were at once ordered up to begin the operations of extending the slip to the river's edge.

Our engineer, Mr. John Walker, was detailed for service on the *Henry Reed*, to clean her up and prepare her for the Upper Congo.

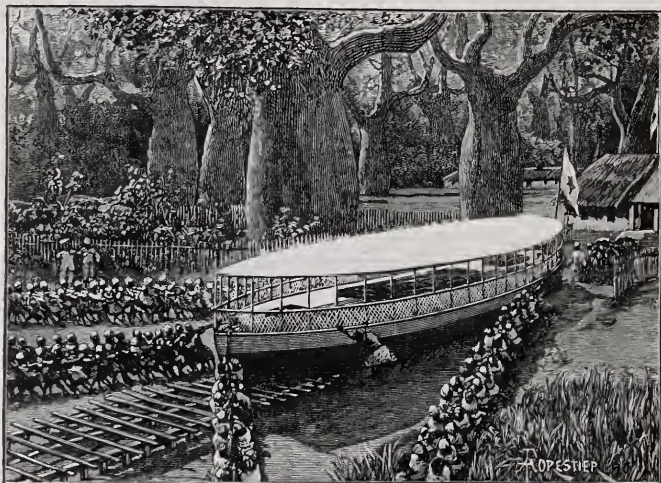
One Soudanese and one Zanzibari died to-day.

April 27th.—Thirteen Zanzibaris and one Soudanese, of those left behind from illness, at stations on the way, have arrived. They report having sold their rifles and sapper's tools!

April 28th.—Struck camp and marched Expedition overland to Kinshassa, that I might personally superintend launching of hull of steamer, *Florida*, which we hope to do the day after to-morrow, when the ship is finished. We are being hospitably entertained meanwhile by Mr. Antoine Greshoff, of the Dutch Company, and Mr. Swinburne, of the Sanford Company.

April 29th.—In camp at Kinshassa under the baobabs. The steamers *Stanley* and *Henry Reed*, towing-barge *En Avant* arrived.

April 30th.—The hull of the *Florida* was launched this morning. Two hundred men pulled her steadily over the extended slip into the river. She was then taken to the landing-place of the Dutch Company and fastened to the steamer *Stanley*.



LAUNCHING THE STEAMER "FLORIDA."

Each officer was furnished with the plan of embarkation, and directed to begin work of loading the steamers according to programme.

The following orders were also issued :—

The Officers commanding companies in this Expedition are—

		Company.
E. M. Barttelot . . .	Major . . .	No. 1, Soudanese.
W. G. Stairs . . .	Captain . . .	" 2, Zanzibaris.
R. H. Nelson . . .	" . . .	" 3 "
A. J. Mounteney Jephson . . .	" . . .	" 4 "
J. S. Jameson . . .	" . . .	" 5 "
John Rose Troup . . .	" . . .	" 6 "
T. H. Parke . . .	Captain and Surgeon	" 7, Somalis and Zanzibaris.

Mr. William Bonny takes charge of transport and riding animals and live stock, and assists Surgeon Parke when necessary.

"Each officer is personally responsible for the good behaviour of his company and the condition of arms and accoutrements."

"Officers will inspect frequently cartridge-pouches of their men, and keep record to prevent sale of ammunition to natives or Arabs."

"For trivial offences—a slight corporal punishment only can be inflicted, and this as seldom as possible. Officers will exercise discretion in this manner, and endeavour to avoid irritating the men, by being too exacting, or showing unnecessary fussiness."

"It has been usual for me to be greatly forbearing—let the rule be, three pardons for one punishment."

"Officers will please remember that the labour of the men is severe, their burdens are heavy, the climate hot, the marches fatiguing, and the rations poor and often scanty. Under such conditions human nature is extremely susceptible, therefore punishments should be judicious, not vexatious, to prevent straining patience too much. Nevertheless discipline must be taught, and when necessary enforced for the general well-being."

"Serious offences affecting the Expedition generally will be dealt with by me."

"While on shipboard one officer will be detailed to perform the duties of the day. He must see to the distribution of rations, ship cleaned, and that no fighting or wrangling occurs, as knifing soon follows unless checked, that the animals are fed and watered regularly. For all petty details apply to the senior officer, Major Barttelot."

CHAPTER V.

FROM STANLEY POOL TO YAMBUYA.

As I have already expatiated at large upon the description of scenes of the Upper Congo, I intend to expunge altogether any impressions made on us according to our varying moods during our river voyage of about 1,100 miles to Yambuya. I will confine myself to the incidents.

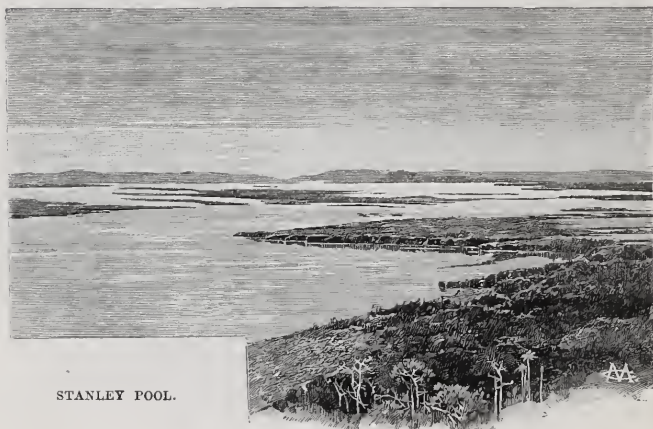
The days passed quickly enough. Their earlier hours presented to us every morning panoramas of forest-land, and myriads of forest isles, and broad channels of dead calm water so beshone by the sun that they resembled rivers of quicksilver. In general one might well have said that they were exceedingly monotonous, that is if the traveller was moving upward day by day past the same scenes from such a distance as to lose perception of the details. But we skirted one bank or the other, or steered close to an island to avail ourselves of the deep water, and therefore were saved from the tedium of the monotony.

Seated in an easy-chair scarcely 40 feet from the shore, every revolution of the propeller caused us to see new features of foliage, bank, trees, shrubs, plants, buds and blossoms. We might be indifferent to, or ignorant of the character and virtues of the several plants and varied vegetation we saw, we might have no interest in any portion of the shore, but we certainly forgot the lapse of time while observing the outward forms, and were often kindled into livelier interest whenever an inhabitant of the air or

of the water appeared in the field of vision. These delightful views of perfectly calm waters, and vivid green forests with every sprig and leaf still as death, and almost unbroken front line of thick leafy bush sprinkled with butterflies and moths and insects, and wide rivers of shining water, will remain longer in our minds than the stormy aspects which disturbed the exquisite repose of nature almost every afternoon.

From the middle of March to the middle of May was the rainy season, and daily, soon after 2 P.M., the sky betokened the approach of a lowering tempest; the sun was hidden by the dark portents of storms, and soon after the thunderbolts rent the gloom, lightning blazed through it, the rain poured with tropical copiousness, and general misery prevailed and the darkness of the night followed.

Nature and time were at their best for us. The river was neither too high nor too low. Were it the former we should have had the difficulty of finding unundated ground; had it been the latter we should have



STANLEY POOL.

been tediously delayed by the shallows. We were permitted to steer generally about 40 yards from the left bank, and to enjoy without interruption over 1,000 miles of changing hues and forms of vegetable life, which for their variety, greenness of verdure, and wealth and scent of flowers, the world cannot equal. Tornadoes were rare during the greater portion of the day, whereby we escaped many terrors and perils; they occurred in the evening or the night oftener, when we should be safely moored to the shore. Mosquitoes, gadflies, tsetse and gnats were not so vicious as formerly. Far more than half the journey was completed before we were reminded of their existence by a few incorrigible vagrants of each species. The pugnacious hippopotami and crocodiles were on this occasion well-behaved. The aborigines were modest in their expectations, and in many instances they gave goats, fowls, and eggs, bananas and plantains, and were content with "chits" on Mr. John Rose Troup, who would follow us later. Our health was excellent, indeed remarkably good, compared with former experiences;

whether the English were better adapted physically, or whether they declined to yield, I know not, but I had fewer complaints on this than on any previous expedition.

On the 1st of May the start up the Congo was commenced with the departure of the *Henry Reed* and two barges, with Tippu-Tib and 96 followers and 35 of our men. Soon after her followed the *Stanley* and her consort the *Florida*, with 336 people, besides 6 donkeys, and cargoes of goods; and half-an-hour later the *Peace* attempted to follow, with 135 passengers on board; but the good wishes of the people on shore had scarcely died away, and we were breasting the rapid current when her rudder snapped in two. Her captain commanded the anchors to be dropped, which happened to be over exceedingly rugged ground where the current was racing six knots. The boat reeled to her beam ends, the chains tore her deck, and as the anchors could not be lifted, being foul among the rocks below, we had to cut ourselves loose and to return to Kinshassa landing-place. Captain Whitley and Mr. David Charters, the engineer, set to to repair the rudder, and at 8 p.m. their task was completed.

The next morning we had better fortune, and in due time we reached Kimpoko at the head of the Pool, where the other steamers awaited us.

The *Peace* led the advance up river on the 3rd; but the *Stanley* drew up, passed us, and reached camp an hour and a half ahead of us. The *Henry Reed* was last, because of want of judgment on the part of her captain.

The *Peace* was spasmodic. She steamed well for a short time, then suddenly slackened speed. We waited half an hour for another spurt. Her boiler was a system of coiled tubes, and her propellers were enclosed in twin cylindrical shells under the stern, and required to be driven at a furious rate before any speed could be obtained. She will probably give us great trouble.

As soon as we camped, which we generally did about 5 p.m., each officer mustered his men, for wood cutting for the morrow's fuel. This was sometimes very hard work, and continued for hours into the night. The wood of dead trees required to be sought by a number of men and conveyed to the landing-place for the cutters. For such a steamer as the *Stanley* it would require fifty men to search for and carry wood for quite two hours; it would require a dozen axemen to cut it up into 30-inch lengths for the grates. The *Peace* and *Henry Reed* required half as many axes and an equal amount of time to prepare their fuel. It must then be stored on board the steamers that no delay might take place in the morning, and this required some more work before silence, which befits the night, could be obtained, and in the meantime the fires were blazing to afford light, and the noise of crashing, cutting, and splitting of logs continued merrily.

The good-for-nothing *Peace* continued to provoke us on the 4th of May. She was certainly one of the slowest steamers any shipbuilder could build. We halted every forty-five minutes or so to "oil up," and sometimes had to halt to clear out the cylinders of the propellers, had to stop to raise steam, to have the grate cleared out of charcoal, while five minutes after raising steam up to 60°, she fell to 40°, and then 35°, and the poor miserable thing floated down the stream at the rate of a knot an hour. We lost seven days at Stanley Pool through her; a day was lost when the rudder broke; we were fated to be belated.

The next day, the 5th, we made fast to the landing-place of Mswata. The Major and Dr. Parke had arrived four days previously. They had prepared quantities of fuel, and had purchased a large pile of provisions—loaves of bread from the manioc root and Indian corn.

On the 6th the Major and his companions received orders to march their men to Kwamouth, and await the steamer. The *Stanley* was ordered to proceed to Bolobo, debark her passengers, and descend to Kwamouth to convey Barttelot and men, while we reorganized companies at Bolobo.

On the 7th we observed the *Stanley* steamer ashore on the left bank near Chumbiri, and proceeding to her to inquire into the delay discovered that she was badly injured by running on a rocky reef. The second section had been pierced in four separate places and several rivets knocked out and others loosened. We therefore set to with the engineers of all the other steamers to repair her, but Messrs. Charters and Walker, both Scotchmen, were the most effective at the repairs. We cut up some old sheet-iron oil drums, formed plates of them, and screwed them in from the outside. This was a very delicate labour, requiring patience and nicety of touch, as there were two feet of water in the hold, and the screws required to be felt to place the nuts on, as well as the punching of holes through the bottom of the steamer. The engineer was up to his waist in water, and striking his chisel through an element that broke the blow, then there was the preparation of the plate to correspond with the holes in the steamer, spreading the minium, then a layer of canvas, and another layer of minium. When everything was ready for fixing the iron plate, a diver was sent down, the iron plate with its canvas patch and minium layers in one hand, and the end of a string attached to a hole in the plate in the other hand. The diver outside had to feel for the corresponding hole in the steamer, and the engineer up to his hips in water within the hold felt for the end of the twine, which, when found, was drawn in gently, and the plate carefully guided, or the bolt was slipped in, and the engineer placed the nut on. For hours this tedious work went on, and by evening of the 7th, one large rent in the steel hull had been repaired; the 8th and 9th were passed before the steamer was able to continue her voyage.

On the 10th the *Stanley* caught the asthmatic *Peace* up, and passed us in company with the *Henry Reed*. A few hours later the *Peace* sulked altogether, and declined to proceed. Only 30 lbs. steam could be maintained. We were therefore compelled to make fast to the shore. At this period Mr. Charters' face possessed more interest than anything else in the world. We hung on his words as though they were decrees of Fate. He was a sanguine and cheerful little man, and he comforted us exceedingly. He was sure we would arrive in Bolobo in good time, though we did not appear to be proceeding very rapidly while tied to the shore.

The next day we tried again, starting at 4 A.M., resolved to distinguish ourselves. For an hour the *Peace* behaved nobly, but finally she showed symptoms of relapse. The steam descended lower and lower, and could not retain 5 lbs., and we therefore cast anchor. At 10 A.M. the case appearing hopeless, I despatched Mr. Ward in the whale boat to obtain assistance from the *Henry Reed*, and at 8 at night she appeared and anchored sixty yards from us, and all the day we had been idly watching the dark brown current flow by, anchored in mid-stream at least 500

yards from either shore or island, seeing nothing but hippopotami, grassy clumps, weeds, and debris of wood floating by. On the 12th we arrived ignominiously at Bolobo in tow of the *Henry Reed*.

When the traveller reaches Uyanzi such a thing as famine is scarcely possible, and one of the best river ports for abundance and variety of food is Bolobo. Here, then, after reaching a district where the people could recuperate and forget the miseries of limited rations endured since leaving Lukungu, was the place to form the Relief Expedition into two columns.

It was decided that as the force could not be transported on one voyage to the Upper Congo, the healthiest men should be selected to proceed to Yambuya, and the weakly should remain in Bolobo as a portion of Major Barttelot's column under Messrs. Herbert Ward and William Bonny, until the *Stanley* should return from Yambuya. We had started from England with the cry of "urgency" in our ears and memories, and it behoved us to speed on as well as circumstances would permit in obedience to the necessity, trusting that the Rear Column would be able to follow on our tracks some six or seven weeks later.

We accordingly selected 125 men who appeared weakest in body, and left them at Bolobo to fatten up on the bananas and excellent native bread and fish that were easily procurable here. The *Stanley* in the meantime had descended to Kwamouth with Major Barttelot, Dr. Parke, and 153 men.

The vexed question was also settled here as to who should take charge of the Rear Column. It being the most important post next to mine, all eyes were naturally directed to the senior officer, Major Barttelot. It was said that he had led a column of a thousand men from Kosseir on the Red Sea to Keneh on the Nile, and that he had distinguished himself in Afghanistan and in the Soudan Campaign. If these facts were true, then undoubtedly he was the fittest officer for the office of commanding the Rear Column. Had there been a person of equal rank with him, I should certainly have delegated this charge to another, not because of any known unfitness, but because he was so eager to accompany the advance column. On reflecting on the capacities and rank of the other gentlemen, and their eagerness being too well known to me, I informed the Major that I could not really undertake the responsibility of appointing youthful lieutenants to fill a post that devolved on him by rank, experience, and reputation.

"One more steamer like the *Stanley* would have done it, Major, completely," I said cheerfully, for the young officer was sorely depressed. "Only 125 men and a cargo of goods left of the Expedition. All the rest are on board comfortably. If you can discover some better person than yourself to take your place between here and Yambuya, I would gladly know him. I hope you will not take it too much to heart. For what does it matter after all? You who bring up the rear are as much entitled to credit as we in the advance. If Tippu-Tib will only be faithful, you will only be six weeks behind us, and you may overtake us, for we shall be naturally delayed a great deal, finding the track and boring our way through all kinds of obstacles. You will follow an indicated path, and frequently you may be able to make two of our marches in one day. If Tippu-Tib does not join us, you will be master of your own column, and you will be so occupied with your task that the days will slip by you fast enough. And I tell you another thing for your comfort, Major; there is plenty of work ahead of us, wherein you shall have the most important part. Now tell me, who would you wish for your second?"

"Oh, I would rather leave it to you."

"Nay, I would prefer you would select some one friend as your companion, to share your hopes and thoughts. We all of us have our partialities, you know."

"Well, then, I choose Jameson."

"Very well, Mr. Jameson shall be appointed. I will speak to him myself. I will then leave Mr. Rose Troup, who is a capital fellow, I have reason to believe, and young Ward and Bonny. Both Troup and Ward speak Swahili, and they will be of vast service to you."

In this manner the matter was arranged, and on the 15th of May the flotilla resumed the up-river voyage, conveying 511 persons of the Expedition, and Tippu-Tib and ninety of his followers.

We made a fair journey on the 16th, the repairs on the *Peace* having greatly improved her rate of progress, and on the 19th made fast to the shore near the Baptist Mission of Lukolela, though the *Stanley* did not make her appearance until late on the 19th.

We halted on the 20th at Lukolela, to purchase food for our journey to Equator Station, and we were extremely grateful for the kind hospitality shown to us by the missionaries at this station.

On the 24th of May we arrived at Equator Station, now owned by the Sanford Company, which was represented by Mr. E. J. Glave, a young and clever Yorkshireman. Captain Van Gele was also here, with five Houssa soldiers lately returned from a futile effort to ascend the Mobangi higher than Mr. Grenfell, the missionary, had succeeded in doing some months previously.

We reached Bangala Station on the 30th of May. This place was now a very large and prosperous settlement. There was a garrison of sixty men and two Krupps, for defence. Bricks were made, of excellent quality; 40,000 had already been manufactured. The establishment was in every way very creditable to Central Africa. The chief, Van Kirkhoven, was absent at Langa-Langa. He had lately succeeded in releasing twenty-nine Houssa soldiers from slavery. During the escape of Deane from Stanley Falls, these Houssas had precipitately retreated into a canoe, and had floated as far as Upoto, when they were captured as runaways by the natives of the district.

Among other good qualities of Bangala, there is a never-failing supply of food. The station possessed 130 goats and a couple of hundred fowls, which supplied the officers with fresh eggs. Ten acres were green with a promising rice crop. The officers enjoyed wine of palm and banana, and fermented beer made of sugar-cane, and exceedingly potent I found the latter to be.

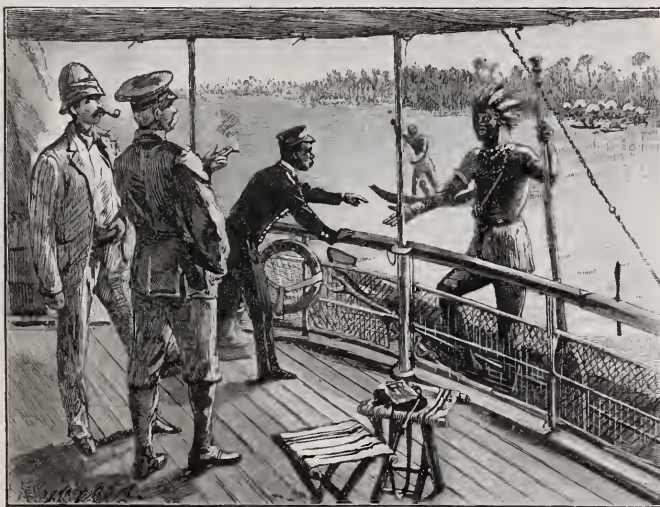
At Bangala I instructed Major Barttelot to proceed with Tippu-Tib and party direct to Stanley Falls, having first taken out thirty-five Zanzibaris from the boats, and replaced them with forty Soudanese, that none of the Zanzibaris might become acquainted with the fact that Stanley Falls was but a few days' march from Yambuya.

With the exception of certain irregularities in the behaviour of the steamer *Stanley*, which by some mysterious manœuvres disappeared amid intricate passages, on the plea that sufficient fuel of a right quality could be found, we steamed up to the Aruwimi River without any incident, and arrived at our ancient camp, opposite the Basoko villages, on June 12th.

The Basoko were the countrymen of Baruti, or "Gunpowder," who had been captured by Karema when a child, in 1883, and had been

taken to England by Sir Francis de Winton, with a view of impressing on him the superiority of civilized customs. From Sir Francis' care Baruti passed into mine, and here we were at last in view of his natal village and tribe, from which he had been absent six years.

Seeing Baruti eyeing with excessive interest the place of his birth, he was encouraged by me to hail the Basoko, and invite them to visit us. My previous attempts at winning the confidence of these forest natives had been failures, though in time I was sure there would be no difficulty. For a long period it had been an interesting question to me why aborigines of the forest were more intractable and coy than natives of the open country. The same methods had been applied, the dangling of some bright or gaudy article of barter, the strings of beads of dazzling colour,



BARUTI FINDS HIS BROTHER.

suspended patiently, the artful speech, the alluring smile and gesture, all were resorted to for long hours, but always ending with disappointment and postponement to a more leisurely occasion. But the reason is that the forest has been always a handy fastness for retreat, the suspicion of the stranger, and the convenient depth of trackless woods plead strongly against some indefinite risk. The least advance causes a precipitate backward movement until he gains the limits of the forest, and then he stands to take a last survey, and finally disappears into the gloom with an air of "It won't do, you know; you can't come over me." Whereas in the open country the native has generally some coign of vantage, some eminence, a tree or an ant-hill, from the crest of which he has taken his observations, and been warned and informed of the character of the strangers, in the forest the stranger meets the tenant of the woods abruptly; he has advanced out of the unknown, with purpose unfathomed. Surprise is in the face of one, terror marks the face of the other.

Baruti hailed, and the canoes advanced towards us with a tediously slow process, but finally they approached within easy hearing. He recognized some of the canoe-men, and informed them that they had no cause for fear. He asked for a person whose name he uttered, and the wild men hallooed the word with splendid lung-power across the river, until some one responded, and embarked in a canoe and approached. This turned out to be Baruti's elder brother. Baruti demanded to know how his brother fared, after so many years of absence. The brother eyed him vacantly, could not recognize any feature in him, and grunted his doubt.

Baruti mentioned the name of his parents, that of his father, and afterwards that of his mother. Great interest now manifested itself in his brother's face, and he skilfully drew his canoe nearer.

"If you are my brother, tell me some incident, that I may know you."

"Thou hast a scar on thy arm—there, on the right. Dost thou not remember the crocodile?"

This was enough; the young, broad-chested native gave a shout of joy, and roared out the discovery to his countrymen on the further bank, and Baruti for the first time shed tears. The young fellow drew near to the ship, forgot his fears of the strangers, and gave Baruti a frantie hug, and the other canoes advanced to participate in the joy of the two restored brothers.

In the evening Baruti was offered his choice of staying in his village among his tribe, or of following our adventures; at the same time he was advised not to leave us, as life among the Basoko would be very insecure with the Arabs in such close proximity as Stanley Falls.

The lad appeared to think so too, and so declined to be restored to his native land and tribe; but a day or two after reaching Yambuya he altered his mind, came into my tent in the dead of night, armed himself with my Winchester rifle and a brace of Smith and Wesson revolvers, a supply of rifle and revolver cartridges, took possession of a silver road-watch, a silver pedometer, a handsome belt with fitted pouches, a small sum of money, and, possessing himself of a canoe, disappeared down river to some parts unknown, most probably to his tribe. At any rate, we have never seen or heard of him since. Peace be with him!

On the 15th of June we arrived opposite Yambuya villages, situated on the left bank of the Aruwimi, 96 miles above the confluence of the Aruwimi and the Congo.

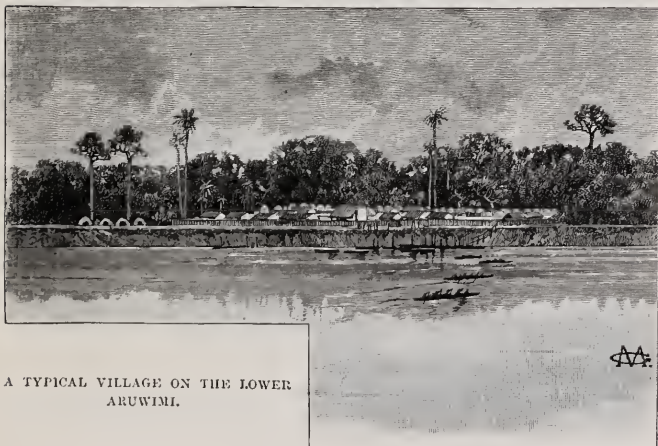
CHAPTER VI.

AT YAMBUYA.

WE were now over 1,300 miles from the sea. Opposite to us were the villages which we hoped, with the goodwill of the natives, to occupy temporarily as a depôt for the men and stores left at Bolobo and Leopoldville, 125 men and about 600 porter-loads of impedimenta; if not with the natives' goodwill by fair purchase of the privilege, then by force.

On an exploring visit in 1883 I had attempted to conciliate them with-

out any permanent result. We had a very serious object in view now. In prospective we saw only the distant ports of the Nile and the Albert Nyanza, defended by men ever casting anxious glances to every cardinal point of the compass, expectant of relief, as they must by this time be well informed by our couriers from Zanzibar; but between us and them was a broad region justly marked with whiteness on the best maps extant. Looking at that black wall of forest which had been a continuous bank of tall woods from Bolobo hitherto, except when disparted by the majestic streams pouring their voluminous currents to the parent river, each of us probably had his own thoughts far hidden in the recesses of the mind. Mine were of that ideal Governor in the midst of his garrisons, cheering and encouraging his valiant soldiers, pointing with hand outstretched to the direction whence the expected relief would surely approach if it were the will of God, and in the distance beyond I saw in my imagination the Mahdist hordes advancing with frantic cries and thrilling enthusiasm,



A TYPICAL VILLAGE ON THE LOWER
ARUWIMI.

crying out "Yallah, Yallah," until from end to end of the swaying lines the cry was heard rolling through the host of fervid and fanatical warriors, and on the other side multitudes of savages vowed to extermination bidding their time, and between them and us was this huge area of the unknown without a track or a path.

Ammunition was served out by the captains of the companies, and instructions were issued to them to have steam up on board their respective steamers that we might commence the first most important move preparatory to marching towards the Albert Nyanza.

At six o'clock in the morning of the 16th of June the *Peace* glided from her berth until she was abreast of the *Stanley*, and when near enough to be heard, I requested the officers to await my signal. Then, steaming gently across the river, we attempted to soothe the fears and quiet the excitement of the natives by remaining abreast of the great crowd that stood upon the bluff bank fifty feet above us, regarding us with wonder

and curiosity. Our interpreter was well able to make himself understood, for the natives of the Lower Aruwimi speak but one language. After an hour's interchange of compliments and friendly phrases, they were induced to send a few of the boldest down to the river's edge, and by a slight movement of the helm the current pushed the steamer close to the bank, where another hour was passed in entreaty and coaxing on our part, denials and refusals on the other. We succeeded in the purchase of one of their knives for a liberal quantity of beads! Encouraged by this, we commenced to negotiate for leave to reside in their village for a few weeks at a price in cloth, beads, wire, or iron, but it was met with consistent and firm denial for another hour.

It was now nine o'clock, my throat was dry, the sun was getting hot, and I signalled to the steamer *Stanley* to come across and join us, and



OUR LANDING AT YAMBUYA.

when near enough, according to agreement, a second signal caused the steam whistles to sound, and under cover of the deafening sounds, pent up as they were by the lofty walls of the forest, both steamers were steered to the shore, and the Zanzibaris and Soudanese scrambled up the steep sides of the bluff like monkeys, and when the summit was gained not a villager was in sight.

We found Yambuya settlement to consist of a series of villages of conical huts extending along the crest of the bank, whence far-reaching views of the Aruwimi up and down stream could be obtained. The companies were marched to their respective quarters. Guards were set at the end of every path leading out. Some of the men were detailed to cut wood for a palisade, others to collect fuel, and several squads were despatched to ascertain the extent of the fields and their locality.

In the afternoon two natives from a village below Yambuya made their

appearance with a flattering confidence in their demeanour. They belonged to the Baburu tribes, to which these various fragments of tribes between Stanley Falls and the Lower Aruwimi belong. They sold us a few bananas, were well paid in return, and invited to return with more food, and assurance was given that they need be under no alarm.

On the next day men were sent to collect manioc from the fields, others were sent to construct a palisade, a ditch was traced, workers were appointed to dig a trench for sinking the stockade poles, woodcutters were sent to work to prepare to load the steamers with fuel, that with their weakened crews they might not be surprised on their return journey to the Pool, and everywhere was life and activity.

Several captures were made in the woods, and after being shown everything, the natives were supplied with handfuls of beads to convey the assurance that no fear ought to be entertained of us and no harm done to them.

On the 19th fuel sufficient had been cut for six days' steaming for the *Stanley* with which she could proceed to Equator Station. A cheque was drawn for £50 in favour of the Captain, and another for a similar amount for the Engineer, on Ransom, Bouverie & Co., and both were handed in their presence to Mr. Jameson to be presented to them on their return from Stanley Pool, provided they safely reached Yambuya about the middle of August. A valuable jewel was sent to Lieutenant Liebrichts as a token of my great regard for him. The *Stanley* left next morning with my letters to the Emin Relief Committee.

The *Peace* was detained for the sake of accompanying her consort, the *Henry Reed*, which was now hourly expected from Stanley Falls according to the instructions given to Major Barttelot, as she ought to have reached us on the 19th.

In a wild country like this, cannibals in the forest on either hand, and thousands of slave raiders in such a close vicinity as Stanley Falls, we were naturally prone to suspect the occurrence of serious events, if one's expectations were not promptly and punctually realised. Major Barttelot had passed the mouth of the Aruwimi on the 11th inst. in command of the steamer *Henry Reed*, conveying Tippu-Tib and party to a settlement from which an English commandant and garrison had been precipitately ousted. True, the Arab chief had been very confident in his manner, and earnest in the assurance that in nine days after arriving at his settlement he would present himself at Yambuya with 600 carriers, in accordance with his agreement, and I was loth to believe that he was in any way responsible for this detention of the Major. Yet the Major should have reached Stanley Falls on the 13th, on the evening of the 14th he should have been at the mouth of the Aruwimi again, and on the 16th at Yambuya; that is, provided the Major was gifted with the spirit of literal performance and permitted nothing to tempt him to delay. It was now the 21st. The officers were confident that nothing had occurred but the delays natural to circumstances of existence in Africa, but hourly I found myself straying to the edge of the bluff sweeping the view down river with my glass.

On the 22nd my uneasiness was so great that I penned an order to Lieutenant Stairs to take fifty of the best men, and the Maxim machine gun, to proceed down river on the morning of the 23rd with the *Peace* to search for the *Henry Reed*, and if all other eventualities mentioned and

explained had not transpired to proceed to Stanley Falls. On arriving before this settlement if the vessel was seen at the landing-place, and his friendly signals as he advanced were not responded to, he was to prepare everything for assault and re-capture of the steamer, and to hurry back to me with the news if unsuccessful.

At 5 P.M., however, the Zanzibaris rang out the welcome cry of "Sail ho!" Barttelot was safe, no accident had occurred. Tippu-Tib had not captured the vessel, the Soudanese had not mutinied against the Major, the natives had not assaulted the sleeping camp by night, the steamer had not been sunk by a snag nor had she been run aground, and the boat for which we were morally responsible to the Mission was in as good order and condition as when she left Stanley Pool. But in Africa it is too wearing to be the victim of such anxieties.

The Major had been simply detained by various mischances—fighting with natives, palaver with Tippu-Tib and men, &c. &c.

Two days later the steamers *Peace* and *Henry Reed* were loaded with fuel and despatched homeward down river, and we had severed the last link with civilization for many a month to come.

On this day I delivered the following letter of instructions to Major Barttelot, and a copy of it to Mr. J. S. Jameson, his second in command.

June 24th, 1887.

TO MAJOR BARTELLOT, &c., &c., &c.

SIR,—As the senior of those officers accompanying me on the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, the command of this important post naturally devolves on you. It is also for the interest of the Expedition that you accept this command, from the fact that your Soudanese company, being only soldiers, and more capable of garrison duty than the Zanzibaris, will be better utilized than on the road.

The steamer *Stanley* left Yambuya on the 22nd of this month for Stanley Pool. If she meets with no mischance she ought to be at Leopoldville on the 2nd of July. In two days more she will be loaded with about 500 loads of our goods, which were left in charge of Mr. J. R. Troup. This gentleman will embark, and on the 4th of July I assume that the *Stanley* will commence her ascent of the river, and arrive at Bolobo on the 9th. Fuel being ready, the 125 men in charge of Messrs. Ward and Bonny, now at Bolobo, will embark, and the steamer will continue her journey. She will be at Bangala on the 19th of July, and arrive here on the 31st of July. Of course, the lowness of the river in that month may delay her a few days, but, having great confidence in her captain, you may certainly expect her before the 10th of August.*

It is the non-arrival of these goods and men which compels me to appoint you as commander of this post. But as I shall shortly expect the arrival of a strong reinforcement of men,† greatly exceeding the advance force, which must, at all hazards, push on to the rescue of Emin Pasha, I hope you will not be detained longer than a few days after the departure of the *Stanley* on her final return to Stanley Pool in August.

Meantime, pending the arrival of our men and goods, it behoves you to be very alert and wary in the command of this stockaded camp. Though the camp is favourably situated and naturally strong, a brave enemy would find it no difficult task to capture if the commander is lax in discipline, vigour and energy. There-

* She arrived on the 14th of August. Had been detained a few days by running on a snag.

† Tippu-Tib's 600 carriers.

fore I feel sure that I have made a wise choice in selecting you to guard our interests here during our absence.

The interests now entrusted to you are of vital importance to this Expedition. The men you will eventually have under you consist of more than an entire third of the Expedition. The goods that will be brought up are the currency needed for transit through the regions beyond the Lakes; there will be a vast store of ammunition and provisions, which are of equal importance to us. The loss of these men and goods would be certain ruin to us, and the Advance Force itself would need to solicit relief in its turn. Therefore, weighing this matter well, I hope you will spare no pains to maintain order and discipline in your camp, and make your defences complete, and keep them in such a condition, that however brave an enemy may be he can make no impression on them. For this latter purpose I would recommend you to make an artificial ditch 6 feet wide, 3 feet deep, leading from the natural ditch, where the spring is round the stockade. A platform, like that on the southern side of the camp, constructed near the eastern as well as the western gate, would be of advantage to the strength of the camp. For remember, it is not the natives alone who may wish to assail you, but the Arabs and their followers may, through some cause or other, quarrel with you and assail your camp.

Our course from here will be due east, or by magnetic compass east by south as near as possible. Certain marches that we may make may not exactly lead in the direction aimed at. Nevertheless, it is the south-west corner of Lake Albert, near or at Kavalli, that is our destination. When we arrive there we shall form a strong camp in the neighbourhood, launch our boat, and steer for Kibero, in Unyoro, to hear from Signor Casati, if he is there, of the condition of Emin Pasha. If the latter is alive, and in the neighbourhood of the Lake, we shall communicate with him, and our after conduct must be guided by what we shall learn of the intentions of Emin Pasha. We may assume that we shall not be longer than a fortnight with him before deciding on our return towards the camp along the same road traversed by us.

We will endeavour, by blazing trees and cutting saplings along our road, to leave sufficient traces of the route taken by us. We shall always take, by preference, tracks leading eastward. At all crossings where paths intersect, we shall hoe up and make a hole a few inches deep across all paths not used by us, besides blazing trees when possible.

It may happen, should Tippu-Tib have sent the full number of adults promised by him to me, viz., 600 men (able to carry loads), and the *Stanley* has arrived safely with the 125 men left by me at Bolobo, that you will feel yourself sufficiently competent to march the column, with all the goods brought by the *Stanley*, and those left by me at Yambuya, along the road pursued by me. In that event, which would be very desirable, you will follow closely our route, and before many days we should most assuredly meet. No doubt you will find our bomas intact and standing, and you should endeavour to make your marches so that you could utilize these as you marched. Better guides than those bomas of our route could not be made. If you do not meet them in the course of two days' march, you may rest assured that you are not on our route.

It may happen, also, that though Tippu-Tib has sent some men, he has not sent enough to carry the goods with your own force. In that case you will, of course, use your discretion as to what goods you can dispense with to enable you to march. For this purpose you should study your list attentively.

- 1st. Ammunition, especially fixed, is most important.
- 2nd. Beads, brass wire, cowries and cloth, rank next.
- 3rd. Private luggage.
- 4th. Powder and caps.
- 5th. European provisions.
- 6th. Brass rods as used on the Congo.

7th. Provisions (rice, beans, peas, millet, biscuits).

Therefore you must consider, after rope, sacking, tools, such as shovels (never discard an axe or bill-hook), how many sacks of provisions you can distribute among your men to enable you to march—whether half your brass rods in the boxes could not go also, and there stop. If you still cannot march, then it would be better to make two marches of six miles twice over, if you prefer marching to staying for our arrival, than throw too many things away.

With the *Stanley's* final departure from Yambuya, you should not fail to send a report to Mr. William Mackinnon, c/o Gray, Dawes and Co., 13, Austin Friars, London, of what has happened at your camp in my absence, or when I started away eastward; whether you have heard of or from me at all, when you do expect to hear, and what you purpose doing. You should also send him a true copy of this order, that the Relief Committee may judge for themselves whether you have acted, or propose to act, judiciously.

Your present garrison shall consist of 80 rifles, and from 40 to 50 supernumeraries. The *Stanley* is to bring you within a few weeks 50 more rifles and 75 supernumeraries, under Messrs. Troup, Ward and Bonny.

I associate Mr. J. S. Jameson with you at present. Messrs. Troup, Ward and Bonny will submit to your authority. In the ordinary duties of the defence, and the conduct of the camp or of the march, there is only one chief, which is yourself; but, should any vital step be proposed to be taken, I beg you will take the voice of Mr. Jameson also. And when Messrs. Troup and Ward are here, pray admit them to your confidence, and let them speak freely their opinion.

I think I have written very clearly upon everything that strikes me as necessary. Your treatment of the natives, I suggest, should depend entirely upon their conduct to you. Suffer them to return to the neighbouring villages in peace, and if you can in any manner by moderation, small gifts occasionally of brass rods, &c., hasten an amicable intercourse, I should recommend your doing so. Lose no opportunity of obtaining all kinds of information respecting the natives, the position of the various villages in your neighbourhood, &c., &c.

I have the honour to be, your obedient servant,

HENRY M. STANLEY,
Commanding Expedition.

The Major withdrew to read it, and then requested Mr. Jameson to make a few copies.

About two o'clock the Major returned to me and asked for an interview. He said he desired to speak with me concerning Tippu-Tib.

"I should like to know, sir, something more regarding this Arab. When I was delayed a few days ago at the Falls, you were pleased to deliver some rather energetic orders to Lieutenant Stairs. It strikes me that you are exceedingly suspicious of him, and if so, I really cannot see why you should have anything to do with such a man."

"Well, sir, I shall be pleased to discuss him with you, or any other subject," I replied.

"Three days before your steamer was sighted coming up river, I must confess to have been very anxious about you. You were in command of a steamer which belonged to other parties to whom we were pledged to return her within a certain time. You had a company of forty soldiers, Soudanese, as your escort. The vessel was well fitted and in perfect order. We knew the time you ought to have occupied, provided no accident occurred, and as your instructions were positively to depart from Stanley Falls as soon as the cow promised by our friend Ngalyema was aboard, and if she was not forthcoming within an hour you were to slip away down river. Assuming that no accident happened and that you obeyed

orders, you should have been here on the evening of the 16th, or on the 17th at the latest. You did not arrive until 5 P.M. on the 22nd.

"We have no telegraphs here, or posts. As we could gain no intelligence of you, my anxiety about you created doubts. As one day after another passed, doubts became actual dread that something unaccountable had occurred. Had you struck a snag, run aground, like the *Stanley* and *Royal* did, as almost all steamers do, had you been assaulted by natives in the night like Captain Deane in the A.I.A. at Bunga, had your Soudanese mutinied as they threatened to do at Lukungu, had you been shot as a Soudanese regiment shot all their white officers in the Soudan once, had you been detained by force because Tippu-Tib had been over-persuaded to do by those young fire-eaters of Arabs at the Falls, had you quarrelled with those young fellows, the two Salims, as Stairs and Jephson did below Stanley Pool? If not, what had occurred? Could I, could anybody suggest anything else?"

"But I was obliged——"

"Never mind, my dear Major, say no more about it. Don't think of defending yourself. I am not mentioning these things to complain of you, but replying to your question. All is well that ends safely.

"Now as to Tippu-Tib. I have nothing to do with Tippu-Tib, but from necessity, for your sake as well as mine. He claims this as his territory. We are on it as his friends. Supposing we had not made agreement with him, how long should we be left to prepare for the march to the Albert, or how long would you be permitted to remain here, before you had to answer the question why you were on his territory? Could I possibly leave you here, with my knowledge of what they are capable of—alone? With eighty rifles against probably 3,000, perhaps 5,000 guns? Why, Major, I am surprised that you who have seen Stanley Falls, and some hundreds of the Arabs, should ask the question.

"You have accompanied Tippu-Tib and nearly a hundred of his followers from Zanzibar. You have seen what boyish delight they took in their weapons, their Winchesters, and valuable double-barrelled rifles. You know the story of Deane's fight at Stanley Falls. You know that Tippu-Tib is vindictive, that his fiery nephews would like a fight better than peace. You know that he meditated war against the Congo State, and that I had to pass on a relief mission through a portion of his territory. Why how can you—grown to the rank of Major—ask such questions, or doubt the why and wherefore of acts which are as clear as daylight?

"Our transport the *Madura* was in Zanzibar harbour. The owner of this district, as he calls himself, was preparing munitions against all white men on the Congo, resenting and resentful. Would it have been prudent for me to have left this man in such a state? That he prepared for war against the State did not materially affect me, but that he intended doing so while I had to pass through his territory, and in his neighbourhood on a humane mission was everything. Therefore I was as much interested in this affair of patching up a peace between the Congo State and King Leopold as His Majesty himself was, and more so indeed.

"And I suppose you will ask me next how does it affect your personal interests? Have you not told me over and over again that you are burning to accompany us, that you would infinitely prefer marching to waiting here? And is it not understood—according to your letter of

instructions—that failing Tippu-Tib's appearance with his 600 carriers, you are to make double-stages, or triple-stages rather than stay at Yambuya?

"Look at these pencilled calculations on this paper—nay, you can keep it, if you please. They represent what you can do with your own men, and what you can do assuming that Tippu-Tib really keeps to the letter of his contract.

"Now I have grounded my instructions principally on your impetuous answer to me at Bolobo. 'By Jove! I will not stay a day at Yambuya after I get my column together!'

"See here! The letter says—'It may happen that Tippu-Tib has sent some men, but not sent enough; therefore, you know, use your discretion; dispense with No. 7, provisions, such as rice, beans, peas, millet, biscuits. See how many sacks of provisions you can issue out to your men—they will eat them fast enough, I warrant you.'

"It goes on—'If you still cannot march, then it would be better to make marches of six miles twice over—that is, to go one march of six miles, and then return to fetch another lot, and march forward again. Such as my work was on the Congo, when with 68 men I made 33 round trips on the stretch of 52 miles to take 2,000 loads—5 immense waggons and make a waggon-road, building bridges, &c.' That pencilled paper in your hand informs you how many miles you can do in this fashion in six months.

"But this is how my pact with Tippu-Tib affects you personally. If Tippu-Tib performs his contract faithfully, then on the arrival of the *Stanley* with Messrs. Ward, Troup, and Bonny, and their men, you can set out from Yambuya within a day or two, and perhaps overtake us, or on our return from the Albert we shall meet before many days.

"Now which would you personally prefer doing? Travelling backwards and forwards from camp to camp, twice, or perhaps thrice, or have Tippu-Tib with 600 carriers to help your 200 carriers, and march at a swinging pace through the woods on our track, straight for the Albert Nyanza?"

"Oh, there is not a doubt of it. I should prefer marching straight away and try and catch up with you. Naturally."

"Well, do you begin to understand why I have been sweet, and good, and liberal to Tippu-Tib? Why I have given him free passage and board for himself and followers from Zanzibar to Stanley Falls? Why I have shared the kid and the lamb with him?"

"Quite."

"Not quite yet, I am afraid, Major, otherwise you would not have doubted me. There is still a serious reason.

"Assuming, for instance, that I had not brought Tippu-Tib here, that the Arabs at Stanley Falls were not wrathful with white men for Deane's affair, or that they would fear attacking you. They had but to affect friendship with you, sell you goats and food, and then tell your Zanzibaris that their settlement was but six or seven days away—where they had plenty of rice and fish and oil to tempt three-fourths of your men to desert in a few days, while you were innocently waiting for the Bolobo contingent; and no sooner would the other fellows have reached here than they would hear of the desertion of their comrades for the Falls, and follow suit either wholesale or by twos and threes, sixes and tens, until you would

have been left stranded completely. Is it not the fear of this desertion that was one of the reasons I chose the Congo? Having Tippu-Tib as my friend and engaged to me, I have put a stop to the possibility of any wholesale desertion.

"Let these reasons sink into your mind, Major, my dear fellow. Yet withal, your column may be ruined if you are not very careful. Be tender and patient with your people, for they are as skittish as young colts. Still, it was with these people, or men like them, that I crossed Africa—followed the course of the Congo to the sea, and formed the Congo State."

"Well, now, say do you think Tippu-Tib will keep his contract, and bring his 600 people?" asked the Major.

"You ought to know that as well as I myself. What did he say to you before you left him?"

"He said he would be here in nine days, as he told you at Bangala. Inshallah!" replied the Major, mimicking the Arab.

"If Tippu-Tib is here in nine days, it will be the biggest wonder I have met."

"Why?" asked the Major, looking up half wonderingly.

"Because to provide 600 carriers is a large order. He will not be here in fifteen days or even twenty days. We must be reasonable with the man. He is not an European—taught to be rigidly faithful to his promise. Inshallah! was it he said? To-morrow—Inshallah means the day after—or five days hence, or ten days. But what does it matter to you if he does not come within twenty days? The *Stanley* will not be here until the 10th, or perhaps the middle of August; that will be about seven weeks—forty-two days—hence. He has abundance of time. What do you want to look after 600 men in your camp doing nothing, waiting for the steamer? Idle men are mischievous. No; wait for him patiently until the *Stanley* comes, and if he has not appeared by that time he will not come at all."

"But it will be a severe job for us if he does not appear at all, to carry 500 or 600 loads with 200 carriers, to and fro, backwards and forwards, day after day!"

"Undoubtedly, my dear Major, it is not a light task by any means. But which would you prefer; stay here, waiting for us to return from the Albert, or to proceed little by little—gaining something each day—and be absorbed in your work?"

"Oh, my God! I think staying here for months would be a deuced sight the worse."

"Exactly what I think, and, therefore, I made these calculations for you. I assure you, Major, if I were sure that you could find your way to the Albert, I would not mind doing this work of yours myself, and appoint you commander of the Advance Column, rather than have any anxiety about you."

"But tell me, Mr. Stanley, how long do you suppose it will be before we meet?"

"God knows. None can inform me what lies ahead here, or how far the forest extends inland. Whether there are any roads, or what kind of natives, cannibals, incorrigible savages, dwarfs, gorillas. I have not the least idea. I wish I had; and wou'd give a handsome sum for the knowledge even. But that paper in your hand, on which I have calculated how long it will take me to march to the Albert Nyanza, is based on this

fact. In 1874 and 1875 I travelled 720 miles in 103 days. The distance from here to the Albert Nyanza is about 330 geographical miles in a straight line. Well, in 1874-75, I travelled 330 geographical miles—Bagamoyo to Vinyata, in Ituru, in 64 days; from Lake Uhimba to Ujiji, 330 miles, in 54 days. These were, of course, open countries, with tolerably fair roads, whereas this is absolutely unknown. Is it all a forest?—then it will be an awful work. How far does the forest reach inland? A hundred—two hundred—three hundred miles? There is no answer. Let us assume we can do the journey to the Albert in three months; that I am detained a fortnight, and that I am back in three months afterwards. Well, I shall meet you coming toward me, if Tippu-Tib is not with you, the latter part of October or November. It is all down on that paper.

"But it is immaterial. The thing has to be done. We will go ahead, we will blaze the trees, and mark our track through the forest for you. We will avail ourselves of every advantage—any path easterly will suit me until I bore through and through it, and come out on the plains or pasture-land. And where we go, you can go. If we can't go on, you will hear from us somehow. Are you now satisfied?"

"Perfectly," he replied. "I have it all here," touching his forehead—"and this paper and letter will be my reminders. But there is one thing I should like to speak about, it refers to something you said to me in London."

"Ah, indeed. What was said that was in any way peculiar?" I asked.

"Well"—here there was a little hesitation—"do you remember when Mr. —, of the India Office, introduced me to you? The words you used sounded strangely, as though some one had been warning you against me."

"My dear Barttelot, take my word for it, I don't remember to have heard the name of Barttelot before I heard your name. But you interest me. What could I have possibly said that was any way peculiar to cling to your memory like this? I remember the circumstance well?"

"The fact is," he said, "you said something about 'forbearance,' which reminded me that I had heard that word before, when General — pitched into me about punishing a Somali mutineer in the desert during the Soudan campaign. I was all alone with the Somalis when they turned on me, and I sprang upon the ringleader at last when there was no other way of reducing them to order and pistolled him, and at once the Somalis became quiet as lambs. I thought that General —, who is not remarkable for goodwill to me, had mentioned the affair to you."

"Indeed, I never heard the story before, and I do not understand how General — could have warned me, considering he could not have known you were going to apply for membership. It was your own face which inspired the word 'forbearance.' Your friend introduced you to me as a distinguished officer full of pluck and courage; upon which I said that those qualities were common characteristics of British officers, but I would prefer to hear of another quality which would be of equal value for a peculiar service in Africa—and that was forbearance. You will excuse me now, I hope, for saying that I read on your face immense determination

and something like pugnacity. Now, a pugnacious fellow, though very useful at times, you know, is not quite so useful for an expedition like this—which is to work in an atmosphere of irritability—as a man who knows not only how and when to fight, but also how to forbear. Why, a thousand causes provoke irritation and friction here between himself and fellow-officers, his own followers and natives, and frequently between himself and his own person. Here is bad food always, often none at all, a miserable diet at the best, no stimulant, incessant toil and worry, intense discomfort, relaxed muscles, weariness amounting to fainting, and to cap all, dreadful racking fevers, urging one to curse the day he ever thought of Africa. A pugnacious man is naturally ill-tempered, and unless he restrains his instincts, and can control his impulses, he is in hot water every minute of his existence, and will find cross rubs with every throb of his heart. To be able to forbear, to keep down rigorously all bitter feelings, to let the thoughts of his duty, his position, plead against the indulgence of his passions. Ah, that quality, while it does not diminish courage, prevents the waste of natural force; but I don't wish to preach to you, you know what I mean.

“And now to close—one word more about Tippu-Tib. Do you see that Maxim out there with its gaping muzzle? I regard Tippu-Tib somewhat as I do that. It is an excellent weapon for defence. A stream of bullets can be poured out of it, but it may get jammed, and its mechanism become deranged from rust or want of good oil. In that event we rely on our Remingtons, and Winchester Repeaters. If Tippu-Tib is disposed to help us—he will be a most valuable auxiliary—failure becomes impossible, we shall complete our work admirably. If he is not disposed, then we must do what we can with our own men, and goodwill covers a multitude of errors.

“Do you remember that in 1876 Tippu-Tib broke his contract with me, and returned to Nyangwe, leaving me alone? Well, with about 130 of my own men, I drove my way down the Congo despite his sneer. You said you met Dr. Lenz, the Austrian traveller, at Lamu, after having failed to reach Emin Pasha. Why did he fail? He relied on Tippu-Tib alone; he had no private reserve of force to fall back upon. You have over 200 carriers and 50 soldiers, besides servants and efficient companions. On the Congo work I was promised a contingent of natives to assist me. Only a few came, and those deserted; but I had a faithful reserve of sixty-eight men—they were the fellows who made the Congo State. You remember my letter to the *Times*, where I said, ‘We do not want Tippu-Tib to assist us in finding Emin Pasha. We want him to carry ammunition, and on his return to bring away ivory to help pay the expenses of the Mission.’ Then, as a last proof of how I regard Tippu-Tib, do not forget that written order to Lieutenant Stairs a few days ago, to rake his settlement with the machine gun upon the least sign of treachery. You have read that letter. You ought to know that the gage of battle is not thrown in the face of a trusted friend.

“Now, Major, my dear fellow, don't be silly. I know you feel sore because you are not to go with us in the advance. You think you will lose some *kudos*. Not a bit of it. Ever since King David, those who remain with the stuff, and those who go to the war, receive the same honours. Besides, I don't like the word ‘kudos.’ The kudos impulse is like the pop of a ginger-beer bottle, good for a V.C. or an Albert medal,

but it effervesces in a month of Africa. It is a damp squib, Major. Think rather of Tennyson's lines :—

‘ Not once or twice in our fair island story
Has the path of duty been the way to glory.’

There, shake hands upon this, Major. For us the word is ‘Right Onward’; for you ‘Patience and Forbearance.’ I want my tea. I am dry with talking.”

On the 25th the stockade was completed all round the camp, the ditch was approaching completion. Barttelot superintended the works on one side; Jephson, in shirt-sleeves, looked over another. Nelson was distributing the European provisions—share and share alike; our Doctor, cheery, smiling, anxious as though he were at a surgical operation, was constructing a gate, and performed the carpenter's operation in such a manner that I wrote in my diary that evening, “He is certainly one of the best fellows alive.” Jameson was busy copying the letter of instructions. Stairs was in bed with a severe bilious fever.

A Soudanese soldier, as innocent as a lamb cropping sweet grass before a fox covert, trespassed for the sake of loot near a native village, and was speared through the abdomen. It is the second fatal case resulting from looting. It will not be our last. We place a Soudanese on guard; his friend comes along, exchanges a word or two with him, and passes on, with the completest unconsciousness of danger that can be imagined. If not slain outright, he returns with a great gash in his body and a look of death in his face. The Zanzibari is set to labour at cutting wood or collecting manioc; he presently drops his task, utters an excuse for withdrawing for a moment—a thought glances across his vacuous mind, and under the impulse he hastes away, to be reported by-and-by as missing.

On the 26th I drew out a memorandum for the officers of the Advance Column, of which the following is a copy :—

We propose to commence our march the day after to-morrow, the 28th of June, 1887.

The distance we have to traverse is about 330 geographical miles in an air-line—or about 550 miles English, provided we do not find a path more than ordinarily winding.

If we make an average of ten miles per day we ought to be able to reach the Albert within two months.

In 1871 my Expedition after Livingstone performed 360 English miles in 54 days = about $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles per day.

In 1874 my Expedition across Africa performed 360 English miles in 64 days, viz., from Bagamoyo to Vinyata = $5\frac{3}{4}$ miles per day.

In 1874–75 the same Expedition reached Lake Victoria from Bagamoyo, 720 miles distance in 103 days = 7 miles per day.

In 1876 the same Expedition traversed 360 miles, the distance from Lake Uhinba to Ujiji in 59 days = $6\frac{1}{10}$ miles per day.

Therefore if we travel the distance to Kavalli, say 550 miles at an average of 6 miles per day, we should reach Lake Albert about the last day of September.

A conception of the character of more than half of the country to be traversed may be had by glancing at our surroundings. It will be a bush and forested country with a native path more or less crooked connecting the various settlements of the tribes dwelling in it.

The track now and then will be intersected by others connecting the tribes north of our route and those south of it.

The natives will be armed with shields, spears and knives, or with bows and arrows.

As our purpose is to march on swiftly through the country, we take the natives considerably by surprise. They cannot confederate or meet us in any force, because they will have no time. Whatever hostilities we may meet will be the outcome of impulse, and that naturally an angry one. Officers must therefore be prompt to resist these impulsive attacks, and should at all times now see that their Winchester magazines are loaded, and their bearers close to them. Side-arms should not be dispensed with on any account.

The order of the march will be as follows :

At dawn the *reveille* will sound as usual.

First by the Soudanese trumpeter attached to No. 1 Company.

Second by the bugle attached to Captain Stairs's Company, No. 2—Captain Stairs.

Third by the trumpeter attached to the No. 3 Company—Captain Nelson.

Fourth by the drummer attached to Captain Jephson's No. 4 Company.

Officers will feed early on coffee and biscuit, and see that their men are also strengthening themselves for the journey.

At 6 A.M. the march of the day will begin, led by a band of 50 pioneers armed with rifles, bill-hooks and axes, forming the advance guard under myself.

The main body will then follow after 15 minutes, led by an officer whose turn it is to be at the head of it, whose duty will be specially to see that he follows the route indicated by "blazing" or otherwise.

This column will consist of all bearers, and all men sick or well who are not detailed for rear guard. The major part of three companies will form the column. Close to the rear of it, keeping well up, will be the officer whose turn it is to maintain order in rear of the main body.

The rear guard will consist of 30 men under an officer selected for the day to protect the column from attacks in the rear. These men will not be loaded with anything beyond their private kits. No member of the Expedition must be passed by the rear guard. All stragglers must be driven on at all costs, because the person left behind is irretrievably lost.

At the head of the main body will be the head-quarter tents and private luggage, immediately succeeding the officer in command. This officer will also have to be on the alert for signals by trumpets, to communicate them to those in the rear, or be ready to receive signals from the front and pass the word behind.

The advance guard will "blaze" the path followed, cut down obstructing creepers, and on arrival at camp, set to at once for building the boma or bush-fence. As fast as each company arrives assistance must be given for this important work of defence. No camp is to be considered complete until it is fenced around by bush or trees. Those unemployed in this duty will erect tents.

The boma must be round with two gates well masked by at least five yards of bush.

The diameter of the camp should be about 250 feet. Tents and baggage piled in the centre, the huts will range around an inner circle of about 200 feet in diameter.

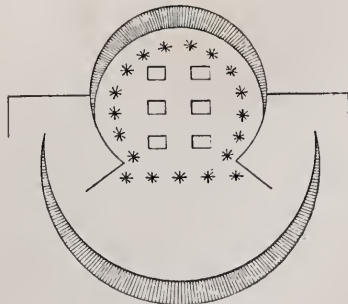


DIAGRAM OF OUR FOREST CAMPS.

The above relates only to the circumstances attending the transit of a caravan through a dangerous country, unattended by more than the troubles naturally arising from the impulsive attacks of savages.

The pulse of the country which we shall traverse will be felt by the advance guard, of course. If the obstacles in the front are serious, and threaten to be something more than a mere impulse, or temporary, messages will be sent to the main body announcing their character.

Wherever practicable we shall camp in villages, if the natives have deserted them, for the sake of obtaining food, but such villages must be rendered defensive at once. Officers should remember that it is in the nature of their black soldiers, Soudanese, Somalis or Zanzibaris, to be thoughtless and indifferent, to scatter themselves about in the most heedless manner. They must take my assurance that more lives are lost in this manner than by open warfare. Therefore their men's lives I consider are in the hands of their officers, and the officer who will not relax his energy and rigid enforcement of orders until everything is made snug and tight for the night, will be the most valuable assistant in this Expedition for me. Arriving at the intended halting-place for the night, if a village, the officer should first cast his eyes about for lodgment of his people; select such as will be uniform with those already occupied by the preceding company, and those to be occupied by the succeeding company or companies; then turn to and destroy all those lying without the occupied circle, or use their timbers, all material in the vicinity to defend his quarters from night attack by fire or spear. A cue will be given when and how to do things by the conduct of the advance guard, but the officer must not fail to ascertain what this cue is, nor wait to be told every petty detail. He must consider himself as the Father of his Company, and act always as a wise leader should act.

At all such village camps, Lieutenant Stairs will see to the nightly guards being placed at the more accessible points, every company serving out details as may be necessary.

During the first week we will not attempt any very long marches, that the people and ourselves may be broken in gently, but after a fourth of the distance has been made the marches will sensibly lengthen, and I anticipate that before the half of the journey has been performed, we shall be capable of making wonderful progress.

Further memoranda will be furnished when necessary.

YAMBUYA,
June 26th, 1887.

(Signed)

HENRY M. STANLEY,
Commanding Expedition.

I close this chapter with a quotation from my diary made on the last evening.

"*Yambuya, June 27th.*—Our men claimed a holiday to-day because it had been deferred until the steamers were despatched, and the camp was fortified for the protection of the garrison. Numbers of things had also to be done. Companies had to be re-organized, since several had sickened since leaving Bolobo, the weak had to be picked out, and the four companies selected for the march ought to be in as perfect condition as possible. Our pioneers' tools required numbering. Out of one hundred bill-hooks there were only twenty-six, out of one hundred axes there were left twenty-two, out of one hundred hoes there were only sixty-one, out of one hundred shovels there were but sixty-seven. All the rest had been stolen, and sold to the natives or thrown away. It is a trying work to look after such reckless people.

"Three hundred and eighty-nine souls will march to-morrow—God permitting—into the absolutely unknown. From a native I have heard of

names of tribes, or sections of tribes, but of their strength or disposition I know nothing.

"Yesterday we made blood-brotherhood with one of the chiefs of Yambuya. As the Major was Commandant of the post, he went bravely through the ceremony, which was particularly disgusting. On the flowing blood a pinch of dirty salt was placed, and this had to be licked. The chief performed his part as though he loved it. The Major looked up and saw the cynical fæces of his friends, and was mortified.

"To ensure peace!"

"Even so," replied the Major, and sacrificed his taste.

"These forest natives have not been able to win any great regard from me yet. They are cowardly, and at the same time vicious. They lie oftener than any open country folk. I do not credit any statement or profession made by them. At the same time I hope that after better acquaintance there will be a change. This chief received a liberal gift from the hand of the Major, and in return he received a fortnight-old chick and a feathered bonnet of plaited cane. The oft-promised goat and ten fowls had not yet been seen. And the blood of a Soudanese soldier has been spilled, and we have not avenged it. We are either so poor in spirit, or so indifferent to the loss of a man, that a stalwart soldier, worth twenty of these natives, can be slain unavenged. Not only that, but we entreat them to come often and visit us, for they have fish and goats, fowls, eggs, and what not to sell of which we would be buyers. This perhaps will go on for some weeks more.

"It is raining to-night, and the morrow's march will be an uncomfortable one. Stairs is so sick that he cannot move, and yet he is anxious to accompany us. It is rather rash to undertake carrying a man in his condition, though, if death is the issue, it comes as easy in the jungle as in the camp. Dr. Parke has made me exceedingly uncomfortable by saying that it is enteric fever. I lean to bilious fever. We shall put him in a hammock and trust for a favourable issue."

The Advance Force will consist of:—

No. 1 company	.	.	113 men and boys	99 rifles
" 2 "	.	.	90 "	85 "
" 3 "	.	.	90 "	87 "
" 4 "	.	.	90 "	86 "
Officers—Self	.	.	1	..
" Stairs	.	.	1	..
" Nelson	.	.	1	..
" Jephson	.	.	1	..
" Parke	.	.	1	..
European servant	.	.	1	..
<hr/> 339 men and boys				<hr/> 357 rifles

The garrison of Yambuya consists of:—

Soudanese	.	.	.	44 men	44 rifles
Zanzibaris	.	.	.	71 "	38 "
Barttelot's servants	.	.	.	3 "	..
Jameson's "	.	.	.	2 "	..
Sowahis	.	.	.	5 "	..
Sick men	.	.	.	2 "	..
Barttelot personally	.	.	.	1	3 rifles
Jameson "	.	.	.	1	2 "
<hr/> 129 men					<hr/> 87 "

Contingent at Bolobo to be joined to garrison of Yambuya:—

Zanzibaris . . .	128 men and boys	52 rifles
John Rose Troup . . .	1	..
Herbert Ward . . .	1	..
William Bonny . . .	1	..
	<hr/> 131 men and boys	<hr/> 52 rifles
Advance force . . .	389 men	357 rifles
Yambuya garrison . . .	129 „	87 „
Bolobo, Kinshassa, &c. . .	131 „	52 „
	<hr/> 649 „	<hr/> 496 „
Loss of men from Zanzibar } . . .	57 „	28 „
to Yambuya . . . }	<hr/> 706 „	<hr/> 524 „

CHAPTER VII.

TO PANGA FALLS.

AN African road generally is a foot-track tramped by travel to exceeding smoothness and hardness as of asphalt when the season is dry. It is only twelve inches wide from the habit of the natives to travel in single file one after another. When such a track is old it resembles a winding and shallow gutter, the centre has been trodden oftener than the sides—rain-water has rushed along and scoured it out somewhat—the sides of the path have been raised by humus and dust, the feet of many passengers have brushed twigs and stones and pressed the dust aside. A straight path would be shorter than the usual one formed by native travel by a third in every mile on an average. This is something like what we hoped to meet in defiling out of the gate of the entrenched camp at Yambuya, because during four preceding expeditions into Africa we had never failed to follow such a track for hundreds of miles. Yambuya consisted of a series of villages. Their inhabitants must have neighbours to the Eastward as well as to the Southward or Westward. Why not?

We marched out of the gate, company after company in single file. Each with its flag, its trumpeter or drummer, each with its detail of supernumeraries, with fifty picked men as advance guard to handle the bill-hook and axe, to cut saplings, “blaze,” or peel a portion of the bark of a tree a hand’s-breadth, to sever the leaves and slash at the rattan, to remove all obtrusive branches that might interfere with the free passage of the hundreds of loaded porters, to cut trees to lay across streams for their passage, to form zeribas or bomas of bush and branch around the hutted camp at the end of the day’s travel. The advance guard are to find a path, or, if none can be found, to choose the thinnest portions of the jungle and tunnel through without delay, for it is most fatiguing to stand in a heated atmosphere with a weighty load on the head. If no thinner jungle can be found, then through anything, however impenetrable it may appear; they must be brisk—“chap-chap”—as we say, or an ominous murmur will rise from the impatient carriers behind. They must be clever and intelligent in wood-craft; a greenhorn, or as we call him “goee-goec,”

must drop his bill-hook, and take the bale or box. Three hundred weary fellows are not to be trifled with, they must be brave also—quick to repel assault—arrows are poisonous, spears are deadly—their eyes must be quick to search the gloom and shade, with sense alert to recognition, and ready to act on the moment. Dawdlers and goec-goees are unbearable; they must be young, lithe, springy—my 300 behind me have no regard for the ancient or the corpulent—they would be smothered with chaff and suffocated with banter. Scores of voices would cry out, “Wherein lies this fellow’s merit? Is it all in his stomach? Nay, it is his wooden back—tut—his head is too big for a scout. He has clearly been used to hoeing. What does the field-hand want on the Continent? You may see he is only a Banian slave! Nay, he is only a Consul’s freed man! Bosh! he is a mission boy.” Their bitter tongues pierce like swords through the armour of stupidity, and the bill-hooks with trenchant edges are wielded



MARCHING THROUGH THE FOREST.

most manfully, and the bright keen axes flash and sever the saplings, or slice a broad strip of bark from a tree, and the bush is pierced, and the jungle gapes open, and fast on their heels continuously close presses the mile-long caravan.

This is to be the order, and this the method of the march, and I have stood observing the files pass by until the last of the rear guard is out of the camp, and the Major and Jameson and the garrison next crowd out to exchange the farewell.

“Now, Major, my dear fellow, we are in for it. Neck or nothing! Remember your promise and we shall meet before many months.”

“I vow to goodness, I shall be after you sharp. Let me once get those fellows from Bolobo and nothing shall stop me.”

“Well, then, God bless you—keep a stout heart—and Jameson—old man—the same to you.”

Captain Nelson, who heard all this, stepped up in his turn to take a parting grasp, and I strode on to the front, while the Captain placed himself at the head of the rear guard.

The column had halted at the end of the villages or rather the road that Nelson the other day had commenced.

"Which is the way, guide?" I asked to probably the proudest soul in the column—for it is a most exalted position to be at the head of the line. He was in a Greekish costume with a Greekish helmet à la Achilles.

"This, running towards the sunrise," he replied.

"How many hours to the next village?"

"God alone knows," he answered.

"Know ye not one village or country beyond here?"

"Not one; how should I?" he asked.

This amounted to what the wisest of us knew.



THE KIRANGOZI, OR FOREMOST MAN.

"Well, then, set on in the name of God, and God be ever with us. Cling to any track that leads by the river until we find a road."

"Bismillah!" echoed the pioneers, the Nubian trumpets blew the signal of "move on," and shortly the head of the column disappeared into the thick bush beyond the utmost bounds of the clearings of Yambuya.

This was on the 28th day of June, and until the 5th of December, for 160 days, we marched through the forest, bush and jungle, without ever having seen a bit of greensward of the size of a cottage chamber floor. Nothing but miles and miles, endless miles of forest, in various stages of growth and various degrees of altitude, according to the ages of the trees, with varying thickness of undergrowth according to the character of the trees which afforded thicker or slighter shade. It is to the description of the march through this forest and to its strange incidents

I propose to confine myself for the next few chapters, as it is an absolutely unknown region opened to the gaze and knowledge of civilized men for the first time since the waters disappeared and were gathered into the seas, and the earth became dry land. Beseeching the reader's patience, I promise to be as little tedious as possible, though there is no other manuscript or missal, printed book or pamphlet, this spring of the year of our Lord 1890, that contains any account of this region of horrors other than this book of mine.

With the temperature of 86° in the shade we travelled along a path very infrequently employed, which wound under dark depths of bush. It was a slow process, interrupted every few minutes by the tangle. The bill-hooks and axes, plied by fifty men, were constantly in requisition; the creepers were slashed remorselessly, lengths of track one hundred yards or so were as fair as similar extents were difficult.

At noon we looked round the elbow of the Aruwimi, which is in view of Yambuya, and saw above, about four miles, another rapid with its glancing waters as it waved in rollers in the sunshine; the rapids of Yambuya were a little below us. Beneath the upper rapids quite a fleet of canoes hovered about it. There was much movement and stir, owing, of course, to the alarm that the Yambuyas had communicated to their neighbours. At 4 P.M. we observed that the point we had gazed at abreast of the rapids consisted of islands. These were now being crowded with the women and children of Yankondé, whom as yet we had not seen. About a hundred canoes formed in the stream crowded with native warriors, and followed the movements of the column as it appeared and disappeared in the light and into the shadows, jeering, mocking, and teasing.

The head of the column arrived at the foot of a broad cleared road, twenty feet wide and three hundred yards long, and at the further end probably three hundred natives of the town of Yankondé stood gesticulating, shouting, with drawn bows in their hands. In all my experience of Africa I had seen nothing of this kind. The pioneers halted, reflecting, and remarking somewhat after this manner: "What does this mean? The pagans have carved a broad highway out of the bush to their town for us, and yet there they are at the other end, ready for a fight! It is a trap, lads, of some kind, so look sharp."

With the bush they had cut they had banked and blocked all passage to the forest on either side of the road for some distance. But, with fifty pairs of sharp eyes searching around above and below, we were not long in finding that this apparent highway through the bush bristled with skewers six inches long sharpened at both ends, which were driven into the ground half their length, and slightly covered with green leaves so carelessly thrown over them that we had thought at first these strewn leaves were simply the effect of clearing bush.

Forming two lines of twelve men across the road, the first line was ordered to pick out the skewers, the second line was ordered to cover the workers with their weapons, and at the first arrow shower to fire. A dozen scouts were sent on either flank of the road to make their way into the village through the woods. We had scarcely advanced twenty yards along the cleared way before volumes of smoke broke out of the town, and a little cloud of arrows came towards us, but falling short. A volley was returned, the skewers were fast being picked out, and an advance was

steadily made until we reached the village at the same time that the scouts rushed out of the underwood, and as all the pioneers were pushed forward the firing was pretty lively, under cover of which the caravan pressed through the burning town to a village at its eastern extremity, as yet unfired.

Along the river the firing was more deadly. The very noise was sufficient to frighten a foe so prone as savages to rely on the terrors of sound, but unfortunately the noise was as hurtful as it was alarming. Very many, I fear, paid the penalty of the foolish challenge. The blame is undoubtedly due to the Yambuyas, who must have invented fables of the most astounding character to cause their neighbours to attempt stopping a force of nearly four hundred rifles.

It was nearly 9 P.M. before the rear-guard entered camp. Throughout the night the usual tactics were resorted to by the savages to create alarm and disturbance, such as vertically dropping assegais and arrows heavily tipped with poison, with sudden cries, whoops, howls, menaces, simultaneous blasts of horn-blowing from different quarters, as though a general attack was about to be made. Strangers unacquainted with the craftiness of these forest satyrs might be pardoned for imagining that daylight only was required for our complete extermination. Some of these tactics I knew before in younger days, but there was still something to be gleaned from the craft of these pure pagans. The camp was surrounded by sentries, and the only orders given were to keep strict silence and sharpen their eyesight.

In the morning a narrow escape was reported. A man had wakened to find a spear buried in the earth, penetrating his sleeping cloth and mat on each side of him, slightly pinning him to his bedding. Two were slightly wounded with arrows.

We wandered about for ten minutes or so looking for a track next morning, and at last discovered one leading through a vast square mileage of manioc fields, and at the little village of Bahunga, four miles S.E. of Yankonde, we gladly rested, our object being not to rush at first setting out after a long river voyage, but to accustom the people little by little to the long journey before them.

On the 30th we lit on a path which connected a series of fourteen villages, each separate and in line, surrounded by their respective fields luxuriant with crops of manioc, or, as some call it, the cassava. We did not fail to observe, however, that some disaster had occurred many months before, judging from the traces. The villages we passed through were mostly newly built, in the sharp, conical—candle-extinguisher—or rather four-angled spiry type; burnt poles, ruins of the former villages, marked the sites of former dwellings. Here and there were blazings on trees, and then I knew that Arabs and Manyuema must have visited here—probably Tippu-Tib's brother.

The following day our march was through a similar series of villages, twelve in number, with a common, well-trodden track running from one to another. In this distance sections of the primeval forest separated each village; along the track were pitfalls for some kind of large forest game, or bow-traps fixed for small animals, such as rabbits, squirrels, rats, small monkeys. In the neighbourhood of each village the skewers were plentiful in the ground, but as yet no hurt had been received from them.

Another serious inconvenience of forest travel was experienced on this day. Every fifty yards or so a great tree, its diameter breast high, lay prostrate across the path, over which the donkeys had to be assisted with a frequency that was becoming decidedly annoying. Between twenty and fifty of these had to be climbed over by hundreds of men, not all of whom were equally expert at this novel travelling, and these obstructions by the delays thus occasioned began to be complained of as very serious impediments. The main approaches to the many villages were studded with these poisoned skewers, which made every one except the booted whites tread most gingerly. Nor could the Europeans be altogether indifferent, for, slightly leaning, the skewer was quite capable of piercing the thickest boot-leather and burying the splinters of its head deep in the foot—an agony of so dreadful a nature that was worth the trouble of guarding against.

At 3 P.M. we camped near some pools overhung by water lilies far removed from a village, having had three wounded during the traverse through the settlements.

This morning, about three hours before dawn, the camp was wakened by howls, and loud and continued horn-blowing. These were shortly after hushed, and the voices of two men were heard so clear and distinct that many like myself attempted to pierce the intense darkness in the vain effort to see these midnight orators.

The first Speaker said, "Hey, strangers, where are you going?"

The Parasite echoed, "Where are you going?"

Speaker. This country has no welcome for you.

Parasite. No welcome for you.

Speaker. All men will be against you.

Parasite. Against you.

Speaker. And you will be surely slain.

Parasite. Surely slain.

Speaker. Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-aah.

Parasite. Ah-ah-aaah.

Speaker. Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooooh.

Parasite. Ooh-ooh-ooooooh.

This parasite was such a palpable parasite, with such a sense of humour—that it raised such a chorus of laughter so sudden, startling, and abrupt, that scared speaker and parasite away in precipitate haste.

At dawn of the 2nd, feeling somewhat uneasy at the fact that the track which brought us to these pools was not made by man but by elephants, and feeling certain that the people had made no provision of food beyond the day, I sent 200 men back to the villages to procure each a load of manioc. By the manner these men performed this duty, the reflection came into my mind that they had little or no reasoning faculties, and that not a half of the 389 people then in the camp would emerge out of Africa. They were now brimful of life and vitality—their rifles were perfect, their accoutrements were new, and each possessed 10 rounds of cartridges. With a little care for their own selves and a small portion of prudence, there was no reason why they should not nearly all emerge safe and sound; but they were so crude, stolid, unreasoning, that orders and instructions were unheeded, except when under actual supervision, and, to supervise them effectually, I should require 100 English officers of similar intelligence and devotion to the four then with me. In the meantime

they will lose their lives for trifles which a little sense would avoid, and until some frightful calamity overtakes them I shall never be able thoroughly to impress on their minds that to lose life foolishly is a crime.

A party of scouts were also sent ahead along the track to observe its general direction, and, about the same time that the foragers returned, the scouts returned, having captured six natives in the forest. They belonged to a tribe called the Babali, and were of a light chocolate in hue, and were found forming traps for game.

As we endeavoured to draw from them some information respecting the country to which the track led, they said, "We have but one heart. Don't you have two," which meant, Do not speak so fairly to us if you mean any harm to us, and like all natives they asserted strongly that they did not eat human meat, but that the custom was practised by the Babanda, Babali, Babukwa tribes, occupying the bank of the Aruwimi above Yankondé.

Soon after this interview with the natives, Dr. Parke, observing the bees which fluttered about, had mentioned to one of his brother officers that he did not think they stung at all, upon which at the same moment a vicious bee settling in his neck drove its sting into it to punish him for his scornful libel. He then came to me and reported the fact as a good joke, whereupon a second bee attacked and wounded him almost in the same spot, drawing from him an exclamation of pain. "By Jove! but they do sting awfully, though." "Just so," said I; "nothing like experience to stimulate reason."

After distributing the manioc, with an injunction to boil the roots three times in different waters, we resumed the march at 1 P.M. and camped at 4 o'clock.

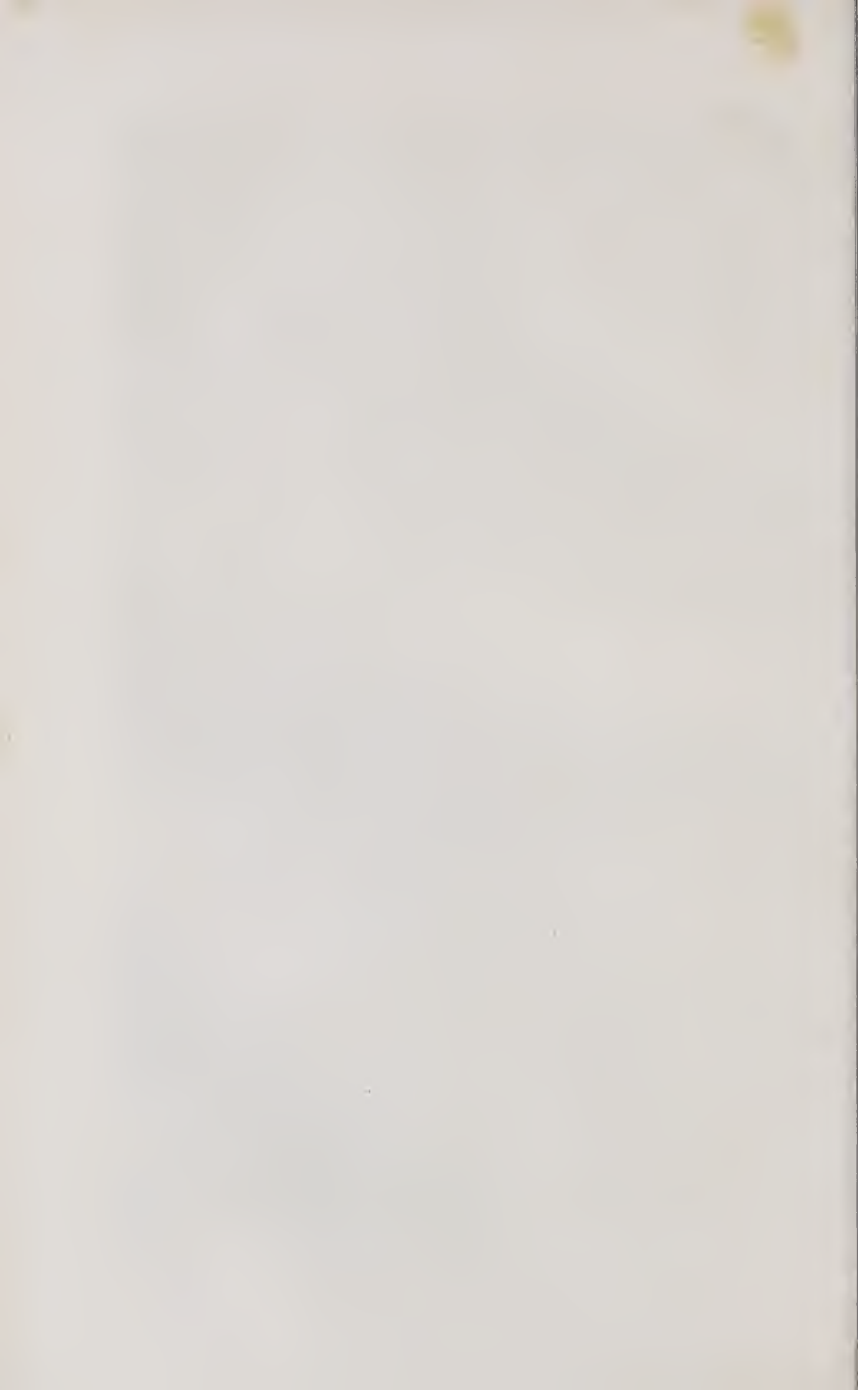
The next day left the track and struck through the huge towering forest and jungly undergrowth by compass. My position in this column was the third from the leader, so that I could direct the course. In order to keep a steady movement, even if slow, I had to instruct the cutters that each man as he walked should choose an obstructing liané, or obtrusive branch of bush, and give one sharp cut and pass on—the two head men were confining themselves to an effective and broad "blaze" on the trees, every ten yards or so, for the benefit of the column, and, as the rear party would not follow us for perhaps two months, we were very particular that these "blazes" should be quite a hand's-breadth peel of bark.

Naturally penetrating a trackless wild for the first time the march was at a funereal pace, in some places at the rate of 400 yards an hour, in other more open portions, that is of less undergrowth, we could travel at the rate of half, three-quarters, and even a mile per hour—so that from 6.30 A.M. to 11 A.M. when we halted for lunch and rest, and from 12.30 P.M. to 3 o'clock or 4 P.M. in from six to seven hours per day, we could make a march of about five miles. On the usual African track seen in other regions we could have gone from fourteen to eighteen miles during the same time. Therefore our object was to keep by settlements, not only to be assured of food, but in the hope of utilizing the native roads. We shall see later how we fared.

At 4 P.M. of this day we were still on the march, having passed through a wilderness of creeks, mud, thick scum-faced quagmires green with duckweed into which we sank knee-deep, and the stench exhaled from the fetid slough was most sickening. We had just emerged out of this



IN THE NIGHT AND RAIN IN THE FOREST.



baneful stretch of marshy ground, intersected by lazy creeks and shallow long stream-shaped pools, when the forest became suddenly darkened, so dark that I could scarcely read the compass, and a distant murmur, increasing into loud soughing and wrestling and tossing of branches and groaning of mighty trees, warned us of the approach of a tempest. As the ground round about was most uninviting, we had to press on through the increasing gloom, and then, as the rain began to drip, we commenced to form camp. The tents were hastily pitched over the short scrubby bush, while bill-hooks crashed and axes rang, clearing a space for the camp. The rain was cold and heavily dripped, and every drop, large as a dollar on their cotton clothes, sent a shiver through the men. The thunder roared above, the lightning flashed a vivid light of fire through the darkness, and still the weary, hungry caravan filed in until 9 o'clock. The rain was so heavy that fires could not be lit, and until three in the morning we sat huddled and crouching amid the cold, damp, and reeking exhalations and minute spray. Then bonfires were kindled, and around these scores of flaming pyramids the people sat, to be warmed into hilarious animation, to roast the bitter manioc, and to still the gnawing pain of their stomachs.

On the 4th we struck N. by E., and in an hour heard natives singing in concert afar off. We sent scouts ahead to ascertain what it meant. We presently heard firing which seemed to approach nearer. We mustered the men in the nearest company, stacked goods and deployed them as skirmishers. Then messengers came and reported that the scouts had struck the river, and, as they were looking upon it, a canoe advanced into view with its crew standing with drawn bows and fixed arrows, which were flown at them at once, and compelled the scouts to fire. We then resumed the march, and at 8 A.M. we were on the river again, in time to see a line of native canoes disappearing round a bend on the opposite bank, and one canoe abandoned tied to the bank with a goat.

Observing that the river was calm and free from rapids, and desirous of saving the people from as much labour as circumstances would offer, the steel boat sections were brought up to the bank, and Mr. Jephson, whose company had special charge of the *Advance*, commenced to fit the sections together. In an hour the forty-four burdens, which the vessel formed, had been attached together and fitted to their respective places and launched. As the boat weighed forty-four loads and had a capacity of fifty loads, and at least ten sick, we could then release ninety-eight people from the fatigue of bearing loads and carrying Lieutenant Stairs, who was still very ill. Mr. Jephson and crew were despatched across river and the goat secured.

As the *Advance* was in the river, it was necessary for the column to cling to the bank, not only for the protection of the boat, but to be able to utilize the stream for lessening labour. Want of regular food, lack of variety, and its poor nutritive qualities, coupled with the urgency which drove us on, requiring long marches and their resulting fatigue, would soon diminish the strength of the stoutest. A due regard for the people therefore must be shown, and every means available for their assistance must be employed. Therefore, the boat keeping pace with the column, we travelled up-stream until 3 P.M. and camped.

On the 5th the boat and column moved up, as on the day previous, and made six-and-a-half miles. The river continued to be from 500 to

800 yards wide. The bank was a trifle more open than in the interior, though frequently it was impossible to move before an impenetrable mass of jungle had been tunnelled to allow our passage under the vault of close network of branch and climber, cane, and reed above. At 2.30 we reached the village of Bukanda. We had come across no track, but had simply burst out of the bush and a somewhat young forest with a clearing. In the middle of the clearing by the river side was the village. This fact made me think, and it suggested that if tracks were not discoverable by land, and as the people were not known to possess the power of aerial locomotion, that communication was maintained by water.

We had reason to rejoice at the discovery of a village, for since the 2nd the caravan subsisted on such tubers of manioc as each man took with him on that date. Had another day passed without meeting with a clearing we should have suffered from hunger.

It was evening before the boat appeared, the passage of rapids, and an adventure with a flotilla of eleven canoes had detained her. The canoes had been abandoned in consequence, and the commander of the boat had secured them to an island. One was reported to be a capacious hollow log, capable of carrying nearly as much as the boat. Since the river was the highway of the natives, we should be wise to employ the stream, by which we should save our men, and carry our sick as well as a reserve of food. For we had been narrowly brought to the verge of want on the last day, and we were utter strangers in a strange land, groping our way through darkness. The boat was sent back with an extra crew to secure the canoe and paddle her up to our camp.

Of course Bukanda had been abandoned long before we reached it—the village of cone-huts was at our disposal—the field of manioc also. This custom also was unlike anything I had seen in Africa before. Previously the natives may have retired with their women, but the males had remained with spear and target, representing ownership. Here the very fowls had taken to flight. It was clearly a region unsuitable for the study of ethnology.

At noon of the 6th we defiled out of Bukanda, refurnished with provisions, and two hours later were in camp in uninhabited space. We had devoted the morning to cleaning and repairing rifles—many of whose springs were broken.

Some facts had already impressed themselves upon us. We observed that the mornings were muggy and misty—that we were chilly and inclined to be cheerless in consequence; that it required some moral courage to leave camp to brave the cold, damp, and foggiess without, to brave the mud and slush, to ford creeks up to the waist in water; that the feelings were terribly depressed in the dismal twilight from the want of brightness and sunshine warmth; and the depression caused by the sombre clouds and dull grey river which reflected the drear daylight. The actual temperature on these cold mornings was but seventy to seventy-two degrees—had we judged of it by our cheerlessness it might have been twenty degrees less.

The refuse heaps of the little villages were large, and piled on the edge of the bank. They were a compost of filth, sweepings of streets and huts, peelings of manioc, and often of plantains with a high heap of oyster-shells. Had I not much else to write about, an interesting chapter on

these composts, and the morals, manners, and usages, of the aborigines might be written. Just as Owen could prefigure an extinct mammoth of the dead ages from the view of a few bones, the history of a tribe could be developed by me out of these refuse heaps. Revelling in these fetid exhalations were representatives of many insect tribes. Columns of ants wound in and out with more exact formation than aborigines could compose themselves, flies buzz in myriads over the heaps, with the murmur of enjoyment, butterflies, which would have delighted Jameson's soul, swarmed exulting in their gorgeous colours, and a perfect cloud of moths hovered above all.

The villages of the Bakuti were reached on the 7th, after seven hours' slow marching and incessant cutting. I occupied a seat in the boat on this day, and observed that the banks were from six to ten feet above the river on either side, that there were numerous traces of former occupation easily detected despite the luxuriance of the young forest that had grown up and usurped the space once occupied by villages and fields; that either wars or epidemics had disturbed the inhabitants twenty years ago, and that as yet only one crocodile had been seen on the Aruwimi, and only one hippo, which I took to be a sure sign that there was not much pasture in this region.

As the rowers urged the boat gently up the stream, and I heard the bill-hooks and axes carving away through bush and brake-tangle and forest without which scarcely a yard of progress could be made, I regretted more than ever that I had not insisted on being allowed to carry out my own plan of having fifteen whale-boats. What toil would have been saved, and what anxiety would have been spared me!

On the 9th we gained, after another seven hours' toiling and marching, the villages of the Bakoka. Already the people began to look jaded and seedy. Skewers had penetrated the feet of several, ulcers began to attract notice by their growing virulence, many people complained of curious affections in the limbs. Stairs was slowly recovering.

We had passed so many abandoned clearings that our expedition might have been supported for weeks by the manioc which no owner claimed. It was very clear that internecine strife had caused the migrations of the tribes. The Bakoka villages were all stockaded, and the entrance gates were extremely low.

The next day we passed by four villages, all closely stockaded, and on the 10th came to the rapids of Gwengweré. Here there were seven large villages bordering the rapids and extending from below to above the broken water. All the population had fled probably to the opposite main, or to the islands in mid-river, and every portable article was carried away except the usual wreckage of coarse pottery, stools, and benches, and back rests. The stockades were in good order, and villages intact. In one large village there were 210 conical huts, and two square sheds, used for public assemblies and smithies. This occupied a commanding bluff sixty feet above the river, and a splendid view of a dark grey silver stream, flanked by dense and lofty walls of thickest greenest vegetation, was obtained.

Lieutenant Stairs was fast recovering from his long attack of bilious fever; my other companions enjoyed the best of health, though our diet consisted of vegetables, leaves of the manioc and herbs bruised and made into patties. But on this day we had a dish of weaver-birds furnished by

the Doctor, who with his shot-gun bagged a few of the thousands which had made their nests on the village trees.

On the 11th we marched about a mile to give the canoe-men a chance to pole their vessels through the rapids and the column a rest. The day following marched six geographical miles, the river turning easterly, which was our course. Several small rapids were passed without accident. As we were disappearing from view of Gwengweré, the population was seen scurrying from the right bank and islands back to their homes, which they had temporarily vacated for our convenience. It seemed to me to be an excellent arrangement. It saved trouble of speech, exerted possibly in useless efforts for peace and tedious chaffer. They had only one night's inconvenience, and were there many caravans advancing as peaceably as we were, natural curiosity would in time induce them to come forward to be acquainted with the strangers.

Our people found abundant to eat in the fields, and around the villages. The area devoted to cultivation was extensive: plantains flourished around the stockades; herbs for potage were found in little plots close to the villages; also sufficient tobacco for smoking, and pumpkins for dessert, and a little Indian corn; but, alas, we all suffered from want of meat.

There were few aquatic birds to be seen. There were some few specimens of divers, fish eagles, and kingfishers. Somewhere, at a distance, a pair of ibis screamed; flocks of parrots whistled and jabbered in vain struggles to rob the solitude of the vast trackless forest of its oppressive silence; whip-poor-wills, and sunbirds, and weavers aided them with their varied strains; but insects, and flies, and moths were innumerable.

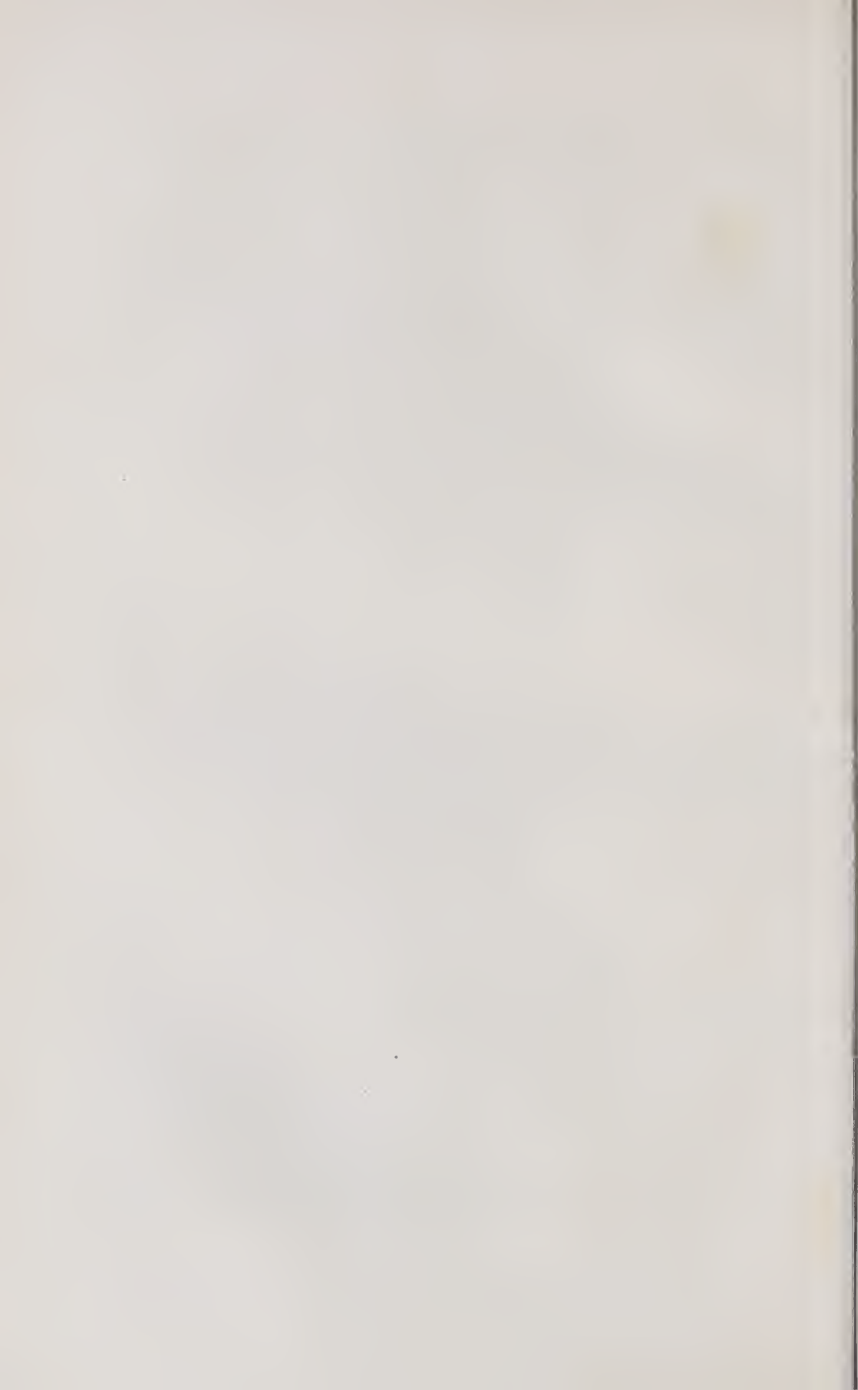
On the 12th we moved up as usual, starting at 6.30 A.M., the caravan preceding the boat and its consorts. Though proceeding only at the rate of a mile and a half per hour, we soon overhauled the struggling caravan, and passed the foremost of the pioneers. At 10 A.M. we met a native boy, called Bakula, of about fifteen years, floating down river on a piece of a canoc. He sprang aboard our boat with alacrity, and used his paddle properly. An hour later we rounded the lowest point of a lengthy curve, bristling with numerous large villages. The boy volunteer who had dropped to our aid from the unknown, called the lower village Bandangi, the next Ndumba, and the long row of the villages above, the houses of the Banalya tribe. But all were deserted. We halted at Bandangi for lunch, and at 2 P.M. resumed our journey.

An hour's pull brought us to the upper village, where we camped. Our river party on this day numbered forty men; but, as we landed, we were lost in the large and silent village. I had counted thirteen villages—one of these numbered 180 huts. Assuming that in this curve there were 1,300 huts, and allowing only four persons to each hut, we have a population of 5,200.

At 5.30 appeared the advance guard of the column, and presently a furious tempest visited us, with such violent accompaniments of thunder and lightning as might have been expected to be necessary to clear the atmosphere charged with the collected vapours of this humid region—through which the sun appeared daily as through a thick veil. Therefore the explosive force of the electric fluid was terrific. All about us, and at all points, it lightened and shattered with deafening explosions, and



THE RIVER COLUMN ASCENDING THE ARUWINKI RIVER: WITH 'ADVANCE' AND SIXTEEN CANOES.



blinding forks of flame, the thick, sluggish, vaporous clouds. Nothing less than excessive energy of concentrated electricity could have cleared the heavy atmosphere, and allowed the inhabitants of the land to see the colour of the sky, and to feel the cheering influence of the sun. For four hours we had to endure the dreadful bursts; while a steady stream of rain relieved the surcharged masses that had hung incumbent above us for days. While the river party and advance guard were housed in the upper village, the rear guard and No. 4 Company occupied Bandangi, at the town end of the *crescent*, and we heard them shooting minute guns to warn us of their presence; while we vainly, for economical reasons, replied with the tooting of long ivory horns.

Such a large population naturally owned extensive fields of manioc, plantations of bananas, and plantains, sugar-cane, gardens of herbs, and Indian corn; and as the heavy rain had saturated the ground, a halt was ordered.

By nine o'clock the rear guard was known to have arrived by Nelson's voice crying out for "chop and coffee"—our chop consisted of cassava cakes, a plantain or so roasted, and a mess of garden greens, with tea or coffee. Flesh of goat or fowl was simply unprocurable. Neither bird nor beast of any kind was to be obtained. Hitherto only two crocodiles and but one hippo had been discovered, but no elephant, buffalo, or antelope, or wild hog, though tracks were numerous. How could it be otherwise with the pioneers' shouts, cries, noise of cutting and crushing, and pounding of trees, the murmur of a large caravan? With the continuous gossip, story-telling, wrangling, laughing or wailing that were maintained during the march, it was simply impossible. Progress through the undergrowth was denied without a heavy knife, machette, or bill-hook to sever entangling creepers, and while an animal may have been only a few feet off on the other side of a bush, vain was the attempt to obtain view of it through impervious masses of vegetation.

In our boat I employed the halt for examining the islands near Bandangi. We discovered lengthy heaps of oyster-shells on one island, one of which was sixty feet long, ten feet wide, and four feet high; we can imagine the feasts of the bivalves that the aborigines enjoyed during their picnics, and the length of time that had elapsed since the first bivalve had been eaten. On my return I noticed through a bank-slip in the centre of the curve a stratum of oyster-shell buried three feet under alluvium.

Our native boy Bakula informed us that inland north live the Baburu, who were very different from the river tribes; that up river, a month's journey, would be found dwarfs about two feet high, with long beards; that he had once journeyed as far as Panga, where the river tumbled from a height as high as the tallest tree; that the Aruwimi was now called Lui by the people of the left bank, but that to the Baburu on the right bank it was known as the Luhali. Bakula was an exceptionally crafty lad, a pure cannibal, to whom a mess of human meat would have been delectable. He was a perfect mimic, and had by native cunning protected himself by conforming readily to what he divined would be pleasing to the strangers by whom he was surrounded. Had all the native tribes adopted this boy's policy our passage through these novel lands would have been as pleasant as could be desired. I have no doubt that they possessed all the arts of craft which we admired in Bakula, they had

simply not the courage to do what an accident had enabled him to carry out.

From Chief Bambi's town of the Banalya we moved to Bungangeta villages by river and land on the 15th. It was a stern and sombre morning, gloomy with lowering and heavy clouds. It struck me on this dull dreary morning, while regarding the silent flowing waters of the dark river and the long unbroken forest frontage, that Nature in this region seems to be waiting the long expected trumpet-call of civilization—that appointed time when she shall awake to her duties, as in other portions of the earth. I compared this waiting attitude to the stillness preceding the dawn, before the insect and animal life is astir to fret the air with its murmur, before the day has awakened the million minute passions of the wilds; at that hour when even Time seems to be drowsy and nodding, our inmost thoughts appear to be loud, and the heart throbs to be clamorous. But when the young day peeps forth white and grey in the East the eyelids of the world lift up. There is a movement and a hum of invisible life, and all the earth seems wakened from its brooding. But withal, the forest world remains restful, and Nature bides her day, and the river shows no life; unlike Rip Van Winkle, Nature, despite her immeasurably long ages of sleep, indicates no agedness, so old, incredibly old, she is still a virgin locked in innocent repose.

What expansive wastes of rich productive land lie in this region unheeded by man! Populous though the river banks are, they are but slightly disturbed by labour—a trifling grubbing of parts of the foreshore, a limited acreage for manioc, within a crater-like area in the bosom of the dark woods, and a narrow line of small cotes, wherein the savages huddle within their narrow circumference.

One of my amusements in the boat was to sketch the unknown course of the river—for as the aborigines disappeared like rats into their holes on one's approach I could gain no information respecting it. How far was it permissible for me to deviate from my course? By the river I could assist the ailing and relieve the strong. The goods could be transported and the feeble conveyed. Reserves of manioc and plantain could also be carried. But would a somewhat long curve, winding as high as some forty or fifty geographical miles north of our course, be compensated by these advantages of relief of the porters, and the abundance of provisions that are assuredly found on the banks? When I noted the number of the sick, and saw the jaded condition of the people, I felt that if the river ascended as far as 2° N., it was infinitely preferable to plunging into the centre of the forest.

The temperature of the air during the clouded morning was 75°, surface of the river 77°. What a relief it was to breathe the air of the river after a night spent in inhaling the close impure air in the forest by night!

On the 16th we possessed one boat and five canoes, carrying seventy-four men and 120 loads, so that with the weight of the boat sections, half of our men were relieved of loads, and carried nothing every alternate day. We passed by the mouth of a considerable affluent from the south-east, and camped a mile above it. The temperature rose to 94° in the afternoon, and as a consequence rain fell in torrents, preceded by the usual thunder roars and lightning flashes. Until 1 P.M. of the 17th the rain fell unceasingly. It would have been interesting to have ascertained the number of inches that fell during these nineteen hours' rain-pour.

Few of the people enjoyed any rest; there was a general wringing of blankets and clothes after it ceased, but it was some hours before they recovered their usual animation. The aborigines must have been also depressed, owing to our vicinity, though if they had known what wealth we possessed, they might have freely parted with their goats and fowls for our wares.

The column camped at 3 P.M. opposite the settlement of Lower Mariri. Besides their immensc wooden drums, which sounded the alarm to a ten-mile distance, the natives vociferated with unusual powers of lung, so that their cries could be heard a mile off. The absence of all other noises lends peculiar power to their voices.

The Somalis, who are such excellent and efficient servants in lands like the Masai, or dry regions like the Soudan, are perfectly useless in humid regions. Five of them declined to stay at Yambuya, and insisted on accompanying me. Since we had taken to the river I had employed them as boatmen, or rather did employ them when they were able to handle a paddle or a pole, but their physical powers soon collapsed, and they became mere passengers. On shore, without having undergone any exertion, they were so prostrated after a two hours' river voyage, that they were unable to rig shelter against rain and damp, and as they were thievish the Zanzibaris refused to permit them to approach their huts. The result was that we had the trouble each day to see that a share of food even was doled out to them, as they would have voluntarily starved rather than cut down the plantains above their heads.

From opposite Lower Mariri we journeyed to a spot ten miles below the Upper Mariri on the 18th. The canoes had only occupied 4 h. 15 m., but the land column did not appear at all.

On the 19th I employed the boat and canoe crews to cut a road to above a section of the rapids of Upper Mariri. This was accomplished in 2½ hours. We returned to camp in 45 minutes. Our pace going up was similar to that of the caravan, consequently an ordinary day's travel through the forest would be six miles. On returning to camp formed the column, and marched it to the end of our paths; the boat and canoes were punted up the rapids without accident, and in the afternoon the people foraged for food at a village a mile and a half above camp with happy results. On the 20th the advance column marched up and occupied the village.

About two hours after arrival some of the natives of Mariri came in a canoe and hailed us. We replied through Bakula, the native boy, and in a short time were able to purchase a couple of fowls, and during the afternoon were able to purchase three more. This was the first barter we had been able to effect on the Aruwimi. Mariri is a large settlement abounding in plantains, while at our village there were none. Two men, Charlie No. 1 and Musa bin Juma, disappeared on this day. Within twenty-three days we had not lost a man.

No casualty had as yet happened, and good fortune, which had hitherto clung to us, from this date began to desert us. We were under the impression that those men had been captured by natives, and their heedless conduct was the text of a sermon preached to the men next morning when they were mustered for the march. It was not until thirteen months later that we knew that they had deserted, that they had succeeded in reaching Yambuya, and had invented the most marvellous tales of

wars and disasters, which, when repeated by the officers at Yambuya in their letter to the Committee, created so much anxiety. Had I believed it had been possible that two messengers could have performed that march, we certainly had availed ourselves of the fact to have communicated authentic news and chart of the route to Major Barttelot, who in another month would be leaving his camp as we believed. From the village opposite Upper Mariri we proceeded to S. Mupé, a large settlement consisting of several villages, embowered in plantations. The chiefs of Mupé are Mbadu, Alimba, and Mangrudi.

On the 22nd Surgeon Parke was the officer of the day, and was unfortunate enough to miss the river, and strike through the forest in a wrong direction. He finally struck a track on which the scouts found a woman and a large-eyed, brown-coloured child. The woman showed the route to the river, and was afterwards released. Through her influence the natives of N. Mupé on the right bank were induced to trade with us, by which we were enabled to procure a dozen fowls and two eggs.

The bed of the river in this locality is an undisturbed rock of fine-grained and hard, brick-coloured sandstone. This is the reason that the little rapids, though frequent enough, present but little obstacles to navigation. The banks at several places rose to about forty feet above the river, and the rock is seen in horizontal strata in bluff form, in many instances like crumbling ruins of cut stone.

The sign of peace with these riverine natives appears to be the pouring of water on their heads with their hands. As new-comers approached our camp they cried out, "We suffer from famine, we have no food, but up river you will find plenty, Oh, 'monomopote'! (son of the sea)." "But we suffer from want of food, and have not the strength to proceed unless you give us some," we replied. Whereupon they threw us fat ears of Indian corn, plantains, and sugar-cane. This was preliminary to a trade, in doing which these apparently unsophisticated natives were as sharp and as exorbitant as any of the Wyyanzi on the Congo. The natives of Mupé are called Babé.

Trifles, such as empty sardine boxes, jam and milk cans, and cartridge cases, were easily barterable for sugar-cane, Indian corn, and tobacco. A cotton handkerchief would buy a fowl, goats were brought to our view, but not parted with. They are said to be the monopoly of chiefs. The natives showed no fixed desire for any speciality but cloth—gaudy red handkerchiefs. We saw some cowries among them, and in the bottom of a canoe we found a piece of an infantry officer's sword nine inches long. We should have been delighted to have heard the history of that sword, and the list of its owners since it left Birmingham. But we could not maintain any lengthy conversation with them, our ignorance of the language, and their excitability prevented us from doing more than observing and interchanging words relating to peace and food with them. We can accept the bit of sword blade as evidence that their neighbours in the interior have had some contact with the Soudanese.

Neither in manners, customs nor dress was there any very great difference between these natives and those belonging to the upper parts of the Upper Congo. Their head-dresses were of basket work decorated with red parrot feathers, monkey skin caps of grey or dark fur, with the tails drooping behind. The neck, arm, and ankle ornaments were of polished iron, rarely of copper, never of brass.

They make beautiful paddles, finely carved like a long pointed leaf. "Senneneh" was the peaceful hail as in Manyuema, Uregga and Usongora, above Stanley Falls. The complexion of these natives is more ochreous than black. When a body of them is seen on the opposite bank, there is little difference of colour between their bodies and the reddish clayey soil of the landing-place. Much of this is due to the Camwood powder, and with this mixed with oil they perform their toilet. But protection from sunshine considerably contributes to this light colour. The native boy, Bakula, for instance, was deprived of this universal cosmetic made of Camwood, and he was much lighter than the average of our Zanzibaris.

On the 24th, Mr. Jephson led the van of the column, and under his guidance we made the astonishing march of seven and a half geographical miles—the column having been compelled to wade through seventeen streams and creeks. During these days Jephson exhibited a marvellous vigour. He was in many things an exact duplicate of myself in my younger days, before years and hundreds of fevers had cooled my burning blood. He is exactly of my own height, build and weight and temperament. He is sanguine, confident, and loves hard work. He is simply indefatigable, and whether it is slushy mire or a muddy creek, in he enters, without hesitation, up to his knees, waist, neck or overhead, it is all the same. A sybarite, dainty and fastidious in civilization, a traveller and labourer in Africa, he requires to be restrained and counselled for his own sake. Now these young men, Stairs, Nelson, and Parke, are very much in the same way. Stairs is the military officer, alert, intelligent, who understands a hint, a curt intimation, grasps an idea firmly,



HEAD-DRESS—CROWN OF BRISTLES.



PADDLE OF THE UPPER ARUWIMI OR ITURI.

and realises it to perfection. Nelson is a centurion as of old Roman times, he can execute because it is the will of his chief; he does not stay to ask the reason why; he only understands it to be a necessity, and his great vigour, strength, resolution, plain, good sense is at my disposal, to act, suffer or die; and Parke, noble, gentle soul, so tender and devoted, so patient, so sweet in mood and brave in temper, always enduring and effusing comfort as he moves through our atmosphere of suffering and

pain. No four men ever entered Africa with such qualities as these. No leader ever had cause to bless his stars as I.

On this day Jephson had two adventures. In his usual free, impulsive manner, and with swinging gait he was directing the pioneers—crushing through the jungle, indifferent to his costume, when he suddenly sank out of sight into an elephant pit! We might have imagined a playful and sportive young elephant crashing through the bushes, rending and tearing young saplings, and suddenly disappearing from the view of his more staid mamma. Jephson had intelligence, however, and aid was at hand, and he was pulled out none the worse. It was a mere amusing incident to be detailed in camp and to provoke a laugh.

He rushed ahead of the pioneers to trace the course to be followed, and presently encountered a tall native, with a spear in his hand, face to face. Both were so astonished as to be paralysed, but Jephson's impulse was that of a Berserker. He flung himself, unarmed, upon the native, who, eluding his grasp, ran from him, as he would from a lion, headlong down a steep bank into a creek, Jephson following. But the clayey soil was damp and slippery, his foot slipped, and the gallant Captain of the *Advance* measured his length face downwards with his feet up the slope, and such was his impetus that he slid down to the edge of the creek. When he recovered himself it was to behold the denizen of the woods hurrying up the opposite bank and casting wild eyes at this sudden pale-faced apparition who had so disturbed him as he brooded over the prospect of finding game in his traps that day.

Our camp on this day was a favourite haunt of elephants from time immemorial. It was near a point round which the river raced with strong swirling currents. A long view of a broad silent river is seen upward, and one of a river disparted by a series of islands below.

On the 25th Captain Nelson led the column, Jephson was requested to assist me with the long narrow canoes laden with valuable goods, and to direct some of the unskilful "lubbers" who formed our crews. The boat led the way, anchored above the dangerous and swirly point, and cast the manilla rope to the canoe crew, who, hauling by this cord, drew the canoes to quiet water. Then rowing hard against the strong currents, at 11 A.M. we caught the head of the caravan gathered on the bank of a wide and dark sluggish creek, the Rendi, which lazily flowed out of dark depths of woods. By one o'clock the ferriage was completed, and the column resumed its march, while we, on the river, betook ourselves to further struggles with the dangerous waves and reefs of what is now called Wasp Rapids, from the following incident.

These rapids extended for a stretch of two miles. Above them were the villages which became the scene of a tragic strife, as will be learned later in a subsequent chapter, and these settlements were the dear objects of our aims in order to obtain shelter and food.

Our first efforts against the rapids were successful. The current was swift and dangerous, breaking out into great waves now and then. For the first half-hour we were successful. Then began a struggle, rowing on one side hard and the starboard side crew grasping at overhanging bushes, two men poling, two men on the decked bow, with boat-hooks outstretched with their fangs ready to snatch at saplings for firm hold. I steered. We advanced slowly but steadily, a narrow rushing branch between rocky islets, and the bank was before us which raced over a reef, showing itself

in yard-square dots of rock above the waves. We elected to ascend this, as in view of a capsizing there was less fear of drowning. With noble spirits braaced for an exciting encounter, we entered it. Eager hands were held out to catch at the branches, but at the first clutch there issued at this critical moment an army of fierce spiteful wasps and settled on our faces, hands, and bodies, every vulnerable spot, and stung us with the venom of fiends. Maddened and infuriated by the burning stings, battling with this vicious enemy, beset by reefs, and rocks, and dangerous waves, and whirling vortexes, we tore on with tooth and nail, and in a few minutes were a hundred yards above the awful spot. Then, clinging to the trees, we halted to breathe and sympathise with each other, and exchange views and opinions on the various stings of insects, bees, hornets, and wasps.



WASPS' NESTS, ETC.

One asked my servant with a grim smile, "Did you say the other day that you believed there was much honey in these brown paper nests of the wasps? Well, what do you think of the honey now? Don't you think it is rather a bitter sort?" This raised a general laugh. We recovered our good temper, and resumed our work, and in an hour reached the village which the land party had occupied. The canoes' crews, who followed us, seeing the battle with the wasps, fled across the river, and ascended by the right bank. But the Somalis and Soudanese, more trustful in Allah, bravely followed our track, and were dreadfully stung; still, they were consoled by being able to exult over the Zanzibaris, the leader of which was Uledi, of the "Dark Continent."

"Oh," I remarked to Uledi, "it is not a brave thing you have done this day—to fly away from wasps."

"Oh, sir," he replied, "naked manhood is nowhere in such a scrape as that. Wasps are more dangerous than the most savage men."

The native settlement on the left bank is called Bandeya; the one facing opposite consists of the villages of the Bwamburi. North of the Bwamburi, a day's march, begin the tribes of the Ababua and the Mabodé, who have a different kind of architecture from the steeply conical huts prevailing among the riverine tribes. The Mabodé are said to possess square houses with gable roofs, the walls are neatly plastered, and along the fronts are clay verandahs.

On the 26th we halted to rest and recuperate. Those of us who were attacked by the wasps suffered from a fever; the coxswain of the boat was in great distress. The following day the chief of the Bwamburi came over to pay us a visit, and brought us as a gift a month-old chick, which was declined on the ground that we should feel we were robbing him were we to accept such a gift from a professedly poor man. His ornaments consisted of two small ivory tusks planed flat and polished, which hung suspended from a string made of grass encircling his neck. His head-dress was a long-haired monkey skin. We exchanged professions of amity and brotherhood, and commenced the march, and camped opposite Mukupi, a settlement possessing eight villages, on the 28th.

Two sturdy prisoners imparted to us strange information of a large lake called "No-uma," as being situate somewhere in the neighbourhood of a place called Panga. It was said to be many days' journey in extent. In the centre was a large island, so infested with serpents that natives dreaded to go near it; that from it flowed the Nepoko into the Nowellé, the name now given to the Aruwimi. After several days' march we discovered that the lake story was a myth, and that the Nepoko did not flow from the left bank of the Aruwimi.

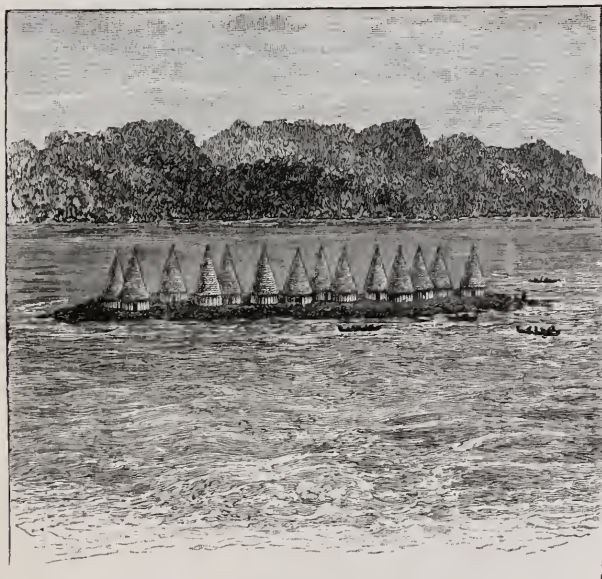
Our camp on the 29th was opposite My-yui, a series of villages embowered amongst banana groves on the right bank. It was not long before we struck an acquaintance with this tribe. We quickly recognized a disposition on the part of the aborigines to be sociable. A good report of our doings had preceded us. Trade commenced very pleasantly. Our people had cowries, beads, and brass rods, besides strange trifles to exchange for food. When the land column arrived prices advanced somewhat, owing to the greater demand. It was reported that there were no settlements between our camp opposite My-yui and Panga; that we should be nine days performing the journey through the forest.

The next morning the bartering was resumed, because we wished to prepare provisions for several days; new ration currency had already been distributed to each man. But we were astonished to find that only three ears of Indian corn were given on this day for a brass rod twenty-eight inches in length, of the thickness of telegraph wire. At Bangala such a brass rod would have purchased five days' provisions per man in my days, and here was a settlement in the wilds where we could only obtain three ears of corn! For one fowl four brass rods were demanded. Cowries were not accepted; beads they declined. The men were ravenously hungry; there were nine days' wilderness ahead. Wasp Rapids was the nearest place below. We expostulated, but they were firm. The men then began to sell their cartridge-pouches for two plantains each. They were detected selling their ammunition at the rate of one cartridge for an ear of corn; a tin canteen purchased two. Bill-hooks and axes went next,

and ruin stared us in the face. The natives were driven away; one of Mugweye's (the chief's) principal slaves was lifted out of his canoe by a gigantic Zanzibari, and word was sent to the natives that if there were no fair sales of food made as on the first day, that the prisoner would be taken away, and that we should cross over and help ourselves.

Having waited all the afternoon for the reappearance of food, we embarked at dawn on the 31st with two full companies, entered My-yui, and despatched the foragers. By 3 P.M. there was food enough in the camp for ten days.

In the afternoon of the 1st of August, the advance column was encamped opposite Mambanga. The river party met with an accident. Careless Soudanese were capsized, and one of the Zanzibari steersmen, disobeying



FORT ISLAND, NEAR PANGA FALLS.

orders, shoved his canoc under the branchy trees which spread out from the bank to the distance of fifty feet; and by the swift current was driven against a submerged branch, and capsized, causing a loss of valuable property—some of them being fine beads, worth four shillings a necklace. Six rifles were also lost.

The first death in the Advance Column occurred on the 2nd of August, the 36th day of departure from Yambuya, which was a most extraordinary immunity considering the hardship and privations to which we were all subjected. Could we have discovered a settlement of bananas on the other bank, we should certainly have halted to recuperate for many days. A halt at this period of four or five days at a thriving settlement, would have been of vast benefit to all of us, but such a settlement had not been

found, and it was necessary for us to march and press on until we could discover one.

We traversed a large village that had been abandoned for probably six months before we reached it, and as it was the hour of camping, we prepared to make ourselves comfortable for the evening. But as the tents were being pitched, my attention was called to the cries made by excited groups, and hastening to the scene, heard that there was a dead body almost covered with mildew in a hut. Presently the discovery of another was announced and then another. This sufficed to cause us to hastily pack up again and depart from the dead men's village, lest we might contract the strange disease that had caused the abandonment of the village.

One of our poor donkeys, unable to find fitting sustenance in the region of trees and jungle, lay down and died. Another appeared weak and pining for grass, which the endless forest did not produce.

Opposite our camp on this day was the mouth of the Ngula River, an



PANGA FALLS.

affluent on the north side. Within the river it appeared to be of a width of fifty yards.

On the 3rd two hills became visible, one bearing E.S.E., the other S.E. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E., as we moved up the river. We camped at the point of a curve in the centre of which were two islands. Paying a visit to one of them we found two goats, at which we were so rejoiced, that long before evening one was slaughtered for the officers, and another to make broth for the sick. A flock of a hundred would have saved many a life that was rapidly fading away.

The next day we arrived at Panga or the Nepanga Falls, about which we had heard so much from Bakula, the native boy.

The falls are fully thirty feet high, though at first view they appear to be double that height, by the great slope visible above the actual fall. They extend over a mile in length from the foot of the falls, to above the portage. They are the first serious obstacles to navigation we had encountered. They descend by four separate branches, the largest of

which is 200 yards wide. They run by islets of gneissic rock, and afford cover to the natives of Panga, who when undisturbed, live upon a large island called Nepanga, one mile long and 300 yards wide, situated 600 yards below the Falls. This island contains three villages, numbering some 250 huts of the conical type. There are several settlements inland on both banks. The staple food consists of plantains, though there are also fields of manioc.

An unfortunate Zanzibari, as though he had vowed to himself to contribute largely to our ruin, capsized his canoe as he approached Nepanga, by which we lost two boxes of Maxim ammunition, five boxes of cowries, three of white beads, one of fancy beads, one box fine copper wire, cartridge pouches and seven rifles.

All things are savage in this region. No sooner had a solitary hippo sighted us than he gave chase, and nearly caught us. He was punished severely, and probably received his death-wound. The fowls of Nepanga declined to be caught on the island of Nepanga, but evaded the foragers by flight into the jungle; the goats were restless, and combative, and very wild. Altogether we captured twelve, which gave us some hopes of being able to save some of our sick people. A few fish were obtained in the weirs and basket-nets.

The results of 3 days' foraging on islands, right and left banks, were 250 lbs. of Indian corn, 18 goats, and as many fowls, besides a few branches of plantains, among 383 people. A number of villages and settlements were searched, but the natives do not appear to possess a sufficiency of food. They were said to be at war with a tribe called the Engweddé, and instead of cultivating live on banana stalks, mushrooms, roots, herbs, fish, and snails and caterpillars, varying this extraordinary diet by feeding on slain humanity. In such a region there were no inducements to stay, and we accordingly commenced the business of portage. Stairs' Company was detailed for clearing the canoe track, and to strew it with branches placed athwart the road. No. 3 and 4 Companies hauled the canoes, and No. 1 Company carried the whale-boat bodily overland to the sound of wild music and song, and by the end of the 6th, after a busy day, we were encamped above the great Falls of Panga.

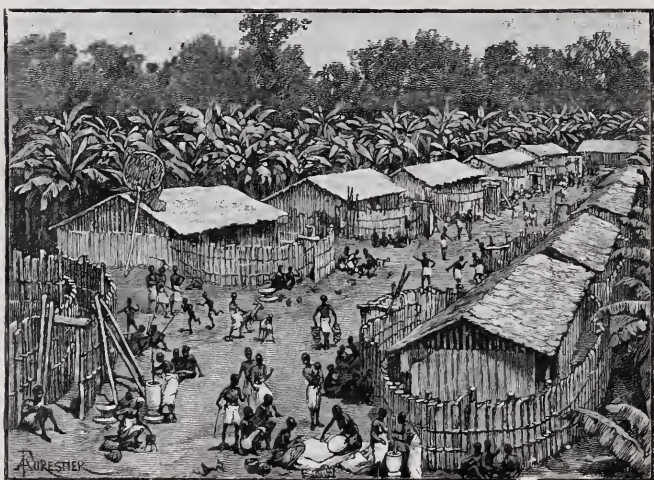
CHAPTER VIII.

FROM PANGA FALLS TO UGARROWWA'S.

IN full view of this last camp there was an island in mid-river distant about two miles, that resembled a water battery, and a village lying low, apparently level with the face of the river. On exploring it on the 7th—by no means an easy task, so strong was the current sweeping down the smooth dangerous slope of river towards Panga—it appeared to have been originally a flat rocky mass of rock a few inches above high river, with inequalities on its surface which had been filled in with earth carried from the left bank. It measured 200 feet in length by about ninety feet in width, to which a piscatorial section of a tribe had retreated and built 60 cone huts, and boarded it round about with planks cut out of a light wood

out of the forest and wrecked canoes. At this period the river was but six inches below the lowest surface of the island.

Another serious accident occurred on this day during the journey from above Panga Falls to Nejambi Rapids. A witless, unthinking canoe coxswain took his canoe among the branches in broken water, got entangled, and capsized. Nine out of eleven rifles were recovered; two cases of gunpowder were lost. The Zanzibaris were so heedless and lubberly among rapids that I felt myself growing rapidly aged with intense anxiety while observing them. How headstrong human nature is prone to be, I had ample proofs daily. My losses, troubles, and anxieties rose solely from the reckless indifference to instructions manifested by my followers. On land they wandered into the forest, and simply disappeared, or were stabbed or pierced with arrows. So far we had lost eight men and seventeen rifles.



VIEW OF UTIRI VILLAGE.

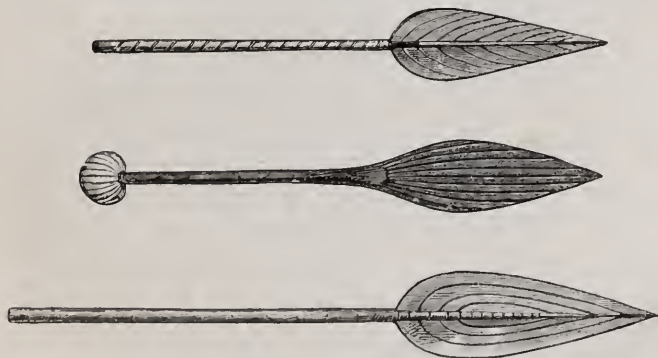
On the 8th the caravan had hauled the canoes past Nejambi Rapids, and was camped a few miles below Utiri. The next day we reached the villages, where we found the architecture had changed. The houses were now all gable-roofed and low, and each one surrounded by strong, tall, split log palisades, six feet long, nine inches by four inches wide and thick, of the rubiacæ wood. Constructed in two lines, a street about twenty feet ran between them. As I observed them I was impressed with the fact that they were extremely defensible even against rifles. A dozen resolute men in each court of one of these villages armed with poisoned arrows might have caused considerable loss and annoyance to an enemy.

On the 10th we halted, and foragers were despatched in three different directions with poor results, only two days' rations being procurable. One man, named Khalfan, had been wounded in the windpipe by a wooden arrow. The manner he received the wound indicates the perfect

indifference with which they receive instructions. While Khalfan examined the plantains above, a native stood not twenty feet away and shot him in the throat with a poisoned arrow. The arrow wound was a mere needle-point puncture, and Dr. Parke attended to him with care, but it had a fatal consequence a few days later.

The 11th was consumed by the river party in struggling against a wild stretch, five miles long, of rapids, caused by numerous reefs and rocky islets, while the land column wound along the river bank on a passable track which led them to Engweddé, where we rejoined them on the 12th. Our day's rate having been broken by the rapids, foragers were again despatched to collect food, and succeeded in procuring three days' rations of plantains. On the 13th we marched to Avisibba, or Aveysheba, a settlement of five large villages, two of which were situate on the upper side of Ruku Creek.

The river column was the first to occupy the villages above the Ruku. A fine open street ran between two rows of low huts, each hut surrounded



LEAF-BLADED PADDLE OF AVISIBBA.

by its tall palisades. There was a promising abundance in the plantain groves about. The untouched forest beyond looked tall, thick, and old. From the mouth of the creek to the extremity of the villages there was a hundred yards' thickness of primeval forest, through which a native path ran. Between the village and the Aruwimi was a belt of timber fifty yards wide. While the ferriage was progressing across the creek, the boat-crew was searching eagerly and carefully among the scores of courts for hidden savages, and with rifles projecting before them were burrowing into the plantain groves, and outside the villages.

When the column was across I had a murder case to inquire into. For on the 12th, at Engweddé, one of our Zanzibaris had been killed with a rifle bullet outside of camp, and it was supposed that some vengeful ruffian in the column had shot him. Meantime, I had suggested to two headmen to take forty scouts and re-cross the creek, to explore if there were any opportunities for foraging on the next day to the south-west of the creek. My little court had just sat down for the inquiry, and a witness was relating his evidenece, when the rifles were heard firing with

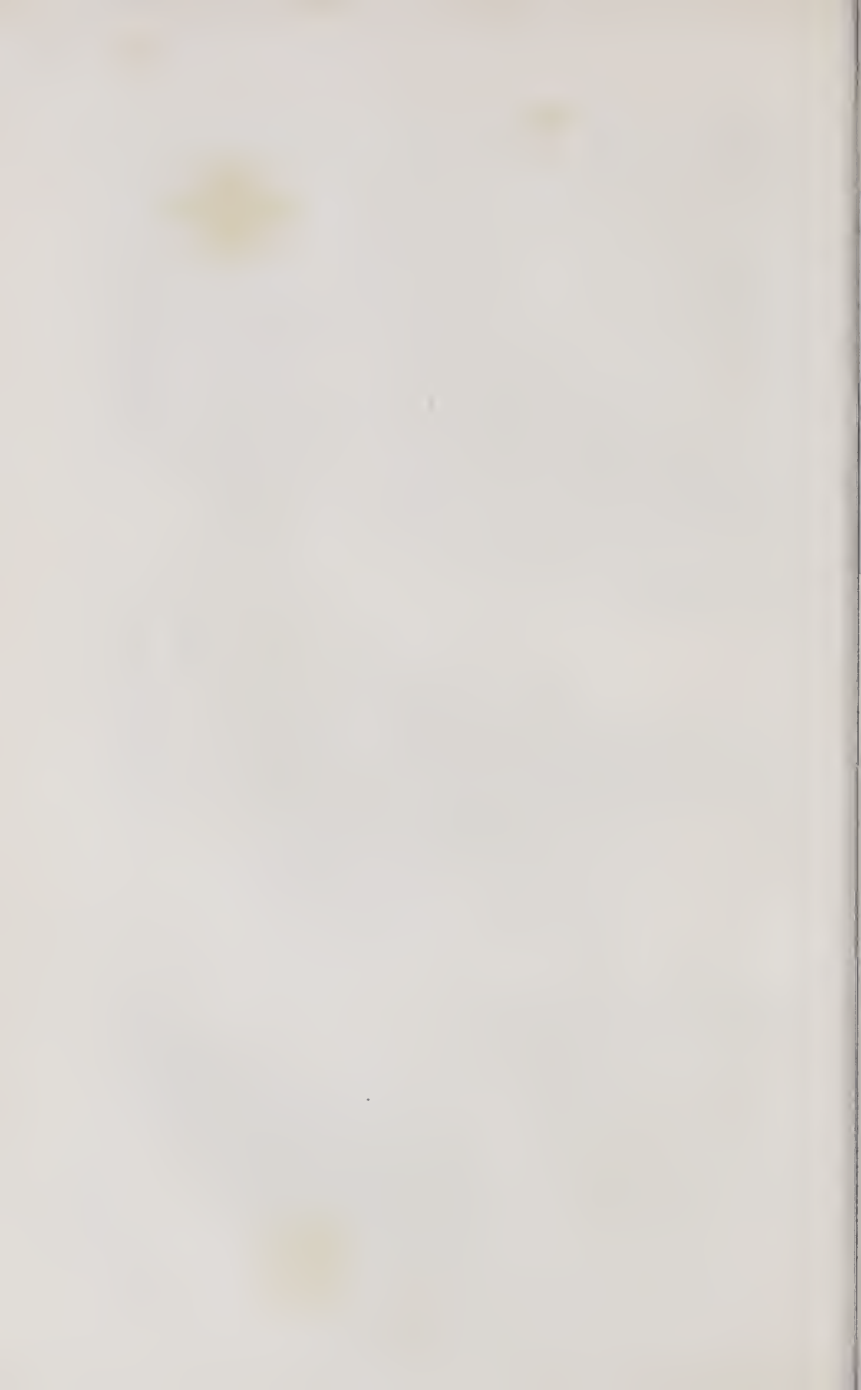
unusual energy. Lieutenant Stairs mustered some fifty men, and proceeded on the double-quick to the river. Under the impression that ninety breech-loaders were quite sufficient we resumed the investigation, but as volley after volley rang out, with continued cracking of scouts' rifles, the Doctor, Nelson, and myself hastened to the scene with a few more men. The first person I saw was Lieutenant Stairs, with his shirt torn open, and blood streaming from an arrow-wound in the left breast, about the region of the heart, and I heard a pattering on the leaves around me, and caught a glimpse of arrows flying past. After consigning our poor friend to Parke's care I sought for information. There were numbers of men crouching about, and firing in the most senseless fashion at some suspicious bushes across the creek. There were certainly obstinate savages hidden behind them, but I failed to get a glimpse of one. The creek I soon found lay between us. I was told that as the boat was crossing the creek a body of natives had suddenly issued on the other side and shot their arrows into them; that surprised by the discharge they had crouched in the bottom of the boat to escape the arrows, and had paddled the boat back to the landing-place with their hands. They had then picked up their rifles and blazed away at them. Simultaneously Lieutenant Stairs had rushed in among them and fired at the enemy, who were of a bolder kind than any they had yet met. In a short time he had received an arrow in the breast, which he had torn off while retreating, and five other men had been punctured. Almost as soon as I had finished receiving these particulars, I saw for the first time a dark shadow creep along the ground between two bushes, and fired into the centre of it, and a curiously weird wail responded to it. Two minutes later the arrows had ceased their patter among the leaves. Having posted a strong guard of the best shots along the bank to observe any movement on the opposite bank of the creek, the rest of the people were withdrawn.

In the evening some scouts that had searched in the woods inland returned with a flock of seven goats. They had discovered the crossing-place, and had suddenly opened fire on a small column going either to the assistance of the enemy or coming from their direction.

On the 14th, at dawn, pushed over the creek two companies to hunt up the enemy that had done us such damage; a company was also sent, under Captain Nelson, to the forest inland. In a few minutes we heard a volley, and a second, and then incessant rifle fire, showing that the enemy were of a resolute character. There were some crack shots in No. 1 Company, but it was scarcely possible to do much damage in a thick bush against a crafty enemy, who knew that they possessed most dangerous weapons, and who were ignorant of the deadly force of the pellets that searched the bushes. About 300 rounds had been fired, and silence followed. Four only of these had been fatal, and our party received four wounds from arrows smeared over freshly with a copal-coloured substance. One dead body was brought to me for examination. The head had a crop of long hair banded by a kind of coronet of iron; the neck had a string of iron drops, with a few monkey teeth among them. The teeth were filed into points. The distinguishing mark of the body appears to form double rows of tiny cicatrices across the chest and abdomen. The body was uncircumcised. Another dead body brought to the landing-place had a necklace of human teeth, and a coronet of shining plated iron, and the forehead and several wristlets of the same metal, polished; on the left



THE FIGHT WITH THE AVISIBA CANNIBALS.



arm was the thick pad of silk cotton covered with goat skin, to protect the arm from the bow-string.

After the natives had been chased away on all sides from the vicinity, the people commenced to forage, and succeeded in bringing to Avisibba during the day sufficient plantains to give eighty per man—four days' rations.

Lieutenant Stairs' wound was one-fifth of an inch in diameter, an inch and a quarter below the heart, and the pointed head of the arrow had penetrated an inch and a half deep. The other men were wounded in the wrists, arms, and one in the fleshy part of the back. At this period we did not know what this strange copal-coloured substance was with which the points had been smeared, nor did we know what were its peculiar effects when dry or wet; all that the Doctor could do at this time was to inject water in the wounds and cleanse them. The "old hands" of the Zanzibaris affirmed it was poison extracted from the India-rubber (*Landolphia*) by boiling; that the scum after sufficient boiling formed the poison. A native declared that it was made of a species of arum, which, after being bruised, was boiled; that the water was then poured out into another pot, and boiled again until it had left a strong solution, which was mixed with fat, and this was the substance on the arrows. The odour was acrid, with a suspicion of asafetida. The men proved its deadly properties by remarking that elephants and all big game were killed by it. All these stories caused us to be very anxious, but our ignorance was excessive, I admit. We could only look on with wonder at the small punctures on the arms, and express our opinion that such small wounds could not be deadly, and hope, for the sake of our friend Stairs and our nine wounded men, that all this was mere exaggeration.

The arrows were very slender, made of a dark wood, twenty-four inches long, points hardened by slow baking in the warm atmosphere above the hut fires; at the butt end was a slit, in which a leaf was introduced to guide the flight; the sharp points were as sharp as needles, and half an inch from the point began a curving line of notches for about two inches. The arrow heads were then placed in the prepared and viscid substance, with which they were smeared; large leaves were then rolled round a sheaf before they were placed in the quiver. Another substance was pitch-black in colour, and appeared more like Stockholm tar when fresh, but had a very disagreeable smell. In a quiver there would be nearly a hundred arrows. When we observed the care taken of these arrows, rolled up in green leaves as they were, our anxiety for our people was not lessened.

The bow is of stubborn hard brown wood, about three feet long; the



A HEAD-DRESS OF AVISIBBA
WARRIORS.

string a broad strip of rattan carefully polished. To experiment with their power I drove one of the wooden arrows, at six feet distance, through two sides of an empty biscuit tin. At 200 yards' distance was a tall tree. I drove an arrow, with full force, over the top of the highest branch and beyond the tree. It dawned on us all then that these wooden arrows were not the contemptible things we had imagined. At a short distance we judged, from what we saw, that the stiff spring of this little bow was sufficient to drive one of these slender arrows clean through a human body. At 120 paces I have been able to miss a bird within an inch with one of them.

At noon on the 15th of August the land column filed out of the palisaded villages of Avisibba led by Mr. Jephson, the officer of the day. As a captive had informed us that there were three cataracts ahead not far off, I instructed Mr. Jephson that he must follow the river and halt at



CORONETED AVISIBBA WARRIOR— HEAD-DRESS.

the first convenient spot about 2.30 P.M.; that I would halt the river column, now consisting of the boat and fourteen canoes, until the rear guard under Captain Nelson had quite left the settlement; but as the canoes would proceed faster than the land caravan, I would probably overtake him, and camp at the first fit place I could find after an hour's row, in which event he would proceed until he found us. The instructions were also repeated to the leading men of the pioneers.

I ought to have stated that our start at noon was occasioned by the delay caused by the discovery at the morning muster that five men were absent. They ultimately turned up at 10 o'clock; but this perpetual straying away without leave was most exasperating, and had drawn a lecture from me, though this was not uncommon in those stupid early days of training.

The Zanzibaris persisted in exhibiting an indifference to danger absolutely startling, not from bravery, or from ignorance of fear, but from an



WOODEN ARROWS OF THE AVISIBBA.

(From a Photograph.)

utter incapacity to remember that danger existed, and from a stupid unconsciousness as to how it affected them. Animals are indebted to instinct as a constant monitor against danger, but these men appeared to possess neither instinct nor reason, neither perception nor memory. Their heads were uncommonly empty. The most urgent entreaties to beware of hidden foes, and the most dreadful threats of punishment, failed to impress on their minds the necessity they were under of being prudent, wary, and alert to avoid the skewers in the path, the lurking cannibal behind the plantain stalk, the cunning foe lying under a log, or behind a buttress, and the sunken pit, with its pointed pales at the bottom. When the danger fronted them it found them all unprepared. A sudden shower of arrows sent them howling abjectly out of reach or under shelter; and if the arrows were only followed by a resolute advance, resistance, by reason of excess of terror, would be impossible. An unexpected show of dauntlessness in a native compelled from them a ready recognition of his courage. On the road they sneaked into the woods to avoid the rear guard, but flew screaming with terror if a prowling savage suddenly rose before them with uplifted spear. They roved far singly or by twos amongst the villages, as looting was dear to their hearts; but should they meet the wild owners of them they were more apt to throw the deadly rifle down on the ground than to use it. They strayed through the plantain grove with magnificent unconcern, but if they heard the whiz of an arrow they collapsed nervelessly and submitted to their fate. With an astounding confidence they scattered along the road, and stretched the line of the column to 3 miles in length, but at sight of natives all sense was lost save that of cowardly fear. Out of 370 men at this time in the camp there were clearly 250 of this description, to whom rifles were of no use save as a clumsy, weighty club, which they would part with for a few ears of corn, or would willingly exchange for a light walking staff if they dared.

The day previous the Zanzibari head men, urged by their friends, had appeared before me in a body, and demanded to be despatched to forage without any officers, as the officers, they said, bored them with their perpetual orders of "Fall in, fall in." "Why," said they, "who can gather bananas if they are continually watched and told to 'Fall in, fall in'?"

"Very true," said I, "the thing is impossible. Let me see what you can do by yourselves. The banana plantations are but a quarter of an hour's distance. I shall expect you all back within an hour."

After such an exposition of character as the above it will not be wondered, that, each man having cleared from my presence, forgot all his promises, and wandered according to his wont. A flock of sheep or a herd of swine could not have gone farther astray. After fourteen hours' absence the 200 foragers had returned save five. These five had departed no one knew where until 10 A.M. of this day.

Ah, those early days! Worse were to come, and then, having become purified by suffering, and taught by awful experience, they became Romans!

But to return to Jephson. We pulled up stream—after seeing that every one was clear of the settlement of Avisibba—at the rate of a knot and a half an hour, and at 2.45, having discovered a convenient camp, halted for the night. We waited in vain for Mr. Jephson, and the column

fired signal guns, rowed out into the stream, and with a glass searched the shore up and down, but there was no sign of camp fire, or smoke above the woods, which generally covered the forest as with a fog in still weather, no sound of rifle-shot, blare of trumpet, or human voice. The caravan, we thought, must have found a fine track, and proceeded to the cataracts ahead.

On the 16th the river column pulled hard up stream, passed Mabengu villages, came up to a deep but narrow creek flowing from the south bank into the Nevva, as the Aruwini was now called, looked anxiously up stream, and an hour later we had reached the foot of Mabengu Rapids. On the right bank, opposite to where we selected a camping-place, was a large settlement—that of Itiri. Then, having as yet met no traces of the absent column, I sent boat's crew up the creek to search for traces of fording. After ascending several miles up the creek, the boat's crew returned unsuccessful; then I despatched it back again to within half-an-hour's distance of Avisibba, and at midnight the boat returned to announce their failure to find any traces of the missing.

On the 17th the boat's crew, with "Three o'Clock," the hunter (Saat Tato), and six scouts, were sent to our camping-place of the 15th, with orders for the hunter and his six scouts to follow the path observed there—inland—until they had struck the trail of the column, then to follow the trail and overtake them, and return with them to the river. On the boat's return, the coxswain informed me that they had seen the trail about 7 miles (3 hours' march). I concluded that Mr. Jephson had led his column south, instead of E. by N. and E.N.E., according to course of river, and that Saat Tato would overtake them, and return next day.

Our condition at the river camp was this. We had thirty-nine canoe-men and boatmen, twenty-eight sick people, three Europeans, and three boys, and one of the Europeans (Lieutenant Stairs) was suffering from a dangerous wound, and required the constant care of the surgeon. One man had died of dysentery at Avisibba. We had a dying idiot in camp, who had become idiotic some days before. We had twenty-nine suffering from pleurisy, dysentery, incurable debility, and eight suffering from wounds. One called Khalfan was half strangled with the wound in his windpipe; another called Saadi, wounded in the arm, appeared dangerously ill, his arm was swollen, and gave him great pain. Out of the thirty-nine available I had despatched three separate parties in different directions to scout for news of the missing column, lest it was striking across some great bend to reach the river a long distance higher up, while we, unable to stir, were on the other side of the curve. Across the river the people of Itiri, perceiving we were so quiet on our side of the river, seemed to be meditating an attack, and only two miles below on our bank was the large settlement of Mabengu, from whose inhabitants we might hear at any moment, while our little force of thirty-nine men, scattered in various directions, were searching for the missing 300. But the poet said that it became

"No man to nurse despair:
But in the teeth of clenched antagonisms
To follow the worthiest till he die."

I quote from my diary of August 18th.

The idiot fell asleep last night. His troubles are over, and we have buried him.

I wonder if Tennyson were here, who wrote such noble lines, what he would think of our state? A few days ago I was chief of 370 men, rich in goods, munitions of war, medicines, and contented with such poor comforts as we had, and to-day I have actually only eighteen men left fit for a day's march, the rest have vanished. I should be glad to know where.

If 389 picked men, such as we were when we left Yambuya, are unable to reach Lake Albert, how can Major Barttelot with 250 men make his way through this endless forest? We have travelled, on an average, 8 hours per day for forty-four days since leaving Yambuya. At two miles per hour we ought, by this date, to have arrived on the Lake shore, but, instead of being there, we have accomplished just a third of the distance. The poet says we must not "nurse despair," for to do that is to lie down and die, to make no effort, and abandon hope.

Our wounded take considerable time to heal. The swelling is increasing, the wounds are most painful, not one has yet proved fatal, but they are all quite incapacitated from duty.

The fifth rain of this month began at 8 A.M. Had we not enough afflictions without this perpetual rain? One is almost tempted to think that the end is approaching. The very "flood-gates of heaven" seem opened, and nature is dissolving. Such a body of rain is falling that the view of all above is obscured by the amazing fall of rain-drops. Think of the countless numbers of leaves in this forest, and that every leaf drops ten to twenty times per minute, and that from the soaking ground rises a grey cloud of minute rain in vapour, and that the air is full of floating globules of water and flying shreds of leaves! And add to all this the intense fall of rain as the blast comes bearing down the top, and whips drowning showers on us, and sways the countless branches, and rushes wailing through the glades with such force, as though it would wrench the groaning trees out of the earth. The moaning and groaning of the forest is far from comforting, and the crashing and fall of mighty trees is far from assuring, but it is a positive terror when the thunder rumbles above, and its sounds reverberate through the aisles and crooked corridors of the forest, and the blazing lightning darts spitefully hither and thither its forked tongues and sheets of flame, and explodes over our heads with overwhelming and deafening shocks. It would be a vast relief for our sick and wounded to be free of such sounds. An European battle has no such variety. And throughout the day this has continued unceasingly. It is now about the tenth hour of the day. It is scarcely possible daylight will ever appear again, at least so I judge from the human faces steeped in misery. Their owners appear stupefied by terror, woe, sickness, loss of friends, hunger, rain and thunder, and general wretchedness. They may be seen crouching under plantain-leaf sheds, native shields, cotton shelters, straw mats, earthen and copper pots above their heads, even saddles, tent canvas covers, blankets, each body wreathed in blue vapour, self-absorbed with speechless anguish. The poor asses with their ears drawn back, inverted eyes and curving backs, captive fowls with drooping crests represent abject discomfort. Alas! the glory of this earth is quite extinguished. When she finally recovered her beauty, and her children assumed their proud bearing, and the growing lakes and increasing rivers were dried up, and how out of chaos the sun rose to comfort the world again, I know not. My own feeling of misery had so exhausted me that a long sleep wrapped me in merciful oblivion.

August 19th.—Still without news of land caravan. The scouts have returned without having seen any traces of the missing. Two of the wounded men are doing very badly. Their sufferings appear to be terrible.

August 20th.—Still without news of caravan. Young Saadi, wounded by a poisoned arrow on the morning of the 14th, is attacked with tetanus, and is in a very dangerous condition. Wherefore I take it to be a vegetable poison. Khalfan's neck and spine have become rigid. I have given both morphine by injection, but the doses though double, that is in half-grains, do not appear to ease the sufferers much. Stairs is just the same as yesterday, neither worse nor better. The wound is painful, still he has appetite, and enjoys sleep. I fear the effect on him of knowing what the other patients are undergoing.

It is strange that out of 300 people and 3 officers, not one has sense enough to know that he has lost the road, and that the best way of recovering it would be to retrace their steps to Avisibba and try again.

August 21st.—Poor Khalfan, wounded in the windpipe on the 10th inst., and the young fellow Saadi, hurt on the morning of the 14th, died in the night, after intolerable agonies—the former at 4 A.M., the latter about midnight. Khalfan's wound was caused by a poisoned arrow; but the poison must have been laid on the arrow some days before it was used. He had been daily getting weaker from abstinence from food, because of pain. The wound did not seem dangerous; it had closed up, externally, and there were no signs of inflammation; but the poor fellow complained he could not swallow. He had subsisted on liquid food made of plantain-flour gruel. On the 8th day his neck became rigid and contracted; he could not articulate, but murmur; the head was inclined forward, the abdomen was shrunk, and on his face lines of pain and anxiety became fixed. Yesterday he had some slight spasms. I gave two injections of half a grain hypodermically, which relieved him for an hour, but, not much accustomed to treat patients with morphia, I feared giving larger doses. Saadi was punctured on the right forearm, midway between wrist and elbow—a mere wound, such as a coarse stocking-needle would have made. The wound was sucked by a comrade; it was syringed with warm water and dressed, but on the morning of the fourth day he was attacked with tetanus of so severe a kind that his case was hopeless from our sheer inability to relieve him from the frightful spasms. Morphia injections rendered him slightly somnolent; but the spasms continued, and Saadi died on the 11th hour after receiving the wound. I am inclined to think that the arrow was smeared for the fight of the 14th the night previous.

A third man died of dysentery before noon, making the fourth death in this camp.

At 5 P.M. the caravan arrived. Its sufferings have been great from mental distress. There have been three deaths also in the land column. Maruf, punctured in shoulder, died of tetanus on the night of the 19th, 24 hours earlier than Saadi. This may have been due to the travel accelerating the action of the poison. One man named Ali was shot by an iron-barbed arrow, and died of internal hæmorrhage, the arrow having pierced the liver. Another succumbed to dysentery immediately after the heavy rain which had afflicted us on the 18th; thus we have had seven fatal cases since the 14th. We have several others, in whom life is

flickering. The column brought in two others wounded by arrows. The wounds are much inflamed, and exude a gangrenous matter.

Lieut. Stairs still seems hearty, and appears as though he was recovering, despite the influence these many deaths might have on his nerves. The surgeon having appeared, I felt an intense relief. I hate to see pain, and take no delight in sick men's groans. I feel pleasure in ministering to their needs only when conscious I can cure.

We have now about 373 in camp, but 60 of them appear fitter for a hospital than to continue our wandering life; but in this savage region not even rest and food can be secured for the weary souls.

A few more days of this disheartening work, attending on the sick, looking at the agonies of men dying from lockjaw, listening to their muffled screams, observing general distress and despondency, from hunger, and the sad anxiety caused by the unaccountable absence of their brothers and comrades, with the loss of 300 men impending over me, must have exercised a malign influence over myself. I am conscious of the insidious advance of despair towards me. Our food has been bananas or plantains, boiled or fried, our other provisions being reserved for perhaps an extreme occasion which may present itself in the near future. The dearest passion of my life has been, I think, to succeed in my undertakings; but the last few days have begun to fill me with a doubt of success in the present one.

What the feelings of the officers have been I have not heard yet; but the men have frankly confessed that they have been delivered from a hell.

The following note has just been placed in my hands:—

August, 1887.

"DEAR SIR,

"Saat Tato reached us at 3 P.M. yesterday with your order to follow him. We at once recrossed the river (the creek which the boat's crew had searched) and hope to reach you to-night. I can understand how great your anxiety must have been, and deeply regret having caused it.

"I have the honour to be,

"&c., &c., &c.

"A. M. JEPHSON."

On the 22nd we moved camp to the foot of the highest Mabengu Rapids, and on the following day proceeded above the rapids.

I then took the opportunity of mustering the people. The following returns tell their own tale:—

	Healthy.	Sick.	Dead.	Loads.
Company No. 1	80	6	4	43
Captain Stairs, No. 2.	69	14	5	50
Captain Nelson, No. 3	67	16	4	72
Captain Jephson, No. 4	63	21	3	72
Europeans	6			
Boys	12			
Soudanese	10			
Somalis	6			
Cooks	2			
Donkey boy	1			
Sick	57			
	373			
Dead	16			
	389			

The experiences of the column during its wanderings appeared to confirm me in my impressions that the Aruwimi in this region of rapids was not so much utilized by the natives as it was below. Large settlements had been discovered inland; the scouts had traversed the forest by several well-trodden tracks which led from the river to the interior. The river banks were not so populous, the settlements were now generally a little way inland, and along the river bank was a perceptible path which materially assisted us. Ever since leaving Utiri we had noted this fact. On the 24th we travelled a few miles, and camped below Avugadu Rapids, near a rich plantain grove, and the next day passed the rapids and formed a comfortable camp in a somewhat open portion of the forest, haunted by fishermen. On the 26th the column on land swung along at a good rate, while we had a long stretch of undisturbed river, and had to pull hard to keep pace with them until both columns met in one of the largest villages of the Avejeli tribe established in front of the Nepoko mouth.



CASCADES OF THE NEPOKO.

This latter river, of which Dr. Junker was the first to inform us, and which he had crossed far up, tumbled into the Aruwimi, now called the Itiri, by a series of caseades, over reefs of shaly rock, from an altitude of 40 feet. The mouth was about 300 yards wide, narrowing to about 250 yards above the cascade. The natives had staked a considerable distance of the reef, to which to attach their large funnel-shaped baskets for the reception of the fish washed down the rapids. The colour of the Nepoko was of chocolate, that of the Itiri was of tea and milk.

Had I known that one week later I should have encountered Arabs and their desperate bands of Manyuema, there is no doubt that I should have endeavoured to put a degree of latitude between the centre of their influence and our route. Even as it was, I mentally debated a change of route, from some remarks made to me by Binza (Dr. Junker's Monbuttu boy), who suggested that it were better to travel through lands inhabited by "decent men," to such a horrid region infested by peoples who did not deserve the name of men applied to them, and that the Momvu tribes

were sure of according a welcome to those who could show in return that they appreciated hospitality. Binza was most enticing in his descriptions of the Momvu nation. But food with the Avejeli was abundant and various, and we hoped that a change had come over the land. For ever since we had observed a difference in the architecture of the native dwellings, we had observed a change for the better in the diet of the people. Below Panga Falls the aborigines principally subsisted on manioc, and on the different breads, puddings, cakes, and porridges to which they converted these tubers. It will not be forgotten, perhaps, that tapioca is made out of manioc or cassava. But above Panga Falls manioc had been gradually replaced by plantain groves, and the plantain is a much more excellent edible than manioc for an expedition, and the groves had been clearly growing into higher importance, therefore we hoped that happier days were in store for us. There were also fields of Indian corn, manioc, yams, and colocassia, plots of tobacco for the smokers, and to our great joy we came across many fowls. A halt was ordered that the sorely-tried people might recuperate.

In their very excusable eagerness for meat the Zanzibaris and Soudanese were very reckless. No sooner was a fowl sighted than there was a general scramble for it; some reckless fellows used their rifles to shoot the chickens, and many a cartridge was expended uselessly for which due punishment was frequently awarded. The orders were most positive that no ammunition was to be wasted, and the efforts made to detect all breaches of these orders were most energetic, but when did a Zanzibari obey orders when away from his employer's eye? The indiscriminate shooting of this day resulted in the shooting of one of the brave band of hard-working pioneers. A bullet from a Winchester struck him in the foot, the bones of which were pulverized and its amputation became imperative. Surgeon Parke performed the operation in a most skilful and expeditious manner, and as the good surgeon was most resolute when "one of his cases" required care—this unfortunate* young man had to be lifted in and out by eight men, must needs have the largest share of a canoe that nothing might offend the tender wound, and of necessity required and received the most bounteous supply of the best food and to have servants to wait upon him—in short, such a share of good things and ready services that I often envied him, and thought that for a sixpence in addition I would not mind exchanging places with him.

Of course another severe lecture followed, and there were loud protestations that they would all pay implicit attention in the future, and of course before the next day every promise was forgotten. There is much to be said for these successive breaches of promise. They relieve the mind from vast care and all sense of responsibility. No restraint burdens it, and an easy gladness brightens the face. Why should a man, being an animal, continually fetter himself with obligations as though he were a moral being to be held accountable for every idle word uttered in a gushing moment?

On the 28th the river column, consisting now of the *Advance* steel boat and sixteen canoes, pushed up river to a camp five miles above Avejeli.

* Was he very unfortunate? I paid Ugarrowwa for thirteen months' board, sent him to Stanley Falls, thence down the Congo and by sea to Madeira, *viâ* the Cape to Zanzibar, where he arrived in a state well described by "as fat as butter."



“THE PASHA IS COMING.”



The land party was left far behind, for they were struggling through a series of streams and creeks, and buried in depths of suffocatingly close bush, and did not arrive until the next day at noon, when they were urged to proceed about two hours higher, whither we followed them.

We arrived at the foot of a big cataract on the 30th, and by observation ascertained that we had reached halfway to the Albert Lake, Kavalli being in $30^{\circ} 30'$ and Yambuya in $25^{\circ} 3\frac{1}{4}'$. Our camp on this day was in about $27^{\circ} 47'$.

We had 163 geographical miles in an air-line to make yet, which we could never accomplish within 64 days as we had performed the western half of the route. The people were in an impoverished state of body, and mentally depressed, ulcers were raging like an epidemic, anæmia had sapped their vitality. They were told the half-way camp was reached, but they replied with murmurs of unbelief. They asked, "How can the master tell? Will that instrument show him the road? Will it tell him which is the path? Why does it not tell us, then, that we may see and believe? Don't the natives know their own country better? Which of them has seen grass? Do they not all say that all the world is covered with trees and thick bush? Bah!—the master talks to us as though we were children and had no proper perception."

The morning of the evil date, August 31st, dawned as on other days. It struggled through dense clouds of mist, and finally about 9 o'clock the sun appeared, pale, indistinct, a mere circle of lustreless light. But in the meantime we were hard at our frequent task of cutting a broad highway through the bush and forest, through which the boat could be carried bodily by 60 men, standing underneath; the crew of the flotilla were wrestling with the mad waters, and shoving their vessels up steep slopes of a racing river.

The highway was finished in an hour, and a temporary camp was located above. The canoes began to arrive. I left the Doctor to superintend the pioneers bearing the boat, but he presently returned to report that the boat could not be lifted. I retraced my steps to oversee the operation personally. I had succeeded in conveying it half way when my European servant came running at a mad pace, crying out as he ran: "Sir, oh, sir, Emin Pasha has arrived!"

"Emin Pasha?"

"Yes, sir. I have seen him in a canoe. His red flag, like ours (the Egyptian), is hoisted up at the stern. It is quite true, sir!"

Of course we bounded forward; the boat was dropped as though it was red hot. A race began, master and man striving for the lead. In the camp the excitement was also general. It was owing, we soon heard, to the arrival of nine Manyuema, who served one called Uledi Balyuz, known to natives by the name of Ugarrowwa, and who was reported to be settled about eight marches up river, and commanding several hundred armed men.

The Arabs were, then, so far inland on the Upper Aruwimi, and I had flattered myself that I had heard the last of these rovers! We were also told that there were fifty of them camped six miles above, on their way, by orders of Ugarrowwa, to explore the course of the river, to ascertain if communication with Stanley Falls could be obtained by the unknown stream on whose banks they had settled.

We imparted the information they desired, whereupon they said they would return to their camp and prepare for a hospitable reception on the

morrow. The Zanzibaris were considerably elated at the news, for what reason may shortly be seen.

The first absconder was one Juma, who deserted with half a hundred-weight of biscuit that night.

On the 1st of September, in the early morning, we were clear of the rapids, and, rowing up in company with the caravan, were soon up at the village where the Manyema were said to be camped. At the gate there was a dead male child, literally hacked to pieces; within the palisades was a dead woman, who had been speared. The Manyema had disappeared. It seemed to us then that some of our men had damped their joy at the encounter with us, by suggesting that the slaves with them might probably cause in us a revulsion of feeling. Suspicion of this caused an immediate change in their feelings. Their fears impelled them to decamp instantly. Their society was so much regretted, however, that five Zanzibaris, taking five loads, four of ammunition and one of salt, disappeared.

We resumed our journey, and halted at the base of another series of rapids.

The next day Saat Tato, having explored the rapids, reported encouragingly, and expressed his confidence that without much difficulty these could also be surmounted. This report stimulated the boatmen to make another trial. While the river column was busy in its own peculiar and perilous work, a search party was despatched to hunt news of the missing men, and returned with one man, a box of ammunition, and three rifles. The search party had discovered the deserters in the forest, with a case of ammunition opened, which they were distributing. In trying to surround them, the deserters became alarmed and scudded away, leaving three of their rifles and a case behind them.

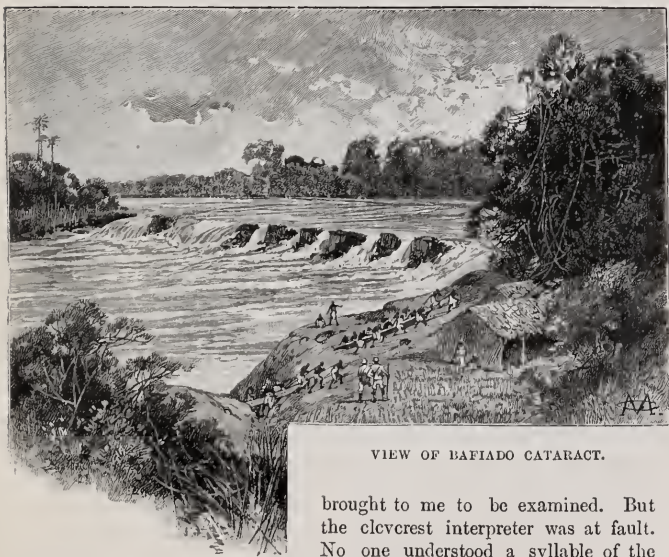
On the 3rd of September five more deserted, carrying away one case of Remington cartridges, one case of Winchester cartridges, one box of European provisions, and one load of fine Arab clothing, worth £50. Another was detected with a box of provisions open before him, having already abstracted a tin of sago, one tin of Liebig, a tin of butter, and one of milk. Ten men had thus disappeared in a couple of days. At this rate, in sixty days the Expedition would be ended. I consulted the chiefs, but I could gain no encouragement to try what extreme measures would effect. It was patent, however, to the dullest that we should be driven to resort to extremities soon to stop this wholesale desertion and theft. Since leaving Yambuya we had lost forty-eight rifles and fifteen cases of Maxim, Winchester, and Remington ammunition.

The day following four men deserted, and one was caught in the act of desertion. The people were accordingly mustered, and sixty men, suspected of being capable of desertion, as no headman would guarantee their fidelity, were rendered helpless by abstracting the mainsprings of the rifles, which we took and locked up. Demoralisation had set in rapidly since we had met the Manyema. Nothing was safe in their hands. Boxes had been opened, cloth had been stolen, beads had been pilfered, much ammunition had been taken out of the cases, and either thrown, or secreted as a reserve, by the way.

On September 5th we camped near Hippo Broads, so called because the river was fine and broad, and a large herd of hippopotami were seen. The site of our resting-place was an abandoned clearing, which had

become the haunts of these amphibiae, and exquisite bits of greensward caused us to imagine for a moment that possibly the open country was not far. Foragers returned after a visit into the interior, on both banks, with four goats, and a few bananas, numbers of roast rats, cooked beetles, and slugs. On the 6th we reached a cataract opposite the Bafaïdo settlement, where we obtained a respectable supply of plantains. The day following we dragged our canoes over a platform of rock, over a projecting ledge of which the river tumbled 10 feet.

From the Bafaïdo cataract we journeyed along a curving river to Avakubi Rapids, and formed a camp at the landing-place. A path led hence into the interior, which the hungry people soon followed. While scouring the country for food, a woman and child were found, who were



VIEW OF BAFIADO CATARACT.

brought to me to be examined. But the cleverest interpreter was at fault. No one understood a syllable of the meaningless babble.

Some more rapids were reached the next day. We observed that the oil-palm flourished throughout this section.

Palm nuts were seen in heaps near each village. We even discovered some palms lately planted, which showed some regard for posterity. Aehmet, the Somali, who had insisted on leaving Yambuya, in accompanying us had been a passenger ever since we had struck the river above Yankondé, was reported to be dying. He was said to suffer from melanosis. Whatever the disease might be, he had become singularly emaciated, being a literal skeleton covered lightly with skin.

From this camp we rounded a point, passed over a short winding course of river, and in an hour approached in view of an awful raging stream choked by narrow banks of shale. The outlook beyond the immediate foreview was first of a series of rolling waves whirling and tossed into

spray, descending in succeeding lines, and a great fall of about 30 feet, and above that a steep slope of wild rapids, and the whole capped with mist, and tearing down tumultuously towards us. This was appalling, considering the state of the column. There were about 120 loads in the canoes, and between fifty and sixty sick and feeble people. To leave these in the woods to their fate was impossible, to carry the loads and advance appeared equally so; yet to drag the canoes and bear the boat past such a long stretch of wild water appeared to be a task beyond our utmost powers.

Leaving the vessels below the falls and rapids, I led the Expedition by land to the destroyed settlement of Navabi, situated near a bend of the Itiri (Aruwimi) above the disturbed stream, where we established a camp. The sick dragged themselves after the caravan, those too feeble and helpless to travel the distance were lifted up and borne to the camp. Officers



ATTACKING AN ELEPHANT IN THE ITURI RIVER.

then mustered the companies for the work of cutting a broad highway through the bush and hauling the canoes. This task occupied two whole days, while No. 1 Company foraged far and near to obtain food, but with only partial success.

Navabi must have been a remarkable instance of aboriginal prosperity once. It possessed groves of the elais and plantain, large plots of tobacco and Indian corn; the huts under the palms looked almost idyllic; at least so we judged from two which were left standing, and gave us a bit of an aspect at once tropical, pretty, and apparently happy. Elsewhere the whole was desolate. Some parties, which we conjectured belonged to Ugarowwa, had burnt the settlement, chopped many of the palms down, levelled the banana plantations, and strewed the ground with the bones of the defenders. Five skulls of infants were found within our new camp at Navabi.

On the 12th, as we resumed our journey, we were compelled to leave five men who were in an unconscious state and dying. Aehmet, the Somali, whom we had borne all the way from Yambuya, was one of them.

From Navabi we proceeded to the landing-place of Memberri, which evidently was a frequent haunt of elephants. One of these not far off was observed bathing luxuriously in the river near the right bank. Hungry for meat, I was urged to try my chance. On this Expedition I had armed myself with the Express rifles of .577 bore, which Indian sportsmen so much applaud. The heavy .8 bores were with Major Barttelot and Mr. Jameson. I succeeded in planting six shots in the animal at a few yards' distance, but to no purpose except to unnecessarily wound him.

At Memberri we made a muster, and according to returns our numbers stood :—

August 23rd	373 men.
September 12th	343 men.
14 deserted and 16 deaths; carriers 235; loads 227; sick 58.						

Added to these eloquent records, every member of the Expedition suffered from hunger, and the higher we ascended, the means for satisfying the ever-crying want of food appeared to diminish, for the Bakusu and Basongora slaves, under the Manyema headmen of Ugarrowwa, had destroyed the plantations, and either driven the populations to unknown recesses in the forest or had extirpated them.

On the following day we reached Amiri Falls. The previous day the head man, Saadi, had been reproached for leaving one named Makupeté to return along the track to search for a box of ammunition that was reported to be missing, whereon Saadi took the unwise resolution of proceeding to hunt up Makupeté. Then one, Uledi Manga, disgusted with the severe work and melancholy prospect before us, absconded with another box of ammunition.

We had only three Zanzibari donkeys left. Out of the six with which we had started from Yambuya, one of the three, probably possessed with a presentiment that the caravan was doomed, took it into his head that it was better to return before it was too late, and deserted also. Whither he went no one knew. It is useless to search in the forest for a lost man, donkey, or article. Like the waves divided by a ship's prow uniting at the stern, so the forest enfolds past finding within its deep shades whatsoever enters, and reveals nothing.

Near a single old fishing-hut our camp was pitched on the 15th. The river after its immense curve northward and eastward now trended south-easterly, and we had already reached S. Lat. $1^{\circ} 24'$ from $1^{\circ} 58'$.

Having been in the habit of losing a box of ammunition per diem for the last few days, having tried almost every art of suppressing this robbery, we now had recourse to lashing the boxes in series of eights, and consigning each to the care of a head man, and holding him responsible for them. This we hoped would check the excuse that the men disappeared into the forest under all kinds of wants.

On the 16th of September, while halting for the midday rest and lunch, several loud reports of musketry were heard up-river. I sent Saat Tato to

explore, and in half-an-hour we heard three rifle-shots announcing success; and shortly after three canoes besides our own appeared loaded with men in white dresses, and gay with crimson flags. These came, so they reported, to welcome us in the name of Ugarrowwa, their chief, who would visit my evening camp. After exchanging compliments, they returned up-river, firing their muskets and singing gaily.

At the usual hour we commenced the afternoon march, and at 4 P.M. were in camp just below Ugarrowwa's station. At the same time a roll of drums, the booming of many muskets, and a flotilla of canoes, announced the approach of the Arab leader. About 50 strong, robust fellows accompanied him, besides singers and women, every one of whom was in prime condition of body.

The leader gave his name as Ugarrowwa, the Zanzibar term for "Lualaba," or native name of "Ruarawwa," known formerly as Uledi Balyuz (or the Consul's Uledi). He had accompanied Captains Speke and Grant, 1860-3, as a tent-boy, and had been left or had deserted in Unyoro. He offered as a gift to us two fat goats and about 40 lbs. of picked rice, a few ripe plantains, and fowls.

Upon asking him if there was any prospect of food being obtained for the people in the vicinity of his station, he admitted, to our sorrow, that his followers in their heedless way had destroyed everything, that it was impossible to check them because they were furious against the "pagans" for the bloody retaliation and excesses the aborigines had committed against many and many of their countrymen during their search for ivory.

Asked what country we were in, he replied that we were in Bunda, the natives of which were Bábunda; that the people on the north bank in the neighbourhood of his station were called Bapai or Bavaia.

He also said that his raiders had gone eastward a month's journey, and had seen from a high hill (Kassololo?), a grassy country extending to the eastward.

Further information was to the effect that his caravan, 600 strong, had left the Lualaba at Kibongés (above Leopold R.), and that in nine moons he had travelled the distance of 370 geographical miles, about a N.E. course, throughout continuous forest without having seen as much grass as would cover the palm of his hand; that he had only crossed one river, the Lindi, before he sighted the Ituri, as the Aruwimi was now called; that he had heard from Arab traders that the Lulu (Lowwa) rose from a small lake called the Ozo, where there was a vast quantity of ivory.

Four days higher Ugarrowwa possessed another station manned with 100 guns, near the Lenda river, a tributary of the Aruwimi, which entered it from the south bank. His people had sown rice, of which he had brought us some, and onions; but near each settlement was a waste, as it was not policy to permit such "murderous pagans" to exist near them, otherwise he and his people's lives were not safe. He had lost about 200 men of the Bakusu and Basangora tribes, and many a fine Manyuema headman. One time he had lost 40, of whom not one had returned. He had an Arab guest at his station who had lost every soul out of his caravan.

I observed a disposition on his part to send some men with me to the

Lake, and there appeared to be no difficulty in housing with him my sick men for a consideration—to be hereafter agreed upon.

On the 17th we proceeded a short distance to encamp opposite Ugarowwa's station.

In the afternoon I was rowed across in my boat to the Arab settlement, and was hospitably received. I found the station to be a large settlement, jealously fenced round with tall palisades and short planks lashed across as screens against chance arrows. In the centre, facing the river, was the house of the chief, commodious, lofty, and comfortable, the walls of which were pierced for musketry. It resembled a fort with its lofty and frowning walls of baked clay. On passing through a passage which separated Ugarowwa's private apartments from the public rooms, I had a view of a great court 60 feet square, surrounded by buildings and filled with servants. It suggested something baronial in its busy aspect, the abundant service, the great difference of the domestics, amplitude of space, and plenty. The place was certainly impregnable against attack, and, if at all spiritedly defended, a full battalion would have been necessary to have captured this outpost of a slave-trader.

I was informed that the river for many days' march appeared to flow from the eastward; that the Ihuru, a considerable distance up, flowed from the northward and joined the Ituri, and that, besides the Lenda, there was another affluent called the Ibina, which entered from the south.

Somewhere higher up also,—vaguely given as ten days', by others twenty days' march,—another Arab was settled who was called Kilonga-Longa, though his real name was also Uledi.

At this settlement I saw the first specimen of the tribe of dwarfs who were said to be thickly scattered north of the Ituri, from the Ngaiyu eastward. She measured thirty-three inches in height, and was a perfectly formed young woman of about seventeen, of a glistening and smooth sleekness of body. Her figure was that of a miniature coloured lady, not wanting in a certain grace, and her face was very prepossessing. Her complexion was that of a quadroon, or of the colour of yellow ivory. Her eyes were magnificent, but absurdly large for such a small creature—almost as large as that of a young gazelle; full, protruding, and extremely lustrous. Absolutely nude, the little demoiselle was quite possessed, as though she were accustomed to be admired, and really enjoyed inspection. She had been discovered near the sources of the Ngaiyu.

Ugarowwa, having shown me all his treasures, including the splendid store of ivory he had succeeded in collecting, accompanied me to the boat, and sent away with me large trays of exquisitely cooked rice, and an immense bowl full of curried fowl, a dish that I am not fond of, but which inspired gratitude in my camp.

Our landing-place presented a lively scene. The sellers of bananas, potatoes, sugar-cane, rice, flour of manioc, and fowls clamoured for customers, and cloths and beads exchanged hands rapidly. This is the kind of life which the Zanzibaris delight in, like almost all other natives, and their happy spirits were expressed in sounds to which we had long been strangers.

Early this morning I had sent a canoe to pick up any stragglers that might have been unable to reach camp, and before 3 P.M. five sick men, who had surrendered themselves to their fate, were brought in, and shortly

after a muster was held. The following were the returns of men able to march :—

	Men.	Chiefs.
No. 1 Company	69	4
No. 2 " 	57	4
No. 3 " 	60	4
No. 4 " 	61	4
Cooks	3	..
Boys	9	..
Europeans.	6	..
Soudanese.	6	..
	<hr/> 271	<hr/> 16
Sick	56	
	<hr/> 327	
Departed from Yambuya	389	
	<hr/>	
Loss by desertion and death	62	
	<hr/>	

The boat and canoes were manned, and the sick transported to the Arab settlement, arrangements having been made for boarding them at the rate of five dollars each per month until Major Barttelot should appear, or some person bearing an order from me.

It will be remembered that we met Ugarowwa's men on the 31st of August, one day's march from Avejeli, opposite the Nepoko mouth. These men, instead of pursuing their way down river, had returned to Ugarowwa to inform him of the news they had received from us, believing that their mission was accomplished. It was Ugarowwa's wish to obtain gunpowder, as his supply was nearly exhausted. Major Barttelot possessed two and a quarter tons of this explosive, and, as reported by us, was advancing up river, but as he had so much baggage it would take several months before he could arrive so far. I wished to communicate with Major Barttelot, and accordingly I stipulated with Ugarowwa that if his men continued their way down river along the south or left bank until they delivered a letter into his hands, I would give him an order for three hundredweight of powder. He promised to send forty scouts within a month, and expressed great gratitude. (He actually did send them, as he promised, between the 20th and 25th of October. They succeeded in reaching Wasp Rapids, 165 miles from Yambuya, whence they were obliged to return, owing to losses and the determined hostility of the natives.)

Our Zanzibari deserters had been deluded like ourselves. Imagining that Ugarowwa's people had continued their journey along some inland route westward, they had hastened westward in pursuit to join them, whereas we discovered they had returned eastward to their master. The arrangements made with Ugarowwa, and the public proclamation of the man himself before all, would, I was assured, suffice to prevent further desertion.

We were pretty tired of the river work with its numerous rapids, and I suggested to Ugarowwa that I should proceed by land; the Arab, however, was earnest in dissuading me from that course, as the people

would be spared the necessity of carrying many loads, the sick having been left behind, and informed me that his information led him to believe that the river was much more navigable above for many days than below.

CHAPTER IX.

UGARROWWA'S TO KILONGA-LONGA'S.

ONCE more the Expedition consisted of picked men. My mind was relieved of anxiety respecting the Rear Column, and of the fate which threatened the sick men. We set out from Ugarrowwa's station with 180 loads in the canoes and boat, forty-seven loads to be carried once in four days by alternate companies. The Arabs accompanied us for a few hours on the 19th to start us on our road, and to wish us success in our venture.

We had scarcely been all collected in our camp, and the evening was rapidly becoming dusky, when a canoe from Ugarrowwa appeared with three Zanzibaris bound as prisoners. Inquiring the cause of this, I was astonished to find that they were deserters whom Ugarrowwa had picked up soon after reaching his station. They had absconded with rifles, and their pouches showed that they had contrived to filch cartridges on the road. I rewarded Ugarrowwa with a revolver and 200 cartridges. The prisoners were secured for the night, but before retiring I debated carefully as to what method was best to deal with these people. If this were permitted to proceed without the strongest measures, we should in a short time be compelled to retrace our steps, and all the lives and bitter agonies of the march would have been expended in vain.

In the morning "all hands" were mustered, and an address was delivered to the men in fitting words, to which all assented; and all agreed that we had endeavoured our utmost to do our duty, that we had all borne much, but that the people on this occasion appeared to be all slaves, and possessed no moral sense whatever. They readily conceded that if natives attempted to steal our rifles, which were "our souls," we should be justified in shooting them dead, and that if men, paid for their labour, protected and treated kindly, as they were, attempted to cut our throats in the night, they were equally liable to be shot.

"Well, then," said I, "what are these doing but taking our arms, and running away with our means of defence. You say that you would shoot natives, if they stood in your way preventing your progress onward or retreat backward. What are these doing? For if you have no rifles left, or ammunition, can you march either forward or backward?"

"No," they admitted.

"Very well, then, you have condemned them to death. One shall die to-day, another to-morrow, and another the next day, and from this day forward, every thief and deserter who leaves his duty and imperils his comrades' lives shall die."

The culprits were then questioned as to who they were. One replied that he was the slave of Farjalla-bill Ali—a headman in No. 1 company; another that he was the slave of a Banyan in Zanzibar, and the third that he was the slave of an artizan at work in Unyanyembé.

Lots were cast, and he who chose the shortest paper of three slips was

the one to die first. The lot fell upon the slave of Farjalla, who was then present. The rope was heaved over a stout branch. Forty men at the word of command lay hold of the rope and a noose was cast round the prisoner's neck.

"Have you anything to say before the word is given?"

He replied with a shake of the head. The signal was given, and the man was hoisted up. Before the last struggles were over, the Expedition had filed out of camp, leaving the rearguard and river column behind. A rattan was substituted in place of our rope, the body was secured to the tree, and within fifteen minutes the camp was abandoned.

We made good progress on this day. A track ran along the river which greatly assisted the caravan. In passing through we searched and found only ten bunches of miniature plantains. We formed camp an hour's distance from the confluence of the Lenda and Ituri.

Another noble tusker was bathing opposite the river, and Captain Nelson, with a double-barrelled rifle, similar to my own, myself, and Saat Tato the hunter, crossed over and floated down within fifteen yards of the elephant. We fired three bullets simultaneously into him, and in a second had planted two more, and yet with all this lead fired at vital parts the animal contrived to escape. From this time we lost all confidence in these rifles. We never bagged one head of game with the Expresses during the entire Expedition. Captain Nelson sold his rifle for a small supply of food to Kilonga-Longa some time afterwards, and I parted with mine as a gift to Antari, King of Ankori, nearly two years later. With the No. 8 or No. 10 Reilly rifle I was always successful, therefore those interested in such things may avail themselves of our experience.

As the next day dawned, and a grey light broke through the umbrageous coping of the camp, I despatched a boy to call the head chief Rashid.

"Well, Rashid, old man, we shall have to execute the other man presently. It will soon be time to prepare for it. What do you say?"

"Well, what can we do else than kill those who are trying to kill us? If we point to a pit filled at the bottom with pointed pales and poisoned skewers, and tell men to beware of it, surely we are not to blame if men shut their ears to words of warning and spring in. On their own heads let the guilt lie."

"But it is very hard after all. Rashid bin Omar, this forest makes men's hearts like lead, and hunger has driven their wits out of their heads; nothing is thought of but the empty belly and crying stomach. I have heard that when mothers are driven by famine they will sometimes eat their children. Why should we wonder that the servant runs away from his master when he cannot feed him?"

"That is the truth as plain as sunshine. But if we have to die, let us all die together. There are plenty of good men here who will give you their hearts whenever you bid them do it. There are others—slaves of slaves—who know nothing and care for nothing, and as they would fly with what we need to make our own lives sure, let them perish and rot. They all know that you, a Christian, are undergoing all this to save the sons of Islam, who are in trouble near some great sea, beyond here; they profess Islam, and yet would leave the Christian in the bush. Let them die."

"But supposing, Rashid, we could prevent this break-up and near ruin

by some other way not quite so severe as to hang them up until they are dead; what would you say?"

"I would say, sir, that all ways are good, but, without doubt, the best is that which will leave them living to repent."

"Good, then, after my coffee the muster will be sounded. Meanwhile, prepare a long rattan cable; double it over that stout branch yonder. Make a good noose of a piece of that new sounding-line. Get the prisoner ready, put guards over him, then when you hear the trumpet, tell these words in the ears of the other chiefs, 'Come to me, and ask his pardon, and I will give it you.' I shall look to you, and ask if you have anything to say; that will be your signal. How do you like it?"

"Let it be as you say. The men will answer you."

In half-an-hour the muster signal sounded; the companies formed a square enclosing the prisoner. A long rattan cable hung suspended with the fatal noose attached to a loop; it trailed along the ground like an immense serpent. After a short address, a man advanced and placed the noose around the neck; a company was told off to hoist the man upward.

"Now, my man, have you anything to say to us before you join your brother who died yesterday?"

The man remained silent, and scarcely seemed conscious that I spoke. I turned round to the headman. "Have you anything to say before I pass the word?"

Then Rashid nudged his brother chiefs, at which they all rushed up, and threw themselves at my feet, pleading forgiveness, blaming in harsh terms the thieves and murderers, but vowing that their behaviour in future would be better if mercy was extended for this one time.

During this scene the Zanzibaris' faces were worth observing. How the eyes dilated and the lips closed, and their cheeks became pallid, as, with the speed of an electric flash, the same emotion moved them!

"Enough, children! take your man, his life is yours. But see to it. There is only one law in future for him who robs us of a rifle, and that is death by the cord."

Then such a manifestation of feeling occurred that I was amazed—real big tears rolled down many a face, while every eye was suffused and enlarged with his passionate emotions. Caps and turbans were tossed into the air. Rifles were lifted, and every right arm was up as they exclaimed "Until the white cap is buried none shall leave him! Death to him who leaves Bula Matari! Show the way to the Nyanza! Lead on now—now we will follow!"

Nowhere have I witnessed such affecting excitement except in Spain—perhaps when the Republicans stormily roared their sentiments, after listening to some glorious exhortations to stand true to the new faith in *Libertad, Igualdad, and Fraternidad!*

The prisoner also wept, and after the noose was flung aside, knelt down and vowed to die at my feet. We shook hands and I said, "It is God's work, thank Him."

Merrily the trumpet blared once more, and at once rose every voice, "By the help of God! By the help of God!" The detail for the day sprang to their posts, received their heavy load for the day, and marched away rejoicing as to a feast. Even the officers smiled their approval. Never was there such a number of warmed hearts in the forest of the Congo as on that day.

The land and river columns reached the Lenda within an hour, and about the same time. This was apparently a deep river about a hundred yards wide. On the west side of the confluence was a small village, but its plantain groves had been long ago despoiled of fruit. Soon after the ferriage was completed the men were permitted to scour the country in search of food; some on the north bank, and others on the south bank, but long before night they all returned, having been unable to find a morsel of any kind of edible.

On the 22nd, while pursuing our way by river and by land as usual, I reflected that only on the 18th I had left fifty-six invalids under the care of an Arab; yet on observing the people at the muster, I noticed that there were about fifty already incapacitated by debility. The very stoutest and most prudent were pining under such protracted and mean diet. To press on through such wastes unpeopled by the ivory hunters appeared simply impossible, but on arriving at Umeni we had the good fortune to find sufficient for a full day's rations, and hope again filled us.

The following day, one man, called "Abdallah the humped," deserted. We on the river were troubled with several rapids, and patches of broken water, and in discharging cargo, and hauling canoes, and finally we came in view of a fall of forty feet with lengths of rapids above and below.

One would have thought that by this time the Ituri would have become an insignificant stream, but when we saw the volume of water precipitated over the third large cataract, we had to acknowledge that it was still a powerful river.

The 24th was passed by us in foraging, and cutting a highway to above the rapids and disconnecting boat sections for transport. The pioneers secured a fair quantity of plantains, the three other companies nothing. The obstructions to this cataract consisted of reddish schistose rock.

On the next day we were clear of the third cataract and halted at an old Arab encampment. During this day no new supply of food was obtained.

The day following we reached another series of rapids, and after a terrible day's work unloading and reshipping several times, with the fatigues and anxiety incurred during the mounting of the dangerous rapids, we reached camp opposite Avatiko.

How useful the boat and canoes were to us may be imagined from the fact that it required us to make three round trips to carry 227 loads. Even then it occupied all the healthy men until night. The people were so reduced by hunger, that over a third could do no more than crawl. I was personally reduced to two bananas on this day from morning to night. But some of our Zanzibaris had found nothing to subsist on for two entire days, which was enough to sap the strength of the best. A foraging party of No. 1 Company crossed the river to Avatiko settlement, and found a small supply of young fruit, but they captured a woman who stated that she knew and could guide us to plantains as large as her arms.

The 27th of September was a halt. I despatched Lieutenant Stairs to explore ahead along the river, and 180 men across river to forage for food, with our female captive as guide. The former returned to report that no village had been seen, and to detail an exciting encounter he had had with elephants, from which it appeared he had a narrow escape. The Zanzibaris came back with sufficient plantains to distribute from sixty to eighty per man. If the people had followed our plan of economising the

food, we should have had less suffering to record, but their appetites were usually ungovernable. The quantity now distributed impartially, ought to have served them for from six to eight days, but several sat up all night to eat, trusting in God to supply them with more on peremptory demand.

On the 30th the river and land parties met at lunch-time. This day the officers and myself enjoyed a feast. Stairs had discovered a live antelope in a pit, and I had discovered a mess of fresh fish in a native basket-net at the mouth of a small creek. In the afternoon we camped at a portion of the river bank which showed signs of its being used as a landing near a ferry. Soon after camping we were startled by three shots. These indicated the presence of Manyuema, and presently about a dozen fine-looking men stalked into the camp. They were the followers of Kilonga-Longa, the rival of Ugarrowwa in the career of devastation to which these two leaders had committed themselves.

The Manyuema informed us that Kilonga-Longa's settlement was but five days' journey, and that as the country was uninhabited it would be necessary to provide rations of plantains which could be procured across river, and that still a month's journey lay between us and the grass-land. They advised us to stay at the place two days to prepare the food, to which we were very willing to agree, the discovery of some kind of provisions being imperative.

During the first day's halt, the search for food was unsuccessful, but on the second day at early dawn a strong detachment left for the north bank, under Lieutenant Stairs and Surgeon Parke. In the afternoon the foragers returned with sufficient plantains to enable us to serve out forty to each man. Some of the most enterprising men had secured more, but extreme want had rendered them somewhat unscrupulous, and they had contrived to secrete a small reserve.

On the 3rd of October, soon after leaving our camp in the morning, we entered into a pool-like formation, surrounded by hills rising from 250 to 600 feet above the river, and arriving at the end saw a crooked, ditch-like, and very turbulent stream. The scenery reminded us of a miniature Congo cañon, banked as it was with lines of lofty hills. A presentiment warned us that we were about to meet more serious obstacles than any we had yet met. We progressed, however, upward about three miles, but the difficulties of advance were so numerous that we were unable to reach the caravan camp.

On the 4th we proceeded about a mile and a half, and crossed the Expedition to the north bank, as we had been told that the Manyuema settlement of Ipoto was situated on that side. The Manyuema had disappeared, and three of our deserters had accompanied them. Two men had also died of dysentery. We experienced several narrow escapes; a canoe was twice submerged, the steel boat was nearly lost, and the severe bumping she received destroyed the rate of our chronometers, which hitherto had been regular. I should have abandoned the river on this day, but the wilderness, the horrible, lonely, uninhabited wilderness, and the excessive physical prostration and weakness of the people, forbade it. We hoped and hoped that we should be able to arrive at some place where food and rest could be obtained, which appeared improbable, except at Kilonga-Longa's settlement.

The next day we arrived, at 10 A.M., after a push through terribly wild water, at a sharp bend curving eastward from N.E., distinguished by its

similarity of outline on a small scale to Nsona Mamba, of the Lower Congo. Stepping on shore before we had gone far within the bend, and standing on some lava-like rock, I saw at a glance that this was the end of river navigation by canoes. The hills rose up to a bolder height, quite 600 feet, the stream was contracted to a width of twenty-five yards, and about a hundred yards above the point on which I stood, the Ihuru escaped, wild and furious, from a gorge; while the Ituri was seen descending from a height in a series of cataracts, and, both uniting at this point, and racing madly at the highest pitch and velocity, bellowed their uproar loudly amongst the embanking and sombre forest heights.

I sent messengers across the river to recall the caravan which was under the leadership of Stairs, and on their return recrossed the people to the south bank.

On the morning of the 6th of October our state and numbers were 271 in number, including white and black. Since then two had died of dysentery, one from debility, four had deserted, and one man was hanged. We had therefore 263 men left. Out of this number fifty-two had been reduced to skeletons, who first, attacked by ulcers, had been unable to forage, and to whom through their want of economizing what rations had been distributed, had not sufficient to maintain them during the days that intervened of total want. These losses in men left me 211 still able to march, and as among these there were forty men non-carriers, and as I had 227 loads, it followed that when I needed carriage, I had about eighty loads more than could be carried. Captain Nelson for the last two weeks had also suffered from a dozen small ulcers, which had gradually increased in virulence. On this day then, when the wild state of the river quite prohibited further progress by it, he and fifty-two men were utterly unfit and incapable of travel.

It was a difficult problem that now faced us. Captain Nelson was our comrade, whom to save we were bound to exert our best force. To the fifty-two black men we were equally bound by the most solemn obligations; and dark as was the prospect around us, we were not so far reduced but that we entertained a lively hope that we could save them. As the Manyema had reported that their settlement was only five days' journey, and we had already travelled two days' march, then probably the village or station was still three days ahead of us. It was suggested by Captain Nelson that if we despatched intelligent couriers ahead, they would be enabled to reach Kilonga-Longa's settlement long before the column. As this suggestion admitted of no contradiction, and as the headmen were naturally the most capable and intelligent, the chief of the headmen and five others were hastened off, and instructed at once to proceed along the south bank of the river until they discovered some landing-place, whence they must find means to cross the Ituri and find the settlement, and obtain an immediate store of food.

Before starting officers and men demanded to know from me whether I believed the story of Arabs being ahead. I replied that I believed most thoroughly, but that it was possible that the Manyema had underestimated the distance to gratify or encourage us and abate our anxiety.

After informing the unfortunate cripples of our intention to proceed forward until we could find food that we might not all be lost, and send relief as quickly as it could be obtained, I consigned the fifty-two men, eighty-one loads, and ten canoes in charge of Captain Nelson—bade him

be of good cheer, and hoisting our loads and boat on our shoulders, we marched away.

No more gloomy spot could have been selected for a camp than that sandy terrace, encompassed by rocks and hemmed in narrowly by those dark woods, which rose from the river's edge to the height of 600 feet, and pent in the never-ceasing uproar created by the writhling and tortured stream and the twin cataracts, that ever rivalled each other's thunder. The imagination shudders at the hapless position of those crippled men, who were doomed to remain inactive, to listen every moment to the awful sound of that irreconcilable fury of wrathful waters, and the monotonous and continuous roar of plunging rivers, to watch the leaping waves, coiling and twisting into changing columns as they ever wrestled for mastery with each other, and were dashed in white fragments of foam far apart by the ceaseless force of driven currents; to gaze at the dark, relentless woods spreading upward and around, standing perpetually fixed in dull green, mourning over past ages, past times, and past generations; then think of the night, with its palpable blackness, the dead black shadows of the wooded hills, that eternal sound of fury, that ceaseless boom of the cataracts, the indefinite forms born of nervousness and fearfulness, that misery engendered by loneliness and creeping sense of abandonment; then will be understood something of the true position of these poor men.

And what of us trudging up these wooded slopes to gain the crest of the forest uplands, to tramp on and on, whither we knew not, for how long a time we dared not think, seeking for food with the double responsibility weighing us down for these trustful, brave fellows with us, and for those, no less brave and trustful, whom we had left behind at the bottom of the horrible cañon!

As I looked at the poor men struggling wearily onward it appeared to me as though a few hours only were needed to ensure our fate. One day, perhaps two days, and then life would ebb away. How their eyes searched the wild woods for the red berries of the phrynica, and the tartish, crimson, and oblong fruit of the amoma! How they rushed for the flat beans of the forest, and gloated over their treasures of fungi! In short, nothing was rejected in this severe distress to which we were reduced except leaves and wood. We passed several abandoned clearings; and some men chopped down pieces of banana stalk, then searched for wild herbs to make potage; the bastard jack fruit, or the *fenessi*, and other huge fruit became dear objects of interest as we straggled on.

"Return we could not, nor
Continue where we were; to shift our place
Was to exchange one misery with another.
And every day that came, came to decay
A day's work in us."

On the 7th of October we began at 6.30 A.M. to commence that funereal pace through the trackless region on the crest of the forest uplands. We picked up fungi, and the *matonga* wild fruit, as we travelled, and after seven hours' march we rested for the day. At 11 A.M. we had halted for lunch at the usual hour. Each officer had economised his rations of baunas. Two were the utmost that I could spare for myself. My

comrades were also as rigidly strict and close in their diet, and a cup of sugarless tea closed the repast. We were sitting conversing about our prospects, discussing the probabilities of our couriers reaching some settlement on this day, or the next, and the time that it would take them to return, and they desired to know whether in my previous African experiences I had encountered anything so grievous as this.

"No; not quite so bad as this," I replied. "We have suffered; but not to such an extremity. Those nine days on the way into Ituru were wretched. On our flight from Bumbiré we certainly suffered much hunger, and also while floating down the Congo to trace its course our condition was much to be pitied; but we had a little of something, and at least large hope. The age of miracles is past, it is said, but why should they be? Moses drew water from the rock at Horeb for the thirsty Israelites. Of water we have enough and to spare. Elijah was fed by ravens at the brook Cherith, but there is not a raven in all this forest. Christ was ministered unto by angels. I wonder if any one will minister unto us?"

Just then there was a sound as of a large bird whirring through the air. Little Randy, my fox-terrier, lifted up a foot and gazed inquiringly; we turned our heads to see, and that second the bird dropped beneath the jaws of Randy, who snapped at the prize and held it fast, as in a vice of iron.

"There, boys," I said, "truly the gods are gracious. The age of miracles is not past," and my comrades were seen gazing in delighted surprise at the bird, which was a fine fat guinea-fowl. It was not long before the guinea-fowl was divided, and Randy, its captor, had his lawful share, and the little doggie seemed to know that he had grown in esteem with all men, and we enjoyed our prize each with his own feelings.

On the next day, in order to relieve the boat-bearers of their hard work, Mr. Jephson was requested to connect the sections together, and two hours after starting on the march came opposite an inhabited island. The advance scouts seized a canoe and bore straight on to the island, to snatch in the same unruly manner as Orlando, meat for the hungry.

"What would you, unruly men?"

"We would have meat! Two hundred stagger in these woods and reel with faintness."

The natives did not stand for further question, but vanished kindly, and left their treasures of food. We received as our share two pounds of Indian corn and half-a-pound of beans. Altogether about twenty-five pounds of corn were discovered, which was distributed among the people.

In the afternoon I received a note from Mr. Jephson, who was behind with the boat: "For God's sake, if you can get any food at the village send us some."

We despatched answer to Jephson to hunt up the wounded elephant that I had shot, and which had taken refuge on an island near him, and in reply to his anxious letter, a small handful of corn.

On the 9th of October 100 men volunteered to go across river and explore inland from the north bank with a resolute intention not to return without food of some kind. I went up river with the boat's crew, and Stairs down river to strike inland by a little track, in the hope that it might lead to some village; those who were too dispirited to go far wandered southward through the woods to search for wild fruit and

forest beans. This last article was about four times the size of a large garden bean, encased in a brown leathery rind. At first we had contented ourselves with merely skinning it and boiling it, but this produced sickness of the stomach. An old woman captured on the island was seen to prepare a dish of these beans by skinning them and afterwards cleaning the inner covering, and finally scraping them as we would nutmegs. Out of this floury substance she made some patties for her captor, who shouted in ecstasies that they were good. Whereupon everybody bestirred themselves to collect the beans, which were fairly plentiful. Tempted by a "lady finger" cake of this article that was brought to me, I ventured to try it, and found it sufficiently filling, and about as palatable as a mess of acorns. Indeed, the flavour strongly reminded me of the acorn. The



RANDY SEIZES THE GUINEA-FOWL.

fungi were of several varieties, some pure and perfect mushrooms, others were of a less harmless kind; but surely the gods protected the miserable human beings condemned to live on such things. Grubs were collected, also slugs from the trees, caterpillars, and white ants—these served for meat. The *mabengu* (*nux vomica*) furnished the dessert, with *fenessi* or a species of bastard jack fruit.

The following day some of the foragers from across the river returned bringing nothing. They had discovered such emptiness on the north bank as we had found on the south bank; but "Inshallah!" they said, "we shall find food either to-morrow or the next day."

In the morning I had eaten my last grain of Indian corn, and my last portion of everything solid that was obtainable, and at noon the horrid pains of the stomach had to be satisfied with something. Some potato leaves brought me by Wadi Khamis, a headman, were bruised fine and

cooked. They were not bad, still the stomach ached from utter depletion. Then a Zanzibari, with his face aglow with honest pride, brought me a dozen fruit of the size and colour of prize pear, which emitted a most pleasant fruity odour. He warranted them to be lovely, and declared that the men enjoyed them, but the finest had been picked out for myself and officers. He had also brought a pattie made out of the wood-bean flour which had a rich custardy look about it. With many thanks I accepted this novel repast, and I felt a grateful sense of fulness. In an hour, however, nausea attacked me, and I was forced to seek my bed. The temples presently felt as if constricted by an iron band, the eyes blinked strangely, and a magnifying-glass did not enable me to read the figures of Norie's Epitome. My servant, with the rashness of youth, had lunched bravely on what I had shared with him of the sweetly-smelling pear-like fruit, and consequently suffered more severely. Had he been in a little cockle boat on a mad channel sea he could scarcely have presented a more flabby and disordered aspect than had been caused by the forest pears.

Just at sunset the foragers of No. 1 Company, after an absence of thirty-six hours, appeared from the N. bank, bringing sufficient plantains to save the Europeans from despair and starvation; but the men received only two plantains each, equal to four ounces of solid stuff, to put into stomachs that would have required eight pounds to satisfy.

The officers, Stairs, Jephson, and Parke, had been amusing themselves the entire afternoon in drawing fanciful menus, where such things figured as:—

Filet de bœuf en Chartreuse.
Petites bouchées aux huîtres de Ostende.
Bécassines rôties à la Londres.

Another had shown his Anglo-Saxon proclivities for solids such as:—

Ham and eggs and plenty of them,
Roast beef and potatoes unlimited,
A weighty plum-pudding.

There were two of the foragers missing, but we could not wait for them. We moved from this starvation camp to one higher up, a distance of eleven miles.

A man of No. 3 Company dropped his box of ammunition into a deep affluent, and lost it. Kajeli stole a box of Winchester ammunition, and absconded. Salim stole a case containing Emin Pasha's new boots and two pairs of mine, and deserted. Wadi Adam vanished with Surgeon Parke's entire kit. Swadi, of No. 1 Company, left his box on the road, and departed himself to parts unknown. Bull-necked Uchungu followed suit with a box of Remington cartridges.

On the 12th of October we marched four-and-a-half miles, E. by S. The boat and crew were far below, struggling in rapids. We wished now to cross the river to try our fortune on the N. bank. We searched for a canoe, and saw one on the other side; but the river was 400 yards wide, and the current was too strong against the best swimmers in their present state of debility.

Some scouts presently discovered a canoe fastened to an island only forty yards from the south bank, which was situate a little above our halting-place. Three men volunteered, among whom was Wadi Asman, of the

Pioneers, a grave man, faithful, and of much experience in many African lands. Twenty dollars reward was to be the prize of success. Asman lacked the audacity of Uledi, the coxswain of the *Advance*, as well as his bold high spirit, but was a most prudent and valuable man.

These three men chose a small rapid for their venture, that they might obtain a footing now and then on the rocks. At dusk two of them returned to grieve us with the news that Asman had tried to swim with his Winchester on his back, and had been swept by the strong current into a whirlpool, and was drowned.

We were unfortunate in every respect; our chiefs had not yet returned, we were fearing for their fate, strong men deserted. Our rifles were rapidly decreasing in number. Our ammunition was being stolen. Feruzi, the next best man to Uledi as a sailor, soldier, carrier, good man and true, was dying from a wound inflicted on the head by a savage's knife.

The following day was also a halt. We were about to cross the river, and we were anxious for our six chiefs, one of whom was Rashid bin Omar, the "father of the people," as he was called. Equipped with only their rifles, accoutrements and sufficient ammunition, such men ought to have travelled in the week that had elapsed since our departure from Nelson's camp over a hundred miles. If they, during that distance, could not discover the Manyema settlement, what chance had we, burdened with loads, with a caravan of hungry and despairing men, who for a week had fed on nothing but two plantains, berries, wild fruit, and fungi? Our men had begun to suffer dearly during this protracted starvation. Three had died the day before.

Towards evening Jephson appeared with the boat, and brought a supply of Indian corn, which sufficed to give twelve cupfuls to each white. It was a reprieve from death for the Europeans.

The next day, the 15th, having blazed trees around the camp, and drawn broad arrows with charcoal for the guidance of the headmen when they should return, the Expedition crossed over to the north bank and camped on the upper side of a range of hills. Feruzi Ali died of his wound soon after.

Our men were in such a desperately weak state, that I had not the heart to command the boat to be disconnected for transport, as had a world's treasure been spread out before them, they could not have exhibited greater power than they were willing to give at a word. I stated the case fairly to them thus:—

"You see, my men, our condition in brief is this. We started from Yambuya 389 in number and took 237 loads with us. We had 80 extra carriers to provide for those who by the way might become weak and ailing. We left 56 men at Ugarrowwa's Settlement, and 52 with Captain Nelson. We should have 271 left, but instead of that number we have only 200 to-day, including the chiefs who are absent. Seventy-one have either died, been killed, or deserted. But there are only 150 of you fit to carry anything, and therefore we cannot carry this boat any further. I say, let us sink her here by the riverside, and let us press on to get food for ourselves and those with Captain Nelson, who are wondering what has become of us, before we all die in these woods. You are the carriers of the boat—not we, do you speak; what shall be done unto her?"

Many suggestions were made by the officers and men, but Uledi of 'Through the Dark Continent,' always Uledi—the ever faithful Uledi,

spoke straight to the purpose. "Sir, my advice is this. You go on with the caravan and search for the Manyuema, and I and my crew will work at these rapids, and pole, row, or drag her on as we can. After I have gone two days up, if I do not see signs of the Manyuema I will send men after you to keep touch with you. We cannot lose you, for a blind man could follow such a track as the caravan makes."

This suggestion was agreed by all to be the best, and it was arranged that our rule of conduct should be as Uledi sketched out.

We separated at 10 A.M., and in a short time I had my first experience among the loftier hills of the Aruwimi valley. I led the caravan northward through the trackless forest, sheering a little to the north-east to gain a spur, and using animal tracks when they served us. Progress was very slow, the undergrowth was dense; berries of the phrynium and fruit of the amomum, *fenessi* and nux vomica, besides the large wood beans and fungi of all sorts, were numerous, and each man gathered a plentiful harvest. Unaccustomed to hills for years, our hearts palpitated violently as we breasted the steep-wooded slopes, and cut and slashed at the obstructing creepers, bush and plants.

Ah, it was a sad night, unutterably sad, to see so many men struggling on blindly through that endless forest, following one white man who was bound whither none knew, whom most believed did not know himself. They were in a veritable hell of hunger already! What nameless horrors awaited them further on none could conjecture. But what matter, death comes to every man soon or late! Therefore we pushed on and on, broke through the bush, trampled down the plants, wound along the crests of spurs zigzagging from north-east to north-west, and descending to a bowl-like valley by a clear stream, lunched on our corn and berries.

During our mid-day halt, one Umari having seen some magnificent and ripe *fenessi* at the top of a tree thirty feet high, essayed to climb it; but on gaining that height, a branch or his strength yielded and he tumbled headlong upon the heads of two other men who were waiting to seize the fruit. Strange to say, none of them were very seriously injured. Umari was a little lame in the hip and one of those upon whom he fell complained of a pain in the chest.

At 3.30 after a terrible struggle through a suffocating wilderness of arums, amoma, and bush, we came to a dark amphitheatral glen and at the bottom found a camp just deserted by the natives, and in such hot haste that they had thought it best not to burden themselves with their treasures. Surely some divinity provided for us always in the most stressful hours. Two bushels of Indian corn, and a bushel of beans awaited us in this camp.

My poor donkey from Zanzibar showed symptoms of surrender. Arums and amoma every day since June 28th were no fit food for a dainty Zanzibar ass, therefore to end his misery I shot him. The meat was as carefully shared as though it were the finest venison, for a wild and famished mob threatened to defy discipline. When the meat was fairly served a free fight took place over the skin, the bones were taken up and crushed, the hoofs were boiled for hours, there was nothing left of my faithful animal but the spilled blood and hair; a pack of hyænas could not have made a more thorough disposal of it. That constituent of the human being which marks him as superior to all others of the animal

creation was so deadened by hunger that our men had become merely carnivorous bipeds, inclined to be as ferocious as any beast of prey.

On the 16th we crossed through four deep gorges one after another, through wonderful growths of phrynia. The trees frequently bore *fenessi* nearly ripe, one foot long and eight inches in diameter. Some of this fruit was equal to pineapple, it was certainly wholesome. Even the rotten fruit was not rejected. When the *fenessi* were absent, the wood-bean tree flourished and kindly sprinkled the ground with its fruit. Nature seemed to confess that the wanderers had borne enough of pain and grief. The deepest solitudes showed increasing tenderness for the weary and long-suffering. The phrynia gave us their brightest red berries, the amoma furnished us with the finest and ripest scarlet fruit, the *fenessi* were in a state of perfection, the wood-beans were larger and fatter, the streams of the wood glens were clear and cold; no enemy was in sight, nothing was to be feared but hunger, and nature did its best with her unknown treasures, shaded us with her fragrant and loving shades, and whispered to us unspeakable things sweetly and tenderly.

During the mid-day halt the men discussed our prospects. They said, with solemn shaking of their heads, "Know you that such and such a man is dead? that the other is lost! another will probably fall this afternoon! the rest will perish to-morrow!" The trumpet summoned all to their feet, to march on, and strive, and press forward to the goal.

Half-an-hour later the pioneers broke through a growth of amoma, and stepped on a road. And lo! on every tree we saw the peculiar "blaze" of the Manyema, a discovery that was transmitted by every voice from the head to the rear of the column, and was received with jubilant cheers.

"Which way, sir?" asked the delighted pioneers.

"Right turn of course," I replied, feeling far more glad than any, and fuller of longings for the settlement that was to end this terrible period, and shorten the misery of Nelson and his dark followers.

"Please God," they said, "to-morrow or the next day we shall have food," which meant that after suffering unappeasable hunger for 336 hours, they could patiently wait if it pleased God another thirty-six or sixty hours more.

We were all frightfully thin, the whites not so much reduced as our coloured men. We thought of the future and abounded with hope, though deep depression followed any inspection of the people. We regretted that our followers did not have greater faith in us. Hunger followed by despair killed many. Many freely expressed their thoughts and declared to one another plainly that we knew not whither we were marching. And they were not far wrong, for who knew what a day might bring forth in unexplored depths of woods? But as they said, it was their fate to follow us, and therefore they followed fate. They had fared badly and had suffered greatly. It is hard to walk at all when weakness sets in through emptiness; it is still worse to do so when burdened with sixty pounds' weight. Over fifty were yet in fair condition; 150 were skeletons covered with ashy grey skins, jaded and worn out, with every sign of wretchedness printed deep in their eyes, in their bodies and movements. These could hardly do more than creep on and moan, and shed tears and sigh. My only dog "Randy," alas! how feeble he had become! Meat he had not tasted—except with me of the ass's meat—for weeks. Parched corn and beans were not fit for a terrier, and *fenessi* and *mabengu*,

and such other acid fruit he disdained, and so he declined, until he became as gaunt as the pariah of a Moslem. Stairs had never failed me. Jephson every now and then had been fortunate in discoveries of grain treasures, and always showed an indomitable front, and Parke was ever striving, patient, cheerful and gentle. Deep, deep down to undiscovered depths our life in the forest had enabled me to penetrate human nature with all its endurance and virtues.

Along the track of the Manyuema it was easy to travel. Sometimes we came to a maze of roads; but once the general direction was found, there was no difficulty to point to the right one. It appeared to be well travelled, and it was clearer every mile that we were approaching a populous settlement. As recent tracks became more numerous, the bush seemed more broken into, with many a halt and many wayward strays.



KILONGA-LONGA'S STATION.

Here and there trees had been lopped of their branches. Cording vines lay frequently on the track; pads for native carriers had often been dropped in haste. Most of the morning was expended in crossing a score of lazy, oozy rillets, which caused large breadths of slime-covered swamp. Wasps attacked the column at one crossing, and stung a man into high fever, and being in such an emaciated condition there was little chance of his recovery. After a march of seven miles south-eastwardly we halted on the afternoon of the 17th.

The night was ushered by a tempest which threatened to uproot the forest and bear it to the distant west, accompanied by floods of rain, and a severe cold temperature. Nevertheless, fear of famishing drove us to begin the march at an early hour on the following day. In about an hour and a half we stood on the confines of a large clearing, but the fog was so dense that we could discern nothing further than 200 feet in front.

Resting awhile to debate upon our course, we heard a sonorous voice singing in a language none of us knew, and a lusty hail and an argument with what appeared to be some humour. As this was not a land where aborigines would dare to be so light-hearted and frivolous, this singing we believed could proceed from no other people than those who knew they had nothing to fear. I fired a Winchester rapidly in the air. The response by heavy-loaded muskets revealed that these were the Manyuema whom we had been so long seeking, and scarcely had their echoes ceased their reverberations than the caravan relieved its joy by long continued hurrahs.

We descended the slope of the clearing to a little valley, and from all sides of an opposite slope were seen lines of men and women issuing to welcome us with friendly hails. We looked to the right and left and saw thriving fields, Indian corn, rice, sweet-potatoes and beans. The well-known sounds of Arab greeting and hospitable tenders of friendship burst upon our ears; and our hands were soon clasped by lusty huge fellows, who seemed to enjoy life in the wilds as much as they could have enjoyed it in their own lands. These came principally from Manyuema, though their no less stout slaves, armed with percussion muskets and carbines, echoed heartily their superiors' sentiments and professions.

We were conducted up the sloping clearing through fields of luxuriant grain, by troops of men and youngsters who were irrepressibly frolicsome in their joy at the new arrivals and dawning promise of a holiday. On arrival at the village we were invited to take our seats in deep shady verandahs where we soon had to answer to hosts of questions and congratulations. As the caravan filed past us to its allotted quarters which men were appointed to show, numerous were the praises to God, uttered by them for our marvellous escapes from the terrible wilderness that stretched from their settlement of Ipoto to the Basopo Cataract, a distance of 197 miles, praises in which in our inmost hearts each one of our sorely tried caravan most heartily joined.

CHAPTER X.

WITH THE MANYUEMA AT IPOTO.

THIS community of ivory hunters established at Ipoto had arrived, five months previous to our coming, from the banks of the Lualaba, from a point situated between the exits of the Lowwa and the Leopold into the great river. The journey had occupied them seven and a half months, and they had seen neither grass nor open country, nor even heard of them during their wanderings. They had halted a month at Kinnena on the Lindi, and had built a station-house for their Chief Kilonga-Longa, who, when he had joined them with the main body, sent on about 200 guns and 200 slave-carriers to strike further in a north-easterly direction, to discover some other prosperous settlement far in advance of him, whence they could sally out in bands to destroy, burn and enslave natives in exchange for ivory. Through continual fighting, and the carelessness which the unbalanced mind is so apt to fall into after one or more happy successes, they had decreased in number within seven and half months into a force of about ninety guns. On reaching the Lenda River they

had heard of the settlements of Ugarrowwa, and sheered off the limits of his raiding circle to obtain a centre of their own, and, crossing the Lenda, they succeeded in reaching the south bank of the Ituri, about south of their present settlement at Ipoto.

As the natives would not assist them over the river to the north bank, they cut down a big tree and with axe and fire hollowed it into a sizeable canoe which conveyed them across to the north bank to Ipoto. Since that date they had launched out on one of the most sanguinary and destructive careers, to which even Tippu-Tib's or Tagamoyo's career offer but poor comparison. Towards the Lenda and Ihuru Rivers, they had levelled into black ashes every settlement, their rage for destruction had even been vented on the plantain groves, every canoe on the rivers had been split into pieces, every island had been searched, and into the darkest recesses, whither a slight track could be traced, they had penetrated with only one dominating passion, which was to kill as many of the men and capture as many of the women and children as craft and cruelty would enable them. However far northward or eastward these people had reached, one said nine days' march, another fifteen days'; or wherever they had gone, they had done precisely as we had seen between the Lenda River and Ipoto, and reduced the forest-land into a howling wilderness, and throughout all the immense area had left scarcely a hut standing.

What these destroyers had left of groves and plantations of plantain and bananas, manioc, and corn-fields, the elephant, chimpanzee, and monkeys had trampled and crushed into decaying and putrid muck, and in their places had sprung up, with the swiftness of mushrooms, whole hosts of large-leafed plants native to the soil, briars, calamus and bush, which the natives had in times past suppressed with their knives, axes and hoes. With each season the bush grew more robust and taller, and a few seasons only were wanted to cover all traces of former habitation and labour.

From Ipoto to the Lenda the distance by our track is 105 miles. Assume that this is the distance eastward to which their ravages have extended, and northward and southward, and we have something like 44,000 square miles. We know what Ugarrowwa has done from the preceding pages, what he was still doing with all the vigour of his mind; and we know what the Arabs in the Stanley Falls are doing on the Lumami and what sort of devil's work Mumi Muhala and Bwana Mohamed are perpetrating around Lake Ozo, the source of the Lulu; and, once we know where their centres are located, we may with a pair of compasses draw great circles round each, and park off areas of 40,000 and 50,000 squares miles into which half-a-dozen resolute men, aided by their hundreds of bandits, have divided about three-fourths of the Great Upper Congo Forest for the sole purpose of murder, and becoming heirs to a few hundred tusks of ivory.

At the date of our arrival at Ipoto, there were the Manyuema headmen, physically fine stalwart fellows, named Ismailia, Khamisi, and Sangarameni, who were responsible to Kilonga-Longa, their chief, for the followers and operations entrusted to their charge. At alternate periods each set out from Ipoto to his own special sub-district. Thus, to Ismailia, all roads from Ipoto to Ibwire and east to the Ituri were given as his special charge. Khamisi's area was along the line of the Ihuru, then east to Ibwire, to Sangarameni all the land east and west between the Ibina and

Ihuru affluents of the Ituri. Altogether there were 150 fighting men, but only about 90 were armed with guns. Kilonga-Longa was still at Kinena, and was not expected for three months yet.

The fighting men under the three leaders consisted of Bakusu, Balegga, and Basongora, youths who were trained by the Manyema as raiders in the forest region, in the same manner as in 1876, Manyema youths had been trained by Arabs and Waswahili of the East Coast. We see in this extraordinary increase in number of raiders in the Upper Congo basin the fruits of the Arab policy of killing off the adult aborigines and preserving the children. The girls are distributed among the Arab, Swahili and Manyema harems; the boys are trained to carry arms and are exercised in the use of them. When they are grown tall and strong enough they are rewarded with wives from the female servants of the harem, and then are admitted partners in these bloody ventures. So many parts of the profits are due to the great proprietor, such as Tippu-Tib, or Said bin Abed, a less number becomes the due of the headmen, and the remainder becomes the property of the bandits. At other times large ivories, over 35 lbs. each, become the property of the proprietor, all over 20 lbs. to 35 lbs. belong to the headmen; seraps, pieces and young ivory are permitted to be kept by the lucky finders. Hence every member of the caravan is inspired to do his best. The caravan is well armed and well manned by the proprietor, who stays at home on the Congo or Lualaba river indulging in rice and pilaf and the excesses of his harem; the headmen, inspired by greed and cupidity, become ferocious and stern; the bandits fling themselves upon a settlement without mercy to obtain the largest share of loot, of children, flocks, poultry, and ivory.

All this would be clearly beyond their power if they possessed no gunpowder. Not a mile beyond their settlements would the Arabs and their followers dare venture. It is more than likely that if gunpowder were prohibited entry into Africa there would be a general and quick migration to the sea of all Arabs from inner Africa, as the native Chiefs would be immeasurably stronger than any combination of Arabs armed with spears. What possible chance could Tippu-Tib, Abed bin Salim, Ugarowwa and Kilonga-Longa have against the Basongora and Bakusu? How could the Arabs of Ujiji resist the Wajiji and Warundi, or how could those of Unyanyembé live among the bowmen and spearmen of Unyamwezi?

There is only one remedy for these wholesale devastations of African aborigines, and that is the solemn combination of England, Germany, France, Portugal, South and East Africa, and Congo State against the introduction of gunpowder into any part of the Continent except for the use of their own agents, soldiers, and employés, or seizing upon every tusk of ivory brought out, as there is not a single piece nowadays which has been gained lawfully. Every tusk, piece and scrap in the possession of an Arab trader has been steeped and dyed in blood. Every pound weight has cost the life of a man, woman or child; for every five pounds a hut has been burned; for every two tusks a whole village has been destroyed; every twenty tusks have been obtained at the price of a district with all its people, villages and plantations. It is simply incredible that, because ivory is required for ornaments or billiard games, the rich heart of Africa should be laid waste at this late year of the nineteenth century, signalized as it has been by so much advance, that populations, tribes and nations should be utterly destroyed. Whom after all does this bloody seizure of

ivory enrich? Only a few dozens of half-castes, Arab and Negro, who, if due justice were dealt to them, should be made to sweat out the remainder of their piratical lives in the severest penal servitude.

On arriving in civilization after these terrible discoveries, I was told of a crusade that had been preached by Cardinal Lavigerie, and of a rising desire in Europe to effect by force of arms in the old crusader style and to attack the Arabs and their followers in their strongholds in Central Africa. It is just such a scheme as might have been expected from men who applauded Gordon when he set out with a white wand and six followers to rescue all the garrisons of the Soudan, a task which 14,000 of his countrymen, under one of the most skilful English generals, would have found impossible at that date. We pride ourselves upon being practical and sensible men, and yet every now and then let some enthusiast—whether Gladstone, Gordon, Lavigerie or another—speak, and a wave of Quixotism spreads over many lands. The last thing I heard in connection with this mad project is that a band of 100 Swedes, who have subscribed £25 each, are about to sail to some part of the East Coast of Africa, and proceed to Tanganika, to commence ostensibly the extirpation of the Arab slave-trader, but in reality to commit suicide.

However, these matters are not the object of this chapter. We are about to have a more intimate acquaintance with the morals of the Manyema, and to understand them better than we ever expected we should.

They had not heard a word or a whisper of our headmen whom we had despatched as couriers to obtain relief for Nelson's party, and, as it was scarcely possible that a starving caravan would accomplish the distance between Nelson's Camp and Ipoto before six active and intelligent men, we began to fear that among the lost men we should have to number our Zanzibari chiefs. Their track was clear as far as the crossing-place of the 14th and 15th of December. It was most probable that the witless men would continue up the river until they were overpowered by the savages of some unknown village. Our minds were never free from anxiety respecting Capt. Nelson and his followers. Thirteen days had already elapsed since our parting. During this period their position was not worse than ours had been. The forest was around them as it was around us. They were not loaded down as we were. The most active men could search about for food, or they could employ their canoes to ferry themselves over to the scene of the forage of the 3rd of December, one day's journey by land, or an hour by water. Berries and fungi abounded on the crest of the hills above their camp as in other parts. Yet we were anxious, and one of my first duties was to try and engage a relief party to take food to Nelson's camp. I was promised that it should be arranged next day.

For ourselves we received three goats and twelve baskets of Indian corn, which, when distributed, gave six ears of corn per man. It furnished us with two good meals, and many must have felt revived and refreshed, as I did.

On the first day's halt at Ipoto we suffered considerable lassitude. Nature either furnishes a stomach and no food, or else furnishes a feast and robs us of all appetite. On the day before, and on this, we had fed sumptuously on rice and pilaf and goat stew, but now we began to suffer from many illnesses. The masticators had forgotten their office, and the

digestive organs disdained the dainties, and affected to be deranged. Seriously, it was the natural result of over-eating; corn mush, grits, parched corn, beans and meat are solids requiring gastric juice, which, after being famished for so many days, was not in sufficient supply for the eager demand made for it.

The Manyema had about 300 or 400 acres under corn, five acres under rice, and as many under beans. Sugar-cane was also grown largely. They possessed about 100 goats—all stolen from the natives. In their store-huts they had immense supplies of Indian corn drawn from some village near the Ihuru and as yet unshucked. Their banana plantations were well stocked with fruit. Indeed the condition of every one in the settlement was prime.

It is but right to acknowledge that we were received on the first day with ostentatious kindness, but on the third day something of a strangeness sprang up between us. Their cordiality probably arose from a belief that our loads contained some desirable articles, but unfortunately the first-class beads that would have sufficed for the purchase of all their stock of corn were lost by the capsizing of a canoe near Panga Falls, and the gold-braided Arab burnouses were stolen below Ugarrowwa, by deserters. Disappointed at not receiving the expected quantity of fine cloth or fine beads, they proceeded systematically to tempt our men to sell everything they possessed, shirts, caps, daoles, waist-cloths, knives, belts, to which, being their personal property, we could make no objection. But the lucky owners of such articles having been seen by others less fortunate, hugely enjoying varieties of succulent food, were the means of inspiring the latter to envy and finally to theft. The unthrifty and reckless men sold their ammunition, accoutrements, bill-hooks, ramrods, and finally their Remington rifles. Thus, after escaping the terrible dangers of starvation and such injuries as the many savage tribes could inflict on us, we were in near peril of becoming slaves to the Arab slaves.

Despite entreaties for corn, we could obtain no more than two ears per man per day. I promised to pay triple price for everything received, on the arrival of the Rear Column, but with these people a present possession is better than a prospective one. They professed to doubt that we had cloth, and to believe that we had travelled all this distance to fight them. We represented on the other hand that all we needed were six ears of corn per day during nine days' rest. Three rifles disappeared. The headmen denied all knowledge of them. We were compelled to reflect that, if it were true they suspected we entertained sinister intentions towards them, that surely the safest and craftiest policy would be to purchase our arms secretly, and disarm us altogether, when they could enforce what terms they pleased on us.

On the 21st six more rifles were sold. At this rate the Expedition would be wrecked in a short time, for a body of men without arms in the heart of the great forest, with a host of men to the eastward and a large body to the westward depending upon them, were lost beyond hope of salvation. Both advance and retreat were equally cut off, and no resource would be left but absolute submission to the chief who chose to assert himself to be our master or Death. Therefore I proposed for my part to struggle strongly against such a fate, and either to provoke it instantly, or ward it off by prompt action.

A muster was made, the five men without arms were sentenced to

twenty-five lashes each and to be tied up. After a considerable fume and fuss had been exhibited, a man stepped up, as one was about to undergo punishment, and begged permission to speak.

"This man is innocent, sir. I have his rifle in my hut, I seized it last night from Juma (one of the cooks), son of Forkali, as he brought it to a Manyuema to sell. It may be Juma stole it from this man. I know that all these men have pleaded that their rifles have been stolen by others, while they slept. It may be true as in this case." Meantime Juma had flown, but was found later on hiding in the corn-fields. He confessed that he had stolen two, and had taken them to the informer to be disposed of for corn, or a goat, but it was solely at the instigation of the informer. It may have been true, for scarcely one of them but was quite capable of such a course, but the story was lame, and unreasonable in this case and was rejected. Another now came up and recognized Juma as the thief who had abstracted his rifle—and having proved his statement and confession having been made—the prisoner was sentenced to immediate execution, which was accordingly carried out by hanging.

It now being proved beyond a doubt that the Manyuema were purchasing our rifles at the rate of a few ears of corn per gun, I sent for the headmen, and make a formal demand for their instant restitution, otherwise they would be responsible for the consequences. They were inclined to be wrathful at first. They drove the Zanzibaris from the village out into the clearing, and there was every prospect of a fight, or, as was very probable, that the Expedition was about to be wrecked. Our men, being so utterly demoralized, and utterly broken in spirit from what they had undergone, were not to be relied on, and as they were ready to sell themselves for corn—there was little chance of our winning a victory in case of a struggle. It requires fulness of stomach to be brave. At the same time death was sure to conclude us in any event, for to remain quiescent under such circumstances tended to produce an ultimate appeal to arms. With those eleven rifles, 3,000 rounds of ammunition had been sold. No option presented itself to me than to be firm in my demand for the rifles; it was reiterated, under a threat that I would proceed to take other means—and as a proof of it they had but to look at the body hanging from a tree, for if we proceeded to such extremities as putting to death one of our own men, they certainly ought to know that we should feel ourselves perfectly prepared to take vengeance on those who had really caused his death by keeping open doors to receive stolen property.

After an hour's storming in their village they brought five rifles to me, and to my astonishment pointed out the sellers of them. Had it not been impolitic in the first place to drive things to the extreme, I should have declined receiving one of them back before all had been returned, and could I have been assured of the aid of fifty men I should have declared for a fight; but just at this juncture Uledi, the faithful coxswain of the *Advance*, strode into camp, bringing news that the boat was safe at the landing-place of Ipoto, and of his discovery of the six missing chiefs in a starving and bewildered state four miles from the settlement. This produced a revulsion of feelings. Gratitude for the discovery of my lost men, the sight of Uledi—the knowledge that, after all, despite the perverseness of human nature, I had some faithful fellows, left me for the time speechless.

Then the tale was told to Uledi, and he undertook the business of

eradiating the hostile feelings of the Manyema, and pleaded with me to let bygones be bygones on the score that the dark days were ended, and happy days he was sure were in store for us.

"For surely, dear master," he said, "after the longest night comes day, and why not sunshine after darkness with us? I think of how many long nights and dark days we pulled through in the old times when we pierced Africa together, and now let your heart be at peace. Please God we shall forget our troubles before long."

The culprits were ordered to be bound until morning. Uledi, with his bold frank way, sailed straight into the affections of the Manyema headmen. Presents of corn were brought to me, apologies were made and accepted. The corn was distributed among the people, and we ended this troublesome day, which had brought us all to the verge of dissolution, in much greater content than could have been hoped from its ominous commencement.

Our long-wandering chiefs who were sent as heralds of our approach to Ipoto arrived on Sunday the 23rd. They surely had made but a fruitless quest, and they found us old residents of the place they had been despatched to seek. Haggard, wan, and feeble from seventeen days' feeding on what the uninhabited wilderness afforded, they were also greatly abashed at their failure. They had reached the Ibina River, which flows from the S.E., and struck it two days above the confluence with the Ituri; they had then followed the tributary down to the junction, had found a canoe and rowed across to the right bank, where they had nearly perished from hunger. Fortunately Uledi had discovered them in time, had informed them of the direction of Ipoto, and they had crawled as they best could to our camp.

Before night, Sangarameni, the third headman, appeared from a raid with fifteen fine ivories. He said he had penetrated a twenty days' journey, and from a high hill had viewed an open country all grass-land.

Out of a supply I obtained on this day I was able to give two ears of corn per man, and to store a couple of baskets for Nelson's party. But events were not progressing smoothly, I could obtain no favourable answer to my entreaty for a relief party. One of our men had been speared to death by the Manyema on a charge of stealing corn from the fields. One had been hanged, twenty had been flogged for stealing ammunition, another had received 200 cuts from the Manyema for attempting to steal. If only the men could have reasoned sensibly during these days, how quickly matters could have been settled otherwise!

I had spoken and warned them with all earnestness to "endure, and cheer up," and that there were two ways of settling all this, but that I was afraid of them only, for they preferred the refuse of the Manyema to our wages and work. The Manyema were proving to them what they might expect of them; and with us the worst days were over; all we had to do was to march beyond the utmost reach of the Manyema raids, when we should all become as robust as they. Bah! I might as well have addressed my appeals to the trees of the forest as unto wretches so sodden with despair.

The Manyema had promised me three several times by this day to send eighty men as a relief party to Nelson's camp, but the arrival of Sangarameni, and misunderstandings, and other trifles, had disturbed the arrangements.

On the 24th firing was heard on the other side of the river, and, under

the plea that it indicated the arrival of Kilonga-Longa, the relief caravan was again prevented from setting out.

The next day, those who had fired arrived in camp, and proved to be the Manyuema knaves whom we had seen on the 2nd of October. Out of fifteen men they had lost one man from an arrow wound. They had wandered for twenty-four days to find the track, but having no other loads than provisions these had lasted with economy for fifteen days, but for the last nine days they had subsisted on mushrooms and wild fruit.

On this evening I succeeded in drawing a contract, and getting the three headmen to agree to the following :—

“To send thirty men to the relief of Captain Nelson, with 400 ears of corn for his party.

“To provide Captain Nelson and Surgeon Parke, and all sick men unable to work in the fields, with provisions, until our return from Lake Albert.

“The service of a guide from Ipoto to Ibwiri, for which they were to be paid one bale and a half of cloth on the arrival of the Rear Column.”

It was drawn up in Arabic by Rashid, and in English by myself, and witnessed by three men.

For some fancy articles of personal property I succeeded in purchasing for Mr. Jephson and Capt. Nelson 250 ears of Indian corn, and for 250 pistol cartridges I bought another quantity, and for an ivory-framed mirror from a dressing-case purchased two baskets full; for three bottles of otter of roses obtained three fowls; so that I had 1,000 ears of corn for the relieving and relieved parties.

On the 26th Mr. Mounteney Jephson, forty Zanzibaris, and thirty Manyuema slaves started on their journey to Nelson's camp. I cannot do better than introduce Mr. Jephson's report on his journey.

“Arab Settlement at Ipoto,

“November 4th, 1887.

“DEAR SIR,

“I left at midday on October 26th, and arrived at the river and crossed over with 30 Manyuema and 40 Zanzibaris under my charge the same afternoon and camped on landing. The next morning we started off early and reached the camp where we had crossed the river, when we were wandering about in a starving condition in search of the Arabs; by midday the signs and arrow heads we had marked on the trees to show the chiefs we had crossed were still fresh. I reached another of our camps that night. The next day we did nearly three of our former marches. The camp where Feruzi Ali had got his death-wound, and where we had spent three such miserable days of hunger and anxiety, looked very dismal as we passed through it. During the day we passed the skeletons of three of our men who had fallen down and died from sheer starvation, they were grim reminders of the misery through which we had so lately gone.

“On the morning of the 29th I started off as soon as it was daylight, determining to reach Nelson that day and decide the question as to his being yet alive. Accompanied by one man only, I soon found myself far ahead of my followers. As I neared Nelson's camp a feverish anxiety to know his fate possessed me, and I pushed on through streams and creeks, by banks and bogs, over which our starving people had slowly toiled with the boat sections. All were passed by quickly to-day, and again the skeletons in the road testified to the trials through which we had passed. As I came down the hill into Nelson's camp, not a sound was heard but the groans of two dying men in a hut close by, the whole place had a deserted and woe-begone look. I came quietly round the tent and found Nelson sitting there; we clasped hands, and then, poor fellow! he turned away and sobbed, and muttered something about being very weak.

"Nelson was greatly changed in appearance, being worn and haggard-looking, with deep lines about his eyes and mouth. He told me his anxiety had been intense, as day after day passed and no relief came; he had at last made up his mind that something had happened to us, and that we had been compelled to abandon him. He had lived chiefly upon fruits and fungus which his two boys had brought in from day to day. Of the fifty-two men you left with him, only five remained, of whom two were in a dying state. All the rest had either deserted him or were dead.

"He has himself given you an account of his losses from death and desertion. I gave him the food you sent him, which I had carefully watched on the way, and he had one of the chickens and some porridge cooked at once, it was the first nourishing food he had tasted for many days. After I had been there a couple of hours my people came in and all crowded round the tent to offer him their congratulations.

"You remember Nelson's feet had been very bad for some days before we left him, he had hardly left the tent the whole time he had been here. At one time he had had ten ulcers on one foot, but he had now recovered from them in a great measure and said he thought he would be able to march slowly. On the 30th we began the return march. I gave out most of the loads to the Manyema and Zanzibaris, but was obliged to leave thirteen boxes of ammunition and seven other loads; these I buried, and Parke will be able to fetch them later on.

"Nelson did the marches better than I expected, though he was much knocked up at the end of each day. On the return march we crossed the river lower down and made our way up the right bank and struck your old road a day's march from the Arab camp. Here again we passed more skeletons, at one place there were three within 200 yards of each other.

"On the fifth day, that is November 3rd, we reached the Arab camp, and Nelson's relief was accomplished. He has already picked up wonderfully in spite of the marching, but he cannot get sleep at night and is still in a nervous and highly strung state; the rest in the Arab camp, will, I trust, set him up again. It is certain that in his state of health he could not have followed us in our wanderings in search of food, he must have fallen by the way.

"I am, &c., &c.

(Signed) "A. J. MOUNTENEY JEPHSON."

The following are the reports of Captain Nelson and Surgeon Parke.

"Arab Village, Ipoto,

"6th November, 1887.

"DEAR SIR,

"Mr. Jephson arrived at my camp on the 29th October with the men for the loads and with the food you sent for me. Many thanks for the food, it was badly needed. He will tell you what state he found me in and of the few men still alive.

"You left me on the 6th October last; on the morning of the 9th I got up a canoe and sent Umari and thirteen of the best men I could find (they were all very bad) over the river to look for food. On the 8th Assani (No. 1 Company) came to me and said that he had returned from the column sick. Same day Uledi's brother came into camp, told me he had lost the road while looking for bananas, near the camp, where we met the Manyema. On the 10th I found that Juma, one of Stairs' chiefs, had cleared in the night with ten men, and stolen a canoe and gone down river. On the 11th I counted the men and could only find seventeen (I had fifty-two the first day); the rest had gone away either after the column or down river. On the 14th one man died. Umari returned with very few bananas, about enough for two days; however, they were very welcome, as I had nothing but herbs and fungi to eat up to this time. On the 15th another man died, and I found that Saadi (No. 1.) with some other men had

come into camp in the night and stolen the canoe (Umari had re-crossed the river in), and gone down river. On the 17th Umari went away with twenty-one men to look for food; 19th, man died; 22nd, two men died; 23rd, man died; 29th, two men died; Jephson arrived; 30th, one man died; we left camp on way here. Umari had not returned; he, however, if alive will come on here, I feel sure, but how many men with him I cannot tell, perhaps five or six may reach here with him. With the exception of the few bananas I got from Umari I lived entirely on herbs, fungi, and a few mabengu. I had ten ulcers on my left leg and foot and so was unable to look for food myself and was kept alive entirely by my two boys and little Baruk, one of my company, and Abdalla, a man Stairs left with me. I was very weak when Jephson arrived. Now, however, I feel a little better. We arrived at the village on the 3rd November, the chief Ismail brought me the day I came a very small quantity of coarse meal and two small dried fish, about enough for one meal.

"Yesterday, no food having come for two days, we sent for it, and after a good deal of trouble Ismail sent us a little meal. At present I am living on my clothes; we get hardly anything from the chief. To-day Dr. Parke and I went to the chief, with Hamis Pari as interpreter, and talked to him about food. He told us that *no arrangement had been made by you for my food*, and that he was feeding the Doctor and me entirely from his own generosity, and he refused to feed our boys, three in number (fewer we cannot possibly do with), as you never told him to do so.

"I have the honour to be,

"&c., &c.

"R. H. NELSON."

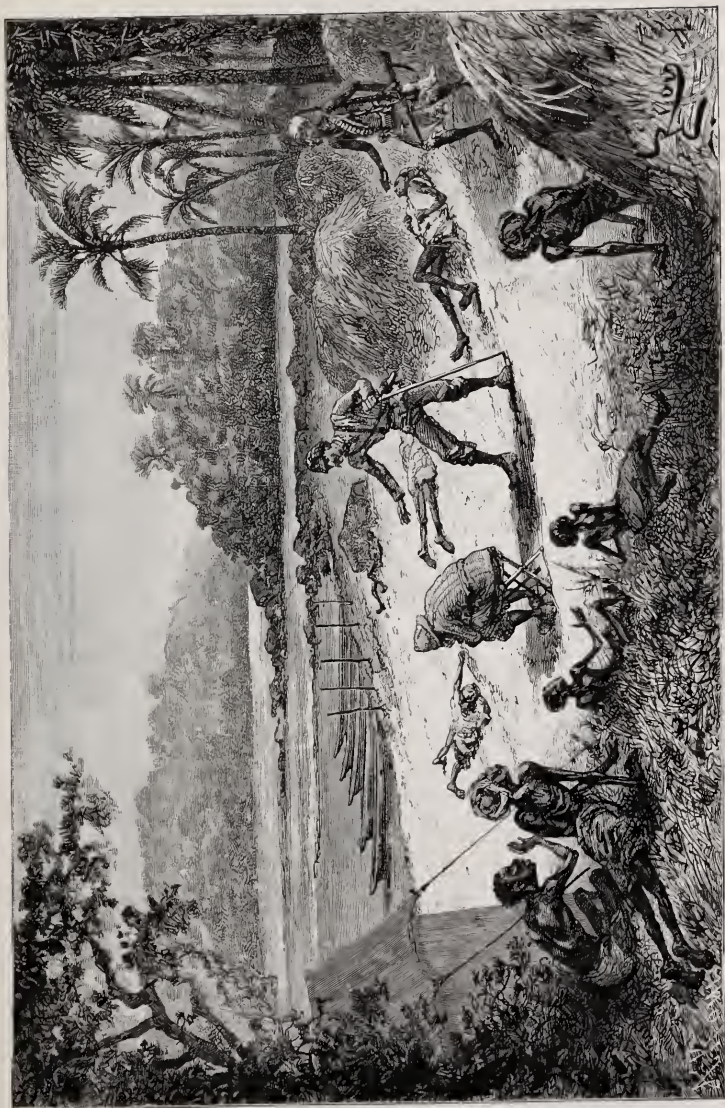
"Arab Camp, Ipoto,

"November 6th, 1887.

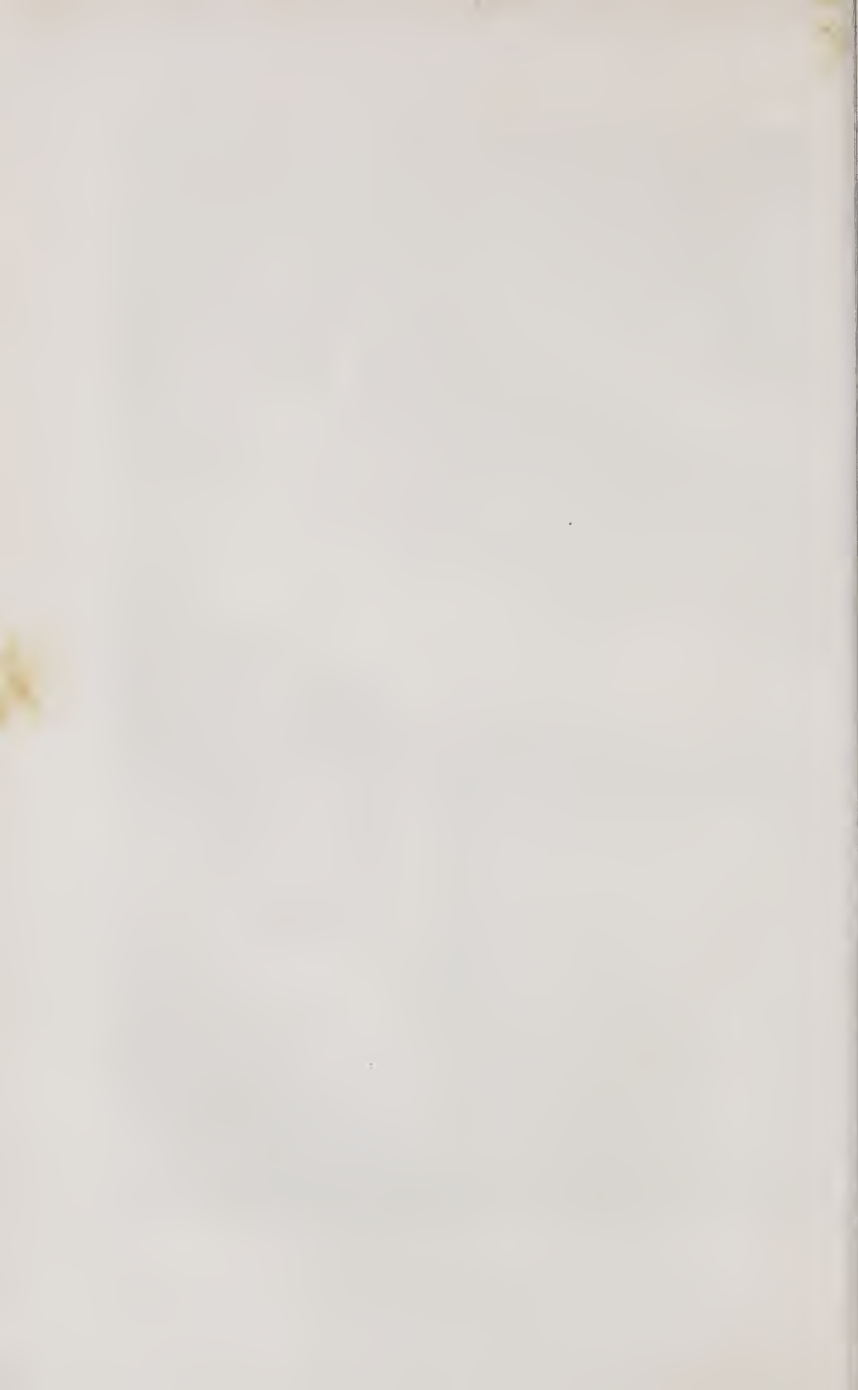
"MY DEAR MR. STANLEY,

"Captain Nelson and Mr. Jephson arrived here on the 3rd inst. a few of the Zanzibaris and Manyema men getting in with their loads the previous day. Of all those men left at Nelson's camp, only five have arrived here, the remaining live ones were away on a foraging tour with Umari, when the relief party arrived. It is very likely that some of them may find their way here; if so, I shall get Ismaili to allow them to work for their food. Nelson staggered into camp greatly changed in appearance, a complete wreck after the march, his features shrunken and pinched, and a frame reduced to half its former size. I have done the best I could for him medically, but good nourishing food is what he requires to restore him to his health; and I regret to say that my experience here and the conversation which we had to-day with Ismaili goes to show that we shall have to exist on scanty fare. Since you left, I have had some flour and corn from the chiefs, but this was generally after sending for it several times. By a lucky accident I got a goat, most of which I distributed amongst the sick men here, for I am informed by Ismaili, through H. Pari, that only those who work in the field get food, and there are some here who certainly cannot do so; therefore they are trusting to the generosity of the other men, who get five heads of corn each day they work. Both Nelson and myself have much trouble in getting food from Ismaili for ourselves, and he has refused to feed our boys, who are absolutely necessary to draw water, cook, &c., &c., although I have reduced mine to one.

"Nelson and myself went and saw him to-day (Hamis Pari, interpreter), and Ismaili stated that you had told the chiefs that a big Mzungu was to come (Nelson), and he would make his own arrangements about food, and that I was here living on his (Ismaili's) generosity, as no arrangements had been made for me. I reminded him of the conversation you had with him in your tent the evening you called me down and gave me your gold watch, and I said that you had told me that you had made a written arrangement with the chiefs that both



THE RELIEF OF NELSON AND SURVIVORS AT STARVATION CAMP.



Nelson and myself should be *provisioned*. We both told him that we did not want goats and fowls, but simply what he can give us. Not having seen any agreement, I could not argue further, but asked to see the document, so that we might convince him; this he said he could not do, as Hamis, the Chief, had it, and he was away, and would not return for two months. He however sent us up some corn shortly afterwards. This is a very unhappy state of affairs for us who shall have to remain here for so long a time. Nelson has sold much of his clothes, and out of my scanty supply (my bag having been lost on the march) I have been obliged to make a further sale so as to provide ourselves with sufficient food.

"We shall get along here as best we can, and sacrifice much to keep on friendly terms with the Arabs, as it is of such essential importance. I sincerely hope you will have every success in attaining the object of the Expedition, and that we shall all have an opportunity of meeting soon and congratulating Emin Pasha on his relief.

"With best wishes, &c.,

(Signed) "T. H. PARKE,
"A.M.D."

"Arab Village, Ipoto,

"10th November, 1887.

"DEAR SIR,

"I am sorry to have to tell you that several attempts have been made to rob the hut, and last night unfortunately they managed to get a box of ammunition out of Parke's tent while we were having dinner; also one attempt to burn the hut, which happily I frustrated, owing to my not being able to sleep well. We have spoken to the Chief Ismail about the thieving: he says it is done by Zanzibaris and not by his people; but if there were no sale for the cartridges they would not be stolen. It is of course most unfortunate. Since Jephson left, the enormous quantity of forty small heads of Indian corn has been given to us, by Ismail; this is of course quite absurd; as we cannot live on it, we get herbs, with which we supplement our scanty fare.

"Uledi returned this afternoon and goes on to-morrow, and by him I send this letter.

"With kindest regards to you, Sir, Stairs and Jephson,

"I have the honour to be, &c., &c.,

(Signed) "R. H. NELSON.

"P.S.—Just as I finished this letter the Chief sent us a little meal, which evidently was done so that Uledi, who was waiting for the letter, could tell you that we were getting plenty (!) of food.

"H. M. STANLEY, Esq.,

"Commanding E. P. R. Expedition."

On the evening of the 26th Ismaili entered my hut, and declared that he had become so attached to me that he would dearly love to go through the process of blood-brotherhood with me. As I was about to entrust Captain Nelson and Surgeon Parke and about thirty sick men to the charge of himself and brother chiefs, I readily consented, though it was somewhat *infra dig.* to make brotherhood with a slave, but as he was powerful in that bloody gang of bandits, I pocketed my dignity and underwent the ceremony. I then selected a five-guinea rug, silk handkerchiefs, a couple of yards of crimson broadcloth, and a few other costly trifles. Finally I made another written agreement for guides to accompany me to the distance of fifteen camps, which he said was the limit of his territory, and good treatment of my officers, and handed to him a gold watch and chain,

value £49 in London, as pledge of this agreement, in presence of Surgeon Parke.

The next day after leaving Surgeon Parke to attend to his friend Nelson and twenty-nine men, we left Ipoto with our reduced force to strive once more with the hunger of the wilderness.

CHAPTER XI.

THROUGH THE FOREST TO MAZAMBONI'S PEAK.

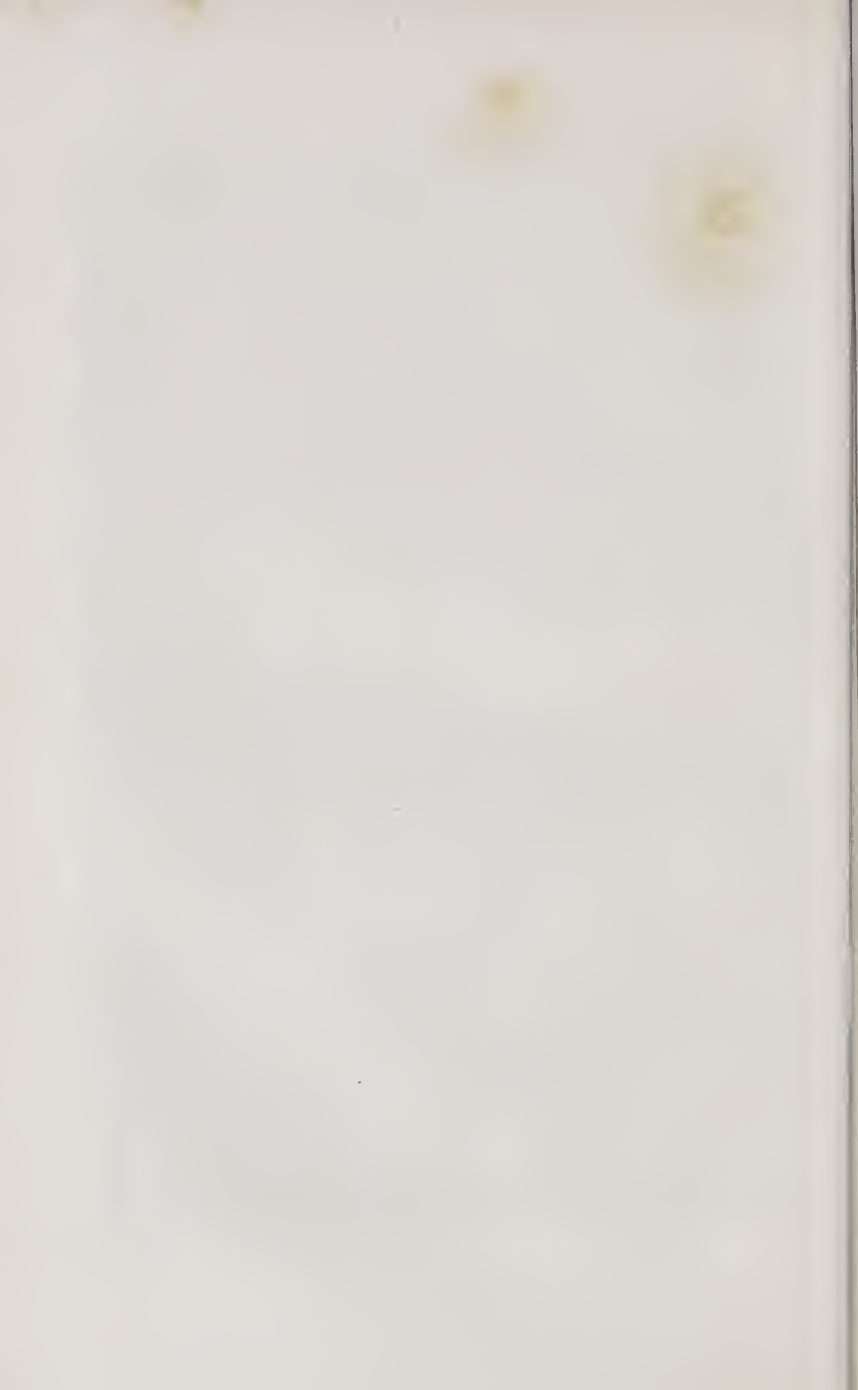
WE marched for two hours to Yumbu, and in four and a quarter hours on the following day to Busindi.

We were now in the country of the Balessé. The architecture was peculiar. Its peculiarity consisted in a long street flanked by a long low wooden building, or rather planked building, on either side, 200, 300, or 400 feet long. At first sight one of these villages appeared like a long gable-roofed structure sawn in exact half along the ridge of the roof, and as if each half-house had been removed backward for a distance of 20 or 30 feet, and then along the inner sides been boarded up, and pierced with low doors, to obtain entrance into independent apartments. The light wood of the Rubiacæ affords good material for this kind of house. A sizeable tree, 1 foot 18 inches, or 2 feet in diameter, is felled, and the log is cut into short pieces from 4 to 6 feet in length; the pieces are easily split by hard wedges, and with their small neat adzes they contrive to shape the plank smooth, tolerably even, and square. They are generally an inch or an inch and a quarter thick. For what is called the ceiling or inner boarding, the boards are thinner and narrower. When a sufficient number of boards and planks are ready, the inner ceiling is lashed to the uprights, frequently in as neat a fashion as a carpenter's apprentice might do it with saw, nails and hammer; on the outer side of the uprights are lashed the thicker planks, or broad slabs, the hollow between the inner and outer frame is then stuffed with the phrynica, or banana leaves. The wall facing the street may be 9 feet high, the back wall facing the forest or clearing is 4 or 4½ feet high, the width of the house varies from 7 to 10 feet. Altogether it is a comfortable and snug mode of building, rather dangerous in case of fire, but very defensible, with trifling labour.

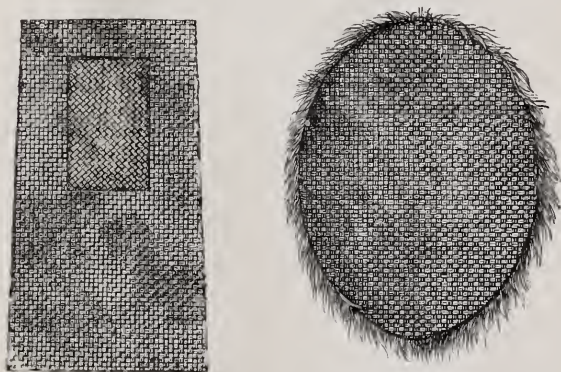
Another peculiarity of the Balessé is the condition of their clearings, and some of these are very extensive, quite a mile and a half in diameter, and the whole strewn with the relics, débris, and timber of the primeval forest. Indeed I cannot compare a Balessé clearing to anything better than a mighty abattis surrounding the principal village, and over this abattis the traveller has to find his way. As one steps out of the shadow of the forest, the path is at first, may be, along the trunk of a great tree for 100 feet, it then turns at right angles along a great branch a few feet; he takes a few paces on the soil, then finds himself in front of a massive prostrate tree-stem 3 feet in diameter or so; he climbs over that, and presently finds himself facing the out-spreading limbs of another giant, amongst which he must creep, and twist, and crawl to get footing on a branch, then from the branch to the trunk, he takes a half turn to the



GYMNASTICS IN A FOREST CLEARING.



right, walks along the tree from which, increasing in thickness, he must soon climb on top of another that has fallen across and atop of it, when after taking a half-turn to the left, he must follow, ascending it until he is 20 feet above the ground. When he has got among the branches at this dizzy height, he needs judgment, and to be proof against nervousness. After tender, delicate balancing, he places his foot on a branch—at last descends cautiously along the steep slope until he is 6 feet from the ground from which he must jump on to another tapering branch, and follow that to another height of 20 feet, then along the monster tree, then down to the ground; and so on for hours, the hot, burning sun, and the close, steamy atmosphere of the clearing forcing the perspiration in streams from his body. I have narrowly escaped death three times during these frightful gymnastic exercises. One man died where he fell. Several men were frightfully bruised. Yet it is not so dangerous with the naked feet, but with boots in the early morning, before the dew is dried, or after a rain, or when the advance-guard has smeared the timber with a greasy



SHIELDS OF THE BALESSÉ.

clay, I have had six falls in an hour. The village stands in the centre. We have often congratulated ourselves on coming to a clearing at the near approach to camping-time, but it has frequently occupied us one hour and a half to reach the village. It is a most curious sight to see a caravan laden with heavy burdens walking over this wreck of a forest, and timbered clearing. Streams, swamps, water-courses, ditches are often twenty to twenty-five feet below a tapering slippery tree, which crosses them bridge-like. Some men are falling, some are tottering, one or two have already fallen, some are twenty feet above the ground, others are on the ground creeping under logs. Many are wandering among a maze of branches, thirty or more may be standing on one delicate and straight shaft, a few may be posted like sentries on a branch, perplexed which way to move. All this, however, is made much harder, and more dangerous, when, from a hundred points, the deadly arrows are flying from concealed natives, which, thank Heaven! were not common. We have been too cautious for that kind of work to happen often, though we have seldom

been able to leave one of these awful clearings without having some man's foot skewered, or some one lamed.

On the 29th we marched to Bukiri or Myyulus, a distance of nine miles in six hours.

A few natives having been tormented and persecuted to submission to the Manyuema, greeted us with cries of "Bodo! Bodo! Ulenda! Ulenda!"; greetings which they accompanied with a flinging motion of the hand, as though they jerked "Away! away!"

The chief was styled Mwani. They wore much polished ironwork, rings, bells, and anklets, and appeared to be partial to many leglets made of calamus fibre, and armlets of the same material, after the manner of Karagwé and Uhha. They cultivate maize, beans, plantains, and bananas, tobacco, sweet potatoes, yams, brinjalls, melons, gourds. Their goats are fine, and of good size. Fowls are plentiful, but fresh eggs are rare.

Among some of these villages there is generally a dome hut of ample size, after the manner of Unyoro, with double porches.

The following day we halted, during which the Manyuema guides took particular care to show our people that they should have no doubt of their contempt for them. They would not allow them to trade with the natives for fear some desirable article would be lost to themselves, they also vociferated at them loudly if they were seen proceeding to the clearing to cut plantains. As I told them, they did not advance in their favour in the least by abandoning the whites, and turning a deaf ear to our adjurations to be manly and faithful. A word, or even a defiant look, was visited with a sharp cut on the naked body with a rattan from slave boys of the six Manyuema guides with us. What awful oaths of vengeance were uttered for all these indignities they suffered!

On the 31st we came across the first village of Dwarfs, and, during the day, across several empty settlements belonging to them. We marched nine miles in five and a quarter hours, and camped in a Dwarf's village in the woods.

Stealing continued steadily. On examining the pouches, there was one cartridge out of three pouches. The cartridges were lost, of course! Hilallah, a boy of sixteen, deserted back to Ipoto with my cartridge pouch, and thirty cartridges in it. A man who carried my satchel ran away with seventy-five Winchester cartridges.

The next day we entered the extensive clearing and large settlement of Mambungu's or Nebassé.

Khamis, the chief of the guides, left Ipoto on the 31st, and arrived at this place with seven men, according to agreement with Ismaili, my Manyuema brother.

The track which we followed has enabled us to increase our rate of progress per hour. Along the river bank, by dint of continued work, and devoting seven, eight, nine hours—sometimes ten hours—we could travel from 3 to 7 miles. We were now enabled to make $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{3}{4}$, and even 2 miles per hour; but the pace was still retarded by roots, stumps, climbers, lianes, convolvuli, skewers, and a multitude of streams, and green-scummed sinks. We could rarely proceed a clear hundred yards without being ordered to halt by the pioneers.

Each day towards evening the clouds gathered, the thunder reverberated with awful sounds through the echoing forest; lightning darted hither and

thither, daily severing some trec-top, or splitting a mighty patriarch from crown to base, or blasting some stately and kingly tree; and the rain fell with a drowning plenty which chilled and depressed us greatly in our poor-blooded and anæmic state. But during the march, Providence was gracious; the sun shone, and streamed in million beams of soft light through the woods, which brightened our feelings, and caused the aisles and corridors of the woods to be of divine beauty, converted the graceful thin tree-shafts into marbly-grey pillars, and the dew and rain-drops into sparkling brilliants; cheered the invisible birds to pour out, with spirit, their varied repertory of songs; inspired parrot flocks to vent gleeful screams and whistlings; roused hosts of monkeys to exert their wildest antics; while now and then some deep, bass roar in far-away recesses indicated a family of *soko* or chimpanzees enjoying some savage sport.

The road from Mambungu's, eastward, was full of torments, fears, and anxieties. Never were such a series of clearings as those around Mambungu, and the neighbouring settlement of Njalis. The trees were of the largest size, and timber enough had been cut to build a navy; and these lay, in all imaginable confusion, tree upon tree, log above log, branches rising in hills above hills; and amongst all this wild ruin of woods grew in profusion upon profusion bananas, plantains, vines, parasites; ivy-like plants, palms, calamus, convolvuli, etc., through which the poor column had to burrow, struggle, and sweat, while creeping, crawling, and climbing, in, through, and over obstacles and entanglements that baffle description.

On the 4th of November we were $13\frac{3}{4}$ miles from Mambungu's in the settlement of Ndugubisha, having passed, in the interval, through five deserted forest villages of pigmies. On this day I came near smiling—for I fancied I observed the dawn of happier days foretold by Uledi. Each member of the caravan received one ear of corn and 15 plantains as rations.

Fifteen plantains and one ear of corn make a royal ration compared to two ears of corn, or a handful of berries, or a dozen fungus. It was not calculated, however, to make men too cheerful, though our people were naturally light-hearted and gay.

"But never mind, my boys," I said, as I doled the spare diet to the hungry creatures; "the morning is breaking; a week more, and then you shall see the end of your troubles."

Verbal reply was not given to me; only a wan smile lightened the famine-sharpened features. Our officers had borne these privations with the spirit ascribed by Cæsar to Antony, and as well as though they were to the manner born. They fed on the flat wood beans of the forest, on the acid wild fruit and strange fungus, with the smiling content of Sybarites at a feast. Yet one of them paid £1,000 for this poor privilege, and came near being thought too dainty for rough African life. They had been a living example to our dark followers, many of whom had probably been encouraged to strive for existence by the bright, hopeful looks our officers wore under our many unhappy afflictions.

On the following day we crossed the watershed between the Ihuru and Ituri rivers, and we now plunged into cool streams flowing to leftward, or towards the Ihuru. Hills rose to the right and left in wooded cones and ridgy mounts, and after a march of nine and three-quarter miles, we halted for the night at West Indekaru, at the base of a hill whose top

rose 600 feet above the village. Another short march brought us to a village perched half-way up a tall mount, which may be designated as East Indekaru, and by aneroid we were 4,097 feet above the ocean. From this village we enjoyed a first view of our surroundings. Instead of crawling like mighty bipeds in the twilight, 30 fathoms below the level of the white light of the day, compelled to recognize our littleness, by comparison with the giant columns and tall pillar-like shafts that rose by millions around us, we now stood on the crest of a cleared mount, to look upon the leafy world below us. One almost felt as if walking over the rolling plain of leafage was possible, so compact and unbroken was the expanse, extending to a lovely pale blueness as the eyesight followed it to the furthest limits of distinctness—away, far away to an unknown distance, the forest tops spread round about a variegated green of plushy texture, broad red patches of tree flowering, and rich russety circles of leaves, not unfrequent. How one envied the smooth, easy flight of the kites and white-collared eagles, sailing gracefully without let or hindrance through the calm atmosphere! Ah! that we had the wings of kites, that we might fly and be at rest from these incorrigibly wicked Manyema! Whose wish was that? Indeed, I think we all of us shared it, more or less.

On the 7th, while we halted on the mount, the Manyema monopolizing the village, and our men in the hush, unworthy to be near their nobility, there was a little storm between Saat Tato (Three o'Clock), the hunter, and Khamis, the chief of the Manyema guides. It threatened, from the sound of words, to explode hurtfully at one time. Khamis slapped him in the face. Both were tall men, but Saat Tato was two inches taller, a good soldier, who had seen service in Madagascar and with Sultan Barghash as a sergeant, but who, from his habits of getting drunk by the third hour of each day, was nicknamed "Three o'Clock," and dismissed. He was an excellent man, faithful, strong, obedient, and an unerring shot. Given the benefits of twenty-five pounds of food, Saat Tato, at a hint, would have smilingly taken hold of Khamis, and snapped his vertebrae across his knee with the ease that he would have broken a spear staff. I observed Saat Tato closely, for it must be remembered that it had become fully impressed on my mind that my men were quite too broken-spirited. Saat Tato looked at him a second severely; then, lifting his forefinger, said to Khamis, "It is well, but I should like to see you repeat that blow a little time hence, after I have a little food in me, and filled this stomach of mine. Strike me again, do; I can bear it."

Advancing, and touching Khamis on the shoulder, I said, "Khamis, do not do that again. I do not allow even my officers to strike my men like that."

The ill-humour was increasing, and, little as the Manyema imagined, they were assisting me to restore the spirit of the Zanzibaris by their cruelty. There were signs that the Christians would prevail after all. The mutual affection expressed between the Moslem co-religionists at the altar of which our men were ready to sacrifice their lives and liberties and their own freedom, had been cooled by the cruelty, perverseness, and niggardliness of the Manyema. All we had to do was to watch it, bear patiently, and be ready.

To our great comfort Khamis confessed that West Indekaro was the utmost limit of his master Ismaili's territory.

We, however, were not to part from him until we reached Ibwiri.

We marched eleven miles on the 8th of November through a much more open forest, and we could see further into the interior. The road was better, so much so that our rate of marching increased to two miles per hour. The gritty and loamy soil had absorbed the rain, and walking became pleasant. The lianes were not so riotously abundant, only a strong creeper now and then requiring severance. At several places there were granite outcroppings of a colossal size, which were a novelty and added a kind of romantic and picturesque interest to the woods, darkly suggestive of gitanos, bandits, or pigmies.

A march of nine and a half miles on the 9th of November took us to a Pigmies' camp. Until noon a mist had hung over the land. Towards the latter part of the tramp we passed through several lately deserted villages of the Dwarfs, and across eight streams. Khamis, the guide, and his followers, and about half-a-dozen of the pioneers proceeded to Ibwiri, which was only one and a half mile distant, and on the next day we joined them. This was one of the richest and finest clearings we had seen since leaving Yambuya, though had the Expedition been despatched eight months earlier we should have found scores in the same prosperous condition. Here was a clearing three miles in diameter abounding in native produce, and hitherto unvisited by the Manyema. Almost every plantain stalk bore an enormous branch of fruit, with from fifty to one hundred and forty plantains attached. Some specimens of this fruit were twenty-two inches long, two and a half inches in diameter, and nearly eight inches round, large enough to furnish Saat Tato, the hunter, with his long desired full meal. There was an odour of ripe fruit pervading the air, and as we climbed over the logs and felt our way gingerly along the prostrate timber, I was often asked by the delighted people to note the bunches of mellow fruit hanging temptingly before their eyes.

Before reaching the village Murabo, a Zanzibari headman whispered to me that there were five villages in Ibwiri, and that each hut in every village was more than a fourth full of Indian corn, but that Khamis and his Manyema had been storing corn in their own huts, which, according to right of pre-emption, they had reserved for themselves.

On entering the street of the village, Khamis met me with the usual complaints about the wickedness of the "vile Zanzibaris." Looking down on the ground I saw many a trail of corn which went to corroborate Murabo's story, and as Khamis proposed that the Expedition should occupy the western half of the village, and he and his fifteen Manyema would occupy the eastern half, I ventured to demur to the proposition on the ground that as we had departed out of his master's territory we claimed all the land to the eastward, and would in future dispense with any suggestion as to what we should do, and that furthermore not a grain of corn, nor plantain, banana, or any other native product in the land would leave the country without my permission. He was told, no people on earth could have borne so uncomplainingly such shames, affronts, and insults as had been put upon the Zanzibaris, and that in future they should be permitted to resent all such injuries as they best knew how. Khamis assented submissively to all this.

The first thing after storing goods, and distributing the men to their quarters, was to give fifty cars of corn per man, and to arrange with the natives as to our future conduct towards one another.

Within an hour it was agreed that the western half of the Ibwire clearing should be granted to us for foraging; that the eastern half, from a certain stream, should be the reserve of the natives. Khamis, the Manyema, was also induced to enter into the pact. In return for a packet of brass rods, Boryo, the principal chief of the Balessé of the district, presented us with five fowls and a goat.

This was a great day. Since August 31st not one follower of the Expedition had enjoyed a full meal, but now bananas, plantains ripe and green, potatoes, herbs, yams, beans, sugar-cane, corn, melons in such quantities were given them that were they so many elephants they could not have exhausted the stock provided for them in less than ten days. They could gratify to the full the appetite so long stinted and starved.

As we were compelled to wait for Mr. Jephson and some sixty Zanzibaris—forty of the relief party boat's crew, and convalescents from Ipoto—the good effect of this abundance would be visible in a few days. It was also one of those settlements we had been anxiously searching for as a recuperating station. On this date the men were hideous to look upon, because of their gaunt nakedness. They were naked, for they had stripped themselves to obtain food from the slaves of the Manyema at Ugarowwa's and Ipoto; of flesh they had none, for they had been reduced to bones by seventy-three days of famine and thirteen days of absolute want; of strength they had but little, and they were ill-favoured in every respect; their native colour of oiled bronze had become a mixture of grimy black and wood ashes; their rolling eyes betrayed signs of disease, impure blood, and indurated livers; that beautiful contour of body, and graceful and delicate outlines of muscles—alas, alas!—were all gone. They more befitted a charnel-house than a camp of men bound to continually wear fighting accoutrements.

Khamis, the Manyema guide, offered the next morning to proceed east to search out the road from Ibwire, for, as he informed me, Boryo, the chief, had told him of a grass-land being not many days off. He thought that with a few of Boryo's natives, and thirty of our riflemen, he could discover something of interest. Calling Boryo to me, he confirmed, as well as we could understand him, that from a place called Mandé, which he said was only two days' good marching—say forty miles—the grass-land could be seen; that herds of cattle came in such numbers to the Ituri river to drink that the river "swelled up." All this chimed with my eager desire to know how far we were from the open country, and as Boryo said he was willing to furnish guides, I called for volunteers. Twenty-eight men came forward, to my surprise, as willing and as eager for new adventures as though they had been revelling in plenty for the last few months. Khamis and his party departed shortly after.

Despite strict prohibition to touch anything on the native reservation of Ibwire, one of our raiders paid it a visit, and captured nineteen fowls, two of which he had already despatched, the remaining seventeen he had decapitated, but our detectives pounced upon him and his stock, as he and his chum were debating what they should do with the feathers. The flesh and bones did not promise to be any trouble to them. Close by them two men had despatched an entire goat, excepting the head! These facts serve to illustrate the boundless capacity of Zanzibari stomachs.

The natives of Ibwire had behaved most handsomely, and personally I felt a sense of shame at the ingratitude of my followers. The chief and

his family were living with us, and exchanged their greetings of "Bodo, Bodo, ulenda, ulenda," half-a-dozen times a day. Yet our men had undergone such extremes of wretchedness during the last two and a half months that we might have well anticipated some excesses would be committed upon the first opportunity. No other body of men in the wide world that I am acquainted with could have borne such a period of hunger so meekly, so resignedly. Not a grain or a bit of human food discoverable anywhere, their comrades dying at every camp, or falling dead along the track, others less patient plunging into the depths of the wilderness maddened by hunger, leaving them to fare as they might under the burdens of war-munitions, and baggage. Goaded by the protracted hunger, and fierce despair, and loss of trust in their officers, they might have seized their Remingtons and, by one volley, have slain their white chiefs, and fed on them, and shaken off power, and, in a moment, the clutch of authority which, so far as they knew, was only dragging them down to certain doom.

While I pitied the natives who had lost their property when they least deserved it, I could not remove from my memory that extended fast in the area of desolation and forest wilderness stretching between the Basopo Rapids and Ibwiri, on the edge of which we were even now located, or their patient obedience—thefts and small practices notwithstanding—their unfaltering fidelity, their kindness to us while we were starving, in bestowing upon us the choicest and finest of the wild fruit they had discovered, and their altogether courageous bearing and noble hopefulness during the terrible days of adversity; all these virtues must needs extenuate their offences, and it was best to await fullness and reflection to assist us in reclaiming them into tractableness and good order. Every mile or two almost of that hungry forest solitude between the Ihuru and Ituri confluence and Ipoto had been marked by the dead bodies of their comrades; there they lay fast mildewing and rotting in the silent gloom, and, but for the fidelity of the survivors, none of those capable of giving intelligent testimony of the stern trials endured during September, October, and the half of November, would have lived to relate the sad and sorrowful details.

The more experience and insight I obtain into human nature, the more convinced do I become that the greater portion of a man is purely animal. Fully and regularly fed, he is a being capable of being coaxed or coerced to exertion of any kind, love and fear sway him easily, he is not averse to labour however severe; but when starved it is well to keep in mind the motto "*Cave Canem*," for a starving lion over a raw morsel of beef is not so ferocious or so ready to take offence. Rigid discipline, daily burdens, and endless marching into regions of which they were perfectly ignorant, never seemed to gall our men much when their stomachs were pampered, and abundant provender for their digestive organs were provided; but even hanging unto death was only a temporary damper to their inclination to excessive mischief when pinched with hunger. The aborigines also of Ibwiri, surrounded by plenty, are mild and meek enough through pure sleekness, but the dwarfish nomads of the forest are, I am told, as fierce as beasts of prey, and fight till their quivers are empty.

I received word on the 12th that Khamis, the Manyuema who was supposed to have gone for my gratification to explore the country ahead, and to make friends with the aid of the natives, had, owing to perverseness, been unable to accomplish his mission; that he was greatly dis-

appointed, and that he had been attacked by the natives of East Ibwire, and had lost two men. I sent word to him to return.

The fleas of Ibwire became so intolerable that in order to obtain rest, I had to set my tent in the open street.

On the 13th of November, while taking an inspection of the village camp, and examining into the condition of the men, I was amazed at the busy scene of eating I beheld. Almost every man was engaged in pounding corn, reducing dried bananas into flour, or grinding mouthfuls of food with their fine teeth, making amends for the compulsory fast of September, October and November.

Khamis returned on the 14th with a large flock of goats obtained from somewhere. He was gracious enough to allow us sixteen head. This inclined us to suspect that the real object of his design was not to explore but to extend the conquests of his master, Ismaili, farther east through our assistance, and to reduce the natives of Ibwire into the same state of poverty as the neighbourhood of Ipoto, for instance. But though Khamis possessed force sufficient to have accomplished even this last, the silly fellow's greed caused him to behave with such reckless disregard of the poisoned shafts of the natives that he lost three of his men. It seems that as soon as a flock of goats was sighted, Khamis forgot his design to explore, urged his Manyema to their capture, and retained our people by him. Our men by these tactics returned uninjured without having been engaged in this disgraceful action. Then, as Khamis was returning to our village, mourning the loss of three of his most active comrades, he suddenly met Boryo, the Chief of East Ibwire, and without a word made him a prisoner. Before reporting to me, Khamis, on arrival, ordered his men to strangle the chief in revenge for the death of his men. Happening to hear of it, I sent a guard to take him by force out of Khamis's hands, and placed him in a hut out of harm's way, and bade Boryo rest quiet until Khamis had departed.

We luxuriated during our days of rest. There had been discovered such an abundance of food that we might safely have rested six months without fear of starving. We enjoyed ripe plantains made into puddings with goats' milk; fritters, patties and bread, sweet potatoes, manioc, yams, herbs, fowls and goat meat without stint. On the evening of this day the *menu* for dinner was—

Kid soup.
Roast leg of kid, and baked sweet potatoes.
Boiled sweet manioc.
Fried bananas.
Sweet cake of ripe plantain.
Plantain fritters.
Goats' milk:

Already I noted a change in the appearance of ourselves and followers. There was certainly more noise, and once or twice I heard an attempt at singing, but as there was a well recognised flaw in the voice, it was postponed to another day.

At 3 P.M. of the 16th Mr. Jephson appeared, having performed his mission of relief most brilliantly. As will be seen by Mr. Jephson's letter descriptive of his success, he had been able to proceed to the relief of Captain Nelson, and to return with him to Ipoto within seven days, after a journey of about a hundred miles. Judging from Captain Nelson's

letter, he seemed to have been delivered out of his terrible position to fall into a similar desperate strait in the midst of the plenty of Ipoto.

The next day Khamis and his Manyuema returned homeward without taking leave. I despatched a letter to the officers at Ipoto, sent Khamis' ivory and a present of cloth with it to Indékaru, whence the Manyuema might be able to obtain assistance from their own natives. I was never so dissatisfied with myself as when I was compelled to treat these men thus so kindly, and to allow them to depart without even the small satisfaction of expressing my private opinion of Manyuema in general and of the gang at Ipoto in particular. At all points I was worsted; they compelled a generous treatment from me, and finally trapped me into the obligation of being the carrier of their stolen ivory.

Yet I felt grateful to them somewhat that they had not taken greater advantage of my position. With Captain Nelson and Dr. Parke and about thirty men in their power, they might have compelled a thousand concessions from me, which happily they did not. I hoped that after a season of forbearance divine justice would see fit to place me in more independent circumstances. When the Doctor and Nelson and their sick men were recovered and in my camp, and the 116 loads and boat left at Ipoto had been conveyed away, then, and not till then, would I be able to east up accounts, and demand a peremptory and final settlement. The charges were written plainly and fairly, as a memorandum.

Messrs. KILONGA LONGA and Co., Ipoto.

To Mr. Stanley, officers and men of the E. P. R. Expedition,

November 17th, 1887.

	<i>Dr.</i>
To having caused the starvation to death between the Lenda River and Ibwiri of 67 men: because we had crossed that river with 271 men—and in camp with those due here shortly there were only 175, and 28 inclusive of Captain Nelson and Dr. Parke—therefore loss of men	67
To 27 men at Ipoto too feeble to travel, many of whom will not recover.	
To spearing to death Mufta Mazinga	1
To flogging one man to death	1
To flogging Ami, a Zanzibari, 200 lashes.	
To attempting to starve Captain Nelson and Dr. Parke.	
To instigating robbery of two boxes of ammunition.	
To receiving thirty stolen Remington rifles.	
To various oppressions of Zanzibaris.	
To compelling Sarboko to work as their slave.	
To various insults to Captain Nelson and Dr. Parke.	
To devastating 44,000 square miles of territory.	
To butchery of several thousands of natives.	
To enslaving several hundreds of women and children.	
To theft of 200 tusks of ivory between May, 1887, and October, 1887.	
To many murders, raids, crimes, devastations past, present and prospective.	

To deaths of Zanzibaris	69
To mischiefs incalculable !	

During the afternoon of the 17th we experienced once again the evils attending our connection with the Manyuema. All Ibwiri and neighbouring districts were in arms against us. The first declaration of their hostilities took place when a man named Simba proceeded to the stream close to the camp to draw water, and received an arrow in the abdomen. Realizing from our anxious faces the fatal nature of the wound, he cried out his "Buryani brothers!" and soon after, being taken into his hut, loaded a Remington rifle near him, and made a ghastly wreck of features that were once jovial and not uncomely.

The reflections of the Zanzibaris on the suicide were curious, and best expressed by Sali, the tent boy.

"Think of it, Simba! a poor devil owning nothing in the world, without anything or anybody dear to him, neither name, place, property, nor honour, to commit suicide! Were he a rich Arab now, a merchant Hindu, a captain of soldiers, a governor of a district, or a white man who had suffered misfortune, or had been the victim of dishonour or shame, yea, I could understand the spirit of the suicide; but this Simba, who was no better than a slave, an outcast of Unyanyembe, without friends on the face of the earth, save the few poor things in his own mess in this camp, to go and kill himself like a man of wealth! Faugh! pitch him into the wilderness, and let him rot! What right has he to the honour of a shroud and a burial?" This was the sentiment of the men who were once his comrades—though not so forcibly expressed as was done by little Sali in his fierce indignation at the man's presumption.

Early on this morning Lieutenant Stairs and thirty-six rifles were despatched to make a reconnaissance eastward under the guidance of Boryo, and a young Manyema volunteer, as we had yet a few days to wait for the arrival of several convalescents, who, wearied of the cruelties practised at Ipoto on them, preferred death on the road to the horrible servitude of the Manyema slaves.

On the 19th, Uledi, the coxswain of the *Advance*, with his boat's crew, arrived, reporting that there were fifteen convalescents on the way. By night they were in the camp.

On the 21st the reconnoitring party under Lieutenant Stairs returned, Boryo still accompanying them; nothing new about the grass-land had been obtained, but they reported a tolerably good path leading steadily eastward, which was as comforting news as we could expect.

On the 23rd, the last day of our stay at Ibwiri, there was a muster and reorganization:—

No. 1 Company, Jephson	80 men.
No. 2 " Stairs	76 "
Soudanese	5 "
Cooks	3 "
Boys	6 "
Europeans	4 "
Manyuema guide	1

175 men.

Inclusive of Captain Nelson and Dr. Parke there were twenty-eight at Ipoto; we had left to recuperate at Ugarrowwa's fifty-six. Some from

Nelson's starvation camp under Uniri, the headman, probably ten, might return; so that we reckoned the number of the Advance Column to be 268 still living out of 389 men who had departed from Yambuya 139 days previously, and put down our loss at 111. We were greatly mistaken, however, for by this date many of the sick at Ugarrowwa's had died, and the condition of the sick at Ipoto was deplorable.

Since our arrival at Ibwiri the majority of our followers had gained weight of body at the rate of a pound per day. Some were positively huge in girth; their eyes had become lustrous, and their skins glossy like oiled bronze. For the last three nights they had ventured upon songs: they hummed their tunes as they pounded their corn; they sang as they gazed at the moon at night after their evening meal. Frequently a hearty laugh had been heard. In the afternoon of this day a sparring match took place between two young fellows, and a good deal of severe thumping was exchanged; they were always "spinning yarns" to interested listeners. Life had come back by leaps and bounds. Brooding over skeletons and death, and musing on distant friends in their far-away island, had been abandoned for hopeful chat over the future, about the not far distant grass-land with its rolling savannahs, and green champaigns, abounding in fat cattle; and they dwelt unctuously on full udders and massive humps, and heavy tails of sheep, and granaries of millet and sesame, pots of zogga, pombe, or some other delectable stimulant, and the Lake Haven, where the white man's steamers were at anchor, appeared distinctly in their visions.

They all now desired the march, for the halt had been quite sufficient. There were twenty perhaps to whom another fortnight's rest was necessary, but they all appeared to me to have begun recovery, and, provided food was abundant, their marching without loads would not be hurtful.

At dawn of the bright and sunny day, 24th of November, the Soudanese trumpeter blew the signal with such cheery strains that found a ready response from every man. The men shouted their "Ready, aye ready, Master!" in a manner that more reminded me of former expeditions, than of any day we had known on this. There was no need of the officers becoming exasperated at delays of laggards and the unwilling; there was not a malingerer in the camp. Every face was lit up with hopefulness. A prospective abundance of good cheer invited them on. For two days ahead the path was known by those of the reconnoissance, and the members of the party had, like Caleb and Joshua, expatiated upon the immense and pendant clusters of plantains effusing delicious odours of ripeness, and upon the garden-plots of potatoes, and waving fields of maize, &c. Therefore, for once, we were relieved from the anxiety as to who should take this load, or that box; there was no searching about for the carriers, no expostulations nor threats, but the men literally leaped to the goods pile, fought for the loads, and laughed with joy; and the officers' faces wore grateful smiles, and expressed perfect contentment with events.

We filed out of the village, a column of the happiest fellows alive. The accursed Manyuema were behind us, and in our front rose in our imaginations vivid pictures of pastoral lands, and a great lake on whose shores we were to be greeted by a grateful Pasha, and a no less grateful army of men.

In forty-five minutes we arrived at Boryo's village (the chief had been

released the day before), a long orderly arrangement of a street 33 feet wide, flanked by four low blocks of buildings 400 yards in length. According to the doors we judged that fifty-two families had formed Boryo's particular community. The chief's house was recognized by an immense slab of wood 4 feet wide and 6 feet long, and 2 inches thick, its doorway being cut out of this in a diamond figure.

The height of the broad eaves was 10 feet above the ground, and the houses were 10 feet in width. The eaves projected 30 inches in front, and 2 feet over the back walls. Outside of the village extended, over level and high ground, the fields, gardens, and plantations, banked all round by the untouched forest, which looked dark, ominous, and unwelcome. Altogether Boryo's village was the neatest and most comfortable we had seen throughout the valley of the Aruwimi. One hundred yards from the western end ran a perennial and clear stream, which abounded with fish of the *silurus* kind.

After a short halt we resumed the journey, and entered the forest. Four miles beyond Boryo's we passed over a swamp, which was very favourable to fine growths of the *Raphia* palm, and soon after lunched. In the afternoon I undertook, as an experiment, to count my paces for an hour, and to measure a space of 200 yards, to find the number of inches to a pace, and found that the average rate in a fair track through the forest was 4,800 paces of 26 inches long = 3,470 yards per hour. At 3 o'clock we camped in an extensive pigmies' village. The site commanded four several roads, leading to villages. There is no doubt it was a favourite spot, for the village common was well tamped and adapted for sports, gossip, and meetings. The bush around the camp was quite undisturbed.

On the 25th, after 8½ miles march, we reached Indemwani. Our track led along the water-parting between the Ituri and Ihuru rivers. The village was of oval shape, similar in architecture to Boryo's. A wealth of plantains surrounded it, and Indian corn, tobacco, beans, and tomatoes were plentiful. In passing through the clearing, over a fearful confusion of logs, one of our men toppled over, and fell and broke his neck.

From Indemwani we moved on the 26th to West Indendurun, through a most humid land. Streams were crossed at every mile; moss, wet and dripping, clothed stems from base to top. Even shrubs and vines were covered with it.

A peculiarity of this day's march was a broad highway, cut and cleared for 3 miles through the undergrowth, which was terminated by a large village of the pigmies, but recently vacated. There were ninety-two huts, which we may take to represent ninety-two families, or thereabouts. There was one hut more pretentious than the others, which possibly was the chief's house. We had seen now about twenty villages of the forest pigmies, but as yet we had only viewed the pretty little woman at Ugarowwa—the miniature Hebe.

Lieutenant Stairs, during his reconnaissance from Ibwire, had reached West Indenduru, and had left the village standing; but because he had occupied it, the natives had set fire to it after his departure. We observed also that the Balessé seldom ate of the produce of a field twice, and that a plantain grove, after bearing fruit once, is abandoned for another; and a corn plot, after being tilled, sown, and harvested, is left to revert to wilderness. They appear to be continually planting bananas and preparing ground for corn, which accounted for the immense clearings we had passed,

and for the thousands of trees that littered the ground in one great ruin. For the bananas or plantains, they simply cut down the underwood and plant the young bulb in a shallow hole, with sufficient earth to keep it upright. They then cut the forest down, and let the trees lie where they fall. In six months the *Musa* bulbs have thriven wonderfully under shade and among roots and débris, and grown to 8 feet in height; within a year they have borne fruit. The Indian corn or maize requires sunshine. The trees are cut down well above the buttress, by building scaffolds 10, 15, or even 20 feet high. The logs are cut up, and either split for slabs or lining for the inner and outer walls of their huts, or scooped out for troughs for the manufacture of plantain wine. The branches are piled around the plot to rot; they do not burn them, because that would impoverish the soil, and as the surface is rich in humus, it would burn down to the clay.

Considering what great labour is involved in the clearing of a portion of primeval forest, we were tempted to regard the Balessé as very foolish in burning their villages for such a trivial cause as one night's occupation of them by strangers; but it is an instance of the obstinate sullenness of these people. Boryo's village, for instance could scarcely be constructed under a twelvemonth. The population of the largest village we saw could not exceed 600 souls; but while we wonder at their prejudices, we must award credit to them for great industry and unlimited patience to produce such splendid results as we observed.

East Indenduru was also an exceedingly well-built village, and extremely clean, though the houses within swarmed with vermin. The street, however, was too narrow for the height of the buildings, and a fire occurring in the night might easily have consumed half the inhabitants. For the huts were higher than at Boryo's, and as the buildings were a few hundred yards in length, and had only one principal exit at the eastern end, the danger of a fire was such that we did not occupy it without having taken many precautions to avoid a possible disaster in what appeared to be a perfect trap.

Field-beans, of a dark variety, were gathered by the bushel, and our men revelled in the juice of the sugar-cane.

We were now in S. Lat. $1^{\circ} 22\frac{1}{2}'$ and south of the watershed, all streams flowing towards the Ituri.

On the 28th we halted in East Indenduru, and sent three separate reconnoitring parties to obtain a knowledge of the general direction of the routes leading out of the settlement. We had tested the task of forming our own track through the forest long enough, and having discovered one which had been of such service to us, we were loth to revert to the tedious labour of travelling through jungles and undergrowth again.

Jephson's party proceeded S.S.E., and finally S., and at noon turned back to report. This road would not do for us. Rashid's party took one leading E.N.E., and finally north, through two small villages, one path returning southerly, another going north-easterly. Continuing his explorations along the latter, he came to a native camp. There was a slight skirmish: the natives fled, and he obtained a prize of nine fat goats, only five of which they brought to camp. This road would not suit us either.

A third search party was led by a famous scout, who discovered one path heading easterly. We resolved to adopt this.

On the 29th we left Indenduru and journeyed to Indepessu by noon, and in the afternoon sheered by a northerly path to the settlement of the Baburu, having accomplished a distance of ten miles in five hours, which was exceedingly fair walking.

On the next morning, after a march of an hour and a half along a tolerably good path, we emerged in front of an extensive clearing of about 240 acres. The trees were but recently cut. This marked the advent of a powerful tribe, or a late removal to new ground of old settlers of some numerical force, resolved upon securing many creature comforts. A captive woman of the Waburu led the way through the middle of this wide abattis, the very sight of which was appalling. An hour later we had crossed this, not without bruised shins and much trembling, and the path then led up an easy ascent up a prolonged span of a hill. The hollows on either side of it showed prodigious groves of plantains and many gardens, ill-kept, devoted to herbs and gourds. Within thirty minutes from the



VIEW OF MOUNT IISGAH FROM THE EASTWARD.

summit of the ascent we had reached an altitude that promised to give us shortly a more extended view than any we had been lately accustomed to, and we pressed gladly upwards, and soon entered a series of villages that followed the slope. A village of these parts always gave us a highway well trodden, from forty to sixty feet wide; in a series of this type of villages we should soon be able to pace a mile. We had passed through several fine separate long blocks of low structures, when the foremost of the advance guard was seen running swiftly down to meet me. He asked me to look towards the sunrise, and, turning my eyes in that direction, they were met by the gratifying sight of a fairly varied scene of pasture-land and forest, of level champaigns and grassy slopes, of valleys and hills, rocky knolls and softly rounded eminences, a veritable "land of hills and valleys, that drinketh the rain of heaven." That the open country was well watered was indicated by the many irregular lines of woods which marked the courses of the streams, and by the clumps of trees, whose crowns just rose above their sloping banks.

The great forest in which we had been so long buried, and whose limits were in view, appeared to continue intact and unbroken to the N.E.; but to the E. of it was an altogether different region of grassy meads and plains and hills, freely sprinkled with groves, clusters, and thin lines of trees up to certain ranges of hills, that bounded the vision, and at whose base I knew must be the goal which we had for months desired to reach.

This, then, was the long-promised view and the long-expected exit out of gloom! Therefore I called the tall peak terminating the forested ridge, of which the spur whereon we stood was a part, and that rose two miles E. of us to a height of 4,600 feet above the sea, Pisgah,—Mount Pisgah,—because after 156 days of twilight in the primeval forest, we had first viewed the desired pasture-lands of Equatoria.

The men crowded up the slope eagerly with inquiring open-eyed looks, which, before they worded their thoughts, we knew meant "Is it true? Is it no hoax? Can it be possible that we are near the end of this forest hell?" They were convinced themselves in a few moments after they had dropped their burdens, and regarded the view with wondering and delighted surprise.

"Aye, friends, it is true. By the mercy of God we are well nigh the end of our prison and dungeon!" They held their hands far out yearningly towards the superb land, and each looked up to the bright blue heaven in grateful worship, and after they had gazed as though fascinated, they recovered themselves with a deep sigh, and as they turned their heads, lo! the sable forest heaved away to the infinity of the west, and they shook their clenched hands at it with gestures of defiance and hate. Feverish from sudden exaltation, they apostrophised it for its cruelty to themselves and their kinsmen; they compared it to Hell, they accused it of the murder of one hundred of their comrades, they called it the wilderness of fungi and wood-beans; but the great forest which lay vast as a continent before them, and drowsy, like a great beast, with monstrous fur thinly veiled by vaporous exhalations, answered not a word, but rested in its infinite sullenness, remorseless and implacable as ever.

From S.E. to S. extended a range of mountains between 6,000 and 7,000 feet above the sea. One woman captive indicated S.E. as our future direction to the great water that "rolled incessantly on the shore with a booming noise, lifting and driving the sand, before it," but as we were in S. Lat. $1^{\circ} 22'$, on the same parallel as Kavalli, our objective point, I preferred aiming east, straight towards it.

Old Boryo, chief of Ibwiri, had drawn with his hand a semicircle from S.E. to N.W. as the course of the Ituri River, and said that the river rose from a plain at the foot of a great hill, or a range of hills. To the S.E. of Pisgah we could see no plain, but a deep wooded valley, and unless our eyes deceived us, the forest seemed to ascend up the slopes of the range as far as its summits. Five months of travel in one continuous forest was surely experience enough; a change would therefore be agreeable, even if we varied but our hardships. This was another reason why I proposed to decline all advice upon the proper path leading to the "great water."

In the village of the Bakwuru, in which we now prepared to encamp, we found sleeveless vests of thick buffalo hide, which our men secured, as fitting armour against the arrows of the tribes of the grass-land.

On the 1st of December we retraced our steps down the spur and then

struck along a track running easterly. In a short time we ascended another spur leading up to a terrace below Pisgah peak, where we obtained the highest reading of the aneroid that we had yet reached. We then followed a path leading from the terrace down another spur to the average level. A number of well-defined and trodden roads were crossed, but our path seemed to increase in importance until, at 11.15 A.M., we entered the large village of Iyugu, which, of course, was quite deserted, so quickly do the natives of the forest seem to be apprised of new arrivals. The street of this village was forty feet wide.

We observed a considerable dryness in the woods between Pisgah base and Iyugu, which was a great change from that excessive humidity felt and seen between Indenduru and Ibwiri. The fallen forest leaves had a



VILLAGES OF THE BAKWURU ON A SPUR OF PISGAH.

slightly crisp look about them and crackled under our feet, and the track, though still in primeval shade, had somewhat of the dusty appearance of a village street.

After the noon halt we made a two hours' march to a small village consisting of three conical huts, near which we camped. Though we had travelled over ten miles we might have been hundreds of miles yet from the open country for all we could gather from our surroundings. For they were, as usual, of tall dense woods, of true tropic character, dark, sombrous and high, bound one to the other with creepers and vines, and a thick undergrowth thrived under the shades. We, however, picked up a strange arrow in one of the huts, which differed greatly from any we had as yet seen. It was twenty-eight inches in length, and its point was

spear-shaped, and three inches long. Its shaft was a light reed cane, beautifully and finely notched for decoration; a thin triangular-shaped piece of kid leather directed the arrow, instead of a leaf or a piece of black cloth as hitherto. A quiver full of forest-tribe arrows was also found, and they were twenty inches long, and each arrow-head differed from the other, though each was murderously sharp and barbed.

On the 2nd of December, soon after leaving the camp, we lost the native road, and had to pick our way amongst a perplexing number of buffalo and elephant tracks. A stupid fellow, who had been out wandering, had informed us that he had reached the plain the night



A VILLAGE AT THE BASE OF
PISGAH.

before, and that he could to it. Trusting in him, signs of a track, and began erratic course through the

times past. After nearly three hours' travelling N. by E. we stumbled upon a village, whose conical roofs were thatched with grass. This was a grand discovery, and was hailed with cheers. One fellow literally rushed to the grass and kissed it lovingly. Already there were two characteristics of pasture-land before us, the cone hut and the grass thatch. We halted for a noon rest, and a few young men took advantage of it to explore, and before the halting-time was expired brought to us a bunch of green grass, which was hailed with devout raptures, as Noah and his family may have hailed the kindly dove with the olive branch. However, they reported that the way they had followed led to a swamp, and swamps being a horror to

easily guide us we soon lost all a crooked and woods, as in

a laden caravan, our afternoon march was made in a S.S.E. direction, which in ninety minutes brought us to Indesura, another village, or rather a district, consisting of several small settlements of cone huts thatched with grass. Here we halted.

Having occasion to repair a roof a man mounted to the top of a house, and looking round languidly was presently seen to lift his hand to his eyes and gaze earnestly. He then roared out loud enough for the entire village to hear, "I see the grass-land. Oh, but we are close to it!"

"Nay," said one in reply, mockingly, "don't you also see the lake, and the steamer, and that Pasha whom we seek?"

Most of us were, however, stirred by the news, and three men climbed up to the roofs with the activity of wild cats, others climbed to the tops of trees, while a daring young fellow climbed one which would have tasked a monkey almost, and a chorus of exclamations rose, "Aye, verily, it is the truth of God, the open land is close to us, and we knew it not! Why, it is merely an arrow's flight distant! Ah, when we reach it, farewell to darkness and blindness!"

As a man went to draw water from the stream close by, an ancient crone stepped out of the bush, and the man dropped his water-pot and seized her. She being vigorous and obstinate, like most of her sex just previous to dotage, made a vigorous defence for her liberty. A Countess of Salisbury could not have been more resolute, but the man possessed superior strength and craft and hauled her into camp. By dint of smiles and coaxing and obsequiously filling a long pipe for her, we learned that we were in Indesura, that the people were called Wanya-Sura, that the villagers quenched their thirst with the waters of the Ituri. "The



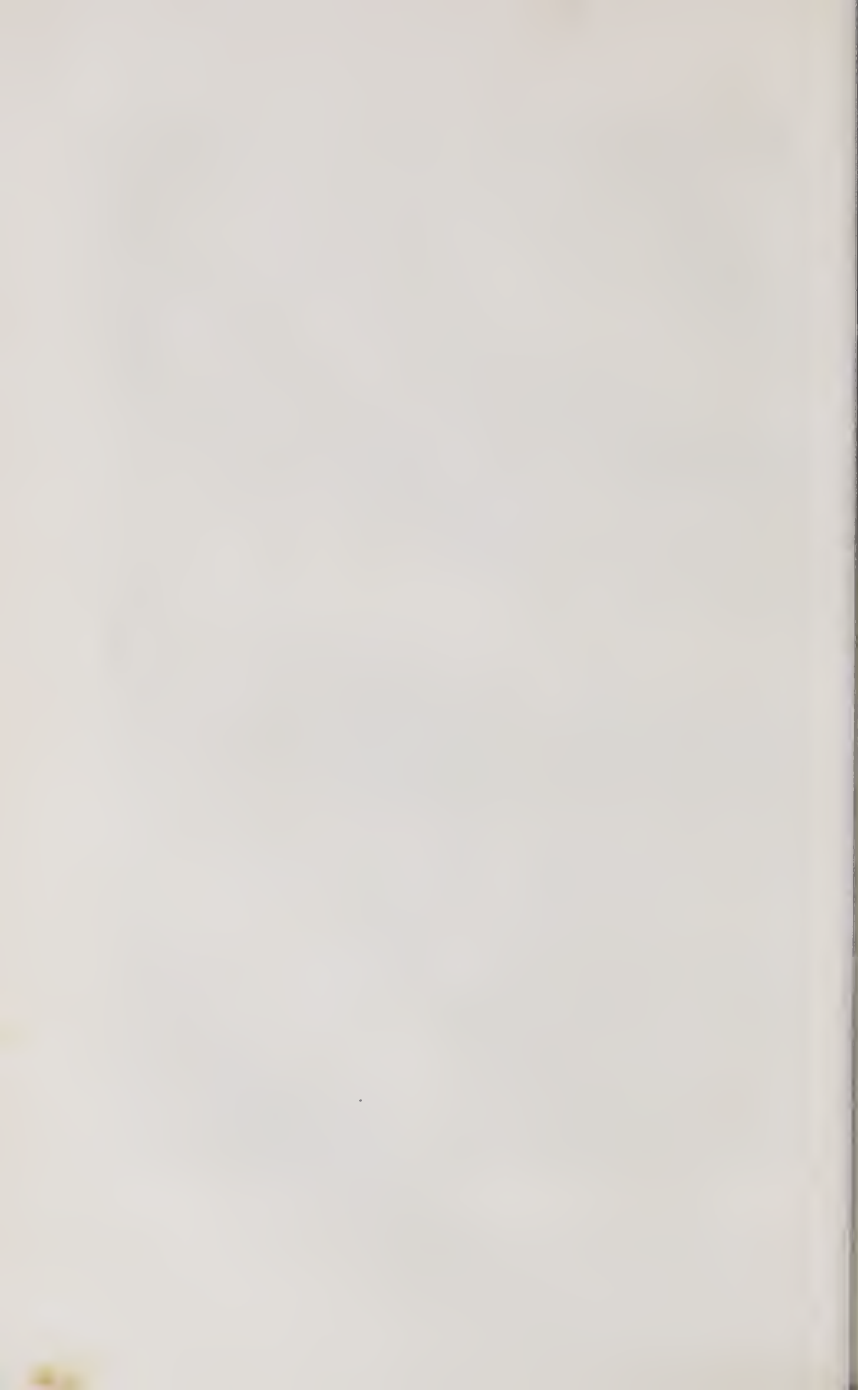
CHIEF OF THE ITUGU.

Ituri?" "Ay, the Ituri; this stream close by;" that many days east of us was a great broad river, ever so much broader than the Ituri, with canoes as wide as a house (ten feet) which would carry six people (*sic*); that a few days north there was a mighty tribe called the Banzanza, and east of them another people called the Bakandi, and both of these tribes possessed numerous herds of cattle, and were very valorous and warlike, and who were rich in cattle, cowries, and brass wire.

Our ancient captive, who was somewhat peculiar for her taste in personal decoration by having a wooden disk of the size of an ulster button intruded into the centre of her upper lip, was now seized with another fit of



IYUGU: A CALL TO ARMS.



obstinaey and seowled malignantly at all of us except at a bashful, smooth-faced youth upon whom she apparently doted, but the foolish youth ascribed the ugliness of agedness to witchcraft, and fled from her.

Indé-sura—and, as we discovered later, all the villages situated on the edge of the forest—was remarkable for the variety and excellent quality of its products. Mostly all the huts contained large baskets of superior tobacco weighing from twenty to fifty pounds each, such quantities, indeed, that every smoker in the camp obtained from five to ten pounds. The erone called it “*Taba* ;” in Ibwiri it was called *Tabo*. Owing to the imperfect drying it is not fragrant, but it is extremely smokable. Fifty pipefuls a day of it would not produce so much effect on the nerves as one of the article known as *Cavendish*. But here and there among the leaves there were a few of rich brown colour, slightly spotted with nitre, which produced a different effect. Two of our officers experimented on a pipeful of this, which they deemed to be superior, and were inconceivably wretched in consequence. When, however, these leaves are picked out, the tobacco is mild and innocuous, as may be judged by the half-pint pipe-bowls



PIPES.

peculiar to this region. In every district near the grass-land the plant is abundantly cultivated, for the purpose of commerce with the herdsmen of the plains in exchange for meat.

The castor-oil plant was also extensively cultivated. Requiring a supply of castor-oil as medicine, the beans were roasted, and then pounded in a wooden mortar, and we expressed a fair quantity, which proved very effective. We also required a supply for rifles, and their mechanisms, and the men prepared a supply for anointing their bodies—an operation which made them appear fresh, clean, and vigorous.

Having discovered that four of our scouts were strangely absent, I despatched Rashid bin Omar and twenty men in search of them. They were discovered and brought to us next morning, and to my surprise the four absentees, led by the incorrigible Juma Waziri, were driving a flock of twenty fine goats, which the chief scout had captured by a ruse. I had often been tempted to sacrifice Juma for the benefit of others, but the rogue always appeared with such an inoffensive, and crave-your-humble-pardon kind of face, which could not be resisted. He was of a handsome

Abyssinian type, but the hypocrisy on his features marred their natural beauty. A Mhuma, Masai, Mtaturu, or Galla must have meat, even more so than the Englishman. It is an article of faith with him, that life is not worth living without an occasional taste of beef. I therefore warned Juma again, and consoled myself with the reflection, that his career as a scout could only be for a brief time, and that he would surely meet natives of craft and courage equal to his own some day.

We had made an ineffectual start on this day, had actually left the village a few hundred yards when we were stopped by the depth of a river forty yards wide and with a current of two and a half miles an hour. The old crone called this the Ituri. Marvelling that between Ipoto and Ibwire a river 400 yards wide could be narrowed to such a narrow stream, we had returned to Indé-sura for a day's halt, and I had immediately after sent Lieutenant Stairs and Mr. Jephson with sufficient escort back along yesterday's path to find a ford across the Ituri.

At 4 P.M. both officers returned to report a successful discovery of a ford a mile and a half higher up the stream, and that they had set foot upon the grass-land, in proof of which they held a bunch of fine young succulent grass. Meantime, Uledi and his party had also found another ford waist deep, still nearer Indé-sura.

On the evening of this day a happier community of men did not exist on the face of the round earth than those who rejoiced in the camp of Indé-sura. On the morrow they were to bid farewell to the forest. The green grassy region of which we had dreamed in our dark hours, when slumbering heavily from exhaustion of body and prostration from hunger during the days of starvation, was close at hand. Their pots contained generous supplies of juicy meat; in the messes were roast and boiled fowls, corn mush, plantain-flour porridge, and ripe bananas. No wonder they were now exuberantly happy, and all except ten or twelve men were in finer condition than when they had embarked so hopefully for the journey in the port of Zanzibar.

On the 4th of December we filed out of Indé-sura and proceeded to the ford. It was waist deep, and at this place fifty yards wide. Two of the aneroids indicated an altitude of 3,050 feet above the ocean—1,850 feet higher than the level of the river at the landing-place of Yambuya, and 2,000 feet higher than the Congo at Stanley Pool.

From the Ituri we entered a narrow belt of tall timber on its left bank, and, after waiting for the column to cross, marched on, led by Mr. Mounteney Jephson along a broad elephant track for about 600 yards, and then, to our undisguised joy, emerged upon a rolling plain, green as an English lawn, into broadest, sweetest daylight, and warm and glorious sunshine, to inhale the pure air with an uncontrollable rapture. Judging of the feelings of others by my own, we felt as if we had thrown all age and a score of years away, as we stepped with invigorated limbs upon the soft sward of young grass. We strode forward at a pace most unusual, and finally, unable to suppress our emotions, the whole caravan broke into a run. Every man's heart seemed enlarged and lifted up with boyish gladness. The blue heaven above us never seemed so spacious, lofty, pure, and serene as at this moment. We gazed at the sun itself undaunted by its glowing brightness. The young grass, only a month since the burning of the old, was caressed by a bland, soft breeze, and turned itself about as if to show us its lovely shades of tender green. Birds, so long estranged



EMERGING FROM THE FOREST.



from us, sailed and soared through the lucent atmosphere; antelopes and elands stood on a grassy eminence gazing and wondering, and then bounded upward and halted snorting their surprise, to which our own was equal; buffaloes lifted their heads in amazement at the intruders on their silent domain, heaved their bulky forms, and trooped away to a safer distance. A hundred square miles of glorious country opened to our view—apparently deserted—for we had not as yet been able to search out the fine details of it. Leagues upon leagues of bright green pasture-land undulated in gentle waves, intersected by narrow winding lines of umbrageous trees that filled the hollows, scores of gentle hills studded with dark clumps of thicket, graced here and there by a stately tree, lorded it over level breadths of pasture and softly sloping champignons; and far away to the east rose some frowning ranges of mountains beyond which we were certain slept in its deep gulf the blue Albert. Until breathlessness forced a halt, the caravan had sped on the double-quick—for this was also a pleasure that had been long deferred.

Then we halted on the crest of a commanding hill to drink the beauty of a scene to which we knew no rival, which had been the subject of our thoughts and dreams for months, and now we were made "glad according to the days wherein we had been afflicted, and the period wherein we had seen evil." Every face gloated over the beauty of the landscape and reflected the secret pleasure of the heart. The men were radiant with the fulfilment of dear desires. Distrust and sullenness were now utterly banished. We were like men out of durance and the dungeon, free and unfettered, having exchanged foulness and damp for sweetness and purity, darkness and gloom for divine light and wholesome air. Our eyes followed the obscure track, roved over the pasture hillocks, great and small, every bosky islet and swarded level around it, along the irregularities of the forest line that rose darkly funeral behind us, advancing here, receding there, yonder assuming a bay-like curve, here a cape-like point. The mind grasped the minutest peculiarity around as quick as vision, to cling to it for many, many years. A score of years hence, if we live so long, let but allusion be made to this happy hour when every soul trembled with joy, and praise rose spontaneously on every lip, and we shall be able to map the whole with precision and fidelity.

After examining the contour of the new region before us with the practical view of laying a course free from river or swamp, I led the Expedition N.N.E. to a rocky knoll which was about four miles from us, in order to strike the southern base of a certain hilly range that ran E. by S. from the knoll. I imagined we should then be able to travel over upland, trending easterly, without much inconvenience.

We reached the base of the rock-heap that stood about 300 feet above the valley to our right, then perceiving that the obscure game track we had followed had developed into a native highway running N.E., we struck across the grassy upland to retain our hold upon the crown we had gained, the short young grass enabling us to do so without fatigue. But near noon the tall unburnt grass of last season interrupted our too easy advance with its tangle of robust stalks of close growth; but we bore on until 12.30, and after an hour of serious exercise halted by the side of a crystal stream for refreshments.

In the afternoon we breasted the opposing grassy slope, and, after an hour and a half of rapid pacing, selected a camp near the junction of two

streams, which flowed south-easterly. Relieved from their burdens, a few tireless fellows set out to forage in some villages we had observed far below our line of march in the valley. The suddenness of their descent among the natives provided them with a rich store of fowls, sugar-cane, and ripe branches of bananas. They brought us specimens of the weapons of this new land: several long bows and lengthy arrows; shields of a heavy rectangular form, formed of a double row of tough rods crossed, and tightly bound together with fibre and smeared with some gummy substance. They presented very neat workmanship, and were altogether impenetrable to arrows or spears. Besides shields the natives wore vests of buffalo hide, which appeared to be quite impervious to pistol-shots.

Our course as far as the rocky knoll already described was nearly parallel with the edge of the forest, our path varying in distance from it from a half-mile to a mile and a half. As a sea or a lake indents its shore, so appeared the view of the line of forest.

The trend of the Ituri that we had crossed, which we must call West Ituri, was E.S.E. I should have estimated the source of the river to have been distant from the crossing about 25 geographical miles N.N.W.

On the next day we advanced up a long slope of short grass-land, and on the crest halted to arrange the column with more order, lest we might be suddenly confronted by an overwhelming force, for we were as yet ignorant of the land, its people, and the habits of those among whom we had dropped so suddenly. Marching forward we chose a slight track that followed the crest leading E. by S., but soon all traces of it were lost. However, we were on a commanding upland, and a score of miles were visible to us in any direction, out of which we might select any course. A village was in view N.E. of us, and to it we directed our steps, that we might avail ourselves of a path, for the closely-packed acreage of reedy cane and fifteen-feet-high grass, that we stumbled upon occasionally, were as bad as the undergrowth of the jungle. The very tallest and rankest grass impeded us, and prevented rapid advance. We crossed jungly gullies, on whose muddy ground were impressed the feet of lions and leopards, and finally entered a tract of acacia thorn, which was a sore annoyance, and out of this last we emerged into the millet fields of Mbiri. In a few seconds the natives were warned of our approach, and fled instinctively, and, Parthian-like, shot their long arrows. The scouts dashed across every obstacle, and seized a young woman and a lad of twelve, who were the means of instructing our poor ignorance. No long conversation could be maintained with them, owing to our very imperfect knowledge of any dialect spoken near this region, but a few names of nouns assisted by gestures brought out the fact that we were in the district of Mbiri, that the main road easterly would take us to the Babusessé country, that beyond them lay the Abunguma, all of which naturally we heard with supreme indifference. What did such names convey to dull senses and blank minds? They had never heard of Shakespeare, Milton, or even of Her Majesty the Queen!

"Had any of them heard of Muta, or Luta Nzige?"

A shake of the head.

"Of Unyoro?"

"Unyoro? Yes. Unyoro lies a great way off," pointing east.

"Of a great water near Unyoro?"

"The Ituri, you mean?"

"No, wider; ever so much wider than the Ituri—as wide as all this plain."

But instead of confining themselves to monosyllables, which we might easily have understood, the wretched woman and boy, anxious to convey too much information, smothered comprehension by voluble talk in their dialect, and so perplexed us that we had recourse to silence and patience. They would show us the way to Babusessé at least.

The mode of hut construction is similar to that seen all over East and Central Africa. It is the most popular. A cone roof occupies two-thirds of the height; one-third is devoted to the height of the walls. Huts of this pattern, scattered amongst the banana groves, are found every few dozen yards. Paths lead from one to the other, and are most baffling to the stranger, who without a local guide must necessarily go astray. To every group of huts there are attached outhouses for cooking-sheds, for gossip, to store fuel, and doing chores; also circular grass-walled and thatched little granaries raised a foot or so above the ground as protection against vermin and damp.

Our people obtained a large quantity of ripe plantains and ripe bananas, out of which the aborigines manufacture an intoxicating wine called *marwa*. A few goats were also added to our flock, and about a dozen fowls were taken. All else were left untouched according to custom, and we resumed our journey.

The path was well trodden. Traffic and travel had tamped it hard and smooth. It led S.E. by E. up and down grassy hills and vales. Near noon we halted for refreshments, shaded by fine woods, and close by boomed a loud cataract of the Ituri, we were told. This was rather puzzling. We could not understand how the Ituri, which we had forded the day before, could be roaring over precipices and terraces at this high altitude, and after we had purposely struck away from its valley to avoid it.

A march of an hour and a half in the afternoon, apparently not very far from the river, brought us to the populous district of the Babusessé. The banana plantations were very extensive, reminding me of Uganda, and their deep shades covered a multitude of huts. Fields of millet and sesame, plots of sweet potatoes, occupied the outskirts of these plantations, and there was ample evidence round about that the land was thickly peopled and industriously cultivated.

Before entering the banana shades we repaired our ranks, and marched in more compact order. A strong body of men armed with Winchesters formed the advance guard; a similar number of men armed with Remingtons, under the command of Stairs, closed the rear of the column. But however well cautioned the men were against breaking rank, no sooner had the advance guard passed safely through a dangerous locality than the main body invariably despatched scores of looters into huts and granaries to hunt up booty and fowls, bananas, goats, sugar-cane, and trivial articles of no earthly use. These plantations hid a large number of natives, who permitted the advance to pass because their files were unbroken, and their eyes on the watch, but those straggling looters soon gave the aborigines the opportunity. Some arrows flew well aimed; one pinned a man's arm to his side, another glancing from a rib admonished its owner of his folly. A volley from rifles drove the men away from their covert without harm to any of them.

At the easternmost settlement we camped. There were only two large conical huts and other outhouses in it, and around these the huts for the night were arranged hastily, put up with banana leaves sufficient to shed rain and dew.

At dusk I called the captives to me again, and attempted, during half an hour, to gain a lucid answer to the question as to whether there was a great body of water or great river east of us. When one of the headmen who were assisting us demanded to know which was the largest Nyanza, that of Unyoro, or that of Uganda—

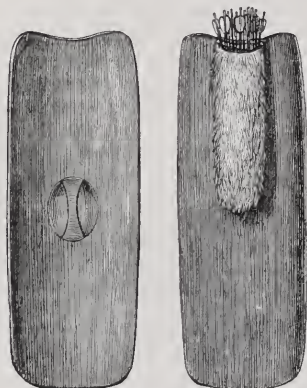
“Nyanza!” cried the native boy—“Nyanza? Ay, the Nyanza lies this way” (pointing east) “and extends that way” (north-east) “a long distance;” and when asked how many “sleeps” intervened between the Babusessé, held up three fingers on his dexter hand, and answered “three.”

It was now dark, and we were suddenly startled by a shriek of pain,

and a sequent yell singularly weird, and with a note of triumph in it, and in the silence that followed we heard the hurtling of arrows through the banana leaves above our heads.

“Put out the fires! Keep cool. Where are the sentries? Why are they not at their posts?” were the next words uttered.

The natives had stolen on us at the very hour when the camp was least watched, for it was supper-time, and the guards, except on unusual occasions, were permitted to feed before going out on guard duty for the night. We soon ascertained that one arrow had penetrated the thigh of a man named Salim to the depth of four inches, another had pierced the



SHIELDS OF BABUSESSÉ.

roast leg of a kid before the fire, several others had perforated banana stalks. Salim, after a little coaxing, bravely drew out the shaft until the barbed point was seen, when, with a wrench, I extracted it with a pair of pincers. Eucalyptine was then applied to the wound, and the man was sent to his quarters.

Half an hour later, all the guards being now on duty, however, the natives essayed another quarter of the camp, but the rifle-shots rang out quickly in reply, and there was a scamper and a rustle heard. In the distance we heard two rifles fired, and an agonised cry, by which we knew that there were some of our incorrigible looters abroad.

Our force was weak enough, in all conscience, not in numbers, but in real strength for defence and capacity for bearing ammunition, and these wanderers were always a source of great anxiety to me. It was useless to reason and expostulate; only downright severity restrained them, and as yet so fresh were we from the horrors of the forest, that I had not the moral courage to apply the screw of discipline; but when I assumed

mildness, their own heedless imprudence incurred punishments far more severe than any of us would ever have thought of inflicting.

A heavy rain fell on us during the night, which detained us next morning until eight o'clock. I employed the time in extracting something intelligible respecting the character of the natives in front, but we were all so profoundly ignorant of the language that we could make but little headway. In the endeavour to make herself clear, the woman drew on the ground a sketch of the course of the Ituri. This illustrated one of the strangest facts in African geography that one could imagine. The river was represented as going up to the crest of the watershed, flowing steeply upward parallel with Lake Albert, and finally lifting itself over to be precipitated into the Nyanza! Stupefied by what she said, I kept her by me as we marched out of camp into the open. From the crown of a hill she pointed out, half a mile below, the Ituri River flowing eastward. The stretch in view was an east by south course.

Now here was a deep puzzle. We had crossed from the right bank to the left bank of the Ituri two days previously, in N. Lat. $1^{\circ} 24'$; we were now in N. Lat. $1^{\circ} 28'$. Yet the Ituri we saw flowed E. by S. and E.S.S., and my route to Kavalli was obviously south of east.

I declined to perplex myself any more with the problem, or in trying to understand what the woman meant, that the river we had ascended for 600 miles from the Congo flowed to the Nyanza. The only solution possible was that there were two Ituris, one flowing to the Congo, the other into the Nile basin; but both she and her brother stoutly maintained that there was only one Ituri.

We continued on our journey, following a path which dipped down into the valley. We presently stood on the banks of the stream, and the solution was at hand. It was the main Ituri River, flowing south of west! We are all wise after the event.

There was a clumsy, misshapen canoe in the river, and as Saat Tato was an expert canoeist, he was detailed to ferry the caravan over for a reward of 20 dollars. The river was 125 yards broad, about seven feet average depth, with a current of two knots. It was a cataract of this stream whose low thunder we had heard near Mbiri.

The natives of Abunguma, on the left side of the river, watched our operations from a hill-top a mile off, with an air of confidence which seemed to say, "All right, friends. When you are through, you will have to reckon with us." Nothing could be done in such an open land as this without "all the world knowing it." The Abunguma shook their spears bravely at us; the Babusessé occupied every prominent point on the right side of the river. It appeared once or twice as if our manhood was about to be tested on an important scale. There was the comfort, however, that knowing the natives to be alert and active, we could not be surprised on a pasture slope where the grass around the camp was but three inches high.

Since we had entered Ibwire we had fared luxuriously—for Africa. We had enjoyed meat and milk daily. We had lived on fowls, young and dried beans, sugar-cane, sweet potatoes, yams, colocassia, tomatoes, brinjalls, melons, plantains, and bananas. On the people the effect was wonderful. They were men in every respect superior both in body and spirit to the gaunt and craven wretches whom the Arab slaves of Ipoto scourged and spared without more than a mild protest. On the whites

also the effect had been most beneficial. Though spare, we were no longer meagre and haggard; a little wine would have completed the cure.

A gentle grassy slope, on the next morning, took us, in the course of an hour, to the crown of one of those long undulations so characteristic of this region. It furnished us with another all-round view peculiarly interesting to us. Our intended direction was south-east, as we were bearing for a high conical peak at the end of a range of grass-covered mountains, which afterwards became known to us as Mazamboni's Peak. We dipped down into delightful vales, watered by cool and clear brooks. Close to these



SUSPENSION BRIDGE ACROSS THE E. ITURI.

were small clusters of native homesteads, with their fields of unripe sorghum, sweet potato, and sugar-cane patches, &c. But the homesteads were all abandoned, and their owners were observing us from the sky-line of every superior hill. Finally we passed an empty cattle zeriba, the sight of which was loudly cheered, and cries of "Ay, the master is right, and every word comes to pass. First will come the grass-land, then the cattle with brave men to defend them, then hills, then the Nyanza, and lastly the white man. The grass-land we have seen, here is the cattle yard, yonder are the mountains, the brave men and the Nyanza and the white man we shall yet see, please God."

We bore on our way to a valley through which another river rushed and roared. On our left was a rugged line of rocks that rose in huge and detached masses, on the top of which a dozen men might be seated comfortably. Connecting these huge rock masses was a lower line of rocks, more uniform, forming the bare spine of a ridge. At some places we passed so close to the base of this hill that we were within easy stone's throw of the summits. But though we were prepared for a demonstration, the natives remained singularly quiet. The path we followed halted at a suspension bridge across a third "Ituri," which had better be distinguished as East Ituri to prevent misunderstanding. This last river was thirty yards wide, deep and swift as a rapid. Spanned by a bridge of such fragile make that we could only pass one at a time in safety, it required one hundred and twenty seconds for a single person to cross the ninety-foot span, and the caravan was not on the other side entirely before 6 P.M. As the crossing was in a position of great disadvantage, riflemen had been on the look-out all day.

In the afternoon we saw a fine black cow and her calf issue out of a defile in the rocky ridge just described, and clamours of "Beef, beef—ay, beef, how are you? we have not seen you since we were young!" rose loud. The Abunguma had hidden their cattle among the rocky hills, and these specimens had probably been refractory. Leaving the picturesque valley of East Ituri on the 8th, we ascended an easy slope to the top of a hill where we obtained a long view of the crooked and narrow valley of the East Ituri, and were able to observe that it came from an east-south-east direction. Shortly after, something more like a plain opened before us, extending over a score of miles to the south, bordered on the north by the stony ridge and valley we had just left behind, while to the eastward rose Mazamboni's mountain range, whose northern end, conspicuous by the tall peak, was our present objective point.

At 9.30 A.M. we had approached several miles nearer this mountain range, and before descending into the valley of a streamlet flowing northward, we observed with wonder that the whole intervening space as far as the mountains was one mass of plantations, indicative of a powerful population. Here then, we thought, "will be the tug of war. The Abunguma have left their settlements in order to join this numerous tribe and meet us with a fitting reception." No more populous settlements had been seen since we had departed from Bangala on the Congo. A suspicion that these were among the confederation of tribes who hemmed in the poor anxious governor of Equatoria also crept into our minds, as we looked upon this huge display of numbers and evidence of wealth and security.

With the view of not provoking the natives, and of preventing the incorrigible looters of the column from the commission of mischief, we took a south-east track to skirt the district. We were able to steer our course between the plantations, so that no cover was afforded to an enemy. At 11.30 we had reached the eastern extremity of the district, and then rested for the noon halt and refreshment, under the shadow of a tree whose branches rustled before a strong cool breeze from the Nyanza.

Resuming the march at 1 P.M. we entered the depths of banana plantations, marvelling at the great industry evinced, and the neatness of the cultivated plots. The conical homesteads were large and partitioned within, as we observed while passing through a few open doorways, by screens of cane grass. Every village was cleanly swept, as though they had been

specially prepared for guests. Each banana stalk was loaded with bananas, the potato-fields were extensive, the millet fields stretched away on either side by hundreds of acres, and the many granaries that had lately been erected manifested expectations of a bountiful harvest.

We finally emerged from the corn-fields without being once annoyed. We thought the natives had been cowed by exaggerated reports of our power, or they had been disconcerted by our cautious manœuvre of leaving a fair open margin between the line of march and the groves; but much to our surprise we encountered no opposition, though large masses of the aborigines covered the eminences bordering our route.

The broad and well-trodden path towards the mountains which we were now rapidly approaching bisected an almost level plain, three miles wide, rich with pasture-grass in flower. The Eastern Ituri was not far off on our left flank, and on the other side of it another populous settlement was in view.

At 3 P.M. we arrived at the base of the Mountain of the Peak. Many of its highest points were crowned with clusters of huts. The cotes of the natives were in the folds of the mountain fronting us. The people gathered in large groups on the nearest summits, and when we were near enough the shouts of defiance were uttered with loud and strident voices. We estimated the average height of the hills nearest to us at about 800 feet above the plain, and as the slopes were particularly steep we judged their distance to be between 800 and 1,000 yards from us.

Much to our pleasure and relief the path, instead of ascending those steep slopes, skirted their base, and turned east, pursuing the direction we wished, being now in North Lat. $1^{\circ} 25' 30''$. A valley unfolded to our view as we rounded the corner of the Peak Range, with a breadth of one to two miles wide, which was clothed with luxuriant sorghum ripening for the sickle. On our right, rising immediately above us, was the north side of Mazamboni's range; to our left, the ground, hidden by crops of grain, sloped gradually to a rapid branch of the East Ituri, and beyond, it rose, an easy slope to a broad horse-shoe shaped grassy ridge, studded with homesteads, green with millet and corn, and rich in banana groves. One sweeping view of our surroundings impressed us with the prosperity of the tribe.

On entering this rich crop-bearing valley a chorus of war-cries pealing menacingly above our heads caused us to look up. The groups had already become more numerous, until there were probably 300 warriors with shield, spear, and bow, shaking their flashing weapons, gesturing with shield and spear, crying wrathfully at us in some language. Waxing more ungovernable in action, they made a demonstration to descend; they altered their intentions, returned to the summit, and kept pace with us—we along the base, they along the crest of the fore hills, snarling and yelling, shouting and threatening, which we took to be expressive of hate to us, and encouragement to those in the valley.

Issuing out of the first series of corn-fields, we heard the war-cries of the valley natives, and comprehended that they were taking position in favourable localities—the hill natives warning and guiding them. It was now near 4 P.M., a time to pick out camp, to make ready for the night in the midst of a population overwhelming in its numbers. Fortunately, close at hand rose the steep hill of Nzera Kum with a spur, whose level top rose a hundred feet above the general face of the valley. It stood like an islet in the valley, distant from the river 500 yards, and from the base



OUR FIRST EXPERIENCES WITH MAZAMBONI'S PEOPLE. VIEW FROM NZERA KUM HILL.

of Mazamboni's range 200 yards. From the crest of Nzera Kum we could command a view east and west of all the northern face of the high range, and away over the summit lines of the horse-shoe ridge, across the Ituri branch. Fifty rifles could hold a camp on such a position against a thousand. We hurried up towards it, the warriors on the range slopes converging downward as if divining our intentions; a mass of noisy belligerents hastening toward the line of march from the river banks. The scouts in the advance fired a few solitary shots to clear the front, and we succeeded in reaching the islet hill and scrambled up. The loads were thrown down, a few picked skirmishers were ordered to either flank of the column to assist the rearguard, others were directed to form a zeriba around the crown of the spur; a body of thirty men was sent to secure water from the river. In half an hour the column was safe on the hill, the zeriba was near completion, there was water for the thirsty, and we had a few minutes to draw breath and to observe from our commanding elevation what were our surroundings. The bird's-eye view was not a bit encouraging. About fifty villages were sprinkled through the valley; plantation after plantation, field after field, village after village met our vision in every direction. What lay on the mountains we did not know. The swarms of lusty-voiced natives on the slopes now numbered over 800. The air seemed filled with the uproar of the shouts.

The mountaineers appeared disposed to try conclusions at once. We were fatigued with the march of 13 miles; the hot sun and weight of burdens had weakened the physical powers of the men. Some of the best, however, were picked out and sent to meet the mountaineers, while we stood and watched to weigh the temper of our opponents. Four of the scouts were foremost. An equal number of the mountaineers, not a whit loth for the encounter, bounded gallantly to meet them. They intuitively felt that the courage of our four men was not of the highest order. They approached to within 100 yards of them, and prepared their bows against the rifles. Our men delivered their fire harmlessly, and then backed; the mountaineers advanced, with fingers on their bow-strings. Our four men fled, while a hundred voices from our camp, looking down upon the scene, execrated them. This was a bad beginning for our side; the natives accepted it as a favourable omen to them, and yelled triumphantly. To check this glow, our riflemen sought cover, and seriously annoyed the natives. Some at the extremity of the hill of Nzera Kum did execution among the mountaineers on the slope of the range opposite, at 400 yards' distance; others crept down into the valley towards the river, and obtained a triumph for us; others, again, working round the base of Nzera Kum, effected a diversion in our favour. Saat Tato, our hunter, carried away a cow from her owners, and we thus obtained a taste of beef after eleven months' abstinence. As night fell, natives and strangers sought their respective quarters, both anticipating a busy day on the morrow.

Before turning in for the night, I resumed my reading of the Bible as usual. I had already read the book through from beginning to end once, and was now at Deuteronomy for the second reading, and I came unto the verse wherein Moses exhorts Joshua in those fine lines, "Be strong and of a good courage; fear not, nor be afraid of them: for the Lord thy God, He it is that doth go with thee; He will not fail thee, nor forsake thee."

I continued my reading, and at the end of the chapter closed the book, and from Moses my mind travelled at once to Mazamhoni. Was it great fatigue, incipient ague, or an admonitory symptom of ailment, or a shade of spiteful feeling against our cowardly four, and a vague sense of distrust that at some critical time my loons would fly? We certainly were in the presence of people very different from the forest natives. In the open our men had not been tested as they were to-day, and what my officers and self had seen of them was not encouraging. At any rate, my mind was occupied with a keener sense of the danger incurred by us in adventuring with such a small force of cowardly porters to confront the tribes of the grass-land than I remember it on any previous occasion. It seemed to me now that I had a more thorough grasp of what might be expected. Whether it followed a larger visual view of land and population, or that I was impressed by the volume of human voices, whose uproar yet seemed to sound in my ears, I know not. But a voice appeared to say, "Be strong and of a good courage; fear not, nor be afraid of them." I could almost have sworn I heard the voice. I began to argue with it. Why do you adjure me to abandon the Mission? I cannot run if I would. To retreat would be far more fatal than advance; therefore your encouragement is unnecessary. It replied, nevertheless, "Be strong and of a good courage. Advance, and be confident, for I will give this people and this land unto thee. I will not fail thee nor forsake thee; fear not, nor be dismayed."

Still—all this in strict confidence—before I slept I may add that though I certainly never felt fitter for a fight, it struck me, that both sides were remarkably foolish, and about to engage in what I conceived to be an unnecessary contest. We did not know even the name of the land or of the people, and they were equally ignorant of our name and of our purpose and motives. I sketched out my plans for the morrow, adjured the sentries to keep strict watch, and in sleep became soon oblivious of this Mazamhoni—lord of the mountains and plains.

December 9th was a halt. In the morning we completed our thorn-bush fence, distributed cartridges, and examined rifles. By 9 o'clock the chill of early day retired before the warmth of a hot sun, and shortly after the natives mustered in imposing numbers. War-horns, with the weird notes heard in Usoga and Uganda in 1875, sounded the gathering, and over twenty drums boomed from each mountain top. There were shouts and cries flying in currents from mountain to valley, and back again, for we were quite surrounded. About 11 A.M. some few natives descended close enough for one Fetteh, a man of Unyoro, to distinguish what was said, and he exchanged a hot abuse with them, until there was quite a wordy war. Hearing that one of our people understood the language, I directed the wrathful tongues in the interests of peace, and a more amicable language resulted.

"We on our side," was said, "only fight in defence. You assail us while quietly passing through the land. Would it not be better to talk to each other, and try to understand one another first, and then, if we cannot agree, fight."

"True, those are wise words," a man replied. "Tell us who you are. Where you are from, and where you are going."

"We are of Zanzibar, from the sea, and our chief is a white man. We are bound for the Nyanza of Unyoro."

"If you have a white man with you, let us see him, and we shall believe you."

Lieutenant Stairs promptly stepped out of the zeriba and was introduced by Fetteh.

"Now you tell us who you are," said Fetteh. "What land is this? Who is your chief? And how far is the Nyanza?"

"This land is Undussuma, the chief is Mazamboni. We are Wazamboni. The Ruweru (Nyanza) is reached in two days. It will take you five days. It lies east. There is only one road, and you cannot miss it."

This began the exchange of friendly intercourse. Strangerhood was broken. We then learned that there were two chiefs in Undussuma, one of whom would not be averse to peace, and exchange of friendly gifts, if it were agreeable to us. We gladly assented, and several hours were passed without a hostile cry being heard, or a shot fired, except at the river, the natives on whose shores were obstinate, and declined listening to anything but war proposals.

In the afternoon a message came from Mazamboni, saying he would like to see the pattern and quality of our moneys. We sent two yards of scarlet uniform cloth, and a dozen brass rods, and a promise was given that early next morning the chief himself would appear and go through the ceremony of brotherhood with me.

The next day we were refreshed after an undisturbed night, and fondly indulged in anticipations that in a few hours, perhaps, our camp would be filled with friendly natives. We had been requested not to depart until a return gift should arrive from Mazamboni. We accordingly had resolved on another day's halt. The morning was still raw and cold, for we were 4,235 feet above the sea. A mist covered the tall mountain tops, and a slight drizzle had set in, which excused our friends from a too early appearance; but at the third hour the mist cleared away, and the outline of the entire range was clear against a pale blue sky. Lieutenant Stairs, Mr. Jephson, and myself, were out at the extreme west end of the spur enjoying the splendid view, admiring the scenery, and wondering when such a beautiful land would become the homesteads of civilized settlers. Stairs thought that it resembled New Zealand, and said that he would not mind possessing a ranche here. He actually went so far as to locate it, and pointed out the most desirable spot. "On that little hill I would build my house"—"Shebang" he called it. I wonder if that is a New Zealand term for a villa—"There I would herd my cattle; my sheep could browse on the mountain slope behind, and——"

But meantime the natives had appeared on the crests of the mountain in lengthy columns, converging towards a common centre—a butt end of a truncated hill—a thousand yards in an air-line from where we stood, and a voice like that of a mob orator, clear and harmonious, broke on our ear. It proceeded from a man who, with a few companions, had descended to about 300 feet above the valley. He was ten minutes speaking, and Fetteh had been brought to listen and translate. Fetteh said that he commanded peace in the name of the king; but strange to say, no sooner had the man concluded his speech than loud, responsive yells rose from the valley in a hideous and savage clamour, and then from every mountain top, and from the slopes there was a re-echo of the savage outburst.

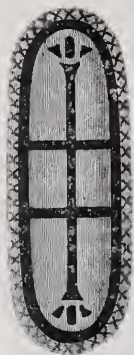
We surmised that such forceful yelling could not signal a peace, but rather war; and in order to make sure, sent Fetteh down into the valley

below the speaker to ask him. The replies from the natives left us no room to doubt. The two sounds—Kanwana, "peace," and Kurwana, "war," were so similar, that they had occasioned Fetteh's error.

"We do not want your friendship," they cried. "We are coming down to you shortly to drive you out of your camp with our herdsmen's staffs." And a treacherous fellow, who had crawled under cover of low bush, came near causing us a severe loss—our interpreter especially having an exceedingly narrow escape. Fetteh picked up the arrows and brought them to us, and delivered his news.

There was then no alternative but to inflict an exemplary lesson upon them; and we prepared to carry it out without losing a moment of time, and with the utmost vigour, unless checked by proffers of amity.

The companies were mustered, and fifty rifles were led out by Lieutenant Stairs towards those obstinate and fierce fellows on the other side of the Ituri branch. A party of thirty rifles were sent under Mr. Jephson to skirmish up the slopes to the left; and twenty picked men were sent with Uledi to make a demonstration to the right. Rashid was ordered with ten men to the top of Nzera-Kum to guard against surprise from that quarter. Jephson and Uledi would be marching to their positions unobserved by the mountaineers, because the crowns of the forehills would obstruct the view, and would approach to them within 200 yards without being seen, while Lieutenant Stairs' company, being further out in the valley, would absorb their attention.



SHIELD OF THE
EDGE OF THE
PLAINS.

In a few minutes Stairs' company was hotly engaged. The natives received our men with cool determination for a few minutes, and shot their arrows in literal showers; but the Lieutenant, perceiving that their coolness arose from the knowledge that there was a considerable stream intervening between them and his company, cheered his men to charge across the river. His men obeyed him, and as they ascended the opposite bank opened a withering fire which in a few seconds broke up the nest of refractory and turbulent fellows who had cried out so loudly for war. The village was taken with a rush and the banana plantations scoured. The natives broke out into the open on a run, and fled far northward. Lieutenant Stairs then collected his men, set fire to the village, and proceeded to the assault of other settlements, rattling volleys from the company announcing the resistance they met.

Meanwhile, Uledi's party of chosen men had discovered a path leading up the mountain along a spur, and after ascending 500 feet, led his men up into view on the right flank of the mob observing and cheering their countrymen in the valley. The Winchesters were worked most handsomely. At the same time Mr. Jephson's party came out of the left ravine, and together they had such a disastrous effect on the nerves of the natives that they fled furiously up the slopes, Uledi and his men chasing them.

Mr. Jephson, after seeing them in full flight, faced eastward, and pushed on for two miles, clearing every inhabitant out. By 1 p.m. all our men were in camp, with only one man slightly wounded. Every

man had behaved wonderfully well; even the four cowards, who had been marked men, had distinguished themselves.

At 2 P.M., the natives in the valley having returned, each party was despatched once again. Stairs led his men across the Ituri branch, and followed the running fugitives far northward, then veered sharply round to join Jephson, who had continued his way eastward. Uledi's scouts were sent up to the very summit of the mountain range; but on observing the immense number of homesteads that dotted it, he prudently halted.

Until the afternoon the contest continued; the natives were constantly on the run, charging or retreating. By evening not one was in sight, and the silence around our camp was significant of the day's doings. The inhabitants were on the mountains or far removed eastward and northward. In the valley around us there was not a hut left standing to be a cover during the night. The lesson, we felt, was not completed. We should have to return by that route. In the natural course of things, if we met many tribes of the quality of this, we should lose many men, and if we left them in the least doubt of our ability to protect ourselves, we should have to repeat our day's work. It was, therefore, far more merciful to finish the affair thoroughly before leaving a tribe in unwhipped insolence in our rear. The natives must have entertained an idea that we could not fight outside our bush fence, which accounts for their tall talk of driving us out with sticks, and that they were safe on the mountains. We were compelled to root out the idea that they could harm us in any way.

A cow neglected by her owner was burnt in one of the villages close by and furnished us with a second limited ration of roast beef.

On the 11th it rained again during the early morning, which kept us indoors until 10 A.M. Some natives having then come out to demonstrate their hostility on the mountains, Stairs, Jephson and Uledi led their men up the mountain slopes in three separate small columns to the attack, and made a successful tour among their stronghold. A small flock of goats was captured, and distributed to the men, and our experiences of this day satisfied the natives that they had nothing to gain by fighting.

At one time it appeared as though the day would end with reconciliation, for a native stood on a high hill above our position after all had reached camp, and announced that he had been sent by Mazamboni to say that he received our gifts, but that he had been prevented from visiting us according to promise by the clamour of his young men, who insisted on fighting. But now, as many of them had been killed, he was ready to pay tribute, and be a true friend in future.

We replied that we were agreeable to peace and friendship with them, but as they had mocked us, kept our peace presents, and then scornfully called us women, they must purchase peace with cattle or goats, and if they held up grass in their hands they could approach without fear.

It should be mentioned that when the warriors descended the mountain slopes for the fight, every little squad of men was accompanied by a large hound, of somewhat slender build, but courageous, and prompt to attack.

The arms of the Wazamboni consisted of long bows five and a half feet long, and arrows twenty-eight inches long, besides a long sharp spear. Their shields were long and narrow generally, but there were many of the true Uganda type. The arrows were cruelly barbed, and the spear was similar to that of Karagwé, Uhha, Urundi, and Ihangiro.

CHAPTER XII.

ARRIVAL AT LAKE ALBERT, AND OUR RETURN TO IBWIRI.

ON the 12th of December we left camp at dawn without disturbance, or hearing a single voice, and up to 9 A.M. it did not appear as if anybody was astir throughout the valley. Our road led E. by S. and dipped down into ravines, and narrow valleys, down which its tributaries from the mountain range and its many gorges flowed under depths of jungle, bush, and reed-cane. Villages were seen nestling amid abundance, and we left them unmolested in the hope that the wild people might read that when left alone we were an extremely inoffensive band of men. But at nine o'clock, the chill of the morning having disappeared, we heard the first war-cries, and traced them to a large group of villages that crowned a detached line of hills occupying the foreground of the Undussuma range. Perceiving that we continued our march without appearing to notice them, they advanced boldly and hovered on our right flank and rear.

By 11 A.M. there were two separate bands of natives who followed us very persistently. One had come from the eastward, the other was formed out of the population of the villages in the valley that we had left undamaged and intact.

By noon these bands had increased into numerous and frantic mobs, and some of them cried out, "We will prove to you before night that we are men, and every one of you shall perish to-day."

At this hour, refreshed by our halt, we resumed the march through a grassy wilderness. There were no villages in view on either hand, but the mobs followed us, now and then making demonstrations, and annoying us with their harsh cries and menaces. An expert shot left the line of march, and wounded two of them at a range of 400 yards. This silenced them for awhile, as though they were absorbed in wondering what missile could inflict injuries at such a distance. But soon their numbers received fresh accessions, and their audacity became more marked. The rear-guard band presently were heard firing, and possibly with effect; at any rate it was clear they had received a check.

Finally, at 3.30, we came in view of the Bavira villages—the chief of whom is called Gavira—situated on an open plain and occupying both banks of a deep and precipitous ravine hollowed out of the clay by a considerable tributary of the East Ituri. We in the front halted on the eastern bank, as the natives—too tardy to effect anything—came rushing down to prevent the crossing. Loads were at once dropped, skirmishers were despatched from the advance to recross the river, and to assist the rear guard, and a smart scene of battle-play occurred, at the end of which the natives retreated on the full run. To punish them for four hours' persecution of us we turned about and set fire to every hut on either bank, then reforming we hastened up a steep hilly plateau, that rose 200 feet above the plain, to meet the natives who had gathered to oppose us. Long, however, before we could reach the summit they abandoned their position and left us to occupy a village in peace. It being now a late hour we camped, and our first duty was to render our quarters safe against a night attack.

It should be observed that up to the moment of firing the villages, the

fury of the natives seemed to be increasing, but the instant the flames were seen devouring their homes the fury ceased, by which we learned that fire had a remarkable sedative influence on their nerves.

The village of Gavira's, wherein we slept that night, was 4,657 feet above the sea. It had been a fine day for travel, and a S.E. breeze was most cooling. Without it we should have suffered from the great heat. As the sun set it became very cold; by midnight the temperature was 60°. We had travelled nine miles, and mostly all complained of fatigue from the marching and constant excitement.

On the 13th we set off easterly a little after dawn, in order that we might cover some distance before the aborigines ventured out into the cold raw air of the morning. The short pasture grass was beaded with dew, and wet as with rain. The rear guard, after disarranging our night defences that the natives might not understand the manner of them, soon overtook us, and we left the district in compact order ready for fresh adventures. Until the third hour of the morning we were permitted to travel amid scenes of peaceful stillness. We enjoyed the prospects, had time to note the features of the great plain north of East Ituri, and to admire the multitude of hilly cones that bounded the northern horizon, to observe how the lines of conical hills massed themselves into a solid and unbroken front to the east and west; how to the south of us the surface of the land was a series of great waves, every hollow of which had its own particular stream; and how, about five miles off, the mountain range continued from Undussuma East to the Balegga country, whose summits we knew so well, formed itself into baylike curves wherein numerous settlements found water and sweet grass for their cattle and moisture for their millet-fields, and finally prolonged itself, rounding northward until its extremity stood east of us. Hence we observed that the direction we travelled would take us before many hours between the northern and southern ranges, to the top of a saddle that appeared to connect them. A group of villages situated on the sky-line of this saddle was our objective point at present, until we could take further bearings thence.

But at 9 A.M. the natives began to stir and look around, every feature of the wide landscape being then free from mist and fog. Our long serpent-like line of men was soon detected and hailed with war-cries, uttered with splendid force of lungs, that drew hundreds of hostile eyes burning with ferocity and hate upon us. Village after village was passed by us untouched, but this, as we experienced the day before, they did not place to our credit, but rather debited us with pusillanimity, all reports of their neighbours notwithstanding. We felt it in our veins that we were being charged with weakness. A crowd of fifty natives stood aside, 300 yards from our path, observant of our conduct. They saw us defile through their settlements with kindly regard for their property, and eyes fixed straight before us, intent on our own business of travel only. Far from accepting this as a proof that there was some virtue in us, they closed behind the column, loudly and imperiously summoned their countrymen to gather together and surround us—a call their countrymen appeared only too willing to obey. As soon as they deemed their numbers strong enough to take the offensive, they charged on the rear guard, which act was instantly responded to by good practice with rifles.

Every half-hour there was a stream at the bottom of its own valley,

and a breadth of cane-brake on either side of the brook, which required great caution to keep the impulsive natives at bay.

That group of villages on the sky-line already mentioned, connecting the now converging lines of hills to north and south of us, became more and more distinct as we steadily pressed on eastward, and I began to feel a presentiment that before another hour was passed we should see the Albert Nyanza. But as though there was some great treasure in our front, or as if Emin Pasha and his garrison found himself in the position of Gordon during his last hours at Khartoum, and these were the beleaguering hosts, the natives waxed bolder and more determined, increased in numbers faster, the war-cries were incessantly vociferated from every eminence, groups of men became mobs, and finally we became conscious that a supreme effort was about to be made by them. We cast our eyes about and saw each elevation black with masses of men, while the broad and rolling plain showed lines of figures, like armies of ants travelling towards us.

At 11 A.M. we were near the crest of the last ridge intervening between us and the saddle which we were aiming for, when we caught a view of a small army advancing along a road, which, if continued, would soon cross our track on the other side of the stream that issued from this ridge. The attacking point I felt sure would be a knoll above the source of the stream. The advance guard was about a hundred yards from it, and these were ordered when abreast of the knoll to wheel sharply to the right, and stack goods on its summit, and the word was passed to close files.

As we arrived at the summit of the knoll, the head of the native army, streaming thickly, was at the foot of it on the other side, and without an instant's hesitation both sides began the contest simultaneously; but the rapid fire of the Winchesters was altogether too much for them, for, great as was the power of the united voices, the noise of the Winchesters deafened and confused them, while the fierce hissing of the storm of bullets paralysed the bravest. The advance guard rushed down the slopes towards them, and in a few seconds the natives turned their backs and bounded away with the speed of antelopes. Our men pursued them for about a mile, but returned at the recall, a summons they obeyed with the precision of soldiers at a review, which pleased me more even than the gallantry they had displayed. The greatest danger in reality with half-disciplined men is the inclination to follow the chase, without regard to the design the enemy may have in view by sudden flight. It frequently happens that the retreat is effected for a ruse, and is often practised in Uganda. On this occasion forty men were chasing 500, while 1,500 natives at least were certainly surveying the field on a hill to the right of us, and a similar number was posted to the left of us.

Again we re-formed our ranks, and marched forward in close order as before, but at 12.30 halted for refreshments, with a pretty wide circle around us now, clear of noisy and yelling natives. Our noon halt permitted them to collect their faculties, but though they were undoubtedly sobered by the events of the morning they still threatened us with imposing numbers of the Balegga, Bavira, and Wabiassi tribes.

After an hour's rest the line of march was resumed. We found an exceedingly well-trodden path, and that it was appreciated was evident from the rapid and elastic tread of the column. Within fifteen minutes we gained the brow of the saddle, or rather plateau, as it turned out to be,

and, about twenty-five miles away, we saw a dark blue and uniform line of table-land, lifted up into the clouds and appearing portentously lofty. The men vented a murmur of discontented surprise at the sight of it. I knew it was Unyoro, that between us and that great and blue table-land was an immense and deep gulf, and that at the bottom of this gulf was the Albert. For there seemed to be nothing else before us, neither hill, ridge, or elevation, but that distant immense dark blue mass; the eastern slopes of the northern and southern ranges dipped down steeply as it were into a gulf or profoundly deep valley. Our people, on viewing the plateau of Unyoro in the distance, cried out in a vexed manner "Mashallah! but this Nyanza keeps going further and further away from us;" but I cheered them up with, "Keep your eyes open, boys! You may see the Nyanza any minute now," which remark, like many others tending to encourage them, was received with grunts of unbelief.

But every step we now took proved that we were approaching an unusually deep valley, or the Nyanza, for higher and higher rose the Unyoro plateau into view, lower and lower descended the slopes on either hand of our road, until at last all eyes rested on a grey cloud, or what is it, mist? Nay, it is the Nyanza sleeping in the haze, for, looking to the north-eastward it was the colour of the ocean. The men gazed upon the lake fully two minutes before they realised that what they looked upon was water, and then they relieved their feelings with cheers and enthusiastic shouts.

We continued our pace a few minutes longer, until we stood on the verge of the descent from the plateau, and near a small village perched on this exposed situation we made a short halt to take bearings, inspect aneroids, and reflect a little upon our next step.

Though the people were shouting and dancing and thronging around me with congratulations for having "hit the exact spot so well," a chill came over me, as I thought of the very slight chance there was, in such a country as this, of finding a canoe fit to navigate the rough waters of the Albert. With my glass I scrutinized anxiously the distant shore of the Lake, but I could not see any canoe, neither could I see a single tree in all the long stretch of slope and extended plain of a size suitable for a canoe, and the thought that, after all, our forced march and continual fighting and sacrifice of life would be in vain, struck me for the first time, even while upon every man's lips was the pious ejaculation, "Thank God!"

And yet it was just possible we might be able to buy a canoe with brass rods and some red cloth. It would be too hard if our long travels hither were to be quite in vain.

The scene I looked upon was very different to what I had anticipated. I had circumnavigated the Victoria Nyanza and the Tanganika, and I had viewed the Muta Nzigé from a plateau somewhat similar to this, and canoes were procurable on either Lake; and on the Victoria and Tanganika it would not be difficult, after a little search, to find a tree large enough for cutting out a canoe. But I saw here about twenty miles of most barren slopes, rugged with great rocks, and furrowed with steep ravines and watercourses, whose banks showed a thin fringe of miserable bush, and between them were steeply descending sharp and long spurs, either covered with rocky and clayey debris or tall green grass. Between the base of this lengthy fall of slope and the Lake was a plain about five or six miles in breadth, and about twenty miles long, most pleasant to look

upon from the great altitude we were on. It resembled a well-wooded park-land, but the trees spread out their branches too broadly to possess the desirable stems. They appeared to me to be more like acacia, and thorn-trees and scrub, which would be utterly useless for our purpose.

Our aneroids indicated an altitude of 5,000 feet. The islet marked on Mason's chart as near Kavalli bore E.S.E., magnetic, about six miles from our position. Laying Colonel Mason's chart of the Albert Nyanza before us, we compared it with what was spread so largely and grandly over 2,500 feet below us, and we were forced to bear witness to the remarkable accuracy of his survey. Here and there some trifling islets and two or three small inlets of the Lake into that singular sunken plain which formed the boundary of the Lake as its southerly extremity were observed as omissions.

I had often wondered at Sir Samuel Baker's description of the Albert



VIEW OF THE SOUTH END OF ALBERT NYANZA. (See page 190.)

Nyanza's extension towards the south-west, perhaps oftener after Colonel Mason's mysteriously brusque way of circumscribing its "illimitability," but I can feel pure sympathy with the discoverer now, despite the terrible "cutting off" to which it has been subjected. For the effect upon all of us could not have been greater if the Albert stretched to Khartoum. Whether limited or unlimited, the first view of water and mountain is noble, and even inspiring. Even at its extremity the Lake has a spacious breadth, but as we follow the lines of its mountain banks the breadth widens grandly, the silver colour of its shallow head soon changes into the deep azure of ocean, the continuing expanding breadth, immense girdle of mountains and pale sky, lose their outlines, and become fused into an indefinite blueness at the sea-horizon north-eastward, through which we may vainly seek a limit.

Our point of observation was in N. Lat. $1^{\circ} 23' 00''$. The extreme end



THE SOUTH END OF THE ALBERT NYANZA. DECEMBER 13, 1887.



of the eastern end of the Lake bore S.E. magnetic, and the extreme western end bore S.E. and S.E. by S. Between the two extremities there were five inlets, one of which reached two miles further south than any of those observed points.

The table-land of Unyoro maintained an almost uniform level as far as we could see, its terminable point being cut off from view by a large shoulder of mountain, that thrust itself forward from the western range. Southward of the Lake and between these opposing heights—that of the table-land of Unyoro on the east, and that of the table-land on the west—extended a low plain which formerly, but not recently, must have been inundated by the waters of the Lake, but now was dry firm ground, clothed with sere grass, gently rising as it receded south, and finally producing scrubby wood, acacia and thorn, like the terrace directly below us.

After a halt of about twenty minutes, we commenced the descent down the slopes of the range. Before the rear guard under Lieutenant Stairs had left the spot, the natives had gathered in numbers equal to our own, and before the advance had descended 500 feet, they had begun to annoy the rear guard in a manner that soon provoked a steady firing. We below could see them spread out like skirmishers on both flanks, and hanging to the rear in a long line up the terribly steep and galling path.

While they shot their arrows, and crept nearer to their intended victims, they cried, "*Ku-la-la heh lelo?*"—"Where will you sleep to-night? Don't you know you are surrounded? We have you now where we wanted you."

Our men were not a whit slow in replying, "Wherever we sleep, you will not dare come near; and if you have got us where you wanted us to be, why not come on at once?"

Though the firing was brisk, there was but little hurt done; the ground was adverse to steadiness, and on our side only one was wounded with an arrow, but the combat kept both sides lively and active. Had we been unburdened and fresh, very few of these pestilent fellows would have lived to climb that mountain again.

The descent was continued for three hours, halting every fifteen minutes to repel the natives, who, to the number of forty, or thereabouts, followed us down to the plain.

Half a mile from the base of the mountain we crossed a slightly saline stream, which had hollowed a deep channel, banked by precipitous and in some places perpendicular walls of debris 50 feet high, on either side. On the edge of one of these latter walls we formed a camp, the half of a circle being thus unassailable; the other half we soon made secure with brushwood and material from an abandoned village close by. Having observed that the daring natives had descended into the plain, and knowing their object to be a night attack, a chain of sentries were posted at a distance from the camp, who were well hidden by the grass. An hour after dark the attack was made by the band of natives, who, trying one point after another, were exceedingly surprised to receive a fusilade from one end of the half-circle to the other.

This ended a troublous day, and the rest we now sought was well earned.

Inspecting the aneroid on reaching the camping-place, we discovered

that we had made a descent of 2,250 feet since we had left our post of observation on the verge of the plateau above.

On the 14th we left the base of the plateau, and marched across the plain that gently sloped for 5 miles to the lake. As we travelled on, we examined closely if among the thin forest of acacia any tree would likely be available for a canoe; but the plain was destitute of all but acacia, thorn-bush, tamarind, and scrub—a proof that the soil, though sufficiently rich for the hardier trees, had enough acid properties—nitre, alkali, or salts—to prevent the growth of tropical vegetation. We, however, trusted that we should be enabled to induce the natives to part with a canoe, or, as was more likely, probably Emin Pasha had visited the south end of the lake, according to my request, and had made arrangements with the natives for our reception. If not, why ultimately perhaps we should have legitimate excuse for taking a temporary loan of a canoe.

About a mile and a half from the lake we heard some natives cutting fuel in a scrubby wood, not far from the road. We halted, and maintained silence while the interpreter attempted to obtain a reply to his friendly hail. For ten minutes we remained perfectly still, waiting until the person, who proved to be a woman, deigned to answer. Then, for the first time in Africa, I heard as gross and obscene abuse as the traditional fishwoman of Billingsgate is supposed to be capable of uttering. We were obliged to desist from the task of conciliating such an unwomanly virago.

We sent the interpreter ahead with a few men to the village at the Lake side, which belonged to a chief called Katonza, and sometimes Kaiya Nkondo, with instructions to employ the utmost art possible to gain the confidence of the inhabitants, and by no means to admit rebuff by words or threats, hostile action only to be accepted as an excuse for withdrawal. We, in the meantime, were to follow slowly, and then halt until summoned, close to the settlement.

The villagers were discovered totally unconscious of our approach and neighbourhood. Their first impulse, on seeing our men, was to fly; but, observing that they were not pursued, they took position on an anthill at an arrow-flight's distance, more out of curiosity than goodwill. Perceiving that our men were obliging, polite, and altogether harmless, they sanctioned the approach of the caravan, and on seeing a white man they were induced to advance near, while assurances of friendliness were being assiduously reiterated. About forty natives mustered courage to draw near for easy parley, and then harangues and counter-harangues, from one side to the other, one party vowing by their lives, by the love of their throats, by the blue sky above, that no harm was intended or evil meditated—that only friendship and goodwill were sought, for which due gifts would be given, the other averring that though their hesitation might be misjudged, and possibly attributed to fear, still they had met—often met—a people called the Wara-Sura, armed with guns like ours, who simply killed people. Perhaps, after all, we were Wara-Sura, or their friends, for we had guns also, in which case they were quite ready to fight the instant they were assured we were Wara-Sura or their allies.

“Wara-Sura! Wara-Sura! What men are these? We never heard of the name before. Whence are they?” &c., &c., and so on unceasingly for three mortal hours in the hot sun. Our cajolings and our winsomest smiles began to appear of effect, but they suddenly assumed moodiness, and expressed their suspicion in the harsh, rasping language of Unyoro,

which grated horribly on the hearing. In the end our effort was a complete failure. We had, unknown to ourselves, incurred their suspicion by speaking too kindly of Unyoro and of Kabba Rega, who, we found later, was their mortal enemy. They would not accept our friendship nor make blood-brotherhood, nor accept even a gift. They would give us water to drink, and they would show the path along the Lake.

"You seek a white man, you say. We hear there is one at Kabba Rega's (Casati). Many, many years ago a white man came from the north in a smoke-boat (Mason Bey), but he went away, but that was when we were children. There has been no strange boat on our waters since. We hear of strange people being at Buswa (Mswa), but that is a long way from here. There northward along the Lake lies your way. All the wicked people come from there. We never heard any good of men who came in from the Ituri either. The Wara-Sura sometimes come from there."

They condescended to show us the path leading along the shore of the Lake, and then stood aside on the plain, bidding us, in not unfriendly tones, to take heed of ourselves, but not a single article for their service would they accept. Wondering at their extraordinary manner, and without a single legitimate excuse to quarrel with them, we proceeded on our way meditatively, with most unhappy feelings.

Pondering upon the strange dead stop to that hopefulness which had hitherto animated us, it struck us that a more heartless outlook never confronted an explorer in wild Africa than that which was now so abruptly revealed to us. From the date of leaving England, January 21, 1887, to this date of 14th December, it never dawned on us that at the very goal we might be baffled so completely as we were now. There was only one comfort, however, in all this; there was henceforward no uncertainty. We had hoped to have met news of the Pasha here. A governor of a province, with two steamers, life-boats, and canoes, and thousands of people, we had imagined would have been known everywhere on such a small lake as the Albert, which required only two days' steaming from end to end. He could not, or he would not, leave Wadelai, or he knew nothing yet of our coming.* When compelled through excess of weakness to leave our steel boat at Ipoto, we had hoped one of three things: either that the Pasha, warned by me of my coming, would have prepared the natives for our appearance, or that we could purchase or make a canoe of our own. The Pasha had never visited the south end of the Lake; there was no canoe to be obtained, nor was there any tree out of which one could be made.

Since we had entered the grass-land we had expended five cases of cartridges. There remained forty-seven cases with us, besides those at Ipoto in charge of Captain Nelson and Dr. Parke. Wadelai was distant twenty-five days' journey by land, though it was only four by lake. If we travelled northward by land, it was most likely we should expend twenty-five cases in fighting to reach Wadelai, assuming that the tribes were similar to those in the south. On reaching Emin Pasha we should

* In November, 1887, Emin Pasha wrote to his friend Dr. Felkin: "All well; on best terms with chiefs and people: will be leaving shortly for Kibiro, on east coast of Lake Albert. Have sent reconnoitring party to look out for Stanley, which had to return with no news yet. Stanley expected about December 15th (1887)." We arrived on the 14th.

then have only twenty-two left. If we then left twelve cases only with him, we should have only ten to return by a route upon which we had fired thirty cases. Ten cases would be quite as an inadequate supply for us as twelve would be for Emin. This was a mental review of our position as we trudged northward along the shore of the Albert. But hoping that at Kasenya Island, to which we were wending, we might be able to obtain a canoe, I resolved upon nothing except to search for a vessel of some kind for a couple of days, and failing that, discuss the question frankly with my companions.

At our noon halt, a few miles north of Katonza's, the first note of retreat was sounded. The officers were both shocked and grieved.

"Ah, gentlemen," said I, "do not look so. You will make my own regrets greater. Let us look the facts fairly in the face. If the island of Kasenya has no canoe to give us, we must retrace our tracks; there is no help for it. We will devote to-day and to-morrow to the search, but we are then face to face with starvation if we linger longer in this deserted plain. There is no cultivation on this arid lake terrace, nothing nearer than the plateau. Our principal hope was in Emin Pasha. I thought that he could make a short visit in his steamers to this end of the Lake, and would tell the natives that he expected friends to come from the west. What has become of him, or why he could not reach here, we cannot say. But Katonza's villagers told us that they had never seen a steamer or a white man since Mason Bey was here. They had heard that Casati is in Unyoro. Without a boat it means a month's journey to us to find him.

"There is but one way besides retreating that appears feasible to me, and that is by seizing upon some village on the Lake shore, and build an entrenched camp, and wait events—say, for the news to reach Unyoro, or Wadelai or Kabba Rega; and Casati, Emin, or the Unyoro king may become curious enough to send to discover who we are. But there is the food question. These Lake villagers do not cultivate. They catch fish and make salt to sell to the people on the plateau for grain. We should have to forage, ascending and descending daily that dreadful mountain slope. For a week or so the natives of the plateau might resist every foraging party, but finally surrender, and emigrate elsewhere to distant parts, leaving a naked land in our possession. You must admit that this would be a most unwise and foolish plan.

"Were our boat here, or could a canoe be procurable by any means, our position would be thus:—We could launch and man her with twenty men, supply them with ten or twelve days' provisions and an officer, and bid the crew 'God speed,' while we could re-ascend to the plateau, seize upon a good position near the edge of the plateau, render it quickly unassailable, and forage north, south, and west in a land abounding with grain and cattle, and keep sentries observing the Lake and watching for the signal of fire or smoke. On her arrival, a hundred rifles could descend to the Lake to learn the news of Emin Pasha's safety, or perhaps of his departure, *via* Ukedi and Usoga, to Zanzibar. The last is probable, because the latest news that I received from the Foreign Office showed that he meditated taking such a step. But now, as we are without canoe or boat, I feel, though we are but four days by water from Wadelai, that we are only wasting valuable time in searching for expedients, when common-sense bids us be off to the forest, find some suitable spot like

Ibwiri to leave our surplus stores, sick men, and convalescents from Ugarrowwa and Ipoto, and return here again with our boat and a few dozen cases of ammunition. In this inexplicable absence of Emin, or any news of him, we should be unwise in wasting our strength, carrying the too great surplus of ammunition, when perhaps the Pasha has departed from his province."

During our afternoon march we travelled along the Lake until the island of Kasenya bore from our camping-place 127° magnetic, or about a mile distant, and our observation point on the summit of the plateau bore 289° .

We made a bush fence, and halted at an early hour. The afternoon was likewise spent in considering our position more fully under the new light thrown upon it by the determined refusal of Katonza and his followers to entertain our friendship.

On the morning of the 15th of December I sent Lieutenant Stairs and forty men to speak with the people of Kasenya Island, which is about 800 yards from the shore. As the Lake is very shallow, the canoe with two fishermen which Lieutenant Stairs hailed could not approach the shore to within several hundred yards. The mud was of unfathomed depth, and none dared to put a foot into it. Along the water's edge the singular wood ambach thrives, and continues its narrow fringe around the southern extremity of the Lake, resembling from a distance an extensive range of fishermen's stakes or a tall palisade. The fishermen pointed out a locality further up the Lake where they could approach nearer, and which was their landing-place, the distance they were then at barely allowing the sounds of the voice to be heard. We spent the morning awaiting Lieutenant Stairs, who had considerable difficulty with the mud and swamps. In the afternoon I sent Mr. Jephson and forty men to the landing-place indicated by the natives, which was a low bluff wooded at the summit, with depths of water sufficient for all practical purposes. In reply to a hail a fisherman and his wife came to within a good bow-shot from the shore and deigned to converse with our party. They said—

"Yes, we remember a smoke-boat came here a long time ago. There was a white man (Colonel Mason) in her, and he talked quite friendly. He shot a hippopotamus for us, and gave it to us to eat. The bones lie close to where you stand, which you may see for yourselves. There are no large canoes on this lake or anywhere about here, for the biggest will but hold two or three people with safety, and no more. We buy our canoes from the Wanyoro on the other side for fish and salt. Will we carry a letter for you to Unyoro? No (with a laugh). No, we could not think of such a thing; that is a work for a chief and a great man, and we are poor people, no better than slaves. Will we sell a canoe? A little canoe like this will carry you nowhere. It is only fit for fishing close to shore in shallow waters like these. Which way did you come here? By the way of the Ituri? Ah! that proves you to be wicked people. Who ever heard of good people coming from that direction? If you were not wicked people you would have brought a big boat with you, like the other white man, and shoot hippos like him. Go your ways—yonder lies your road; but as you go you will meet with people as bad as yourselves, whose work is to kill people. There is no food close to this lake or in all this plain. Fishermen like we have no need of hoes. Look around everywhere and you will not find a field. You will have to go back to the mountains

where there is food for you; there is nothing here. Our business is to make salt and catch fish, which we take to the people above, and exchange for grain and beans. This island is Kasenya, and belongs to Kavalli, and the next place is Nyamsassi. Go on. Why do you not go on and try your luck elsewhere? The first white man stopped in these waters one night in his boat, and the next morning he went on his way, and since then we have not seen him or any other."

Go! The inevitable closed around us to fulfil the law that nothing worth striving for can be obtained but by pain and patience. Look where we might, a way to advance was denied to us, except by fighting, killing, destroying, consuming and being consumed. For Unyoro we had no money, or goods fit for Kabba Rega. Marching to Wadelai would only be a useless waste of ammunition, and its want of it would probably prevent our return, and so reduce us to the same helplessness as Emin Pasha was reported to be in. If we cast our eyes lakewards we became conscious that we were bipeds requiring something floatable to bear us over the water. All roads except that by which we came were closed, and in the meantime our provisions were exhausted.

At the evening's council we resolved to adopt the only sensible course left us—that is, to return to Ibwire, eighteen days' journey from here, and there build a strong stockade, then to send a strong party to Ipoto to bring up the boat, goods, officers, and convalescents to our stockade, and after leaving fifty rifles there under three or four officers, hurry on to Ugarrowwa's settlement, and send the convalescents from there back to Ibwire, and afterwards continue our journey in search of the Major and the Rear Column before he and it were a wreck, or marched into that wilderness whence we so narrowly escaped, and then, all united again, march on to this place with the boat, and finish the mission thoroughly, with no anxieties in the rear bewildering or enfeebling us.

The following day, December 16th, a severe rainstorm detained us in camp until 9 A.M. The low hard plain absorbed the water but slowly, and for the first hour we tramped through water up to the knee in some places. We then emerged on a gently rolling plain, where the grass was but three inches high with clumps of bush and low trees a few score of yards apart, making the whole scene resemble an ornamental park. Arriving at the path connecting the landing-place of Kasenya with the mountain pass by which we descended, we crossed it, keeping parallel to the Lake shore, and about a mile and a half from it. Presently herds of game appeared, and, as our people were exceedingly short of provisions, we prepared to do our best to obtain a supply of meat. After some trouble a male kudu fell to my share, and Saat Tato, the hunter, dropped a hartebeest. Two miles beyond the landing-place of Kasenya we halted.

Our object in halting here was to blind the natives of Katonza's, who, we felt sure, would follow us to see if we had moved on, for naturally, having behaved so unruly to us, they might well entertain fears, or at least anxiety, respecting us. At night we proposed to retrace our steps, and follow the road to the foot of the mountain pass, and before dawn commence the steep and stony ascent, and be at the summit before the natives of the table-land above would be astir—as a struggle with such determined people, heavily loaded as we were, was to be avoided if possible.

About 3 P.M., as we were occupied in dividing the game among the

hungry people, some native yells were heard, and half-a-dozen arrows fell into the halting-place. Nothing can give a better idea of the blind stupidity or utter recklessness of these savages than this instance of half a score of them assailing a well-appointed company of 170 men in the wilderness, any two of whom were more than a match for them in a fight. Of course, having delivered their yells and shot their arrows, they turned sharply about and fled. Probably they knew they could rely upon their speed, for they left our pursuing men far out of sight in an incredibly short time. The ten savages who thus visited us were the same who had affected such solicitude as to come to ascertain if we had lost the road yesterday.

In my rambles after meat during the day, far down the shore of the Lake from the halting-place, I came to vast heaps of bones of slaughtered game. They seem to have been of many kinds, from the elephant and hippopotamus down to the small bush-bok. It is probable that they had been surrounded by natives of the district who, with the assistance of fire, had slaughtered them in heaps within a circle of not more than 300 yards in diameter.

Saat Tato the hunter, after wounding a buffalo, was deterred from following it by the appearance of a full-grown lion, who took up the chase.

The shore of the Lake as it trends north-easterly, increases greatly in beauty. Over a score of admirable camping-places were seen by me close by the edge of the Lake, with slopes of white firm sand, over much of which the waves rolled ceaselessly. Behind was a background of green groves isleted amid greenest sward, and game of great variety abounding near by; while a view of singular magnificence and beauty greeted the eye in every direction.

At 5.30 P.M. we gathered together, and silently got into order of march for the base of the mountain. We had three sick people with us, two of them had not yet recovered from the effects of our miserable days in the great forest, another suffered from a high fever incurred in last night's rain-storm.

At 9 P.M. we stumbled upon a village, which confused us somewhat, but the huge mountain, rising like a dark cloud above us, prevented us from retracing our steps, which without it we might well have done, as it was extremely dark. In dead silence we passed through the sleeping village, and followed a path out of it, which, degenerating into a mere trail, was soon lost. For another hour we bore on, keeping our eyes steadily fixed on the darker shadow that rose to the starry sky above us, until at last wearied nature, betrayed by the petulance of the advance guard, demanded a halt and rest. We threw ourselves down on the grass even where we halted, and were soon in deepest slumber, indifferent to all troubles.

At dawn we rose from a deep sleep, drenched with dew and but little refreshed, and gazing up at the immense wall of the table-land that rose in four grand terraces of about 600 feet each, we discovered that we were yet about two miles from the foot of the pass. We therefore pressed forward, and shortly reached the base of the ascent. By aneroids we were 150 feet above the level of the Lake, which was 2,400 feet above the sea, and we were 2,500 feet below the summit of the saddle, or sunken ridge between the northern and southern ranges whose eastern ends frowned above us.

While the carriers of the Expedition broke their fast on the last morsels of meat received from yesterday's hunting, thirty picked men were sent up to seize the top of the ascent, and to keep the post while the loaded caravan struggled upward.

After half-an-hour's grace we commenced ascending up the rocky and rain-seoured slope, with a fervid "Bismillah" on our lips. After the fatiguing night-march, the after-chill of the dew, and drizzling rain and cold of the early morn, we were not in the best condition to climb to a 2,500 feet altitude. To increase our discomfort, the Eastern sun shone full on our backs, and the rocks reflected its heat in our faces. One of the sick men in delirium wandered away, another suffering from high bilious fever surrendered and would proceed no further. When we were half-way up twelve natives of Katonza's were seen far below on the plains, bounding along the track in hot chase of the Expedition, with the object of picking



CORN GRANARY OF THE BABUŠEŠÉ.

up stragglers. They probably stumbled across our sick men, and the ease with which a delirious and unarmed person fell a sacrifice to their spears would inspire them with a desire to try again. However, Lieutenant Stairs was in charge of the rear guard, and no doubt would give a good account of them if they approached within range.

At the top of the second terrace we found a little stream which was refreshingly cool, for the quartzose rocks and gneissic boulders were seorching. That the column suffered terribly was evident by the manner it straggled in fragments over the slopes and terraced flats, and by the streams of perspiration that coursed down their naked bodies. It was a great relief that our sharp-shooters held the brow of the hill, for a few hold spearmen might have decimated the panting and gasping sufferers.

At the top of the third terrace there was a short halt, and we could command a view far down to the rear of the column, which had not yet

reached the summit of the first terrace, and perceived the twelve natives steadily following at about 500 yards' distance, and one by one they were seen to bend over an object, which I afterwards found from the commander of the rear guard was our second sick man. Each native drove his spear into the body.

Observing their object, it was resolved that their hostility should be punished, and Saat Tato the hunter and four other experts were posted behind some large rocks, between which they could observe without being detected.

In two and three-quarter hours we reached the brow of the plateau and were standing by the advance guard, who had done excellent service in keeping the enemy away, and as the rear guard mounted the height we heard the sharp crack of rifles from the ambushed party, who were avenging the murder of two of their comrades. One was shot dead, another was borne away bleeding, and the ferocious scavengers had fled.

During the short breathing-pause the advance guard were sent to explore the village near by, which, it seems, was the exchange place between the plateau natives and Lakists, and the gratifying news of a rich discovery soon spread through the column. A large store of grain and beans had been found, sufficient to give each man five days' unstinted rations.

At 1 P.M. we resumed our march, after giving positive command that close order should be maintained, in order to avoid accidents and unnecessary loss of life. From the front of the column, the aborigines, who had in the interval of the halt gathered in vast numbers, moved away to our flanks and rear. A large party hid in some tall grass through which they supposed we should pass, but we swerved aside through a breadth of short grass. Baffled by this movement, they rose from their coverts and sought by other means to gratify their spleenish hate.

In crossing a deep gully near the knoll, which had already witnessed a stirring combat between us, the centre and rear of the column became somewhat confused in the cany grass, and crossed over in three or four broken lines; our third sick man either purposely lagged behind, or felt his failing powers too weak to bear him further, and lay down in the grass, but it is certain he never issued from the gully. We in the advance halted for the column to reform, and just then we heard a storm of triumphant cries, and a body of about 400 exulting natives came leaping down the slopes, infatuated with their noisy rage and indifferent to rear guards. Doubtless the triumphant cries were uttered when the sick man's fate was sealed. We had lost three! The rush was in the hopes of obtaining another victim. And, indeed, the rear guard, burdened with loads and harassed by their duties, seemed to promise one speedily. But at this juncture an expert left the advance and proceeded to take position three hundred yards away from the line of march, and nearer to the exultant natives, who were bounding gleefully towards the tired rear guard. His first shot laid a native flat, a second smashed the arm of another and penetrated his side. There was an instant's silence, and the advance leaped from their position to assist the rear guard, who were immediately relieved of their pursuers.

An hour's journey beyond this scene we camped on a tabular hill, which commanded a wide view of rich plains, for the night—footsore and weary beyond any former experience.

On this afternoon I reflected upon the singularity that savages possessing such acute fear of death should yet so frequently seek it. Most men would have thought that the losses which had attended their efforts on the 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th would deter such as these from provoking strangers who had proved themselves so well able to defend themselves. At one time we had almost been convinced that fire would teach them caution; we had also thought that keeping in a quiet line of march, abstaining from paying heed to their war-cries and their manœuvres, and only acting when they rushed to the attack, were sufficient to give them glimpses of our rule of conduct. But this was the fifth day of our forbearance. We were losing men, and we could ill afford to lose one, for a vast work remained unfinished. We had still to penetrate the forest twice, we had to proceed to Ipoto to carry our boat to the Nyanza, search the shores



A VILLAGE OF THE DÁVIRI: EUROPEANS TAILORING, ETC.

of the Lake as far as Wadelai—even Dufflé, if necessary—for news of Emin, to return back again to the assistance of Major Barttelot and the Rear Column—who were by this time no doubt looking anxiously for help, wearied with their overwhelming task—and again to march through these grass-land tribes, to be each time subject to fatal loss through their unprecedented recklessness and courage. I resolved, then, that the next day we should try to find what effect more active operations would have on them, for it might be that, after one sharp and severe lesson and loss of their cattle, they would consider whether war was as profitable as peace.

Accordingly, the next day before dawn I called for volunteers. Eighty men responded with alacrity. The instructions were few—

“You see, boys, these natives fight on the constant run; they have sharp eyes and long limbs. In the work of to-day we white men are of

no use. We are all footsore and weary, and we cannot run far in this country. Therefore you will go together with your own chiefs. Go and hunt those fellows who killed our sick men yesterday. Go right to their villages and bring away every cow, sheep, and goat you can find. Don't bother about firing their huts. You must keep on full speed, and chase them out of every cane-brake and hill. Bring me some prisoners that I may have some of their own people to send to them with my words."

Meanwhile we availed ourselves of the halt to attend to our personal affairs. Our shoes and clothing needed repair, and for hours we sat cobbling and tailoring.

At five in the afternoon the band of volunteers returned, bringing a respectable herd of cattle with several calves. Six bulls were slaughtered at once, and distributed to the men according to their companies, who became nearly delirious with happiness.

"Such," said Three-o'Clock the hunter, "is life in this continent with a caravan. One day we have a feast, and on the next the stomach is craving. Never are two days alike. The people will eat meat now until they are blind, and next month they will thank God if they get as much as a wood-bean." Saat Tato had discovered, like myself, that life in Africa consists of a series of varied sufferings with intervals of short pleasures.

The cold was very great on this high land. Each night since we had entered the grass country we had been driven indoors near sunset by the raw misty weather of the evening, and we shivered with chattering teeth in the extreme chilliness of the young day. On this morning the temperature was at 59° Fahrenheit. The men were stark naked owing to the exactions and extortions of the Manyema, and had taken kindly to the leather dresses of the natives, and the bark cloths worn by the aborigines of the forest. After experiencing the extremes of cold to which these open pasture-lands were subject, we no longer wondered at the tardiness shown by the inhabitants to venture out before nine o'clock, and it would have been manifest wisdom for us to have adopted their example had our task permitted it.

On the 19th of December we struck across the rolling plains towards Mazamboni. As we came near Gavira's we were hailed by a group of natives, who shouted out, "The country lies at your feet now. You will not be interfered with any more; but you would please us well if you killed the chief of Undussuma, who sent us to drive you back."

At noon, as we were abreast of the Balegga Hills, two parties of forty men each were observed to be following us. They hailed us finally, and expressed a wish to "look us in the face." As they declined the permission to approach us without arms, they were sharply ordered away, lest we should suspect them of sinister designs. They went away submissively.

In the afternoon we came to the villages of those who had so persistently persecuted us on the 12th. The people were spread over the hills vociferating fiercely. The advance guard were urged forward, and the hills were cleared, despite the storms of abuse that were poured out by the Balegga.

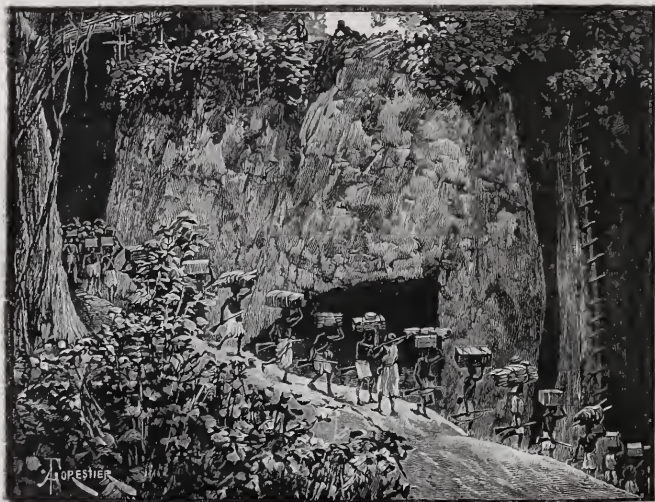
A few of the captured cattle furnished milk. Our goats also gave an ample supply for tea and coffee, which we were bound to accept as evidence that the heart of Africa could supply a few comforts.

On the 20th our march lay through the rich valley of Undussuma, the villages of which had been fired on the 10th and 11th. Already it had recovered its aspect of populousness and prosperity, for the huts were all

built anew, but it was still as death, the inhabitants sitting on the mountains looking down upon us as we marched past. Not being challenged or molested, we passed through in close order amidst a voiceless peace. May it not be that by comparing one day's conduct with another, the now from then, the children of Mazamboni will accept the proffer of friendship which we may make on our return? We felt that the next time we came into the land we should be received with courtesy, if not with hospitality. Thus steadily, in view of hundreds of Mazamboni's warriors, we passed through the renovated valley. The millet was now ripe for the harvest, and with our departure westward happy days were yet in store for them.

The next day we entered the Abunguma country, and after fording the East Ituri River, camped on the right bank.

The 22nd was a halt—both Lieutenant Stairs and myself were prostrated



GREAT ROCK NEAR INDÉ-TONGA.

by ague and footsores; and on the 23rd we marched to the main Ituri River, where we found that the Babusessé had withdrawn every canoe. We proceeded down along the bank to a part of the stream that was islanded. By 2 p.m. of the 24th we had made a very neat and strong suspension bridge from the left bank to an island in midstream, though only two men could travel by it at a time. Uledi, the coxswain of the *Advance*, with a chosen band of thirteen men, swam from the island to the right bank with their rifles over their shoulders, and the gallant fourteen men scoured up and down the banks for canoes, but were unsuccessful. In the meantime a terrible storm of hail as large as marbles beat down our tents, nearly froze the men, and made everybody miserable with cold. The temperature had suddenly fallen from 75° to 52° Fahrenheit. After lasting fifteen minutes the sun shone on a camp ground strewn with hail.

At daylight, Christmas morning, I sent Mr. Jephson and Chief Rashid across the river with instructions to make a raft of banana stalks. It was noon before it was finished, but in the meantime the caravan was passing by the suspension bridge to the island, and the ferriage by raft commenced, taking four men with loads at one trip. In one hour we transported forty men and their loads by these banana stalks. Getting more confident, we sent six men and six loads at one trip, and by 4 p.m. No. 2 Company was safe across. No. 1 Company then turned to haul the cattle from the left bank island, and after the rear guard had crossed by the bridge, "Three-o'Clock" laid his bill-hook to the suspension bridge, and with a few strokes destroyed it.

By noon of the 26th the Expedition was across the main Ituri River. Six calves were slaughtered for a Christmas ration of beef. The next day one of our headmen died from inflammation of the lungs, caused by a chill caught while halting on the brow of the plateau after the perspiring ascent from the Lake plain. By the 29th we had reached Indé-sura; we thence proceeded to the small village of three huts near Iyugu. On the 1st of January, 1888, we camped at Indé-tongo, and the next day passed by a gigantic granite rock in the forest, which sometimes is used by the forest natives as a refuge resort during internecine strife.

On the 6th of January we passed by Indé-mwani, and came across the spot whence Msharasha, a Zanzibari, had fallen from a log and broken his neck. The scavengers of the woods—the red ants—had eaten the scalp and picked the skull clean, until it resembled a large ostrich egg. The chest of the body was still entire, but the lower limbs were consumed clean. On the next day we entered Ibwiri, and came to Boryo's village; but, alas! for our fond hopes of rendering the village comfortable for occupation, the natives had set fire to their own fine dwellings. Fortunately for us, they had taken the precaution to pick out the finest boards, and had stacked many of them in the bush. The large stores of Indian corn had been hastily removed into temporary huts built within the recesses of impervious bush. We set to at once to collect the corn as well as the boards, and before night we had begun the construction of the future Fort Bodo, or the "Peaceful Fort."



VIEW OF FORT BODO.

CHAPTER XIII.

LIFE AT FORT BODO.

ON arriving at West Ibwire, about to build Fort Bodo, I felt precisely like a "City man" returning from his holiday to Switzerland or the sea-side, in whose absence piles of business letters have gathered, which require urgent attention and despatch. They must be opened, read, sifted, and arranged, and as he reflects on their import he perceives that there are many serious affairs, which, unless attended to with method and diligence, will involve him in confusion. Our holiday trip had been the direct and earnest march to the Albert Lake, to serve a Governor who had cried to the world, "Help us quickly, or we perish." For the sake of this, Major Barttelot had been allowed to bring up the Rear Column, the sick had been housed at Ugarrowwa's and Kilonga-Longa's stations, the extra goods had been buried in a sandy cache at Nelson's starvation camp or stored at Ipoto, the boat *Advance* had been disconnected and hidden in the bush,



VIEW OF FORT BODO.

and Nelson and Surgeon Parke had been boarded with the Manyuma, and everything that had threatened to impede, delay, or thwart the march had been thrust aside, or eluded in some way.

But now that the Governor, who had been the cynosure of our imaginations and the subject of our daily arguments, had either departed homeward, or could or would not assist in his own relief, the various matters thrust aside for his sake required immediate attention. So I catalogued our impending duties thus :—

To extricate Nelson and Parke from the clutches of the Manyuma, also to bring up the convalescents, the *Advance* steel boat, Maxim machine gun, and 116 loads stored at Ipoto.

To construct Fort Bodo, to securely house a garrison ; make a clearing ; plant corn, beans, tobacco, that the defenders may be secure, fed, and comforted.

To communicate with Major Barttelot by couriers, or proceed myself to him ; to escort the convalescents at Ugarrowwa's.

If boat was stolen or destroyed, then to make a canoe for transport to the Nyanza.

If Barttelot was reported to be advancing, to hasten supplies of corn and carriers to his assistance.

And first, the most needful duty was to employ every soul in the building of the stockade, within which the buildings could be constructed at more leisure, and without the necessity of having rifles slung to our shoulders. During our absence the natives had burnt West Ibwiri, and Boryo's fine village was a smoking ruin when we entered. But the finest boards had been stripped off the buildings, and were stacked outside, and the corn had been hastily removed to temporary huts in impervious bush two hundred yards away. These were now invaluable to us.

By the 18th of January the stockade of Fort Bodo was completed. A hundred men had been cutting tall poles, and bearing them to those who had sunk a narrow trench outlining the area of the fort, to plant firmly and closely in line. Three rows of cross poles were bound by strong vines and rattan creepers to the uprights. Outside the poles, again, had been fixed the planking, so that while the garrison might be merry-making by firelight at night, no vicious dwarf or ferocious aborigine might creep up, and shoot a poisoned arrow into a throng, and turn joy to grief. At three angles of the fort a tower sixteen feet high had been erected, fenced, and boarded, in like manner, for sentries by night and day to observe securely any movement in the future fields; a banquette rose against the stockade for the defenders to command greater view. For during the months that we should be employed in realizing our stated tasks, the Manyema might possibly unite to assault the fort, and its defence therefore required it to be bullet-proof as well as arrow-proof.

When the stockade was completed, the massive uprights, beams, hundreds of rafters, thousands of climbers, creepers, vines, for the frames of the officers' buildings, storerooms, kitchens, corn-bins, outhouses, piles of phrynium leaves for roofing the houses, had to be collected, and then when the gross work was so far advanced on the evening of the 18th, Lieutenant Stairs was summoned to receive his special instructions, which were somewhat as follows:—

“You will proceed to-morrow with a hundred rifles to Ipoto, to see what has become of Nelson, Parke, and our sick men, and if living to escort every man here. You will also bring the boat *Advance*, and as many goods as possible. The last letters from Nelson and Parke informed us of many unpleasant things. We will hope for the best. At any rate, you have one hundred men, strong and robust as the Manyema now, and their march to the Albert Lake has made men of them. They are filled with hate of the Manyema. They go there independent, with corn rations of their own. You may do what you like with them. Now, if Nelson and Parke have no complaints of hostility other than general niggardliness and sulkiness of the Manyema, do not be involved in any argument, accusation, or reproach, but bring them on. If the boat is safe, and has not been injured, halt but one day for rest, and then hoist her up on your shoulders and carry her here. But if the survivors will prove to you that blood has been shed by violence, and any white or black man has been a victim, or if the boat has been destroyed, then consult with the surviving whites and blacks, think over your plans leisurely, and let the results be what they ought to be, full and final retaliation. That is all, except remember for God's sake that every day's absence beyond a reasonable period necessary for marching there and back, will be dooming

us here to that eternal anxiety which follows us on this Expedition wherever we go. It is enough to be anxious for Barttelot, the Pasha, Nelson and Parke and our sick men, without any further addition."

Three cows were slaughtered for meat rations for Stairs' Expedition, each man received 120 ears of corn; goats, fowls, and plantains were taken for the commander and his two friends, and the party set off for Kilonga-Longa on the 19th.

Stairs' party at muster consisted of—

88 men.
6 chiefs.
1 officer.
1 boy.
1 cook.
1 Manyema.

—
98
—

The garrison numbered—

60 men.
3 cooks.
4 boys.
3 whites.

—
70
—

After the departure of Stairs, I commenced the construction of a corn-bin to store 300 bushels of Indian corn, and to plaster the interior of headquarters. Jephson busied himself in levelling floor of officers' house. Men carried clay, others rammed and tamped. Some men were on the roofs arranging the large-leaved phrynica one above the other on a kind of trestle frame, others formed ladders, made clay-dough for the walls, doors and windows for the houses, built kitchens, excavated latrines, or dug the ditch—ten feet wide, six feet deep—through a hard yellow clay, that lay under the twenty-four inches of humus and loam of the clearing. When the houses were completed, we made a whitewash out of wood ashes, which gave them a clean and neat appearance.

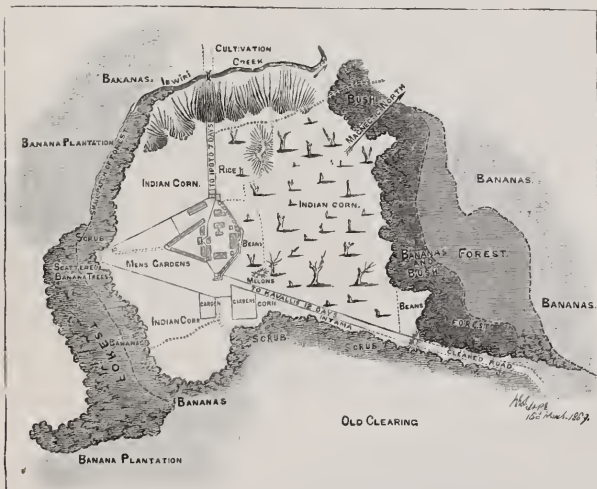
On the 28th, head-quarters were ready for occupation. We had cleared three acres of land, cut down the bush clean to the distance of 200 yards from the fort, chopped the logs—the lighter were carried away, the heavier were piled up and fire applied to them, and the next day folded the tents and removed to our mansions, which, as Jephson declared, were "remarkably snug." There was at first a feeling of dampness, but a charcoal fire burning night and day soon baked the walls dry.

To February 6 we extended the clearing, but discovering that natives were prowling about the fort, planting poisoned splinters in the paths, cutting down the bananas, and bent on general mischief, half of the garrison were divided into two parties of patrols, to scour the plantations and the adjoining forest. On this day's explorations several camps of dwarfs were found at the distance of a mile from the fort, with stores of plantains in their possession. They were thoroughly roused out, and their camps were destroyed.

After a few days' experiences of life in the buildings we found we were to be annoyed by hosts of rats, fleas, and microscopically small mosquitoes. The rats destroyed our corn and bit our feet, sported wantonly over our faces, and played hide-and-seek under our bedclothes. It seems that by their wondrous craft they had discovered the natives were about to burn West Ibwire, and had migrated in time out of harm's way into the deep bush and the corn-fields, and they probably had a dim idea that such an eligible place would not remain long without tenants. When the commodious houses of the Europeans were erected, with spacious lofts, and

corn-bins with an inexhaustible supply of grain, they had waited until everything was prepared; but in the meantime the strange white men had excavated a long and deep ditch half round the fort, the walls of which had been carved perpendicularly out of the clay, into which, in their scurry and hurry to take possession, several families of rats tumbled, and one morning "Randy," the fox-terrier, leaped in among them, and exterminated the unfortunates. Still, from the Zanzibari village some wise old rats had found safe entrance and multiplied so fast that, until we became accustomed to their playful though rude sport, we thought them to be an intolerable nuisance.

At the same time the warm dry clay floors began to breed fleas by myriads. Poor "Randy" was most miserable from these vexatious torments. We were in no better plight. While dressing they made our



PLAN OF FORT EDO AND VICINITY. *By Lieut. Stairs, R.E.*

limbs black with their numbers. To suppress this pest we had recourse to keeping the floors constantly damp, and to sweeping the floors twice a day.

The ordinary mosquito netting was no protection against the mosquitoes of the clearing. They sailed through the open work as mice would creep through antelope nets, and the only remedy was to make mosquito curtains out of cotton muslin, which happily succeeded, but half suffocated the sleepers.

Our soap had long ago been exhausted, and as a substitute, though it was not agreeable to the smell, and was an altogether unsaleable article, we manufactured a soft soap out of castor-oil and lye, and, after a few experiments, succeeded in turning out a hard ball-like substance, which had all the desired effect.

Every night, from Yambuya to the plains, we had been troubled by

harsh screams from the lemur. It began at a startling loud key, very deliberate, and as it proceeded the sounds became louder, quicker, and higher, in a quick succession of angry, grating, wailing cries. In the darkness and silence of the night, they sounded very weird. Soon, from a distance of perhaps 200 yards, commenced a response in the same strain, from another sexual mate. Sometimes two or three pairs of these would make sleep impossible, if any indisposition had temporarily disturbed the usual rest.

Armies of red ants would sometimes invade the fort from the clearing; their columns were not interrupted by the ditch. In long, thick, unbroken lines, guarded by soldiers on either flank, the innumerable insects would descend the ditch and ascend the opposite sides, over the parapets, through the interstices of the poles, over the banquette, and down into the plaza of the fort, some columns attacking the kitchen, others head-quarters, the officers' mess-house, and woe betide any unlucky naked foot treading upon a myriad! Better a flogging with nettles, or cayenne over an excoriated body, or a caustic bath for a ravenous itch, than these biting and venomous thousands climbing up the limbs and body, burying themselves in the hair of the head, and plunging their shining, horny mandibles into the flesh, creating painful pustules with every bite. Every living thing seems disturbed at their coming. Men are screaming, and bellowing with pain, dancing, and writhing. There is a general rustle, as of a host of migrant creatures among the crisp dry phrynium leaves overhead. The rats and mice, snakes, beetles, and crickets are moving. From a slung cot I have observed, by candle-light, the avengers advancing over the floor of my house, scaling the wall, searching the recesses of every layer of leaves, skirmishing among the nooks and crannies, mouse-holes, and cracks; heard moaning and crying of little blind mice, and terrified squealing of motherly and paternal rats, and hailed them as a blessing, encouraging them along on their career of destruction, until presently some perverse and undisciplined tribes would drop from the roof on my cot, and convert their well-wisher into a vindictive enemy, who, in his rage, would call aloud for hot glowing embers and roast them alive by thousands, until the air was heavy with the odour of frizzling and frying ants. Bad luck to them!

While digging in the stiff yellow clay, to form the ditch, we have come across burnt wood in the hard compacted material, 5 feet below the surface of the humus. Yet there were stately trees, 100, 150, and 200 years old, above. The site was level, and apparently undisturbed.

One of our surprises has been the immunity we have enjoyed from snake-bites in tropical Africa. The continent swarms with reptiles of all kinds, from the silvery and blind typhlops to the huge python; but while travelling and navigating over 24,000 miles of land and water in Africa, only two men have been wounded, neither of which cases proved mortal. But the instant we begin clearing a forest, or hoeing a field or a road-way, we begin to realize the dangers we have escaped. During the work of clearing the prostrate logs, and rooting out the bushy undergrowth and preparing for cultivation, we came across many specimens, some remarkably beautiful. Coiled in the bushes, green as a tender young wheat-blade, were the slender whip-snakes, which dropped down among the men when the bill-hook was applied to destroy their perches. Various species of the *Dendrophis*, of brilliant colouring, also were revealed. Three bloated puff-adders, gorgeous in their complicated system of

decorations, were killed ; four horned snakes crept out of their holes to attack and be slain ; one of the *Lycodontidae*, curious for its long fangs, was roasted out of its hiding-place, while several little, blind, blunt-headed, silvery snakes, not much larger than earthworms, were turned up by the hoes. Tortoises were very common, and the mephitis left frequent traces of his existence.

While kites, the most daring of their tribe, soared above every clearing in the forest, we never met a single vulture until we reached the grass-land. A few white-collared eagles now and then made their appearance, but there were parrots innumerable. From grey dawn to dusk these birds always and everywhere made their presence known. A few herons occasionally rested on trees in the clearing towards evening. They were probably fatigued with their flight from the Nyanza. The black ibis and wagtails were our constant companions in the wilds. Trees with weaver-birds and their nests were a feature near every forest village. The neighbourhood, and finally our plantations, even within a dozen yards of the fort, were visited by troops of elephants. Buffalo and wild-hog tracks were common, but we were not naturalists. None of us had leisure, and probably but little taste, for collection of insects, butterflies, and birds. To us an animal or a bird was something to eat, but with all our efforts we seldom obtained anything. We only noted what happened to catch our eyes or cross our track. We had too many anxieties to be interested in anything save what was connected with them. If a native or a Zanzibari picked up a brilliant longicorn beetle or hawk-moth, or fine butterfly, or a huge mantis, or brought birds' eggs, or a rare flower, a lily or an orchid, a snake or a tortoise, my mind wandered to my own special business, even while gazing at and approving the find. My family was altogether too large to permit frivolity ; not an hour passed but my fancies fled after Stairs at Ipoto ; or my thoughts were filled with visions of Barttelot and Jameson struggling through the forest, overwhelmed with their gigantic task, or they dwelt upon the mystery surrounding the Pasha, or upon the vicious dwarfs and the murderous Balesse, and their doings, or upon the necessities of providing, day after day, food and meat for the present, as well as for future months.

On the 7th of February the sounding-line was stretched out to measure out the approaches to the gates of the fort, and most of the garrison were employed for several days in cutting broad, straight roads, east and west, for quick travel and easy defence. Mighty logs were cut through and rolled aside, the roads were cleaned, so that a mouse might be detected crossing them at 200 yards off ; a bridge was built across the stream west of the fort, by which the scouts were enabled to proceed from each of the plantations in a short time, by night or by day. It may well be imagined what effect this flood of light had upon the crafty natives, who preferred burrowing in dark shades, and creeping under the lee of monster logs, furtively spying out opportunities for attack. They felt that they could not cross the road at any point without becoming a target for a sentry's rifle, or their tracks would betray them to the patrols.

On the next morning we raised a flag-staff 50 feet high, and as the Egyptian flag was hoisted up, the Soudanese were permitted to salute it with twenty-one rounds.

We had scarcely finished the little ceremony when a shot was fired at the end of the western road, the sentry at the tower commanding it sang out, " Sail ho ! " and we knew the caravan was coming in from Ipoto.

Surgeon Parke was the first to arrive, looking wonderfully well; but Nelson, who suffered from sore feet, and entered the fort an hour later, was prematurely old, with pinched and drawn features, with the bent back and feeble legs befitting an octogenarian.

The following account will speak for itself, and will prove that the stay of these officers at the Manyuema village required greater strength of mind and a moral courage greater than was needed by us during our stormy advance across the grass-land. They were not inspired by energising motives to sustain or encourage them in their hour of suffering from physical prostration, sickness, and the wearying life they led among those fearful people, the Manyuema, whereas we had been borne up by the novelties of new scenes, the constant high pitch of excitement, the passion of travel and strife. They suffered from the want of the necessities of life day after day, while we revelled in abundance, and the greatest difficulty of all was to bear all these sufferings inflicted upon them by Ismailia, Khamis, and Sangarameni, who were slaves of Kilonga-Longa, who was the slave of Abed bin Salim, of Zanzibar, sweetly and pleasantly.

Report of Surgeon T. H. PARKE, Army Medical Department, in medical charge of E. P. R. Expedition.

Fort Bodo, 8 February, 1888.

SIR,—I have the honour to forward this report for your information. In compliance with your orders dated 24th October, 1887, I remained at the Manyuema Camp to take charge of invalids and impedimenta left there on your departure, 28th October, up to the time the relief party arrived, 25th January, 1888. Of those invalids whom you left at camp, seven were sufficiently recovered to send on with Captain Jephson, 7th November; those remaining were increased in number by the arrival of Captain Nelson, his two boys, and two men, 3rd November; also headman Umari and nine men, who were found in a starving condition in the bush by Kilonga-Longa, and brought to camp by him 9th January; this made a total of one sick officer and thirty-nine invalids remaining in camp; of this number Captain Nelson and sixteen men left with the relief party. Twelve men were away on a journey looking for food, therefore remain at Manyuema Camp, and eleven deaths occurred; this extremely high mortality will no doubt astonish you, especially as it was entirely due to starvation, except in two instances only. From the time you left the Manyuema Camp until our departure, 26th January, the chiefs gave little or no food to either officers or men; those men who were sufficiently strong to do a good day's work, sometimes got as many as ten heads of corn (Indian) per man, but as the working men were not constantly employed, their average ration of corn was about three per day; those invalids unable to work, of whom there were many, received no food from the chiefs, and were therefore obliged to exist on herbs. Remembering the wretched and debilitated condition of all these men, both from privation and disease, you will readily understand that the heartless treatment of the Manyuema chiefs was sufficient to cause even a much greater mortality.

The men were badly housed, and their scanty clothing consisted of about half a yard of native bark-cloth, as they sold their own clothes for food; they experienced not only the horrors of starvation, but were cruelly and brutally treated by the Manyuema, who drove them to commit theft by withholding food, and then scored their backs with rods, and in one case speared a man to death (Asmani bin Hassau) for stealing.

Captain Nelson arrived in a very weak condition, requiring good food and careful treatment. He visited the chiefs, and made them handsome presents of articles costing about £75, with a view to win their sympathy; however, they

continued to give little or no food to officers or men: they said that no arrangement had been made for provisioning Captain Nelson, and any food they sent to me was entirely of their own generosity, as no arrangement had been made by you. I asked them to let me see the written agreement between you and them, which they did; also another document written in Arabic characters, which I could not read. In their agreement with you I saw that they had promised to provision the officers and men whom you would leave. I appealed to them, and remonstrated with them, nevertheless they supplied less and less food, until finally they refused to give any, on the plea that they had none. The height of this generosity would be reached when they would send two or three cups of Indian meal to feed Captain Nelson, myself and the boys, until the next donation would turn up in six or seven days afterwards. During the last seven weeks we did not receive any food whatever from the chiefs. Owing to their refusal to give us food, we were obliged first to sell our own clothes, and eight rifles belonging to the Expedition to provide ourselves and boys with food. I repeatedly reminded Ismaili (chief) of the conversation he had with you in your tent the night before you left the camp, when he promised to look after and care for the officers and men whom you left in camp. Although the chiefs had no food to supply according to their agreement, yet they had always plenty to sell, their object being to compel us to sell the arms and ammunition for food. I send you a complete list of effects left in my charge by Captain Jephson, 7th November, all of which were correct when the relief party arrived, with the following exceptions, viz:—two boxes Remington ammunition, and one rifle, which were stolen by a Zanzibari (Saraboko), and, I believe, sold to the Manyuema chiefs.

Several attempts were made to steal the arms, boxes, &c.; on the night of November 7th, the hut in which the baggage was stored was set on fire with a view to taking everything with a rush in the confusion caused by the fire; however, their dream was frustrated, as Captain Nelson, who was ever awake, saw the blaze, and gave the alarm just in time for ourselves and our boys to put out the fire before it got to the baggage. I then had the tents pitched according to your directions, not being able to do so earlier, as I had no assistance. All the rifles, ammunition, boxes, &c., were packed in the tents, one of which was occupied by Captain Nelson, and the other by myself. Every effort was made to prevent things being stolen; nevertheless, even Captain Nelson's blankets were taken by a thief who got under the tent from behind. On another occasion I heard a noise at my tent-door, and, jumping out of bed quickly, I found a box of ammunition ten yards off, which had just been taken out of my tent. The thief escaped in the dark.

On the night of January 9th, I heard a noise outside my tent, and, suspecting a thief, I crept out noiselessly to the back, where I caught "Camaroni," a Zanzibari, in the act of stealing a rifle through a hole which he had cut in the tent for this offence. Life at the Manyuema Camp was almost intolerable. Apart from starvation, the people, their manner and surroundings, were of the lowest order, and, owing to the mounds of fecal matter and decomposing vegetation which were allowed to collect on the paths and close to their dwellings, the place was a hotbed of disease. Captain Nelson was confined to his bed from sickness for over two months, and I got blood-poisoning, followed by erysipelas, which kept me in bed for five weeks. During our illness the chiefs paid us frequent visits, but always with a view to covet something which they saw in our tents. Their avarice was unbounded, and they made agreements one day only to be broken the next. After the arrival of Kilonga-Longa and his force of about 400, including women, children, and slaves, food became really scarce, therefore the Manyuema were obliged to send out large caravans to bring in food. Twelve Zanzibaris who are absent accompanied these caravans in search of food, and had not returned when I left the camp with the relief party.

Starvation was so great just before we left that the native slaves seized one of their comrades, who had gone some distance from the camp to draw water, cut him in pieces, and ate him.

In conclusion, I may mention that Captain Nelson and myself did everything we could to preserve a good feeling with the Manyema chiefs and people, and we parted on friendly terms.

T. H. PARKE,
(*Surgeon A.M.D.*)

To H. M. STANLEY, Esq.,
Commanding E. P. R. Expedition.

The contrast between the sadly-worn men who reached us from that hot-bed of suffering at Ipoto and our beautifully sleek and glossy men, who had reached the Albert, was most marked. Their flesh was wasted, their muscles had become shrivelled, their sinews were shrunk, and their distinctive and peculiar individualities seemed to have altogether vanished, until it had become a difficult matter to recognise them.

On the 12th of February Lieutenant Stairs and his column appeared with every section of the boat in good order. He had been absent twenty-five days, and his mission had been performed with a sacred regard to his instructions and without a single flaw.

The evening of that date was remarkable for a discussion between the headmen and ourselves as to our future steps. I discovered that all the headmen were unanimous for proceeding to the Nyanza to launch the boat and search for news of Emin. My desire was equally great to obtain news of the Pasha; nevertheless, I think very little was required to induce me to abandon the search for the Pasha to obtain news of Major Barttelot, but officers and men were alike unanimous in their demand that we should resolve the fate of Emin Pasha. A compromise was finally effected. It was determined that couriers should be sent with our letters to Major Barttelot, with a map of our route and such remarks as would be of practical use to him. It was also decided that Lieutenant Stairs, after two days' rest, should escort these couriers as far as Ugarowwa's, and see them safely across the river, and that on returning he should escort the convalescents, who, too feeble to march, had been housed in that settlement on the 18th September; that in order that Lieutenant Stairs should "participate in the honour of being present at the relief of Emin Pasha," we should wait for him until the 25th of March. Meantime we should continue the work of enlarging our domain for corn and bean planting, to prevent any scarcity of food while engaged in the forest.

The distance between Fort Bodo and Ipoto was seventy-nine miles,* or 158 miles the round journey, which had occupied Lieutenant Stairs twenty-five days, at the average of six and one-third miles per day, but he had reached Ipoto within seven days, and Jephson and Uledi had accomplished the distance in the same time, that is, at an average rate of travel of a little over eleven miles per day. Now, as Ugarowwa was 104 miles beyond Ipoto, or 183 miles from Fort Bodo, it was estimated that the journey of 366 miles which Stairs was now about to undertake might be performed within thirty-four days, or at the rate of ten and three-quarter miles per day. This would be magnificent travelling, especially in the forest, but as various circumstances might protract the period, it was

* Seventy-nine miles one way, and eighty-four miles by another way.

agreed that if we moved towards the Nyanza on the 25th of March, and as the carriage of the boat would necessitate short stages, we should travel slowly, that he might have the opportunity of overtaking us.

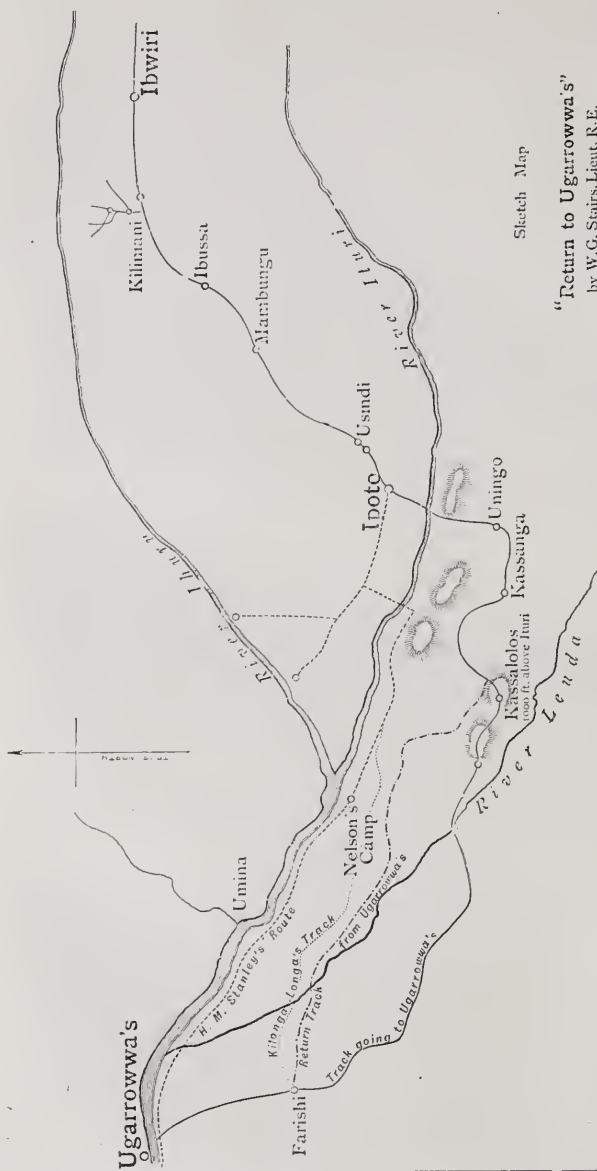
On the morning of the 16th of February, at muster, it was proclaimed that twenty first-class volunteers were required to convey our letters to Major Barttelot, at £10 reward for each man if they succeeded in reaching him, because, said I, "You have all combined to demand that we should find the Pasha first. It is well. But I feel as anxious about the Major as I do about the Pasha. We must find both. You who remember what we suffered must feel what the Major and his friends feel, in those horrible stretchers of unpeopled woods, having no idea where they are going or what is waiting for them. You know how grateful we should have been had we met anybody who could have warned us of the hunger and misery we should meet. Therefore every man who volunteers must be acknowledged as the fittest for this noble work by every one here. Master Stairs, whom you all know as a man who is never tired, and never says 'enough' when there is something to be done, will show you the road as far as Ugarrowwa's, he will see that you are ferried over with food and cartridges sufficient, and when you leave, you must race along our old road, which you cannot lose, like men running for a big prize. These letters must be put into the hands of the Major, that he and your brothers may be saved. Where are these fifty-dollar men?"

Of course at such times the Zanzibaris are easily roused to enthusiasm, and every man considers himself a hero. Over fifty men came to the front challenging any one to say aught against their manliness or courage; but they had to undergo a searching criticism and bantering review from their fellows and officers, their courage, powers of endurance, activity, dispositions, strength, soundness of mind and body were questioned, but at last twenty men satisfactory to Commander and people received rations, and they were specially enrolled among the men of merit who for distinguished service were to be rewarded with varying sums of money in addition to their pay, on reaching Zanzibar. Lieutenant Stairs left for Ipoto and Ugarrowwa's at 9 o'clock, with fowls, goats, corn, and plantain-flour rations for the long journey.

On the 18th my left arm, which had been very painful for four days previously, developed a large granular swelling which our surgeon said would prove to be an abscess.

The following is taken from my diary:—

February 19th to March 13th.—On Sunday night, the 19th, I was attacked with inflammation of the stomach, which has been called by Dr. Parke sub-acute gastritis, of so severe a character that during the first week I had only a confused recollection of great pain in the arm and stomach, and general uselessness. Dr. Parke has been most assiduous in his application to my needs, and gentle as a woman in his ministrations. For once in my life every soul around me was at my service, and I found myself an object of universal solicitude night and day. My faithful friends, Parke and Jephson, waited, and watched, and served. Poor Nelson was himself a victim to ill-health, fevers, debility, eruptions and ulcers, the effects of his terrible agony at Starvation Camp, but he would come, sometimes tottering weakly, to express his sympathy. In the afternoons the Doctor would permit the headmen to visit me, to convey to the anxious Zanzibaris their personal opinions and views of my case.



"Return to Ugarrowwa's"
by W.G. Stairs, Lieut. R.F.

by W. G. Stairs, Lieut. R.E.

Track going to Ugarrow's.

„returning from „

Our former track

Scale of Miles

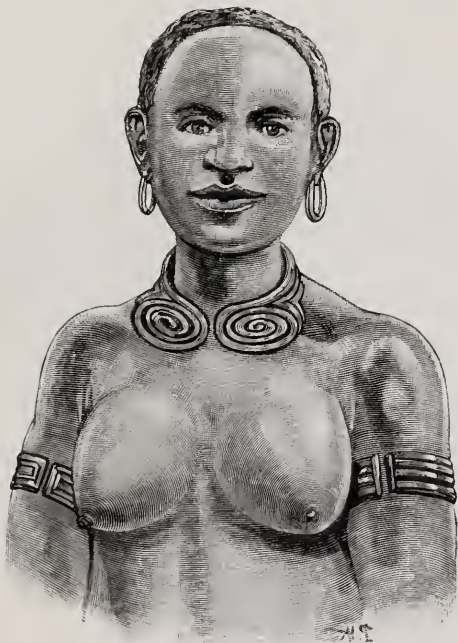
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During most of these twenty-three days I have been under the influence of morphia, and the time has passed in unconsciousness. But I am now slowly recovering. Two days ago the abscess, which had become very large, was pierced, and I am relieved of that pain. Meanwhile my daily diet has consisted of a pint of milk—thanks to the Balegga cow—mixed with water. I am therefore so feeble as to be scarcely able to move.

During my illness I have to regret the loss of two good men, Sarmini and Kamwaiya, who have been killed with arrows, and one of the head-men has been severely wounded. This occurred during a patrolling tour as far as the Ihuru, fourteen geographical miles due north from here.



THE QUEEN OF THE DWARFS.

Uledi and a party has discovered the haunts of the dwarfs and taller aborigines who rob our plantain groves to be at Alessé and Nderi, fourteen geographical miles east.

I find that Uledi has captured a Queen of the Pigmies, who is the wife of the Chief of Indekaru. She was brought in to be seen by me with three rings of polished iron around her neck, the ends of which were coiled like a watch-spring. Three iron rings were suspended to each ear. She is of a light brown complexion, with broad round face, large eyes, and small but full lips. She had a quiet modest demeanour, though her dress was but a narrow fork clout of bark cloth. Her height is about four feet

four inches, and her age may be nineteen or twenty. I notice when her arms are held against the light, a whity-brown fell on them. Her skin has not that silky smoothness of touch common to the Zanzibaris, but altogether she is a very pleasing little creature.

March 13th to April 1st.—By the 25th I was well enough to be able to move about a few hundred yards at a time. My arm was still stiff and I was exceedingly feeble. Nelson has recovered somewhat from his successive fits of illness. During my convalescence I have been supported each afternoon to the centre of a lofty colonnade of trees, through which our road to the Nyanza leads, where in an easy chair I have passed hours of reading and drowsing.

It has been a daily delight while helped to my leafy arcade to observe the rapid change in the growth of the corn in the fields, and to see how we have been encroaching upon the forest. Our cultivable area, after being cleaned, hoed, and planted, was not long left with its bare brown face naked. On a certain day it became green with the young corn blades, it had sprouted by thousands as though at the word of command. Only yesterday, as it were, we smiled to see the tender white stalk arched for a spring under a slowly rising clod, and now the clods have been brushed aside, the arched stalks have sprung upright, and the virgin plants have unfolded their tender green crests. Day by day it has been a wonder how the corn has thriven and grown, with what vigour the stalks have thickened, enlarged in leaf, and deepened in green. Side by side in due rank and order they have risen, the blades have extended towards one another in loving embrace, until the whole has become a solid square field of corn, the murmur of which is like the distant wash of a languid sea over a pebbly beach.

This is the music to which I listen devoutly, while my medical friend sits not far off on the watch, and sentries stand still at each end of the avenue on guard. A gentle breeze blows over the forest and breathes upon the corn, causing a universal shiver and motion throughout, and I sit watching the corn tops sway and nod, and salute each other, with the beautiful grace and sweet undertones of many wavelets, until drowsiness overcomes me and steals my senses, and sleep bears me to the region of fantasy. As the sun appears low in the west, and lights the underwood horizontally with mellow light, my kind doctor assists me to my feet and props me, as I wend to the Fort, my corn with dancing motion and waving grace bidding me farewell.

In the warm teeming soil the corn has grown apace until it has reached a prodigious height, tall as the underwood of the forest. Only a few weeks ago I searched amid the clods for a sign of sprouting; a little later and I might still have seen a scampering mouse; a few days ago it was breast high; to-day I look up and I can scarcely touch the point of a rapier-like blade with a five-foot staff, and a troop of elephants might stand underneath undetected. It has already flowered; the ears, great and swelling, lying snug in their manifold sheaths, give promise of an abundant harvest, and I glow with pleasure at the thought that, while absent, there need be no anxiety about the future.

I am resolved to-morrow to make a move towards the Nyanza with the boat. This is the forty-sixth day of Stairs' absence. I had sent twenty couriers—one of whom returned later—to Major Barttelot. Stairs and his personal attendants numbered seven. I shall leave forty-nine in fort;

inclusive of Nelson there will be 126 men left to escort the boat to the Nyanza. Total, 201 of Advance Column remaining out of 389, exclusive of such convalescents as may be obtained at Ugarrowwa's.

Tippu-Tib has evidently been faithless, and the Major is therefore working the double stages, some hundreds of miles behind; the nineteen couriers are speeding towards him, and are probably opposite the Nepoko at this date, and Stairs has found so many men yet crippled with ulcers that he is unable to travel fast. With 126 men I attempt the relief of Emin Pasha the second time. The garrison consists of all those who suffer from debility, anæmia—who were fellow-sufferers with Nelson at Starvation Camp—and leg sores, some of which are perfectly incurable.

The labour performed about the fort is extensive. Nelson has an impregnable place. The fields of corn and beans are thriving, and of the



WITHIN FORT BODO.

latter I have enjoyed a first dish to-day. The plantain groves appear to be inexhaustible.

Our broad roads extend about half a mile each way. Ten scouts patrol the plantations every morning, that the mischievous pigmies may not destroy the supplies of the garrison, and that no sudden onsets of natives may be made upon the field-hands while at work.

Surgeon Parke accompanies us to the Nyanza to-morrow according to his own earnest request. Though his place is in the fort with the invalids, there are none who require greater attention than can be given by Captain Nelson through his boys, who have been instructed in the art of bathing the sores with lotions of carbolic acid and water.

Our men on the Sundays have amused themselves with performing military evolutions after the method taught by General Matthews at Zanzibar. They are such capital mimics that his very voice and gesture have been faithfully imitated.

Life at Fort Bodo, on the whole, has not been unpleasant except for Captain Nelson and myself. It is true we have fretted and never been free from anxiety respecting the whereabouts and fate of our friends. We have also been anxious to depart and be doing something towards terminating our labours, but circumstances which we cannot control rise constantly to thwart our aims. We have therefore striven to employ every leisure hour towards providing unstinted supplies of food, in the hope that fortune will be good enough to veer round once in our favour, and bring Barttelot and our friends Jameson, Ward, Troup, and Bonny, with their little army of men, to Fort Bodo before our second return from the Nyanza.

CHAPTER XIV.

TO THE ALBERT NYANZA A SECOND TIME.

On the 2nd day of April, 1888, after a drizzly rain had ceased to fall, we filed out at noon with a view to attempt a second time to find the Pasha, or to penetrate the silence around him. We had now our steel boat in twelve sections, and the stem and stern being rather beamy we discovered very soon that a good deal of cutting with axes and bill-hooks was required to permit them to pass between the trees. The caravan in single file, laden with boxes, bales, and baggage, would find no difficulty; the narrower sections two feet wide passed through without trouble, but the plough-shaped stem and stern pieces soon became jammed between two colossal trees which compelled a retreat and a *détour* through the bush, and this could not be effected without clearing a passage. It was soon evident that our second trip to the Nyanza through the forest would consume some days.

The advance guard scanning the track, and fully lessoned in all the crooked ways and wiles of the pigmies and aborigines, picked up many a cleverly-hidden skewer from the path. At some points they were freely planted under an odd leaf or two of phrynium, or at the base of a log, over which, as over a stile, a wayfarer might stride and plant his foot deep into a barbed skewer well smeared with dark poison. But we were too learned now in the art of African forest-craft, and the natives were not so skilled in the invention of expedients as to produce new styles of molestation and annoyance.

The dwarfs' village at the crossing was our next resting-place, and Indé-mwani was reached on the 4th. The next day we moved to another dwarfs' village, and in the neighbouring plantain grove Saat Tato and a few friends, while collecting a few of the fruit, made a splendid capture of pigmies. We had four women and a boy, and in them I saw two distinct types. One evidently belonged to that same race described as the Akka, with small, cunning, monkey eyes, close and deeply set. The four others possessed large, round eyes, full and prominent, broad round foreheads and round faces, small hands and feet, with slight prognathism of jaws, figures well formed, though diminutive, and of a bricky complexion. "Partial roast coffee," "chocolate," "cocoa," and "*café au lait*," are terms that do not describe the colour correctly, but the common red-clay brick when half baked would correspond best in colour to that of the complexion

of these little people. Saat Tato reported that there were about twenty of them stealing plantains which belonged to the natives of Indepuya, who were probably deterred from defending their property by the rumour of our presence in the woods. The monkey-eyed woman had a remarkable pair of mischievous orbs, protruding lips overhanging her chin, a prominent abdomen, narrow, flat chest, sloping shoulders, long arms, feet turned greatly inwards and very short lower legs, as being fitly characteristic of the link long sought between the average modern humanity and its Darwinian progenitors, and certainly deserving of being classed as an extremely low, degraded, almost a bestial type of a human being. One of the others was a woman evidently a mother, though she could not have seen her seventeenth year. No fault could be found in the proportion of any one member; her complexion was bright and healthy; her eyes were brilliant, round, and large; her upper lip had the peculiar cut of that of the Wambutti noticeable in the woman at Ugarowwa's, and the chief's wife of Indekaru, which is the upper edge curving upward with a sharp angle and dropping perpendicularly, resembling greatly a clean up and down cut with a curl up of the skin as though it had contracted somewhat. I believe this to be as marked a feature of the Wambutti as the full nether lip is said to be characteristic of the Austrian. The colour of the lips was pinkish. The hands were small, fingers delicate and long, but skinny and puckered, the feet measured seven inches and her height was four feet four inches.

So perfect were the proportions of this girl-mother that she appeared at first to be but an undersized woman, her low stature being but the result of premature sexual intercourse or some other accidental circumstance, but when we placed some of our Zanzibar boys of fifteen and sixteen years old by her side, and finally placed a woman of the agricultural aborigines near her, it was clear to every one that these small creatures were a distinct race.

Three hours beyond this great Mbutti village we reached Barya-Kunya amid a drizzly rain.

On the 8th we reached Indepessu, and two days later we travelled from the base of Pisgah, along an easterly path, a new track which led us through the little villages of Mandé to the Ituri river. The natives had all fled from Mandé and the slopes of Pisgah across the river with their movable property, and the men were awaiting events on the left bank, confident that they were beyond reach. As we emerged into view on the right bank I was quite struck with the light brown mass the warriors made against the blackish green of the vegetation behind them. Had they been of the colour of the Zanzibaris they would have formed an almost black mass, but they resembled in colour the ochreous clay banks of this river. They shot a few arrows amongst us across the 150 yards wide stream; some fell short and others hurtled harmlessly by us several yards. In our turn we replied and a general scamper occurred. Ninety minutes later the Expedition was across the Ituri by means of the boat. The vanguard picked up a ten-pound packet of clean native salt which had been dropped by the natives in their flight. Salt was a condiment greatly needed, and we were greatly rejoiced at the prize. We were now in the territory of the Bakuba, near the clearing of Kandekoré, which was one of the richest clearings in the forest of the Upper Congo basin. On the edge of the bank we were 3,000 feet above the sea.

Three-and-a-half hours' march from the Ituri, we issued out of the forest, and again the change from perpetual twilight to brilliant sunlight, and a blue sky was astonishing, and we all smiled to witness its effects on the nerves of our gentle friend and companion, the first son of Erin who had ever viewed the grass-lands of these regions. This was the 289th day of Dr. Parke's forest life, and the effect of this sudden emergence out of the doleful shades in view of this enlarged view from the green earth to the shining and glowing concave of Heaven caused him to quiver with delight. Deep draughts of champagne could not have painted his cheeks with a deeper hue than did this exhilarating prospect which now met him.

On the road just before leaving the bush we passed a place where an elephant spear had fallen to the ground, and buried itself so deep that three men were unable to heave it up. Such a force, we argued, would have slain an elephant on the instant.

While sketching Pisgah Mountain in the afternoon from our first camp in the pasture-land, I observed a cloud approaching it from the N.W., and all the forest beyond was shaded by its deep shadows, while the rolling plains still basked in hot sunshine. Presently another cloud from the S.E. appeared round the southern extremity of Mazamboni's range, and as it advanced, spread over the blue sky, and became merged with the cloud over the forest, and then rain fell.

At an altitude of 3,200 feet above the sea the village of Bessé is situated, seven hours' march from the Ituri. Though it was yet early forenoon we camped, the abundance of good ripe bananas, corn, fowls, sugar-cane, and banana wine being very tempting, and the distance to other villages cast being unknown. Quite an active skirmish soon occurred while we were engaged making ready our quarters. Fetteh, the sole interpreter to the tribes of the plains, was grievously wounded over the stomach. The Babessé attempted various means to molest us as the long grass favoured them, but by posting sharpshooters in the native look-outs in the trees the knowledge that their tactics were supervised soon demoralised them.

We had some speech by means of a native of Uganda with one of these natives, who among his remarks said, "We are quite assured that you black men are creatures like ourselves, but what of those white chiefs of yours? Whence do they come?"

"Oh," our man replied, with wonderful facility for fraudulent speech, "their faces change with the birth of each moon, when the moon is getting full their colour is dark like our own. They are different from us, as they came from above originally."

"Ah, true, it must be so," responded the astonished native, as he brought his hand up to his mouth from politeness, to cover the mouth that expanded with surprise.

The more we understand the language of these natives, the more we are struck with the identity of a common origin. How could such as these people have ever heard of such a thing as wit? I heard one native say to a Zanzibari who had met more than his match when he burst out so impatiently at one who had staggered against him,—

"Such a fool as thou was surely never seen elsewhere?"

To which the native replied, with a benevolent smile, "Ay, it is my lord who is the sole possessor of wisdom."

"Ah, but you are wickedness itself" (personified).

"I must not deny it, for all goodness is with thee."

It is a common reply among a certain class of white folks when one is accused of being naughty, to reply to the accuser that he is a gentleman, but it must be admitted that the African reply is not inferior in politeness.

A little east of Bessé we lost the native track, and were obliged to strike across country, steering straight for Undussuma Peak which now began to lift itself into view, over the swells of grass-land that spread in great waves towards its foot. The sun was fearfully hot, and as the march was mainly through tall grass, we were greatly fatigued. In the afternoon we reached a wooded hollow near a pellucid cool stream, which had its birth-place somewhere among the slopes of Undussuma Range now distant about five miles.

On the 14th, after a march of six hours, we were camped on the spur of Nzera Kum hill, and before us was the same scene which on the 10th and 11th of December witnessed our struggles for mastery with Mazamboni and his tribe. So far our experiences on this journey were very different. We saw no leaping exulting warriors, nor heard a single menace or war-cry; but, as we intended to halt here a day, it was necessary to know what to expect, and we despatched our Mganda interpreter to hail the natives, who were seated afar off on the hill-tops looking down upon us. At 5 P.M. after several patient efforts, they were induced to descend and approach, and they finally entered our camp. The process of establishing a friendship then was easy. We could look into one another's faces, and read as in a book what each thought of the other. We mutually exchanged views, wherein they learned that we only needed a free passage to the Lake unmolested, that we had not appeared as enemies, but strangers seeking a halting-place for the night, to pursue our road the next day without disturbance. They pleaded, as an excuse for their former behaviour, that they were assured we were Wara Sura (soldiers of Kabba Rega), who periodically visited their country, devastated their land, and carried off their cattle.

When we were both convinced that friendship was possible, that our former misunderstanding should not interfere with our future relations, they heard the mystery of our presence explained, that we were only travelling to discover a white chief, who years ago was reported to be somewhere near the sea of Unyoro. Had they ever heard of such a man?

They answered eagerly, "About two moons after you passed us—when you came from the Nyanza—a white man called '*Malleju*,' or the *Bearded One*, reached Katonza's in a big canoe, all of iron.

"Mother! however could she float; and in the middle of it there rose a tall black tree, and out of it came smoke and sparks of fire, and there were many many strange people aboard, and there were goats running about as in a village square, and fowls in boxes with bars, and we heard the cocks crow as merrily as they do among our millet. *Malleju* with a deep deep voice asked about you—his brother. What Katonza said to him we do not know, but *Malleju* went away in the big iron canoe, which sent as much smoke up into the air as though she was on fire. Have no doubt you will find him soon; Mazamboni shall send his runners to the Lake, and by to-morrow's sunset Katonza shall be told of the arrival of *Malleju*'s brother."

This was the first news we had heard of Emin Pasha, and it was with

the view of this news spreading abroad, and for preparing the natives for the irruption of strangers out of the unknown west, that I had sent couriers from Zanzibar in February, 1887. Had Emin, who expected us December 15th, but taken the trouble to have sent his steamers a nine-hours' steaming distance from his station of Mswa, we should have met with his people December 14th, been spared five days' fighting, a four months' loss of time, and on or about the 15th of March I should have been within the palisades of Yambuya in time to save Barttelot from his assassin, Jameson from his fatal fever attack, Troup from the necessity of being invalided home, Ward from his wholly useless mission to St. Paul de Loanda, and Mr. Bonny from days of distress at Banalya.

The next day was a severe one for me. All the talking was levelled at me, and I was imprisoned in my chair from dawn to dusk by crowds of Bavaria agriculturists and Wahuma shepherds and herdsmen, chiefs and slaves, princes and peasants, warriors and women. It was impolitic to stir from the close circle which the combined oligarchy and democracy of Undussuma had formed around me. What refreshments were taken were handed to me over the heads of nobles and serfs five deep. My chair was in the centre, three umbrella-bearers relieved one another—the sun ran his course from east to west; it glowed at noon hours with the intense heat known in torrid deserts, from three to five it scorched my back, then it became cooler, but until the circles broke and were dissolved by the approaching cold accompanying the dusk, I was a martyr to the cause of human brotherhood.

At a very early hour Mazamboni appeared outside of the zeriba with an imposing retinue of followers. He was escorted to the middle of the camp with every mark of respect, officers gracefully bowing their welcome, Zanzibaris and Soudanese, who had chased him and his legions over the hills in December, looking as innocent as though they had never tasted meat and smiling a summer greeting. Our best mats were spread under a sickly dwarf tree for the convenience of the august guest, ivory horns gave forth mellow blares, reminding me of the imperial court of the Ramessean autocrat of Uganda, Usoga, and the island archipelagoes of the Victorian Sea. Nothing was omitted that experience with a thousand chiefs of dark Africa had taught me was necessary for lighting up a swarthy face with humour, pleasure, content, and perfect trust. Mazamboni accepted every attention as his by right divine, but no smile or word greeted us. Was the man deaf and dumb? No; he spoke briefly and low to his sub-chiefs, and his satellites roared with bull voices, as though I needed an auricular trumpet to hear, and the sounds stunned me as though they were rung with a trip-hammer.

"My friends," said I, "my head will crack if you go on thus; besides, you know wisdom is precious. Why should the herd hear State policy?"

"Ah, truly!" said one sage with a beard as white as the father of the Commons ought to have. Nestor lowered his voice, and garrulously rehearsed the history of the land, described the effect created upon it by the column's approach in December, the hasty councils that were held, and the rash resolution they had adopted, confessing that when they heard there were white men with the strangers they suspected they were wrong in continuing their hostile attitude, but the youthful warriors had been too impetuous and overruled the cautious counsels of the ancients of their tribe; that when they had seen us return from the Nyanza and depart in

peace towards the forest, they then knew that the Wara Sura, as we were believed to be, would never have returned so soon from their own Lake, but would have crossed the Semliki to their own country, and then, when they had heard of *Malleju*, the white chief of the iron canoe, was seeking for us, they were convinced they had been all wrong." "But never mind," said we, "the strangers will return from the Kivira (forest), and we shall make it up with them. If they seek our friendship they shall have it, and Mazamboni's blood shall mingle with that of their chief; and we shall be one people, and lo! you have come, and the dreams of our wise men have become real facts. Mazamboni sits as a brother by the side of the white chief; let us see the blood mingle, and never a cloud shall come between you while you are in the land; the belongings of Mazamboni are yours, his warriors, wives, children, the land and all that stands on the face of it are yours. Have I said well, oh, warriors?"

"Well and truly you have spoken," murmured the circles.

"Shall Mazamboni be a son of 'Bula Matari'?"

"He shall."

"Shall there be true peace between us and the strangers?"

"Yea," came in an emotional shout from the mass.

Then the mutual right hands of my son, Mr. Jephson, who volunteered to be sacrificed, were clasped crosswise over the crossed knees, the native Professor of Medicine made a slight incision in his arm until the red blood dyed it. My Professor of Secret Ritualism caused the dark red blood of Mazamboni to well out of the vein, and as the liquid of life flowed and dropped over the knees, the incantations were commenced by the sage with the white beard, and as he shook the pebbles in the magic gourd at the range of the peak opposite, and at the horse-shoe range yonder in the plains, and to eastward and westward of the valley, he delivered his terrible curses from the summit of Nzera-Kum, and all men listened unto him with open lips:—

"Cursed is he who breaks his plighted vow.

"Cursed is he who nourisheth secret hate.

"Cursed is he who turneth his back against his friend.

"Cursed is he who in the day of war denieth his brother.

"Cursed is he who deviseth evil to his friend whose blood has become one with his own.

"May the itch make him loathsome, and the hair of his head be lost by the mange; may the adder wait for him by the path, and the lion meet him on his way; may the leopard in the darkness besiege his house, and his wife when she draweth water from the stream, be seized; may the barbed arrow pin his entrails, and the sharp spear be dyed in his vitals; may sickness waste his strength, and his days be narrowed with disease; may his limbs fail him in the day of battle, and his arms stiffen with cramps," and so on, invoking every evil and disease most dreaded, and the Zanzibari Professor of Secret Ritualism, somewhat dumbfounded at first at the series of curses delivered so volubly by Nestor, seized his magic gourd, and shook it at the hills and the valley, at the head of Mazamboni with awful solemnity; at Nestor himself, and the awe-struck following around, and outdid Nestor, from perverted ambition, by frenzy, voice, and gesture, in harmony with it: his eyes rolled wildly, foam came from his lips; he summoned every blight to fall upon the land and its productions, every damnable agency in his folk-lore to hound Mazamboni

for ever; every dark and potent spirit out of the limbo of evil imagination to torture him in his waking and sleeping hours, until his actions were so fantastic, his denunciation so outrageous, his looks so like one possessed with a demon, that every one, native and Zanzibari, broke out into uncontrollable laughter, which caused Murabo, our "medicine man," to sober instantly, and to say in Swahili to us, with a conceited shake of the head,—

"Ay! master, how do you like that style for high acting?" which reminded me of nothing so much as Hamlet out-ranting Laertes.

Mazamboni, though undoubtedly paramount chief of Undusuma, seems to be governed by an unwritten constitution. His ministers also are his principal kinsmen, who conduct foreign and home policy even in his presence, so that in affairs of government his voice is seldom heard. Most of the time he sat silent and reserved—one might almost say indifferent. Thus this unsophisticated African chief has discovered that—whether from intuition or traditional custom it is hard to say—it is best to divide government. If the principle has been derived from custom, it proves that from the Albert Nyanza down to the Atlantic the thousand tribes of the Congo basin spring from one parent tribe, nation, or family. The similarity in other customs, physiognomy, and roots of languages, lend additional proofs to substantiate this.

We discovered that the chiefs, as well as the lesser folk, were arrant beggars, and too sordid in mind to recognise a generous act. Though a peace was strenuously sought by all, yet the



ONE OF MAZAMBONI'S WARRIORS.

granting of it seemed to them to be only a means of being enriched with gifts from the strangers. Mazamboni, even after a long day's work, could only be induced to give more than a calf and five goats as a return for a ten-guinea rug, a bundle of brass wire, and ivory horns from the forest. The chief of Urumangwa and Bwessa, that flourishing settlement which in December had so astonished us with its prosperity, likewise thought that he was exceedingly liberal by endowing us with a kid and two fowls.

Among our visitors to-day were Gavira, the chief of the Eastern Bavira,

who proclaimed from a hill that the land lay at our feet when we were returning from the Lake; and also a Mhuma chief, who wore unblushingly the fine scarlet cloth of which we had been mulcted in December to buy peace. He never offered a return gift so long deferred.

We discovered that there were two different and distinctly differing races living in this region in harmony with each other, one being clearly of Indo-African origin, possessing exceedingly fine features, aquiline noses, slender necks, small heads, with a grand and proud carriage; an old, old race, possessing splendid traditions, and ruled by inflexible custom which would admit of no deviation. Though the majority have a nutty-brown complexion, some even of a rich dark brown, the purest of their kind resemble old ivory in colour, and their skins have a beautifully soft feel, as of finest satin. These confine themselves solely to the breeding of cattle, and are imbued with a supercilious contempt for the hoemen, the Bavira, who are strictly agricultural. No 'proud dukeling in England could regard a pauper with more pronounced contempt than the Wahuma profess for the Bavira. They will live in the country of the Bavira, but not in their villages; they will exchange their dairy produce for the grain and vegetables of the hoemen, but they will never give their daughters in marriage but to a Mhuma born. Their sons may possess children by Bavira women, but that is the utmost concession. Now in this I discover the true secret of the varying physiognomics, and the explanations in the variation of facial types.

We have the true negroidal cast of features in the far-away regions of West Africa, with which this proud high-caste race could not possibly come in contact during many centuries; we have the primitive races of the forest, the Akkas, Wambutti, Watwa, and Bushmen, of which the Wambutti are by far the handsomest; have the Zulus, the Mafite, Watuta, Wahha, Warundi, Wanya-Ruanda, semi-Ethiopic; we have the Ethiopic, slightly degraded, except in the aristocratic families, as in the Wahuma, or, as they are variously called, Waima, Wachwezi, Wawitu, and the Wataturu, who represent two human streams, one coming from Ethiopia by way of South-East Galla into Unyoro and the high pastoral Lake regions, and the other flowing direct south. The Victoria Lake lies between these sections of superior African humanity.

A Bavira chief complained to me of the haughty contempt with which the Bavira were regarded by the Wahuma, in just such words as these: "They call us hoemen, and laugh to scorn the sober regularity with which we, tilling the dark soil, live through our lives in honest labour. They sweep round on foraging excursions, and know no loved and fixed home; they settle down wherever they are tempted (by pasture), and when there (is trouble) they build a house in another spot."

But to my narrative, as I may deal with the subject further in a special chapter. On the 16th, furnished by Mazamboni with twelve guides, escorted by Gavira and fifty warriors, accompanied by a long line of new friends behind the rear guard, assisted by more than a hundred carriers, we marched to the territory of Gavira, to the village where we had rested in the naked hill-village, after a terrible day of excitement, on the 12th of December. We were now a peaceful procession, with somewhat of a triumphal character. For at every village we appeared the warriors came out and hailed us with friendly greetings, and at Makukuru, the name of the village which we already knew, the women lu-lu-lued. From this

settlement in Uzanza we enjoyed an extensive view, embracing all eastward to the brow of the high land overlooking the gulf of the Albert Lake westward as far as Pisgah, six marches distant northward to the cones of Bemberri, southward the hills of the Balegga rose, a mile off.

The chief of the Bavira is known as Gavira—an hereditary title, though his name is Mpinga. He was a pleasant little man, but stingy; and when not engaged in State councils, talkative. He and his tribe begged for friendship similar to that which was established with Mazamboni; we were only too willing to accede—the conditions being that he should be hospitable to the Expedition on its journeys through his country. Having halted one day at Mazamboni's, it was necessary that we should do equal honour to Gavira; and as this place was only two short marches, or one long march, to the Nyanza, we agreed.

In the evening, two natives arrived from Mbiassi, of the tribe Ba-biassi, chief of the district of Kavalli, which extended, in a broad strip, down to the Nyanza, who informed me that their chief possessed a small packet, covered with dark cloth, for me, which had been given him by Mpigwa, of Nyamsassi, who had received it from a white man known to them as *Malleju*.

We were surrounded on the next day by hundreds of friendly people, who seemed unable to gaze sufficiently at us. They therefore placidly squatted on their haunches, quietly contemplating our movements; the younger members were deputed by the old to gather fuel and sweet potatoes, and to bring millet grain to camp. For trifling gifts, the Zanzibaris obtained their most devoted service for building their huts, and carrying water and attending to their fires, grinding their millet grain into flour; while our men contentedly sat down, encouraging them to hard labour with a friendly nod and bland smile, some bit of iron-work, a pinch of beads, a cowrie or two, or a wristlet of brass wire. Every man picked up a warm-hearted and ingenious brother; and, excepting in cooking, the natives were admitted into the privilege of fast friendship.

The chief Gavira was robed, in the afternoon, in bright scarlet cloth of first-class quality, and escorted around the camp, with all honour, by our headmen, who introduced him to the various messes with high tribute to his good disposition. He was afterwards shown a mirror, at which he and his elders expressed extraordinary astonishment and fright. They took the reflection of their own faces to be a hostile tribe advancing from the earth towards them, and started to run to a safer distance; but instinctively they halted, as they saw that we did not stir. They then returned on tiptoe, as if to ask what that sudden vision of black faces could possibly have been; for the mirror had been dropped on its face into the case. In answer to their mute appeal, it was opened again, and they gazed at it fixedly. They whispered to one another—"Why, the faces resemble our own!" They were told that what they saw was a reflection of their own remarkably prepossessing features; and Mpinga, with pride, blushed darkly at the compliment. Perceiving that he could be trusted with it without shock to his nerves, it was put into his hand; and it was amusing to see how quickly personal vanity increased; his elders crowded around him, and all grouped around and were pleased to note how truthfully the mirror reflected each facial characteristic. "See that scar—it is just and exact; but lo! look at your broad nose, Mpinga; why, it is perfect! Ay, and look at that big feather; it actually waves! It is too

—too wonderful! What can it be made of? It is like water; but it is not soft by any means; and on the back it is black. Ah, but we have seen a thing to-day that our fathers never saw, eh?”

Uzanza, exposed and open to every blast from each quarter of heaven, will be remembered for a long time. As the sun set, the cold winds blew from lakeward, and smote us sorely; we were so accustomed to the equable temperature of the forest, and so poor in clothing. One officer armed himself with his waterproof; another put on his ulster; and still



KAVALLI, CHIEF OF THE BA-BIASSI.

the wind penetrated to the marrow; and there was no warmth but in the snug bee-hive huts of the Bavira—whither we retired.

Instead of pursuing along our first course to the Lake, we struck north-east to the village of Kavalli, where the mysterious packet was said to be. The grass was short-cropped by numerous herds of cattle, and covered every inch and made it resemble a lawn, save where the land dipped down into the miniature cañons, which had been scooped out by centuries of rain.

As we traversed the smiling land, hailed, and greeted, and welcomed,

by the kindly Bavira, we could not forbear thinking how different all this was from the days when we drove through noisy battalions of Bavira, Babiassi, and Balegga, each urging his neighbours, and whooping and hallooing every one to our extermination, with the quick play of light on crowds of flashing spears, and yard-long arrows sailing through the air to meet us; and now we had 157 Bavira actually in front of the advance guard, as many behind the rear guard, while our 90 loads had been distributed among voluntary carriers who thought it an honour to be porters to the same men whom they had hounded so mercilessly a few months previous.

Soon after the arrival of the now numerous column before the thorny zeriba of Kavalli, the chief, a handsome young Mhuma, with regular features, tall, slender, and wonderfully composed in manner, appeared, to show us where we might camp. To such as chose to avail themselves of shelter in his village he accorded free permission; and on being asked for the packet of *Malleju*, he produced it; and, as he handed it to me, said that only his two young men, of all the country, knew that he possessed it; and anxiously asked if he had not done an excellent thing in keeping the secret safe.

Untying the cover, which was of American oilcloth, I found the following letter:—

DEAR SIR,

Rumours having been afloat of white men having made their apparition somewhere south of this Lake, I have come here in quest of news. A start to the furthest end of the Lake, which I could reach by steamer, has been without success, the people being greatly afraid of Kabba Rega people, and their chiefs being under instructions to conceal whatever they know.

To-day, however, has arrived a man from Chief Mpigwa, of Nyamsassi country, who tells me that a wife of the said chief has seen you at Undussuma, her birth-place, and that his chief volunteers to send a letter of mine to you. I send, therefore, one of our allies, Chief Mogo, with the messenger to Chief Mpigwa's, requesting him to send Mogo and this letter, as well as an Arabic one, to you, or to retain Mogo and send the letter ahead.

Be pleased, if this reaches you, to *rest where you are*, and to inform me by letter, or one of your people, of your wishes. I could easily come to Chief Mpigwa, and my steamer and boats would bring you here. At the arrival of your letter or man, I shall at once start for Nyamsassi, and from there we could concert our further designs.

Beware of Kabba Rega's men! He has expelled Captain Casati.

Believe me, dear Sir, to be

Yours very faithfully,

(Signed) DR. EMIN.

Tunguru (Lake Albert).*

25/3/88. 8 P.M.

When, after reaching Zanzibar, I read Emin Pasha's letter to the Editor of Petermann's "Mittheilungen" (see No. 4 of the "Gotha Geog. Journal"), dated 25th March, 1888 (the same date that the above letter was written), which concluded with the significant words: "If Stanley does not come soon, we are lost," most curious thoughts came into my mind which the intelligent reader will find no difficulty in guessing. Happily, however, the Pasha kept his own secret until I was far away from Bagamoyo, and I was unable to inquire from him personally what were his motives for not coming to Kavalli, December 14th, 1887, the date he expected us; for remaining silent two months and a half in his own stations after that date, and then writing two such letters as the one above and that to Petermann's Magazine on the same date.

The letter was translated to our men, upon hearing which they became mad with enthusiasm; nor were the natives of Kavalli less affected, though not with such boisterous joy, for they perceived that the packet they had guarded with such jealous care was the cause of this happiness.

Food poured in gratuitously from many chiefs, and I directed Mbiassi to inform the districts around that a contribution from each tribe or section would be gladly received.

On the 20th, I despatched Mr. Jephson and Surgeon Parke, with 50 rifles and two native guides of Kavalli, to convey the steel boat *Advance* down to Lake Albert. I am informed by the guides that Mswa station was distant two days only, by boat sailing along the western shore. Mr. Jephson was entrusted with the following letter to Emin Pasha:—

April 18th, 1888.

DEAR SIR,

Your letter was put into my hands by Chief Mbiassi, of Kavalli (on the plateau), the day before yesterday, and it gave us all great pleasure.

I sent a long letter to you from Zanzibar by carriers to Uganda, informing you of my mission and of my purpose. Lest you may not have received it, I will recapitulate in brief its principal contents. It informed you first that, in compliance with instructions from the Relief Committee of London, I was leading an Expedition for your relief. Half of the fund necessary was subscribed by the Egyptian Government, the other half by a few English friends of yours.

It also informed you that the instructions of the Egyptian Government were to guide you out of Africa, if you were willing to leave Africa; if not, then I was to leave such ammunition as we had brought with us for you, and you and your people were then to consider yourselves as out of the service of Egypt, and your pay was to cease upon such notification being given by you. If you were willing to leave Africa, then the pay of yourself, officers and men, was to continue until you had landed in Egypt.

It further informed you that you yourself were promoted from Bey to Pasha.

It also informed you that I proposed, on account of the hostility of Uganda, and political reasons, to approach you by way of the Congo, and make Kavalli my objective point.

I presume you have not received that letter, from the total ignorance of the natives at Kavalli about you, as they only knew of Mason's visit, which took place ten years ago.

We first arrived here after some desperate fighting on the 14th December last. We stayed two days on the shore of the Lake near Kavalli, inquiring of every native that we could approach if they knew of you, and were always answered in the negative. As we had left our boat a month's march behind, and could get no canoe by fair purchase or force, we resolved to return, obtain our boat, and carry it to the Nyanza. This we have done, and in the meantime we constructed a little fort fifteen days' march from here, and stored such goods as we could not carry, and marched here with our boat for a second trial to relieve you. This time the most violent natives have received us with open arms, and escorted us by hundreds on the way. The country is now open for a peaceful march from Nyamsassi to our fort.

Now I await your decision at Nyamsassi. As it is difficult to supply rations to our people on the Nyanza plain, I hope we shall not have to wait long for it. On the plateau above there is abundance of food and cattle, but on the lower plain, bordering the Nyanza, the people are mainly fishermen.

If this letter reaches you before you leave your place, I should advise you to

bring in your steamer and boats, rations sufficient to subsist us while we await your removal, say about 12,000 or 15,000 lbs. of grain, millet, or Indian corn, &c., which, if your steamer is of any capacity, you can easily bring.



MILK VESSEL OF THE WAHUMA.

If you are already resolved on leaving Africa, I would suggest that you should bring with you all your cattle, and every native willing to follow you. Nubar Pasha hoped you would bring all your Makkaraka, and leave not one behind if you could help it, as he would retain them all in the service.

The letters from the Ministry of War, and from Nubar Pasha, which I bring, will inform you fully of the intention of the Egyptian Government, and perhaps you had better wait to see them before taking any action. I simply let you know briefly about the intentions of the Government, that you may turn the matter over in your mind, and be enabled to come to a decision.

I hear you have abundance of cattle with you; three or four milk cows would be very grateful to us if you can bring them in your steamer and boats.

I have a number of letters, some books and maps for you, and a packet for Captain Casati. I fear to send them by my boat, lest you should start from your place upon some native rumour of our

having arrived here, and you should miss her. Besides, I am not quite sure that the boat will reach you; I therefore keep them until I am assured they can be placed in your hands safely.

We shall have to forage far and near for food while we await your attendance at Nyamsassi, but you may depend upon it we shall endeavour to stay here until we see you.

All with me join in sending you our best wishes, and are thankful that you are safe and well.

Believe me, dear Pasha,

Your most obedient servant,

HENRY M. STANLEY,
Commanding Relief Expedition.

His Excellency EMIN PASHA,
Governor of Equatorial Provinces, &c., &c., &c.

During our halt at Kavalli several hundred natives from the districts round about paid us friendly visits, and the chiefs and elders tendered their submission to me. They said the country was mine, and whatever my commands might be would be promptly done. By the ready way food was brought in, there was no reason to doubt their sincerity, though as yet there was no necessity to take it too literally. So long as we were not starving, nothing could happen to disturb the peaceful relations commenced with Mazamboni. According to my means each chief received a present of cloth, beads, cowries, and wire. Mbiassi furnished me with a quart of milk daily in a wooden bowl of the above pattern.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MEETING WITH EMIN PASHA.

On the 25th we departed from Kavalli and camped at Bundi, at an altitude of 4,900 feet above the sea. The village proper was situated 400 feet higher, on the crest of one of those ranges of hills which form the dividing-line between the Congo basin and that of the Nile. From its folds westerly escaped the first infant streams which flowed into East Ituri. On the other side of the narrow rocky spine issued streams which dropped into the gulf of the Albert. Our camp was situated on the very brow of the plateau, in full view of a large portion of the south end of the Albert.

Mbiassi, the handsome chief of Kavalli, accompanied us to do the honours of his tribe to his guests. He commanded the people of Bundi to hurry forward an ample contribution to the camp, and also despatched messengers to the redoubtable Komubi, chief of the Eastern Balegga, who seemed to be considered by these stubborn foes of Kabba Rega as their "Only General," with a message not to lag behind in supplying with food a man, who might be induced to lend his aid in punishing Kabba Rega some day. Mbiassi, commonly called Kavalli by his people, after his district, was a diplomat.

On the 26th we descended the plateau slope once more in 2 hours 45 minutes—and at the foot of it we were quartered in the Balegga village of Badzwa, 2,300 feet below Bundi camp. The Balegga had decamped, but as it was Kavalli's property, he assumed charge, and distributed corn from its granaries, according to the needs of our united followers, sufficient for five days' rations.

Messengers from Katonza, the chief who had declined our friendship on December 14th, who had refused our proffered gifts, who had sent his men to throw arrows into our bivouac of the 16th, and murdered our two sick men, came to say that he was "dying" to see me. He had now heard that Mazamboni, Gavira, Kavalli, and many others were hand-and-glove with the strangers who had humbly begged a drink of water from his people, and he had hastened to make reparation, like Shimei the Benjamite. Before I could frame an answer, stalwart Komubi, the "only general," had descended from the Balegga Hills with a white cow, several goats, and bundles of sweet potatoes, besides many jars of potent beer. It was Komubi and his stubborn fellows who had clung to the rear guard on the 13th of December with such persistency, and had attempted a night attack. He now frankly came to express contrition and sorrow that he had mistaken us for Kabba Rega's bandits, and to surrender his country wholly into my hands, and his life, if I so wished it. With this bold chieftain we made friends quickly enough, and after a lengthy interview parted. To Katonza we replied that we would think of his message.

I now turn to the diary form.

August 27th.—Halt at Badzwa. The kites are very bold in this neighbourhood. Seeing their daring, we amused ourselves with putting pieces of meat on the roof of a hut within arm's length of a man standing by, and each time the kite succeeded in escaping with the meat, as the bird, sailing and wheeling round the spot, seemed to know when the attention

was relaxed, and that moment dropped plump upon the meat, and sailed away with it fast gripped before the outstretched hand could seize him.

Our hunter, "Three-o'Clock," went out, and returned with the meat of a fine kudu he had shot.

April 28th.—Halt. Wadi Mabruki, another hunter, went out this morning to compete at game-hunting with "Three-o'Clock," and in the afternoon he and his followers brought three young roan antelope.

April 29th.—At 8 A.M., as we were about to break camp to march to the Lake, a native guide appeared with a note from Jephson, dated April 23rd, which stated that he had safely reached Mswa, a station of Emin Pasha's, and that messengers had been despatched by the Commandant, Shukri Agha, to apprise Emin Pasha of our appearance on the Lake. A basket of onions—a gift from Shukri Agha—accompanied the note.

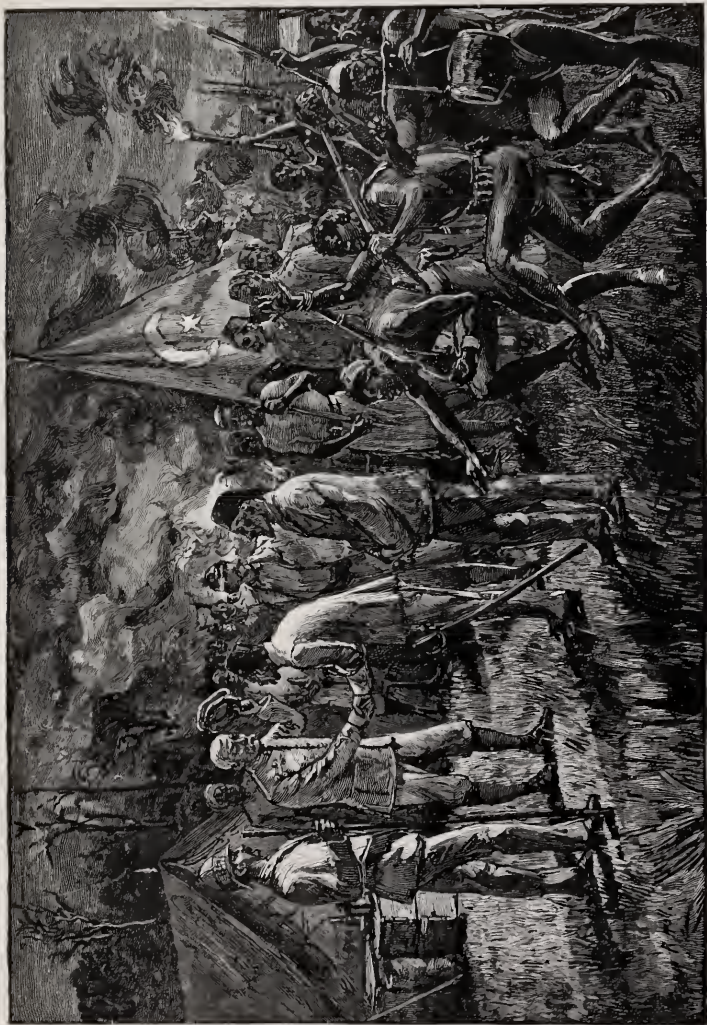
At 9 A.M. we set out for the Lake. Two hours later we were camped about a quarter of a mile from the shore, not far from the bivouac ground occupied by us on the 16th of December, and on the site of old Kavalli, as the chief showed us. We had five days' rations of grain with us, and meat could be procured from the plain behind us, as it swarmed with large game of various kinds.

From my tent-door, at 4.30 P.M., I saw a dark object loom up on the north-east horizon of the Lake. I thought it might be a native canoe, or perhaps the steel boat *Advance* returning, but a binocular revealed the dimensions of a vessel much larger than a boat or canoe could possibly be, and presently a dark puff of smoke issuing from it declared her to be a steamer. An hour later we could distinguish a couple of boats in tow, and at 6.30 P.M. the steamer dropped anchor in the baylet of Nyamsassi, in shore of the island of that name. Scores of our people were on the beach in front of our camp firing guns, and waving signals, but though we were only two miles from the island, no one appeared to observe us.

Ardent messengers were therefore sent along the shore to inform the party on board of our presence, and these were, unhappily, so exuberant, that as they fired their rifles to give notice, they were fired at in return by the Soudanese, who naturally enough took the wild figures for Kabba Rega's people. However, no harm was done; the boat's crew distinguished their comrades' cries, the word was passed that the people on shore were friends, and the boat was made ready to convey our visitors to the beach near the camp. At eight o'clock, amid great rejoicing, and after repeated salutes from rifles, Emin Pasha himself walked into camp, accompanied by Captain Casati and Mr. Jephson, and one of the Pasha's officers. I shook hands with all, and asked which was Emin Pasha? Then one rather small, slight figure, wearing glasses, arrested my attention by saying in excellent English, "I owe you a thousand thanks, Mr. Stanley; I really do not know how to express my thanks to you."

"Ah, you are Emin Pasha. Do not mention thanks, but come in and sit down. It is so dark out here we cannot see one another."

At the door of the tent we sat, and a wax candle threw light upon the scene. I expected to see a tall, thin, military-looking figure, in faded Egyptian uniform, but instead of it I saw a small spare figure in a well-kept fez and a clean suit of snowy cotton drilling, well-ironed and of perfect fit. A dark grizzled beard bordered a face of a Magyar cast, though a pair of spectacles lent it somewhat an Italian or Spanish appearance. There was not a trace on it of ill-health or anxiety; it rather



EMIN AND CASATI ARRIVE AT OUR LAKE SHORE CAMP.



indicated good condition of body and peace of mind. Captain Casati, on the other hand, though younger in years, looked gaunt, care-worn, anxious, and aged. He likewise was dressed in clean cottons, with an Egyptian fez for a head-covering.

Brief summaries of our incidents of travel, events in Europe, occurrences in the Equatorial Provinces, and matters personal, occupied the best part of two hours, after which, to terminate the happy meeting, five half-pint bottles of champagne—a present from my friend Greshoff, of Stanley Pool—were uncorked and duly drunk to the continued good health of Emin Pasha and Captain Casati.*

The party were conducted to the boat, which conveyed them to the steamer.

April 30th.—Marched Expedition to Nsabé, a fine dry grassy spot, fifty yards from Lake and about three miles from Nyamsassi Island. As we passed the anchorage of the steamer *Khedive*, we found a detachment of the Pasha's Soudanese drawn up on the Lake shore on parade to salute us with music. The Pasha was dressed in his uniform coat, and appeared more of a military man than last night.

Our Zanzibaris, by the side of these upright figures, seemed altogether a beggarly troop, and more naked than ever. But I was not ashamed of them. It was by their aid, mean as they appeared, that we had triumphed over countless difficulties, and though they did not understand drill, nor could assume a martial pose, the best of these Soudanese soldiers were but children to them for the needs of a Relief Expedition. After this little ceremony was over I delivered to the Pasha thirty-one cases of Remington ammunition, and I went aboard the steamer, where I breakfasted on millet cake fried in syrup, and a glass of new milk.

The steamer proved to be the *Khedive*, built by Samuda Brothers in 1869, and is about ninety feet long by seventeen or eighteen feet wide; draught five feet. Though nearly twenty years old, she is still serviceable, though slow. The upper works look well enough, but she is much patched below water, I am told.

On board, besides the Pasha, were Casati, Vita Hassan, a Tunisian apothecary, some Egyptian clerks, an Egyptian lieutenant, and some forty Soudanese soldiers, besides a fine crew. Sometimes, from the familiar sounds heard during moments of abstraction, I fancied myself at Alexandria or on the Lower Congo; but, looking up, and taking a sweeping view around, I became assured that I was on board of a steamer afloat on Lake Albert. As we move slowly about a mile and a half from the shore northward, the lofty mass of the plateau of Unyoro is to our right, and to our left is an equally formidable plateau wall, the ascents and descents of which we know so well. By a glance at the mass of Unyoro, which is darkly blue, I see the reason Baker gave the name of Blue Mountains to our plateau wall, for were we steaming along the Unyoro shore the warm vapour would tint our plateau wall of similar colour. When we have left Nyamsassi Island astern, a damp sheet of rock, wetted by the stream we crossed yesterday in our descent, glistens

* The following entries must be read while bearing in mind that thirty-five days previously the Pasha had written to the Editor of Petermann's 'Mittheilungen' a letter, which he concluded with the significant words, "If Stanley does not come soon, we are lost."

in the sun like a mirror, and makes it resemble a clear falling sheet of water. Hence Baker gave it the name of a Cascade, as seen by him from the eastern side.

Dr. Junker and Dr. Felkin, especially in the *Graphic* numbers of January, 1887, made us expect a nervous, wiry, tall man of six feet, or thereabouts, but in reality Emin Pasha does not exceed 5 feet 7 inches in height. I remember that the former was anxious that the trousers ordered in Cairo for his friend should be long enough in the extremities. About six inches were cut off the legs before they fitted. He tells me he is forty-eight years old. In appearance he does not indicate such an age; his beard is dark almost to blackness, while his activity would befit a man of thirty or thirty-five.

The Pasha tells me that he has visited Monbattu, but, like the travellers Schweinfürth, Casati, Piaggia, and Junker, he has not made any astronomical observations, but confined himself solely to the compass survey. The meteorology of this climate, however, has received greater attention, as might be expected from his methodical habitude of mind.

About noon we anchored off Nsabé, and I went ashore to bestir the men to make a respectable camp suitable for a protracted halt in a country that we might well call dangerous owing to the proximity of Kabba Rega. That king, having thrown down the gage of battle to Emin Pasha, might fancy himself strong enough, with his 1,500 rifles, to test our strength; or the Waganda, during their raids, might hear of our vicinity and be tempted by expected booty to make a visit to us.

This evening Emin Pasha came ashore, and we had a lengthy conversation, but after all I am unable to gather in the least what his intentions may be. I have delivered to him his mails, the Khedive's "High Order," and Nubar Pasha's letter.

I had an idea that I might have to wait about two weeks, when we would all march to the plateau and occupy a suitable spot in Undussuma, where, after seeing everything done for complete security and comfort, I could leave him, to return to the assistance of the Rear Column. On being reunited we could resume our march within a few days for Zanzibar; but the Pasha's manner is ominous. When I propose a return to the sea to him, he has the habit of tapping his knee, and smiling in a kind of "We shall see" manner. It is evident he finds it difficult to renounce his position in a country where he has performed viceregal functions.

After laying before him at some length the reasons of the abandonment of the Equatorial Provinces by Egypt, he replied, "I see clearly the difficulty Egypt is in as regards retention of these provinces, but I do not see so clearly my way of returning. The Khedive has written to me that the pay of myself, officers and men will be settled by the Paymaster General if we return to Egypt, but if we stay here we do so at our own risk and on our own responsibility, and that we cannot expect further aid from Egypt. Nubar Pasha has written to me a longer letter, but to the same effect. Now, I do not call these instructions. They do not tell me that I must quit, but they leave me a free agent."

"Well, I will supplement these letters with my own positive knowledge, if you will permit me, as the Khedive and Nubar Pasha are not here to answer for themselves. Dr. Juuker arrived in Egypt telling the world that you were in great distress for want of ammunition, but that you had a sufficient quantity to defend your position for a year or perhaps

eighteen months, providing no determined attack was made on you, and you were not called upon to make a prolonged resistance; that you had defended the Equatorial Provinces so far successfully; that you would continue to do so to the utmost of your ability, until you should receive orders from your Government to do otherwise; that you loved the country and people greatly; that the country was in a prosperous state—quiet and contented—possessed of almost everything required to maintain it in this happy condition; that you would not like to see all your work thrown away, but that you would much prefer that Egypt should retain these Provinces, or failing Egypt, some European Power able and willing to continue your work. Did Dr. Junker report you correctly, Pasha?"

"Yes, he did."

"Well, then, the first idea that occurred to the minds of the Egyptian officials upon hearing Dr. Junker's report was, that no matter what instructions you received, you would be disinclined to leave your provinces, therefore the Khedive says that if you remain here, you do so upon your own responsibility, and at your own risk, and you are not to expect further aid from Egypt."

"Our instructions are to carry a certain quantity of ammunition to you, and say to you, upon your obtaining it, 'Now we are ready to guide and assist you out of Africa, if you are willing to accompany us, and we shall be delighted to have the pleasure of your company; but if you decline going, our mission is ended.'"

"Let us suppose the latter, that you prefer remaining in Africa. Well, you are still young, only forty-eight; your constitution is still good. Let us say you will feel the same vigour for five, ten, even fifteen years longer; but the infirmities of age will creep on you, and your strength will fade away. Then you will begin to look doubtfully upon the future prospect, and mayhap suddenly resolve to retire before it is too late. Some route will be chosen—the Monbuttu route, for instance—to the sea. Say that you reach the Congo, and are nearing civilization; how will you maintain your people, for food must then be bought for money or goods? And supposing you reach the sea, what will you do then? Who will assist you to convey your people to their homes? You rejected Egypt's help when it was offered to you, and, to quote the words of the Khedive, 'You are not to expect further aid from Egypt.'"

"If you stay here during life, what becomes of the Provinces afterwards? Your men will fight among themselves for supremacy, and involve all in one common ruin. These are grave questions, not to be hastily answered. If your Provinces were situated within reasonable reach of the sea, whence you could be furnished with means to maintain your position, I should be one of the last to advise you to accept the Khedive's offer, and should be most active in assisting you with suggestions as to the means of maintenance; but here, surrounded as this lake is by powerful kings and warlike peoples on all sides, by such a vast forest on the west, and by the fanatic followers of the Mahdi on the north, were I in your place I would not hesitate one moment what to do."

"What you say is quite true," replied the Pasha, "but we have such a large number of women and children, probably 10,000 people altogether! How can they all be brought out of here? We shall want a great many carriers."

"Carriers for what?"

"For the women and children. You surely would not leave them, and they cannot travel."

"The women must walk; for such children as cannot walk, they will be carried on donkeys, of which you say you have many. Your people cannot travel far during the first month; but little by little they will get accustomed to it. Our women on my second expedition crossed Africa; your women, after a little while, will do quite as well."

"They will require a vast amount of provisions for the road."

"Well, you have a large number of cattle, some hundreds, I believe. Those will furnish beef. The countries through which we pass must furnish grain and vegetable food. And when we come to countries that will accept pay for food, we have means to pay for it, and at Msalala we have another stock of goods ready for the journey to the coast."

"Well, well. We will defer further talk of it till to-morrow."

May 1st.—Halt at Nsabé.

About 11 A.M. Emin Pasha came ashore, and upon being seated we resumed in a short time our conversation of last evening.

"What you told me last night," began the Pasha, "has led me to think that it is best we should retire from Africa. The Egyptians are very willing to go I know. There are about fifty men of them, besides women and children. Of those there is no doubt, and even if I stayed here I should be glad to be rid of them, because they undermine my authority, and nullify all my endeavours for retreat. When I informed them that Khartoum had fallen and Gordon Pasha was slain they always told the Nubians that the story was concocted by me, and that some day we should see the steamers ascend the river for their relief. But of the Regulars, who compose two battalions, I am extremely doubtful. They have led such a free and happy life here, that they would demur at leaving a country where they enjoy luxuries such as they cannot hope for in Egypt. They are married, and besides, each soldier has his harem; most of the Irregulars would doubtless retire and follow me. Now supposing the Regulars refused to leave, you can imagine my position would be a difficult one. Would I be right in leaving them to their fate? Would it not be consigning them all to ruin? I should have to leave them their arms and ammunition, and on my retiring all recognized authority and discipline would be at an end. There would presently rise disputes and factions would be formed. The more ambitious would aspire to be chiefs by force, and from rivalries would spring hate and mutual slaughter, involving all in one common fate."

"It is a terrible picture you have drawn, Pasha," I said. "Nevertheless, bred as I have been to obey orders, no matter what may happen to others, the line of your duty, as a faithful officer to the Khedive, seems to me to be clear."

"All you have to do, according to my idea, is to read the Khedive's letter to your troops, and ask those willing to depart with you to stand on one side, and those preferring to remain to stand on the other, and prepare the first for immediate departure, while to the latter you can leave what ammunition and guns you can spare. If those who remain number three-fourths or four-fifths of your force, it does not at all matter to any one what becomes of them, for it is their own choice, nor does it absolve you personally from the line of conduct duty to the Khedive directs."

"That is very true," replied the Pasha; "but supposing the men surround me and detain me by force?"

"That is unlikely, I should think, from the state of discipline I see among your men; but of course you know your own men best."

"Well, I shall send the steamer down to-morrow with the Khedive's letter, and you would oblige me greatly if you would allow one of your officers to go and show himself to the troops at Dufflé. Let him speak to the men himself, and say that he has come from the representative of the Government, who has been specially sent by the Khedive to bring them out, and perhaps when they have seen him, and talked with your Soudanese, they will be willing to depart with us. If the people go, I go; if they stay, I stay."

"Now supposing you resolve to stay, what of the Egyptians?"

"Oh, those I shall have to ask you to take charge of."

"Now will you be good enough to ask Captain Casati if we are to have the pleasure of his company to the coast, for we have been instructed to lend him every assistance in our power?"

Captain Casati answered through Emin Pasha.

"If the Governor Emin goes, I go; if he stays, I stay."

"Well, I see, Pasha, that in the event of your staying your responsibilities will be great, for you involve Captain Casati in your own fate."

(A laugh), and the sentence was translated to Casati, and the gallant Captain at once replied,—

"Oh, I absolve Emin Pasha from all responsibility connected with me, for I am governed by my own choice entirely."

"May I suggest then, Pasha, if you elect to remain here, that you make your will?"

"Will! What for?"

"To dispose of your pay of course, which must by this time be considerable. Eight years I believe you said? Or perhaps you meditate leaving it to Nubar Pasha?"

"I give Nubar Pasha my love. Pho! There can be only about two thousand and odd pounds due. What is such a sum to a man about to be shelved? I am now forty-eight and one of my eyes is utterly gone. When I get to Egypt they will give me some fine words and bow me out. And all I have to do is to seek out some corner of Cairo or Stamboul for a final resting-place. A fine prospect truly!"

In the afternoon Emin Pasha came again to my tent, and during our conversation he said that he had resolved to leave Africa—"if his people were willing; if not, he would stay with them."

I learned also that the Egyptians were only too willing to leave for their mother-land, and that there were about sixty-five of them. That the first battalion of Regulars numbered a little over 650, and that the second battalion amounted to nearly 800. That he had about 750 Remington rifles, and that the rest were armed with percussion muskets.

May 2nd.—The *Khedive* steamer left this morning for the northward, first to Mswa Station, thence to Tunguru, fourteen and a half hours' steaming from hence; two days later she will sail for Wadelai, the third day for Dufflé. She carries letters from the Pasha to bring up sixty or seventy soldiers, a Major, and as many carriers as can be mustered. She will probably be fourteen days absent. In the meantime we await here her return.

I omitted to state before that the Pasha brought with him, according to my letter, a few bullocks and milch cows, about forty sheep and goats, and as many fowls, besides several thousand pounds of grain, as rations to subsist the Expedition pending the time we should remain on the Nyanza, as the shore in the neighbourhood of Nsabé is entirely destitute of food except what may be obtained by hunting. With care we have quite three weeks' provisions on hand.

Meanwhile the Pasha remains here with Captain Casati and about twenty soldiers, and is camped about 300 yards south of us. He and his people are comfortably hutted. There is every prospect of a perfect rest free from anxiety for some two weeks, while myself and officers will have the society of a most amiable and accomplished man in the Pasha. Casati does not understand English, and his French is worse than my own, so I am excluded from conversing with him. I learn from the Pasha, however, that Casati has had a difficult time of it in Unyoro. Until December last, things progressed tolerably well with him. Residing in Unyoro as Emin Pasha's Agent, he was the means of forwarding the Pasha's letter to Uganda, and transmitting such packets of letters, books, medicines, etc., that Mr. Mackay, Church Missionary Agent, could spare.

Then from Uganda there came suddenly news to Kabba Rega of our Expedition, whose force rumour had augmented to thousands of well-appointed soldiers, who intended to unite with the Pasha's force, and sweep through Unyoro and Uganda, devastating every land; and presently a packet of letters for myself and officers was put in Kabba Rega's hands, confirming in a measure the truth of this report. An officer was sent to Casati's house, and the Wanyoro pillaged him of every article, and bound him and his servants to a tree, besides treating him personally with every mark of indignity. Mohammed Biri, an Arab, who had been mainly the medium of communication between Casati and Mr. Mackay, was, I am told, treated in a worse fashion—probably executed as a spy and traitor. Captain Casati and his personal servants, after a while, were led out from Unyoro by Kabba Rega's officials, and when beyond the frontier were tied to trees again in a nude state. By some means, however, they managed to untie themselves and escape to the neighbourhood of the Lake, where one of the servants discovered a canoe and set out for the western shore across the Lake to Tunguru to obtain help from Emin Pasha. One of the Pasha's steamers came across the daring fellow, and the captain on hearing the news, after supplying his vessel with fuel, steamed away to acquaint the Pasha. In a few hours the *Khedive* steamer was under way, commanded by the Governor in person, who had a detachment of soldiers with him. After searching for some time the eastern shore, as directed by Casati's servant, the steamer was hailed from shore by Casati, who in a few moments found himself safe in the arms of his friend. Some soldiers were sent on shore, and Kibero was burnt in retaliation for the injuries done to his agent. Of course, Casati, having been turned out naked into the wilderness, lost all his personal property, journals and memoirs, and with these our letters.

The Captain placed a way-bill in my hand, wherein I learn that postal carriers left Zanzibar on the 27th of July, just one month after we had left Yambuya, so that our letters were duly received at Msalala on the 11th of September, and arrived at the Church Missionary Station in Uganda, November 1st; and that Captain Casati received six packets of letters on

the 1st of December, just twelve days before we arrived on the western shore of the Nyanza. As he was expelled on the 13th of February, 1888, according to his account our mails seem to have long lain on his hands, probably no means having been presented of sending them to the Pasha.

This morning Three-o'Clock (Saat Tato) the hunter set out to shoot game for the camp, accompanied by a few young fellows anxious to participate in the sport. Two buffaloes fell victims to the hunter's unerring aim, but a third one, wounded only in the leg, according to the cunning instinct of the beast, rushed away, and making a circle hid himself in some branchy acacias to await his opponent. Mabruki, the son of Kassin, thought he knew the art of buffalo hunting, and set out on the tracks of the wounded animal. The buffalo, on the alert, no sooner discovered his enemy, than uttering a hoarse bellow charged and tossed him, one of his horns entering the thigh of the unhappy man. While thus prostrate, he was pounded with the head, gored in the side, arms, and ripped in the body, until Saat Tato, hearing the screams, rushed to the rescue when almost too late, and planting a shot in the buffalo's head, rolled him over, dead. A young man hurried to camp to acquaint us with the sad accident. "Three-o'Clock" set out again, and shot four fine buck roan antelope. While Mabruki was being borne, shockingly mangled, in a cot to our camp, a strong detachment of men were bearing the remains of three buffaloes, and four roan antelopes to serve as provisions for a people already gorged with beef and grain, but, strange to say, there was as much eager clamour and loud demand for their due share as if the men were famished.

On the night of April 30th a strong gale blew nearly all night, and the Pasha signalled to the *Khedive* to drop two anchors. As there was good holding-ground the steamer rode the gale safely. Since then we have had several strong squalls accompanied with the rain day and night.

May 3rd.—Nsabé Camp.

Kavalli's people, like good subjects to their absent prince, came to visit him to-day, bringing with them ten baskets of potatoes, which were kindly distributed between us and Emin Pasha.

During a long conversation this afternoon Emin Pasha stated, "I feel convinced that my people will never go to Egypt. But Mr. Jephson and the Soudanese whom you are kind enough to leave with me will have an opportunity to see and hear for themselves. And I would wish you would write out a proclamation or message which may be read to the soldiers, in which you will state what your instructions are, and say that you await their declaration. From what I know of them I feel sure they will never go to Egypt. The Egyptians, of course, will go, but they are few in number, and certainly of no use to me or to any one else."

This has been the most definite answer I have received yet. I have been awaiting a positive declaration of this kind before venturing upon any further proposition to him. Now, to fulfil my promise to various parties, though they appear somewhat conflicting, I have two other propositions to make. My first duty is to the Khedive, of course; and I should be glad to find the Pasha conformable, as an obedient officer who kept his post so gallantly until ordered to withdraw. By this course he would realise the ideal Governor his letters created in my mind. Nevertheless, he has but to speak positively to induce me to assist him in any way to the best of my power.

"Very well," I said; "and now pray listen, Pasha, to two other

propositions I have the honour of making to you from parties who would be glad to avail themselves of your services. Added to that which comes from His Highness the Khedive, these two will make three, and I would suggest that, as there appears to be abundant time before you, that you examine each on its merits and elect for yourself.

"Let me repeat them. The first proposition is that you still continue to be an obedient soldier and accompany me to Egypt. On arrival, yourself, your officers and men, will receive your pay up to date. Whether you will be employed by the Government in active service I do not know; I should think you would. Officers of your kind are rare, and Egypt has a frontier where such services as you could render would be valuable. In answer to this proposition you, however, say that you feel convinced your men will not depart from here, and that in the event of a declaration to that effect being given by them that you will remain with them.

"Now, my second proposition to you comes from Leopold, King of the Belgians. He has requested me to inform you that in order to prevent the lapse of the Equatorial Provinces to barbarism, and provided they can yield a reasonable revenue, the Congo State might undertake the government of them if it could be done by an expenditure of about £10,000 or £12,000 per annum; and further, that His Majesty King Leopold was willing to pay a sufficient salary to you—£1,500 as Governor, with the rank of General—in the belief that such employment agrees with your own inclination. Your duty would be to keep open the communications between the Nile and Congo, and to maintain law and order in the Equatorial Provinces.

"My third proposition is: If you are convinced that your people will positively decline the Khedive's offer to return to Egypt, that you accompany me with such soldiers as are loyal to you to the north-east corner of Victoria Nyanza, and permit me to establish you there in the name of the East African Association. We will assist you to build your fort in a locality suitable to the aims of such an association, leave our boat and such things as would be necessary for your purpose with you, and then hasten home across the Masai Land, lay the matter before the East African Association, and obtain its sanction for the act, as well as its assistance to establish you permanently in Africa. I must explain to you that I have no authority to make this last proposition, that it issues from my own goodwill to you, and with an earnest desire to save you and your men from the consequences of your determination to remain here. But I feel assured that I can obtain its hearty approval and co-operation, and that the Association will readily appreciate the value of a trained battalion or two in their new acquisition, and the services of such an administrator as yourself.

"Pray, grant me a patient hearing for a moment or two while I explain definitely to you your position here. The whole system of Egyptian extension up to the Albert Nyanza was wrong. In theory it was beautiful, and it was natural. What more natural than that the Government established at the mouth of a river should desire to extend its authority up along the banks to its source, and such a source as the Nile has. Unhappily, however, it was an Egyptian Government, which, however honest in its intentions, could only depend upon officials of the lowest moral quality and mental calibre. It is true the chief official in these regions has been a Baker, or a Gordon, or an Emin, but all the

subordinates were Egyptians or Turks. As you multiplied your stations and increased your posts, you lessened your own influence. While in the centre of your orbit there might be a semblance of government, the outer circles remained under the influences of Turkish and Egyptian officers of some Cairene Pasha, or Bey, or Effendi, whose conduct was licentious and capricious. By military force the country was taken and occupied, and by force the occupation has been maintained ever since. A recognized Government, even if it be that of Egypt, has a legal and moral right to extend its authority and enlarge its domain. If it executes its will effectively, so much the better. Civilization will be benefited, and all peoples are better under a constituted Government than under none. But was there an effective Government? As far as Lado and Gondokoro, near the White Nile Cataracts, it was tolerable, I admit. Steamers could steam from Berber as far as Lado, and the chief official could superintend such sub-governments as were established, but when, before making roads or preparing and ensuring the means of communication, the Egyptian Government approved the acts of expansion undertaken over the immense, trackless, inaccessible area of the extreme Soudan, it invited the catastrophe that happened. When Mohammed Achmet fired the combustible material that the extortionate subordinates had gathered, the means for extinguishing the flames were scattered over an area of about 500,000 square miles. The Governor-General was slain, his capital taken; one province after another fell; and their governors and soldiery, isolated and far apart, capitulated; and you, the last of these, only saved yourself and men by retreating from Lado. Expanded on the same system, and governed only by the presence of the military, these former Egyptian acquisitions, if retaken, would invite a similar fate. If the military occupation were effective, and each sub-government cohered to the other, the collapse of the Government need not be feared; but it can never be effective under Egypt. Neither her revenues nor her population can afford it. In the absence of this, only self-interest of the peoples governed can link these distant territories to the Government of Egypt; and this is an element which seems never to have been considered by those responsible for this sudden overgrowth of Cairene empire. When has this self-interest of the people been cultivated or fostered? The captains marched their soldiery to a native territory, raised a flag-staff, and hoisted the red banner with the crescent, and then with a salute of musketry declared the described district around formally annexed to Egypt. Proclamations were issued to all concerned, that henceforth the ivory trade was a monopoly of the Government; and in consequence, such traders as were in the land were deprived of their livelihood. When, to compensate themselves for the loss of profit incurred by these measures, the traders turned their attention to slaves, another proclamation crushed their enterprise in that traffic also. A large number of the aborigines derived profit from the sale of ivory to the traders, others had large interests in the capture and sale of slaves, while the traders themselves, having invested their capital in these enterprises, discovered themselves absolutely ruined, both money and occupation gone. Remember, I am only considering the policy. Thus there were left in the Soudan hundreds of armed caravans, and each caravan numbered from a score to hundreds of rifles. When Mohammed Achmet raised the standard of revolt he had some advantages to offer to the leaders of these caravans made desperate by their losses. What had

the Government officials to offer? Nothing. Consequently all vestiges of the Government that had been so harsh, so arbitrary, and unwise, were swept away like chaff. It was to the interest of traders to oppose themselves to the Government, and to endeavour to restore a state of things which, though highly immoral as considered by us, to them meant profit, and, what is more, relief from oppression.

"Now consider the Congo State, which has extended itself much more rapidly than Egyptian authority was extended in the Soudan. Not a shot has been fired, no violence has been offered to either native or trader, not a tax has been levied, except at the seaport where the trader embarks his exports. Native chiefs voluntarily offered their territories, and united under the blue flag with the golden star. Why? Because there were many advantages to be derived from the strangers living among them. First, they were protected against their stronger neighbours, every eatable they could raise and sell brought its full value to them of such clothing and other necessities they needed. Whatever trade they had—ivory, rubber, palm-oil, or kernels—was free and untaxed, and their native customs, or domestic matters, were not interfered with. It was founded without violence, and subsists without violence; when, however, the Congo State initiates another policy, taxes their trade, lays hands upon the ivory as a Government monopoly, meddles with their domestic institutions, absorbs tyrannically all the profits of the European trader, before it is firmly established on the soil, and gathered about its stations sufficient physical force to enable it to do so with impunity, the Congo State will collapse just as disastrously and as suddenly as was the case with Egyptian authority in the Soudan. The disaster that occurred at Stanley Falls station is an indication of what may be expected.

"Now every man who reflects at all will see that these Provinces of yours can never be reoccupied by Egypt while Egypt is governed by Egyptian officials. Egypt cannot afford the sums necessary to maintain an effective occupation over a territory so remote. They are too distant from Wadi Halfa, the present true limit of her territory. When she connects Wadi Halfa with Berber, or Khartoum or Suakim with Berber by railway, Lado may be considered the extreme southern limit of her territory. When a railway connects Lado with Dufflé, the true limit of Egyptian authority will be the southern end of this Lake, provided always that the military force will be sufficient to maintain this mode of communication uninterrupted. When do you think all this will happen? During your lifetime?

"Who else, then, will be so quixotic as to cast a covetous eye on these Provinces? The King of the Belgians? Well, there is a stipulation connected with this proposal, and that is, if the Provinces can 'give a reasonable revenue.' You are the best judge of this matter, and whether £10,000 or £12,000 subsidy will suffice for the support of the Government of these Provinces. The revenue, whatever it may be, with this additional sum, must be sufficient to maintain about twenty stations between here and Yambuya, a distance of 650 miles or thereabouts; that is, to pay about 1,200 soldiers, about fifty or sixty officers, and a supreme Governor, furnish their equipments, the means of defence, and such transport force as may be necessary to unite the most distant part with the Congo.

"Failing the King of the Belgians, who else will undertake your support and maintenance, befitting your station and necessity? There

are enough kind-hearted people in this world possessed of sufficient superfluous means to equip an Expedition once, say, every three years. But this is only a temporary expedient for mere subsistence, and it scarcely responds to your wishes. What then? I await your answer, Pasha, again begging to be excused for being so talkative."

"I thank you very much, Mr. Stanley, I do assure you, from my heart. If I fail to express my gratitude, it is because language is insufficient. But I feel your kindness deeply, I assure you, and will answer you frankly."

"Now, to the first proposition you have made me, I have already given my answer."

"To the second I would say that, first of all, my duty is to Egypt. While I am here, the Provinces belong to Egypt, and remain her property until I retire. When I depart they become 'no man's land.' I cannot strike my flag in such a manner, and change the red for the blue. I have served the first for thirty years; the latter I never saw. Besides, may I ask you if, with your recent experience, you think it likely that communication could be kept open at reasonable cost?"

"Undoubtedly not at first. Our experiences have been too terrible to forget them soon; but we shall return to Yambuya for the Rear Column, I anticipate, with much less suffering. The pioneer suffers most. Those who follow us will profit by what we have learned."

"That may be, but we shall be at least two years before any news can reach us. No, I do not think that proposition, with all due gratitude to His Majesty King Leopold, can be entertained, and therefore let us turn to the last proposition."

"I do not think that my people would object to accompanying me to the Victoria Nyanza, as their objection, so far as I know, only applies to going to Egypt. Assuming that the people are willing, I admire the project very much. It is the best solution of the difficulty, and by far the most reasonable. For consider that three-fourths of the 8,000 people are women, children, and young slaves. What would the Government do with such a mass of people? Would it feed them? Then think of the difficulty of travel with such an army of helpless people. I cannot take upon myself the responsibility of leading such a host of tender-footed people to die on the road. The journey to the Victoria is possible. It is comparatively short. Yes, by far the last proposition is the most feasible."

"There is no hurry, since you are to await the arrival of the Rear Column. Turn the matter over in your mind while I go to bring the Major up. You have certainly some weeks before you to consider the question thoroughly."

I then showed him the printed Foreign Office despatches furnished to me by order of Lord Iddesleigh. Among these was a copy of his letter to Sir John Kirk, wherein he offered the Province in 1886 to England, and stated that he would be most happy to surrender the Province to the British Government, or, in fact, any Power that would undertake to maintain the Province.

"Ah," said the Pasha, "they should never have published this letter. It was private. What will the Egyptian Government think of my conduct in venturing to treat of such a matter?"

"I cannot see the harm," I replied; "the Egyptian Government declares its inability to keep the Province, the British Government will have nothing to do with it, and I do not know of any company or body

of men who would undertake the maintenance of what I regard, under all the circumstances, as a useless possession. In my opinion it is just 500 miles too far inland to be of any value, unless Uganda and Unyoro have been first brought under law; that is, if you persist in declining King Leopold's offer. If you absolutely decline to serve the King of the Belgians, and you are resolved to stay in Africa, you must trust in my promise to get a British Company to employ you and your troops, which probably has by this time been chartered with the purpose of constituting a British possession in East Africa."

CHAPTER XVI.

WITH THE PASHA (*continued*).

May 4th.—Mswa, I am told, is 9 hours' distance from Nsabé camp by steamer, thence to Tunguru is 5 hours, and to Wadelai 18 hours. The other fortified stations are named Fabbo, east of Nile; Dufflé, end of navigation; Horiyu, Laboré, Muggi, Kirri, Bedden, Rejaf, and three or four small stations inland, west of the Nile.

He has spoken in a more hopeful tone to-day of the prospects of returning from the shores of the Albert, the Victoria Lake region appearing even more attractive than at first. But there is something about it all that I cannot fathom.

May 6th.—Halt at Nsabé.

Another storm broke out to-day, commencing at 8 A.M., blowing from the north-east. The previous gales were south-easters, veering to east. Looking toward the steep slope of the plateau walls east and west of us, we saw it shrouded in mist and vapour, and rain-clouds, ominous of tempests. The whole face of the Nyanza was foam, spray, and white rollers, which, as they approached the shore, we saw were separated by great troughs, very dangerous to any small craft that might be overtaken by the storm.

May 7th.—Halt at Nsabé.

While at dinner with me this evening, the Pasha informed me that Casati had expressed himself very strongly against the route proposed to be taken, *viâ* Usongora, south, and advised the Pasha to take the Monbuttu route to the Congo. From which I conclude that the Pasha has been speaking to Casati about going home. Has he then altered his mind about the Victoria?

May 8th.—Halt at Nsabé.

Each day has its storm of wind and rain, loud thunder-claps, preceded by a play of lightning flashes, most beautiful, but terrible.

Discovered a nest of young crocodiles, thirty-seven in number, having just issued from their egg-homes. By-the-bye, to those unacquainted with the fact, a crocodile has five claws on the fore feet, and only four claws on the hinder. It has been stated that a crocodile raises the upper jaw to devour, whereas the fact is it depresses the lower jaw like other animals.

May 9th, 10th.—Halt at Nsabé.

May 11th.—Food supply is getting low. Five men have wandered off

in search of something, and have not returned since yesterday. I hope we are not going to be demoralized again.

Mr. Jephson is suffering from a bilious attack.

Lake Ibrahim, or Gita Nziye according to the Pasha, is only an expansion of the Victoria Nile, similar to that below Wadelai and Lake Albert, the Upper Congo, and Stanley Pool. Consequently it has numerous channels, separated by lines of islets and sand-bars. Both Gordon and Emin Pasha have travelled by land along its right bank.

At 9 P.M. I received dismal intelligence. Four men, whom I observed playing on the sandy shore of the lake at 4 o'clock, suddenly took it into their heads to make a raid on some Balegga villages at the foot of the plateau N.N.W. from here. They were surrounded by the natives, and two of them seemed to have been killed, while the other two, who escaped, show severe wounds.

May 12th.—Halt at Nsabé.

This morning sent Doctor Parke with forty-five rifles to hunt up the two missing men. One of them came in at 9 A.M., after a night spent in the wilderness. He has a deep gash in the back from a spear that had been hurled at him. Fortunately it did not penetrate the vital parts. He tells me he was exchanging meat for flour when he heard rifle-shots ahead, and at once there was general alarm. The natives fled one way and he fled another, but presently found himself pursued, and received a spear-wound in the back. He managed to outrun the pursuer, until in the deep grass of a watercourse he managed to hide while a number of natives were searching for him. He lay there all night, and when the sun was up, lifted his head to take a look round, and seeing no one, made his way to the camp.

I am never quite satisfied as to the manner of these accidents, whether the natives or the Zanzibaris are the aggressors. The latter relate with exceeding plausibility their version of the matter, but they are such adepts in the art of lying that I am frequently bewildered. The extraction of the truth in this instance seems to be so hopeless that I tell them I judge of the matter thus :

“ You Zanzibaris, so long as you receive five or six pounds of flour and as many pounds of meat daily, become so lazy, you would not go to the steamer for more to provide rations while she would be absent. She has been gone now several days, your rations are nearly exhausted, of course, for who can supply you with as much meat as you can waste, and you left camp without permission, to steal from the Balegga. There was quite a party of you, I hear, and most of you, on seeing the village fairly crowded with natives, were more prudent than others, and traded a little meat for flour, but your bolder companions passed on, and began to loot fowls. The natives resented this, shot their arrows at the thieves, who fired in return, and there was a general flight. One of your number has been killed. I have lost a rifle, and three more of you have been wounded, and will be unfit for work for a long time. That is the truth of the matter, and therefore I shall give you no medicines. Cure your own wounds if you can, and you three fellows, if you recover, shall pay me for my rifle.

May 13th.—Halt at Nsabé.

The doctor returned from his quest of the missing without further incident than burning two small villages and firing a few shots at distant parties. He was unable to recover the body of the Zanzibari, or his

Winchester rifle. Where he fell was marked with a good deal of blood, and it is probable that he wounded some of his foes.

A real tornado blew last night. Inky clouds gathering to the S.E.E. and N.E. prepared us somewhat for a wet night, but not for the fearful volume of wind which pressed on us with such solid force as to wreck camp and lay low the tents. The sound, as it approached, resembled that which we might expect from the rupture of a dam or the rush from a collapsed reservoir. The rain, swept by such a powerful force, pierced everywhere. No precaution that we had been taught by past experience of this Nyanza weather availed us against the searching, penetrative power of the rain and its fine spray. From under the huts and tents, and along the ridge poles, through close-shut windows, ventilators, and doors, the tornado drove the rain in until we were deluged. To contend against such power of wind and water in a pitchy darkness in the midst of a deafening uproar was so hopeless a task that our only refuge was to bear it in silence and with closed lips. Daylight revealed a placid lake, a ragged sky, plateau tops buried in masses of vapour, a wrecked camp, prostrate tents, and soaking furniture. So terrible was the roar of the surf that we should have wished to have viewed the careering rollers and tempestuous face of the Lake by daylight. It is to be hoped that the old *Khudive* was safely harboured, otherwise she must have foundered.

May 14th.—Halt at Nsabé.

The steamer *Khediye* arrived this afternoon, bringing in a supply of millet grain and a few milch cows. The Pasha came up smiling with welcome gifts for each of us. To me he gave a pair of stout walking-shoes in exchange for a smaller pair of boots to be given him on my return with the Rear Column. Mr. Jephson was made happy with a shirt, a singlet, and a pair of drawers; while Dr. Parker, whose grand kit had been stolen by an absconding Zanzibari, received a blue jersey, a singlet, and a pair of drawers. Each of us also received a pot of honey, some bananas, oranges, and water-melons, onions, and salt. I also received a pound of "Honeydew Tobacco" and a bottle of pickles.

These gifts, such as clothes, that our officers have received from Emin Pasha, reveal that he was not in the extreme distress we had imagined, and that there was no necessity for the advance to have pressed forward so hurriedly.* We left all our comforts and reserves of clothing behind at Yambuya, that we might press on to the rescue of one whom we imagined was distressed not only for want of means of defence from enemies, but in want of clothing. Besides the double trip we have made to Lake Albert, I fear I shall have to travel far to go to the rescue of Major Barttelot and the Rear Column. God only knows where he is. He may not have left Yambuya yet, and if so we shall have 1,300 miles extra marching to perform. It is a terribly long march through a forbidding country, and I fear I shall lose many and many a good soul before it is ended. However, God's will be done.

He introduced to me to-day Selim Bey and Major Awash Effendi, and other officers. I had suggested to him two or three days ago that he could assist me greatly if he constructed a small station on Nyamsassi

* Yet, Emin Pasha wrote a letter on the 25th of March, 1888, to the Editor of Petermann's Magazine, fifty days previously, which he concluded with the words, "If Stanley does not come soon, we are lost."

Island, where we would be sure to have easy communication with his people, on which he also could store a reserve of corn ready for the arrival of the united Expedition, and he readily promised me. But I confess to experiencing some wonder to-day when he turned to Awash Effendi, the Major, and said, rather pleadingly, I thought, "Now promise me before Mr. Stanley that you will give me forty men to build this station, which Mr. Stanley so much desires." There is something about this that I do not understand. It is certainly not like my ideal Governor, Vice-King, and leader of men, to talk in that strain to subordinates.

Had another conversation with Emin Pasha to-day, from which I feel convinced that we shall not only have to march to the Albert Nyanza again, but that we shall have to wait afterwards at least two months before he can get his people together. Instead of setting to work during our absence to collect his people and prepare for the journey, it is proposed to wait until my return with the Rear Column, when it is expected I shall go as far as Dufflé to persuade the people to follow me. He still feels assured his people will not go to Egypt, but may be induced to march as far as the Victoria Nyanza.

I asked him if the report was true that he had captured 13,000 head of cattle during an incursion to the western cattle-land.

"Oh, no; it is an exaggeration. A certain Bakhit Bey succeeded in taking 8,000 head during a raid he made in Makraka, during Raouf Pasha's Governor-Generalship; but he was severely censured for the act, as such wholesale raiding only tended to depopulate a country. That has been the greatest number of cattle obtained at one time. I have had occasion to order forays to be made to obtain food, but 1,600 head has been the greatest number we have ever succeeded in obtaining at one time. Other forays have resulted in bringing us 500, 800, and 1,200 head."

Both yesterday and to-day have been very pleasant. The temperature of air in shade, according to Fahrenheit, has been as follows:—

9 A.M.	Breeze from S.E.	86°
10.30 A.M.	"	"	88° 30"
1.30 P.M.	"	"	88° 30"
7 P.M.	"	"	76°
Midnight	"	"	73°
6 A.M.	"	"	73°
Compensated aneroid. Mean 2·350 feet above sea.							

May 18th.—Nsabé Camp.

The steamer *Khedive* departed this morning for Mswa Station and Tunguru, and probably for Wadelai, to hurry up a certain number of porters to replace our men lost by starvation in the wilderness. Captain Casati and Mons. Vita Hassan, the Tunisian apothecary, have sailed with her.

In order to keep my men occupied, I have begun cutting a straight road through the plain towards Badzwa village. When we take our departure hence we shall find our advantage in the shorter cut than by taking the roundabout path by Nyamsassi Island and the site of old Kavalli.

Fetteh, our interpreter, wounded in the stomach at the skirmish of Bessé, is now quite recovered, and is fast regaining his old weight.

Mabruki, the son of Kassim, so mangled by the buffalo the other day, is slowly improving.

The man wounded by a spear in the back during his foray into the villages of Lando, shows also signs of rapid recovery.

We live in hay-cock huts now, and may consider ourselves householders (according to Emin Pasha) of the Albert Nyanza Province.

May 17th.—Nsabé Camp.

Our road is now 2,360 paces long towards Badzwa village.

May 18th.—Nsabé Camp.

Our hunters, when receiving cartridges, insist on their being laid on the ground. Ill-luck would follow if the cartridges were delivered to them from the hand.

I have been instructing the Pasha in the use of the sextant the last two days preparatory to taking lessons in navigation. His only surveying instrument hitherto has been a prismatic compass, and as he has never been taught to discover its variation, it is probable that his surveys have been from magnetic bearings.

The son of Kassim, the victim to the fury of an angry buffalo, called me this morning to his bed-side, that I might register his last wishes respecting the wages due to him. His friend Maruf and adopted brother Sungoro are to be the legatees. Poor Mabruki desired to remember another friend, but the legatees *begged him not to fill the Master's book with names*. He was so dejected that I told him that the doctor had great faith that he would recover. "You are in no danger. Your wounds are very bad, but they are not mortal, and as the Pasha will take care of you in my absence, I shall find you a strong man when I return. Why do you grieve to-day?"

"Ah, it is because something tells me I shall never see the road again. See, is not my body a ruin?" Indeed he was a pitiable sight, right eye almost obscured, two ribs broken, right thigh and fork lacerated in the most dreadful manner.

The Chief Mbiassi of Kavalli departed homeward two days ago. Mpigwa, Chief of Nyamsassi, and his retinue left yesterday. Kyyan-kondo or Katonza, for he has two names, also went his way (which, by the way, is in the wilderness owing to a late visit of Kabba Rega's brigands), while Mazamboni's people after entertaining the Pasha and his officers with a farewell dance last night, took their leave this morning.

Three buffaloes and a water-buck were shot yesterday by two of our hunters.

The last four days and nights have given us better thoughts of this African land and Lake shore than we previously entertained. The weather has been somewhat warm, but the Lake breeze blowing light and soft, just strong enough to swing pendulous foliage, has been cooling and grateful. The nights have been more refreshing. In a sky of radiant brightness the moon has stood high above the plateau's crown, turning the Lake into a quivering silver plain, the Lake surf so blustering and restless, rolls in a slow and languid cadence on a grey shore of sand before the light breath of an eastern wind. As if to celebrate and honour this peaceful and restful life, the Zanzibaris and natives, who, last December were such furious foes, rival one another with song and chorus and strenuous dance to a late hour each night.

May 19th.—Nsabé Camp.

Our road towards Badzwa is now three and a third miles long. We have but to hoe up the grass along a line, and we have a beautiful path, with the almost imperceptible rise of 1 foot in 200.

May 20th.—Nsabé Camp.

Captured two small brown snakes of a slight coppery tint in my tent this morning.

May 21st.—Nsabé Camp.

The Pasha is now able to read the sextant very well. He has also made an advance towards finding index error; though he labours under the infirmity of short sight, he is quick and devoted to his intention of acquiring the art of observing by the instrument. At noon we took meridian altitude for practice. The observed altitude was $70^{\circ} 54' 40''$ at one-and-a-half miles distant, height of eye five feet. Index error to add $3' 15''$.

May 22nd.—Nsabé Camp.

The steamers *Khedive* and *Nyanza*, the latter towing a lighter,



THE STEAMERS "KHEDIVE" AND "NYANZA" ON LAKE ALBERT.

appeared to-day about 9 A.M., bringing 80 soldiers, with the Major and Adjutant of the 2nd Battalion, and 130 carriers of the Madi tribe. We received gifts of raki (ten-gallon demijohn, a kind of Russian vodka, from the Pasha's distillery), pomegranates, oranges, water-melons, and more onions, besides six sheep, four goats, and a couple of strong donkeys, one for myself and one for Doctor Parke. The *Nyanza* steamer is about 60 feet by 12. I propose leaving the Albert Lake for my journey in search of the Rear Column of the Expedition the day after to-morrow.

I leave with the Pasha, Mr. Mounteney Jephson, three Soudanese soldiers, and Binza, Doctor Junker's boy, besides the unhappy Mabruki. Of the baggage we carried here, exclusive of thirty-one cases Remingtons already delivered, I leave two boxes Winchesters, one box of brass rods, lamp, and sounding iron; also my steel boat *Advance*, with her equipments.

In accordance with the request of the Pasha, I have drawn up a message, which Mr. Jephson will read to the troops. It is as follows :—

SOLDIERS,—After many months of hard travel, I have at last reached the Nyanza. I have come expressly at the command of the Khedive Tewfik, to lead you out of here and show you the way home. For you must know that the River el Abiad is closed, that Khartoum is in the hands of the followers of Mohamed Achmet, that the Pasha Gordon and all his people were killed, and that all the steamers and boats between Berber and the Bahr Ghazal have been taken, and that the nearest Egyptian station to you is Wady Halfa, below Dongola. Four times the Khedive and your friends have made attempts to save you. First, Gordon Pasha was sent to Khartoum to bring you all home. After ten months of hard fighting Khartoum was taken, and Gordon Pasha was killed, he and his soldiers. Next came the English soldiers under Lord Wolseley to try and help Gordon Pasha out of his troubles. They were four days too late, for they found Gordon was dead and Khartoum was lost. Then a Doctor Leuz, a great traveller, was sent by way of the Congo to find out how you could be assisted. But Lenz could not find men enough to go with him, and so he was obliged to go home. Also a Doctor Fischer was sent by Doctor Junker's brother, but there were too many enemies in the path, and he also returned home. I tell you these things to prove to you that you have no right to think that you have been forgotten in Egypt. No, the Khedive and his Wazir, Nubar Pasha, have all along kept you in mind. They have heard by way of Uganda how bravely you have held to your post, and how staunch you have been to your duties as soldiers. Therefore they sent me to tell you this; to tell you that you are well remembered, and that your reward is waiting for you, but that you must follow me to Egypt to get your pay and your reward. At the same time the Khedive says to you, through me, that if you think the road too long, and are afraid of the journey, that you may stay here, but in that case you are no longer his soldiers; that your pay stops at once; and in any trouble that may hereafter befall you, you are not to blame him, but yourselves. Should you decide to go to Egypt, I am to show you the way to Zanzibar, put you on board a steamer and take you to Suez, and thence to Cairo, and that you will get your pay until you arrive there, and that all promotions given you will be secured, and all rewards promised you here will be paid in full.

I send you one of my officers, Mr. Jephson, and give him my sword, to read this message to you from me. I go back to collect my people and goods, and bring them on to the Nyanza, and after a few months I shall come back here to hear what you have to say. If you say, Let us go to Egypt, I will then show you a safe road. If you say, We shall not leave this country, then I will bid you farewell and return to Egypt with my own people.

May God have you in His keeping.

Your good friend,
(Signed) STANLEY.

May 23rd.—Halt.

The Zanzibaris entertained the Pasha and his officers to-night with a farewell dance. Though they are quite well aware of the dangers and fatigue of the journey before them, which will commence to-morrow, there are no symptoms of misgiving in any of them. But it is certain that some of them will take their last look of the Pasha to-morrow.

May 24th.—March to Badzwa village, 10 miles; performed it in 4 hours.

Emin Pasha marched a company along our new road at dawn this morning, and halted it about two miles from the Lake. Having arranged

the Madi carriers in their place in the column, the advance guard issued out from camp and took the road towards the west at 6.15 A.M. In half-an-hour we found the Pasha's Soudanese drawn up in line on one side of the road. They saluted us as we passed on, and the Pasha fervently thanked us and bade us good-bye.

At the end of the new road twenty-one of the Madis broke from the line of the column and disappeared towards the north rapidly. Fourteen men were sent back to inform the Pasha, while we held on our way to Badzwa. About a mile from the village there was another stampede, and eighty-nine Madis deserted in a body, but not without sending a shower of arrows among the rear guard. The doctor, believing that this was preliminary to an attack on his small detachment, fired his rifle, and dropped a Madi dead, which precipitated the flight of the deserters. The remaining nineteen out of the 130 were secured.

A second message was therefore sent to the Pasha acquainting him with the events of the march.

When about five miles from Nsabé Camp, while looking to the south-east, and meditating upon the events of the last month, my eyes were directed by a boy to a mountain said to be covered with snow, and I saw a peculiar-shaped cloud of a most beautiful silver colour, which assumed the proportions and appearance of a vast mountain covered with snow. Following its form downward, I became struck with the deep blue-black colour of its base, and wondered if it portended another tornado; then as the sight descended to the gap between the eastern and western plateaus, I became for the first time conscious that what I gazed upon was not the image or semblance of a vast mountain, but the solid substance of a real one, with its summit covered with snow. I ordered a halt and examined it carefully with a field-glass, then took a compass-bearing of the centre of it, and found it bear 215° magnetic. It now dawned upon me that this must be the Ruwenzori, which was said to be covered with a white metal or substance believed to be rock, as reported by Kavalli's two slaves.

This great mountain continued to be in sight most distinctly for two hours, but as we drew nearer to Badzwa at the foot of the plateau, the lofty wall of the plateau hid it from view.

This discovery was announced to the Pasha in the second message I sent. When I come to reflect upon it, it strikes me as singular that neither Baker, Gessi, Mason, or Emin Pasha discovered it long ago.

Gessi Pasha first circumnavigated the Albert Lake, steaming along the western shore towards the south, rounding the southern end of the Lake and continuing his voyage along the eastern shore.

Mason Bey, in 1877, is the next visitor, and he follows the track of Gessi with a view of fixing positions by astronomical observations, which his predecessor was unable to do.

Emin Pasha, eleven years later, comes steaming south in quest of news of the white men reported to be at the south end of the Lake.

If a fair view of this snowy mountain can be obtained from the plain of the Nyanza, a much better view ought to be obtained from the Lake, and the wonder is that none of these gentlemen saw it. Whereas Baker, casting his eyes in that direction, on a "beautifully clear day," views only an illimitable Lake.

Messrs. Jephson and Parke, while carrying the boat from Kavalli's to the Lake, report that they saw snow on a mountain, and the latter officer,

pointing to the little range of Unya-Kavalli, inquired of me on his return if it was possible that snow would be found on such hills. As their highest peak cannot be 5,500 feet above the sea, I replied in the negative, but the doctor said that he was equally certain that he had seen snow. I explained to him then that a certain altitude of about 15,000 feet in the Equatorial regions is required before rain can be congealed into permanent snow; that there might be a hail-storm or a fall of snow, caused by a cold current, even on low altitudes in a tropic region, but such cold would only be temporary, and the heat of tropic waters or tropic soil would in a few moments cause the hail and snow to disappear. Standing as we were in camp at Bundi, on the crest of the plateau, in plain view of Unya-Kavalli and other hills, there was no height visible anywhere above 6,000 feet of an altitude above the sea.

Considering the above facts, it will be evident that it requires a peculiar condition of the atmosphere to enable one to see the mountain from a distance of 70 miles, which I estimate it at. Near objects, or those 10, 15, or 20 miles, an ordinarily clear atmosphere may enable us to distinguish; but in such a humid region as this is, on a bright day such a quantity of vapour is exhaled from the heated earth, that at 30 miles it would be intensified into a haze which no eyesight could penetrate. But at certain times wind-currents clear the haze, and expose to the view objects which we wonder we have not seen before. As, for instance, in December last, returning from Nyanza to Fort Bodo, I took compass-bearings of a lofty twin-peak mountain from a table hill near the East Ituri River. I noted it down that the twin-peak mass was already seen, and I pointed it out to Mr. Jephson. Strange to say, I have never seen it since, though I have been twice over the ground.

Kavalli passed our camp this afternoon with 400 men to assist Emin Pasha in a demonstration he proposes to make against Kabba Rega. Katonza and Mpigwa of Nyamsassi will also, perhaps, lend an equal number to his assistance.

I received the following letters to-day from the Pasha. When he talks of pride and joy at being in our company, I think we are all unanimous in believing that he has given us as much pleasure as we have given him.

Nsabé Camp,
25th May, 1888, 5 A.M.

DEAR SIR,

I should not need to tell you how distressed I have been when I heard of the misfortune happened by the desertion of our Madi people. I at once sent out different searching parties, but I am sorry to state that up to noon their efforts were of no avail, although Shukri Agha and his party, who went yesterday to Kahanama, have not returned.

By a mere chance it happened that when Dr. Parke came a boat from Mswa station had arrived, bringing me intelligence of the arrival there of 120 porters from Dufflé. I therefore started immediately the *Khedive* steamer to bring them here, and expect her back this very night, when, at her arrival, I shall start the whole gang, accompanied by a detachment of my people.

Allow me to be the first to congratulate you on your most splendid discovery of a snow-clad mountain. We will take it as a good omen for further directions on our road to Victoria.* I propose to go out on your track to-day or to-morrow, just to have a look at this giant.

* It is clear that he was smitten with the Victoria Lake proposition.

In expectance of two words of you this morning I venture to offer you my best wishes for the future. I always shall remember with pride and joy the few days I was permitted to consort with you.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) DR. M. EMIN.

Nsabé Camp,

26th May, 1888, 2.30 A.M.

DEAR SIR,

Your very welcome and most interesting note of yesterday has reached me at the hands of your men. The steamer has come in this very instant, but she brought only eighty-two carriers, the rest having run away on the road between Tunguru and Mswa. I send, therefore, these few men, accompanied by twenty-five soldiers and an officer, hoping they may be of some use to you. Their arms having been collected, I handed them to the officer, from whom you will kindly receive them. We heard yesterday evening that your runaways had worked their way to Muganga, telling the people they were sent by me.

The ten men you kindly sent here accompany the carriers as well as Kavalli and his men. Having caught yesterday a spy of Ravidongo* in Katonza's Camp, I told this latter he would better retire, and he acted on this advice. I have acquainted Kavalli with my reasons for not interfering just now with Ravidongo, and have asked him to return to you. He readily assented; he had some presents, and starts now with the courier. He entreats me, further, to beg you to send some of your men to take hold of his brother Kadongo, who stays, says he, with the Wawitu somewhere near to his residence.

I shall try hard to get a glimpse of the new snow mountain, as well from here as from some other points I propose to visit. It is wonderful to think how, wherever you go, you distance your predecessors by your discoveries.

And now as this, for some time at least, is probably the last word I will be able to address you, let me another time thank you for the generous exertions you have made, and you are to make for us. Let me another time thank you for the kindness and forbearance you have shown me in our mutual relations. If I cannot find adequate words to express what moves me in this instant you will forgive me. I lived too long in Africa for not becoming somewhat negroified.

God speed you on your course and bless your work!

Yours very faithfully,

(Signed) DR. EMIN.

May 25th and 26th.—Halt at Badzwa.

The Pasha has abandoned his idea of making a demonstration against Unyoro; and his allies, who have much to avenge, have been quickly dismissed homeward.

In the afternoon Balegga descended from Bundi Hill village, and secretly informed us that Kadongo and Musiri—the latter a warlike and powerful chief—have banded their forces together and intend to attack us on the road between Gavira's and Mazamboni's. We have given neither of them any cause for this quarrel, unless our friendship with their rivals may be deemed sufficient and legitimate. I have only 111 rifles and ten rounds of ammunition for each rifle, to reach Fort Bodo, 125 miles distant. If any determined attack is made on us in the open country, a few moments' firing will make us helpless. Therefore I shall have to resort to other measures. It was held by Thomas Carlyle that it was the highest wisdom to know and believe that the stern thing which

* Ravidongo, one of the principal generals of Kabba Rega.

necessity ordered to be done was the wisest, the best, and the only thing wanted there. I will attack Kadongo first, and then march straight upon Musiri, and we will spend our last shots well, if necessary. It may be this bold movement will upset the combination.

The Pasha has acted quickly. Eighty-two fresh carriers arrived at noon, under a strong guard, and three soldiers specially detailed to accompany me. On their delivery to us, each Zanzibari received a Madi to guard.

At half-past three in the afternoon we commenced the steep ascent up the terrible slope of the plateau, with a burning sun in our front, and reached the crest at Bundi camp at 6.30 P.M., a half-hour after sunset.

After placing strong guards round the camp, I selected a band of forty rifles of the choicest men under two Zanzibari chiefs, and prepared them for a surprise party to attack Kadongo's camp by night. A few of our native allies volunteered to show the hill village he was occupying.

At 1 A.M. the party was despatched.

May 27th.—At 8 A.M. the party detailed against Kadongo returned, having effected their mission most successfully, but Kadongo himself escaped by crying out that he was a friend of "Bula Matari." No cattle or goats were taken, because the place was only occupied by Kadongo's band for temporary purposes.

We then lifted our burdens and began our march towards Gavira's. We had barely started when we discovered a large band of men advancing towards us, preceded by a man bearing a crimson flag, which at a distance might be taken for that of Zanzibar or Egypt. We halted, wondering what party this might be, but in a few moments we recognized Katto, Mazamboni's brother, who had been sent by his chief to greet us and learn our movements. We admired the aptness of these people in so soon learning to follow the direction given to them, for had not the flag held us in suspense, we might have injured our friends by taking them for the van of Musiri's war-party.

Retaining a few of them to follow us, I ordered Katto to return quickly to Mazamboni, his brother, and secretly inform him that as Musiri intended to attack us on the road, I intended to attack him at dawn the day after to-morrow, and that I expected from Mazamboni, as my ally, that he would bring as many men as he could some time that next day. Katto declared the thing possible, though it was a short notice for the distance to be travelled. We were at the time six miles from Gavira's, thence to Mazamboni's village was thirteen miles, and back again to Gavira's would be another thirteen miles, and in the meantime some delay would be necessary to secretly muster a sufficient body of warriors becoming Mazamboni's rank, and prepare rations for a few days.

We arrived at Gavira's about noon. Here I proposed to Gavira to join me in the attack, which the chief as readily promised.

May 28th.—Halt. We have received abundant contributions of food for our force, which numbers now 111 Zanzibaris, 3 whites, 6 cooks and boys, 101 Madis, and three soldiers belonging to the Pasha—total 224, exclusive of a few dozen natives who voluntarily follow us.

An hour after sunset Mazamboni arrived in person with about 1,000 warriors armed with bows and spears. His force was camped in the potato-fields between Gavira's and Musiri's district.

May 29th.—At three o'clock A.M. we set out for Usiri on a N.W. road,

a bright moon lighting the way. About 100 of the boldest of Mazamboni's corps preceded our force. The others fell in line behind, and Gavira's tribe, represented by about 500 men, brought up the rear. A deep silence, befitting our purpose, prevailed.

At 6 A.M. we reached the outskirts of Usiri, and in a few moments, each chief having received his instructions, Dr. Parke, in charge of sixty rifles to keep the centre, Katto, in charge of his brother's warriors to form the left wing, and Mpinga and Gavira with his men to form the right, the attacking force moved on swiftly.

The results were ludicrous in the extreme. Mpinga's Wahuma herdsmen had given notice to Musiri's Wahuma herdsmen, and Mazamboni's Wahuma had been just as communicative to their fellow-countrymen with the enemy. Consequently the herdsmen had driven all the herds from Usiri by other roads; a half of them arrived at Gavira's, and the other half at Mazamboni's, just at the same morning when the attacking force poured over the land of Usiri, and Musiri, the chief, after hearing of the disaster to Kadongo, and of the mighty army to be brought against him, took tender care that not one soul under his sway should be injured. The land was quite empty of people, herds, flocks, and fowls, but the granaries were heaped full of grain, the fields exhibited abundant crops of potatoes, beans, young Indian corn, vegetables, and tobacco. I am secretly glad of the bloodless termination of the affair. My object has been gained. We have saved our extremely scanty supply of ammunition, and the road is clear from further trouble. Mazamboni and Gavira, I believe, were also delighted, though they expressed themselves mortified.

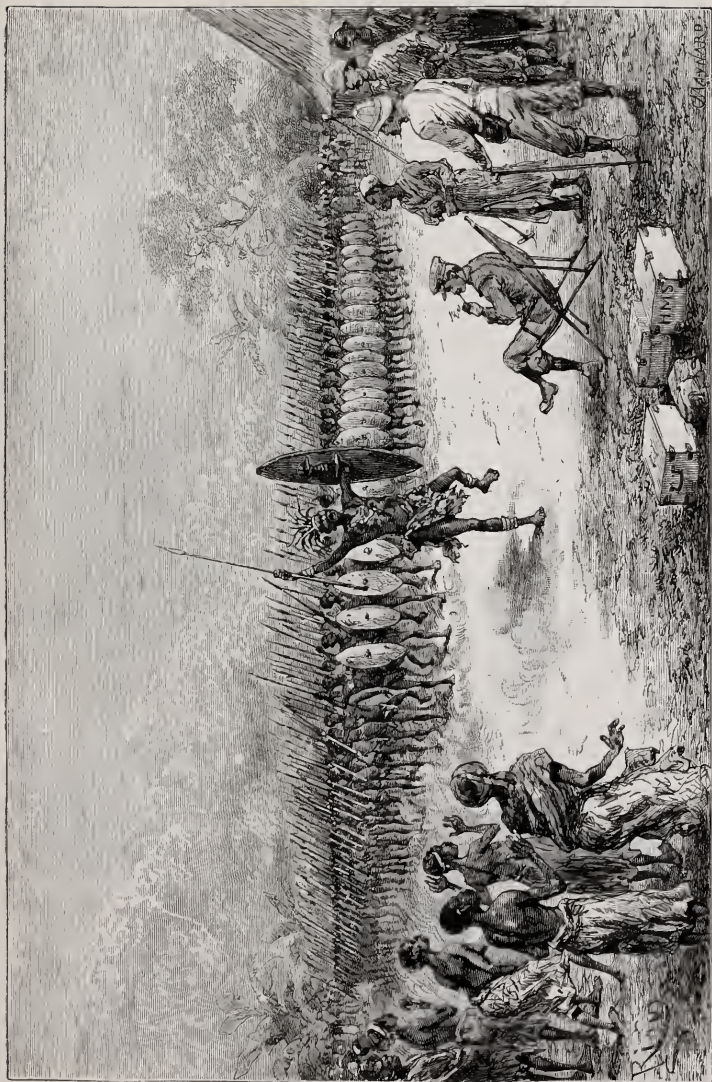
In one of the huts was discovered the barrel of a carbine and percussion lock. The latter bore the brand of "John Clive III., 530." This is a relic of Kabba Rega's visit, whose men were sadly defeated by Musiri about a year ago.

In the afternoon Mazamboni's warriors, 1,000 strong, joined to celebrate the bloodless victory over Musiri in a phalanx dance. Dancing in Africa mainly consists of rude buffoonery, extravagant gestures, leaping and contortions of the body, while one or many drums keep time. There is always abundance of noise and loud laughter, and it serves the purpose of furnishing amusement to the barbarians, as the dervish-like whirling and pirouetting give to civilized people. Often two men step out of a semicircle of their fellow-villagers, and chant a duet to the sound of a drum or a horn amid universal clapping of hands, or one performs a solo while dressed most fantastically in cocks' feathers, strings of rattling gourds, small globular bells, and heaps of human, monkey, and crocodile teeth, which are the African jewels; but there must always be a chorus, the grander the better, and when the men, women, and children lift their voices high above the drums, and the chatter and murmur of the crowd, I must confess to having enjoyed it immensely, especially when the Wanyamwezi are the performers, who are by far the best singers on the African continent. The Zanzibaris, Zulus, Waiu, Wasegara, Waseguhha, and Wangindo are in the main very much alike in method and execution, though they have each minor dances and songs, which vary considerably, but they are either dreadfully melancholic or stupidly barbarous. The Wasoga, Waganda, Wakerewé, Wazongora, around Lake Victoria, are more subdued, a crude bardie, with something of the whine of the Orient—Mustapha, or Hussein, or Hassan, moaning below lattices to the

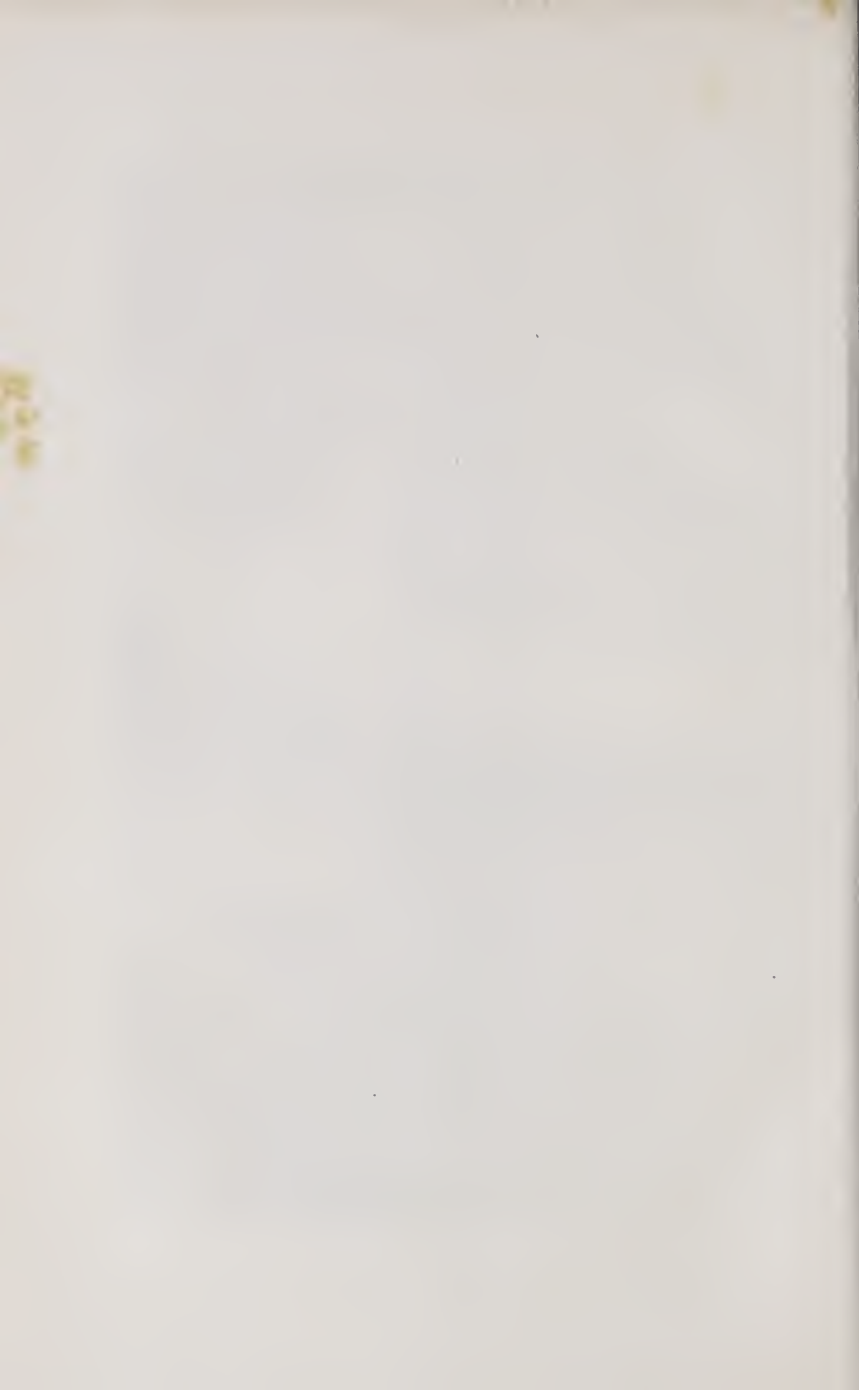
obdurate Fatima or stony-eared Roxana. Except the Wanyamwezi, I have not heard any music or seen any dance which would have pleased an English audience accustomed to the plantation dances represented in a certain hall in Piccadilly until this day, when the Bandussuma, under Katto, the brother of Mazamboni, led the chief warriors to the phalanx dance. Half a score of drums, large and small, had been beaten by half a score of accomplished performers, keeping admirable time, and emitting a perfect volume of sound which must have been heard far away for miles, and in the meantime Katto, and his cousin Kalengé, adorned with glorious tufts of white cocks' feathers, were arranging thirty-three lines of thirty-three men each as nearly as possible in the form of a perfect and solid and close square. Most of these men had but one spear each, others possessed two besides their shields and quivers, which were suspended from the neck down the back.

The phalanx stood still with spears grounded until, at a signal from the drums, Katto's deep voice was heard breaking out into a wild triumphant song or chant, and at a particular uplift of note raised his spear, and at once rose a forest of spears high above their heads, and a mighty chorus of voices responded, and the phalanx was seen to move forward, and the earth around my chair, which was at a distance of fifty yards from the foremost line, shook as though there was an earthquake. I looked at the feet of the men and discovered that each man was forcefully stamping the ground, and taking forward steps not more than six inches long, and it was in this manner that the phalanx moved slowly but irresistibly. The voices rose and fell in sweeping waves of vocal sound, the forest of spears rose and subsided, with countless flashes of polished iron blades as they were tossed aloft and lowered again to the hoarse and exciting thunder of the drums. There was accuracy of cadence of voice and roar of drum, there was uniform uplift and subsidence of the constantly twirling spear-blades, there was a simultaneous action of the bodies, and as they brought the tremendous weight of seventy tons of flesh with one regular stamp of the feet on the ground, the firm and hard earth echoed the sound round about tremulously. With all these the thousand heads rose and drooped together, rising when venting the glorious volume of energy, drooping with the undertone of wailing murmur of the multitude. As they shouted with faces turned upward and heads bent back to give the fullest effect to the ascending tempest of voices, suggestive of quenchless fury, wrath and exterminating war, it appeared to inflate every soul with the passion of deadly battle and every eye of the onlookers glowed luridly, and their right arms with clenched fists were shaken on high as though their spirits were thrilled with the martial strains; but as the heads were turned and bowed to the earth, we seemed to feel war's agony, and grief, and woe, to think of tears, and widows' wails, and fatherless orphans' cries, of ruined hearths and a desolated land. But again as the mass, still steadily drawing nearer, tossed their heads backward, and the bristling blades flashed and clashed, and the feathers streamed and gaily rustled, there was a loud snort of defiance and such an exulting and energising storm of sound, that man saw only the glorious colours of victory and felt only the proud pulses of triumph.

Right up to my chair the great solid mass of wildly chanting natives advanced, and the front line lowered their spears in an even line of bright iron; thrice they dropped their salute and thrice they rose, and then the



A PHALANX DANCE BY MAZAMBONI'S WARRIORS.



lines, one after another, broke into a run, spears clenched in the act of throwing, staffs quivering, war-whoops ringing shrilly. The excitement was intensified until the square had been transformed into wheeling circles three deep, and after three circlings round the open plaza, Prince Katto took his position, and round him the racing men coiled themselves until soon they were in a solid circle. When this was completed the square was formed, it was divided into halves, one half returning to one end, the other half to the other end. Still continuing the wild chant, they trotted towards one another and passed through without confusion, exchanging sides, and then once more in a rapid circling of the village common with dreadful gestures until the eye was bewildered with the wheeling forms, and then every man to his hut to laugh and jest, little heeding what aspects they had conjured by their evolutions and chants within me, or any one else. It was certainly one of the best and most exciting exhibitions I had seen in Africa.

May 30th.—March to Nzera-Kum Hill in Ndusuma, three hours.

We marched to Mazamboni's country, to our old camp at Chongo, which name the Zanzibaris have given to the hill of Nzera-Kum, and we had abundant evidence that Mazamboni was deeply implicated in the acts of the Wahuma herdsmen, for the track was fresh and large of many a fine herd of cattle. Presently we came in sight of the fine herds, who, all unconscious of trouble, were browsing on the fine pasture, and the Zanzibaris clamoured loudly for permission to capture them. For an instant only there was a deep silence, but Mazamboni, on being asked the reason for the presence of Musiri's herds on his territory, answered so straightforwardly that they belonged to the Wahuma who had fled from his territory last December when he was in trouble with us, and now to avoid the same trouble in Usiri had returned to their former place, and he had not the heart to prevent them, that the order was given to move on.

May 31st.—Halt. Mazamboni gave us a present of three beeves and supplied our people with two days' full rations of flour, besides a large quantity of potatoes and bananas. A large number of small chiefs from the surrounding districts paid visits to us, each bringing into camp a contribution of goats, fowls, and millet flour. Urumangwa, Bwessa, and Gunda have also made pacts of friendship with us. These villages form the very prosperous and extensively cultivated district which so astonished us by its abundance one December morning last year.

Towards evening I received a communication from Musiri, saying that as all the land had made peace with me, he wished to be reckoned as my friend, and that the next time I should return to the country he would be prepared with suitable gifts for us.

As to-morrow I propose to resume the journey towards Fort Bodo and Yambuya, let me set down what I have gleaned from the Pasha respecting himself.

CHAPTER XVII.

PERSONAL TO THE PASHA.

IT is not my purpose to make a biographical sketch of Emin Pasha, but to furnish such items of information, as he delivered them to me day by day, concerning the life he has led in the Soudan, and his acquaintance with his illustrious chief—the ever-lamented Gordon.

By birth he is a German, but whether Austrian or Prussian I know not, and I have no curiosity to know the name of the obscure village or town where that event happened. He declares he is forty-eight years old, and must therefore have been born in the year 1840. I fancy that he must have been young when he arrived in Constantinople, that some great man assisted him in his medical studies, that through the same influence probably he entered the Turkish service, and became medical attendant on Ismail Hakki Pasha. If for thirty years he has served under the crescent flag, as he himself reported, he must have begun his service in Turkey in the year 1858. He became attracted to the "Young Turk" party, or to the Reform party, in Stamboul. It had an organ, which, by its bold advocacy of reform, was three times suppressed by the authorities. On the last suppression he was expelled from the country.

He admits that he was in Constantinople when the assassination of the Sultan Abdul Aziz occurred, though he was absent during the trial of those suspected to be concerned in it. Coming to Egypt in December 1875, he entered the Egyptian service, and was despatched to Khartoum.

* * * * *

"Gordon first appointed me as surgeon at £25 a month. He then raised me to £30, and after my mission to Uganda he surprised me with increasing my pay to £40, but when I became Governor of this Province my pay, like other Provincial Governors, became £50 monthly. What the pay of a General is I do not know, but then I am only a 'Miraman,' a kind of civilian Pasha, who receives pay while employed, but immediately his services are not required he becomes unpaid. I expected to be made a military Pasha—a General of Division."

* * * * *

"Now Gordon appointed the German Vice-Consul at Khartoum as my agent, to receive my pay, without any advice from me about it. For several months I believe it was paid to him regularly. But finally Gordon appointed the same Vice-Consul Governor of Darfour, when he shortly after died. When his effects were collected and his small debts paid, there were found sufficient funds to present his wife with £500 and send her to Cairo, and to transfer £50 to my account as his principal creditor. A few months afterwards Khartoum fell, and what money had been deposited there after the Vice-Consul's death was lost of course. So that for eight years I have received no pay at all."

* * * * *

"My last interview with Gordon Pasha was in 1877. There had been an Expedition sent to Darfour, under Colonel Prout, and another under Colonel Purdy, for survey work. When Gordon became Governor-General, he requested Stone Pasha at Cairo, to despatch to him one of these officers, for survey work in the Equatorial Province. Gessi Pasha

had already circumnavigated the Albert, but his survey was by compass only. Both Prout Bey and Mason Bey were capital observers. Prout Bey was the first to arrive. He travelled from Lado to Fatiko, thence to Mruli, on the Victoria Nile, and from there he proceeded to Magungo, on the Albert Nyanza, and by a series of observations he fixed the position of that point for all time. Illness compelled him to retire to my station at Lado. Just then Mason Bey arrived in a steamer, to survey the Albert Lake, and by that steamer I received an order to descend to Khartoum, to be made Governor of Massowah, on the Red Sea. The French Consul of that place had a misunderstanding with the civil Governor there, and he had begged that if another Governor was appointed, he should be some person who could understand French. I suppose Gordon, knowing me to be familiar with the language, had elected me. On reaching Khartoum I was very cordially received by Gordon, and he insisted on my taking my meals with him, which was a great favour, as he seldom invited anybody to eat with him. However, I declined living in the palace, and breakfasted at home, but lunch and dinner Gordon insisted I should take with him. He had abundance of work for me—letters to the Egyptian Pashas and Beys of the various provinces; letters to the Catholic Mission of Gondokoro; letters to the Pope, to the Khedive, &c., in Italian, German, and Arabic. This went on for some time, when one day he sent me on a mission to Unyoro. A little later I ascended the river, and I have never seen Gordon since."

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"In June, 1882, Abdul Kader Pasha wrote me that in a couple of months he would despatch a steamer to me with provisions and ammunition. After waiting nine months I obtained fifteen cases only of ammunition, in March, 1883. That is really the last supply of anything received from the outside world until your recent arrival in April, 1888. Five years exactly!"

* * * * *

"During five years I have remained isolated in this region; not idle, I hope. I have been kept busy in the affairs of my Province, and have managed to find pleasure in many things. Still, the isolation from the civilized world has made life rather burthensome. I could enjoy life here to the end, could I but obtain regular news, and was certain of communication with the outer world, receive books, periodicals, every month, two months, or even three months. I envy those missionaries in Uganda, who receive their monthly packet of letters, newspapers and books. Mr. Mackay has quite a library in Uganda. That packet of "honeydew" tobacco I gave you the other day I obtained from him. I received also a couple of bottles of liquor, have had clothes, writing paper, and such news as I know I discovered in the *Spectators* and *Times* now and then sent me by him. But there are certain books upon subjects which I am interested in that I could never obtain through him without giving him and his friends far too great a trouble. Therefore I should wish a postal service of my own, then my life would be relieved of its discontent. Ah, those eight years of silence! I cannot put my feelings in words. I could not endure them again."

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I have already described his person and age, and certain qualities of his character may be discerned in the conversation reported above; still, the

man would be scarcely understood in the full compass of his nature if I stopped here. His abilities, and capacity, and fitness for the singular position in which he has been placed will be seen in the manner in which he has managed to clothe many of his troops. Among the gifts he pressed upon us were pieces of cotton cloth woven by his own men, coarse but strong, and slippers and shoes from his own bootmakers. The condition of his steamers and boats after such long service, the manufacture of oil suitable for the engines (a mixture of sesamum oil and tallow), the excellent sanitary arrangements and cleanliness and order of the stations under his charge, the regular and ungrudging payment of corn tribute twice a year by his negro subjects, all serve to demonstrate a unique character, and to show that he possesses talents rarely seen in those who select Africa for their field of labour. In endeavouring to estimate him, I pass in mental review hundreds of officers who have served on the Nile and the Congo, and I know of but few who would be equal to him in any one of his valuable qualities. Besides his linguistic attainments, he is a naturalist, something of a botanist, and, as a surgeon, I can well believe that thirty years of an adventurous life such as his has been would furnish him with rare opportunities to make him wise and skilful in his profession. The language he has used, as may be seen above, is something higher than colloquial, and marks his attainments in English. With his full sonorous voice and measured tones, it sounded very pleasantly, despite the foreign accent. Upon any policy treated of in newspapers and reviews I found him exceedingly well informed, no matter what country was broached. His manner is highly courteous and considerate, somewhat perhaps too ceremonious for Central Africa, but highly becoming a Governor, and such as one might expect from an official of that rank, conscious of serious responsibilities.

Industry seems to be a vital necessity of life with him. He is a model of painstaking, patient effort. No sooner has he camped than he begins to effect arrangements orderly and after method. His table and chair have their place, his journals on the table, the aneroids on a convenient stand, dry and wet bulb thermometers duly exposed in the shade with ample air-flow about them. The journals are marvels of neatness—blotless, and the writing microscopically minute, as though he aimed at obtaining a prize for accuracy, economy, neatness and fidelity. Indeed, most Germans of my acquaintance are remarkable for the bulk of their observations and superfine caligraphy, while English-speaking travellers whom I have known possess note-books which, useful as they may be to themselves, would appear ill-kept, blotchy and scrawly in comparison to them, and furnish infinite trouble to their executors to edit.

* * * * *

The following will illustrate something of his troubles during the five years he has been cut off from headquarters at Khartoum.

Shukri Agha, Commandant of Mswa Station, who paid me a visit on the evening of the 19th May, relates that about a year ago 190 rifles of the First Battalion set out from Rejaf Station for Kirri, where the Pasha resided, with the intent to capture and hold him captive among themselves. A letter had been received from Dr. Junker, from Cairo, stating that an expedition was to be sent to their relief, and had created a confused impression in the minds of the soldiers of the First Battalion that their Governor intended to fly in that direction, leaving them to their fate.

Convinced that their safety lay in the presence of their Civil Governor among them, they conceived the idea of arresting him and taking him with them to Rejaf, which, with the more northern stations, was garrisoned by this battalion. "For," said they, "we know only of one road, and that leads down the Nile by Khartoum."* The Pasha was suddenly informed of their intention by the officers of the Second Battalion, and cried out, "Well, if they kill me, I am not afraid of death; let them come—I will await them." This the officers of the Second Battalion at Kirri would not permit, and implored him to make his escape before the malcontents appeared, and argued that "the violent capture and detention of the Governor would put an end to all government, and be the total ruin of all discipline." For some time he refused to move, but finally, yielding to their solicitations, escaped to Mswa. Soon after his departure the detachment of the First Battalion appeared, and, after surrounding the station, cried out a peremptory demand that the Governor should come out and deliver himself to them. They were answered that the Governor had already departed south to Muggi and Wadelai, upon which the mutineers advanced to the station, and seized the Commandant and his subordinate officials, and soundly flogged them with the kurbash, and afterwards took most of them prisoners and carried them to Rejaf, whither they returned.

Shukri Agha continued thus:—"You must know that all the First Battalion guard the northern stations, and every soldier of that battalion is opposed to making any retreat, and any suggestion of leaving their watch post at Rejaf, the northernmost station, only makes them indignant. They have been all along waiting to hear of the arrival of a steamer at Lado, and are still firm in the belief that some day the Pasha at Khartoum will send for them. Whatever the Pasha says to the contrary receives utter disbelief. But now that you have arrived by an opposite road, and some of us who were with Linant Bey in 1875 saw you in Uganda, and many more of us have known you by name, it is most likely all of them will be convinced that the Nile is not the only road to Egypt, and that you, having found them, can take them out of the country. They will see your officers, they will see your Soudanese, they will listen respectfully to your message, and gladly obey. That is my own opinion, though God only knows what the sentiments of the First Battalion are by this time, as sufficient time has not elapsed to enable us to hear from them."

* * * * *

On telling Emin Pasha the next day the story of Shukri Agha, he said:—

"Shukri Agha is a very intelligent and brave officer, promoted to his present rank for distinguished service against Karamalla, one of the Mahdi's generals, when he came here with some thousands to demand our surrender to the authority of Mohamed Achment."

"His story is quite true, except that he has omitted to mention that with the 190 rifles of the First Battalion there were 900 armed negroes. Subsequently I learned that it had been their intention to have taken me to Gondokoro, and detain me there until the garrisons of the southern stations, Wadelai, Tunguru, and Mswa, were collected, and then to have marched along the right bank towards Khartoum. On reaching the

* The correspondence these people maintained with Khartoum compels me to doubt whether this is the correct reason. Read Omar Sale's letter to the Khalifa at Khartoum, further on.

neighbourhood of Khartoum, and there learning that the city had really fallen, they were then to disperse, each to his own house, leaving the Cairenes and myself to shift as we might for ourselves."*

* * * * *

The following are some natural history facts he related to me :—

"The forest of Msongwa (see map) is infested with a large tribe of chimpanzees. In summer time, at night, they frequently visit the plantations of Mswa station, to steal the fruit. But what is remarkable about this is the fact that they use torches to light the way! Had I not witnessed this extraordinary spectacle personally, I should never have credited that any of the Simians understood the art of making fire.

"One time these same chimpanzees stole a native drum from the station, and went away pounding merrily on it. They evidently delight in that drum, for I have frequently heard them rattling away at it in the silence of the night."

He observed that parrots are never seen along the shores of Lake Albert. Up to Lat. 2° N. they are seen in Unyoro, but the Lake people do not seem to understand what is referred to when parrots are mentioned.

Our people captured a pair of very young mongoose, which were taken to the Pasha. They were accepted, and ordered to be nursed on milk. He declared that the mongoose, though he becomes very tame and is exceedingly drole, is a nuisance. Instruments are broken, ink scattered, papers and books are smeared and soiled by this inquisitive little beast. To eggs it is especially destructive. If it finds an egg of more than ordinary hard shell, it lifts it with its fore-feet and lets it drop until it is broken.

The Pasha has much to say respecting the Dinkas. Proprietors of cattle among the Dinka tribe own from 300 to 1,500 head. They rarely kill, their cattle being kept solely for their milk and blood. The latter they mix with sesamum oil, and then eat as a delicacy. At the death of a herd-owner his nearest kinsman invites his friends, and one or two beeves may be slaughtered for the funeral feast; otherwise one scarcely ever hears of a Dinka killing his cattle for meat. Should one of the herd die a natural death, the love of meat demands that it be eaten, which is a proof that conscience does not prohibit satisfying the stomach with meat, but rather excessive penuriousness, cattle being the Dinka's wealth.

These Dinkas also pay great reverence to pythons and all kinds of snakes. One of the Soudanese officers killed a snake, and was compelled to pay a fine of four goats. They even domesticate them, keeping them in their houses, but they are allowed every liberty, and to crawl out for prey, after which they return for rest and sleep. They wash the pythons with milk and anoint them with butter. In almost every hut the smaller snakes may be heard rustling in the roofs as they crawl, exploring for rats, mice, &c.

On the east side of the Nile he found a tribe exceedingly partial to lions; in fact, one of them would prefer to be killed than be guilty of the death of a lion. These people dug a pit at one time for buffaloes and such game to fall into, but it unfortunately happened that a lion was the first victim. The Soudanese who discovered it were about to kill it, when the chief vetoed the act, and implored that the lion should be given to him. The

* Knowing this, the Pasha seems to me to have been very imprudent in adventuring into the presence of these rebels without satisfying himself as to the effect his presence would have on them.

Soudanese were willing enough, and curiously watched what he would do with it. The chief cut a long stout pole and laid it slantwise to the bottom of the pit, up which the lion immediately climbed and bounded away to the jungle to enjoy his liberty. It should be added that the noble beast did not attempt to injure any person near the pit—probably he was too frightened; though as pretty a story might be made out of it as that of Androcles and the lion, did we not live in such a veracious and prosaic age.

“Bird studies,” the grey-haired lieutenant from Cairo declared, were the Pasha’s delight. Indeed, he seems to find as great pleasure in anything relating to birds or animals as in his military and civil duties, though I have not observed any neglect of the last, and the respectful soldierly bearing of his people in his presence marks a discipline well impressed on them.

* * * * *

From the above gleanings of such conversation as I have noted it will be clear to any one that the Pasha has had a varied life, one that would furnish to quiet home-keeping people much valuable and enehanting reading matter. It may be hoped he will see fit some day to exhibit to them in book form some of his startling life incidents in Asia and Africa, and rehearse in his own pleasing manner some of the most interesting observations he has made during a long residence amid a new and wild nature.

CHAPTER XVIII.

START FOR THE RELIEF OF THE REAR COLUMN.

On the 1st of June, escorted by a score of Mazamboni’s people, we marched westward from Undussuma. In an hour and a half we reached Urumangwa. The district furnished an escort of about a hundred, the Mazambonis withdrawing to their homes. At Unyabongo, after a two hours’ march, the people of Urumangwa likewise withdrew, yielding their honourable duties to the people of the new district, and these escorted us for an hour and a half, and saw us safely housed and abundantly fed at Mukangi. For a short time before the latter place we were drawn up in battle array, and a fight was imminent, but the courage and good sense of its chief enabled both parties to avoid a useless rupture.

A good example has its imitators as well as bad examples. The chiefs of Wombola and Kametté heard how quickly we had embraced the friendly offers of Mukangi, and when we marched through their districts the next day not one war-cry was heard or a hostile figure appeared. Those of Kametté called out to us to keep on our way, it is true, but it was just, as we had no business in Kametté, and the day was yet young; but on our arrival at the next village, Ukuba, we were tired, and disposed to rest after a five hours’ march. But Ukuba, of Bessé district, had already experienced our weapons on the 12th of April last, and we were permitted to camp quietly. At sunset we were gratified at seeing several of the natives walking unarmed to camp, and in the morning they came again, with presents of a milch goat, some fowls, and enough plantains for all.

On the 3rd we pressed on rapidly, and captured the canoes to ferry our party across the Ituri, which, though there had been but little rain of late, we found to be as full as in rainy April.

On the next day we captured a woman of Mandé after crossing the

river, and released her to tell her people that we were harmless enough if the road was undisturbed. It may extend the area over which peace between us and the natives is established.

On the 5th we camped at Baburu, and on the next day at W. Indenduru. On the 7th a seven hours' march brought us to a stream called Miwalé River, from the great number of raphia palms; and the next day we entered Fort Bodo, bringing with us six head of cattle, a flock of sheep and goats, a few loads of native tobacco, four gallons of the Pasha's whisky, and some other little luxuries, to joy the hearts of the garrison.

Such an utter silence prevails in the forest that we were mutually ignorant of each other's fate during our sixty-seven days' separation. Until we approached within 400 yards of Fort Bodo we could not divine what had become of Lieutenant Stairs, who, it will be remembered, had been despatched on the 16th of February to Ugarowwa's to conduct such convalescents as could be found there to us, to share in such fortune as might happen to us in the open country, whose very view had proved so medicinal to our men. Nor could the garrison guess what luck had happened to us. But when our rifles woke up the sleeping echoes of the forest with their volleys, the sounds had scarcely died away before the rifles of the garrison responded, and as we knew that Fort Bodo still existed, those immured within the limits of the clearing became aware that we had returned from the Nyanza.

Lieutenant Stairs was first to show himself and hail us, and close after him Captain Nelson, both in excellent condition, but of rather pasty complexion. Their men then came trooping up, exuberant joy sparkling in their eyes and glowing in their faces, for these children of Nature know not the art of concealing their moods or disguising their emotions.

But, alas! for my estimates. Since I have entered the forest region they have always been on the erring side. After computing carefully, as I thought, every mile of the course to be travelled and every obstacle likely to be met by him and his lightly laden escort, I was certain Lieutenant Stairs would be with us after an absence of thirty-nine days. We stayed forty-seven days, as we were assured it would please him to be present at the successful termination or crowning triumph of our efforts. He arrived after seventy-one days' absence, and by that date we had already communicated with Emin Pasha.

I had estimated also that out of the fifty-six invalids left in the care of Ugarowwa, and boarded at our expense, at least forty convalescents would be ready, fit for marching, but Mr. Stairs found most of them in worse condition than when they parted from us. All the Somalis were dead except one, and the survivor but lived to reach Ipoto. Out of the fifty-six there were but thirty-four remaining. One of these was Juma, with foot amputated; three were absent foraging. Out of the sorry band of thirty living skeletons delivered to him fourteen died on the road, one was left at Ipoto, the remaining fifteen survived to exhibit their nude bodies disfigured by the loathliest colours and effects of chronic disease. The following is the letter describing Mr. Stairs' remarkable journey, which amply accounts for his detention:—

“Fort Bodo, Ibwiri, Central Africa,
June 6th, 1888.

“SIR,

“I have the honour to report that in accordance with your orders of the 15th February, 1888, I left this place on the 16th of that month with an escort

of twenty couriers and other details, to proceed to Ugarrowwa's station on the Ituri, forward the couriers on their journey to Major Barttelot's column, relieve the invalids left in charge of Ugarrowwa, and bring them on to this station.

"Leaving this place, then, on the 16th, we reached Kilinani Hill village on the 17th. Next day I decided to follow a large native track, well worn, about two miles west of Kilinani, on our through track to Ipoto; accordingly we started off this up till 11 A.M. After we had gone this length, the track struck too much to the north and east; I therefore looked for other tracks, hoping by following one to at last get on to a large road, and thus work through to the Ihuru. Finding one, we followed it up some two miles or so, and then found that it ended abruptly, and no further trace could be found of it. Returning to our former road, we moved on, and that day made four more endeavours to get north-west or somewhere in that direction; late at night we camped, just before dark, having found a blazed track. On the next day, 19th, we followed this track north-west at a fast rate, and about 10 A.M. came on to an old village. The blazes here ended; no further signs of a track could we find leading out of the village, though we hunted thoroughly in every direction. Returning again, and following a large track north-east, we made still another try, but here again the track ended.

"After some consideration I returned to our camp of yesterday, and decided on following a road leading towards Mabungu, and then take a side road, said by the natives to lead to the Ihuru, but on following this we found it led merely up to some Wambutti huts, and here ran out.

"After taking my headmen's opinion, I then decided on returning and following our old road to Ipoto, there to procure two guides and follow on the track to Uledi's village, and there cross the Ihuru and follow down on north side, &c. My reasons for doing these were: If I should go on like this, looking for tracks, I should lose probably four or five days, and this with my limited time would not be admissible; and, secondly, that to attempt to split our way on a bearing through the bush to the river would take perhaps five days, which would quite counterbalance any advantage a north road might possess. Reaching Kilonga-Longa's on the 22nd, we arranged for a party to take us by a road south of Ituri, and on the 24th left. On the 1st of March crossed the Lenda, courses now N.W. and N.N.W. On the 9th reached Farishi, the upper station of Ugarrowwa. On the 14th we reached Ugarrowwa's, on the Ituri, early in the morning. For many days we had been having rains, and owing to these I suffered very much from fevers, and on getting to Ugarrowwa's had to remain in bed for two days.

"At U.'s some eight or ten were away foraging, and to get these required three and a half days.

"Fifty-six (56) men were left with Ugarrowwa, viz., five Somalis, five Nubians, and forty-six Zanzibaris, on the 18th of September, 1887. Of this total twenty-six had died, including all the Somalis except Dualla. There were still two men out when I left. Baraka W. Moussa I detailed as a courier in place of another (who had been left at Ipoto with bad ulcer), and Juma B. Zaid remained with Ugarrowwa.

"The majority of the men were in a weak state when I arrived, and on leaving I refused to take seven of these. Ugarrowwa, however, point-blank refused to keep them, so thus I was obliged to bring on men with the certainty of their dying on the march.

"Early on the 16th, Abdullah and his couriers were despatched down river. On the 17th took our forty-four rifles from Ugarrowwa, and out of these made him a present of two and forty-two rounds Remington ammunition.

"On the 18th, closed with U. for \$870, being \$30 for twenty-nine men; also handed him his bills of exchange and your letter.

"On same day left for Ibwire with following.

"From the 19th to 23rd, when I reached Farishi, the rain was constant

making the track heavy and the creeks difficult in crossing. From here on to Ipoto I had bad fevers day after day, and having no one to carry me, had to make marches of five to seven miles per day. The constant wettings and bad roads had made all the men very low-spirited, some doubting even that there was help ahead. Reached Ipoto April 11th, left 13th; and after more trouble from fever reached here on 26th April. All glad to see the Fort. Dualla, the Somali, I was obliged to leave at Ipoto. Tam, a former donkey-boy, deserted on the road. Of the draft of invalids (twenty-six) ten had died. Kibwana also died from chest disease in camp near Mambungu. Out of fifty-six invalids brought fourteen alive to the Fort.

"On reaching Fort Bodo I found you had been so long gone that I could not follow up with safety with the few rifles I could command, and so remained at this station and reported myself to Captain Nelson, who was left in charge of the Fort by you.

"Floods, rains, fevers, and other illnesses had been the cause of our long delay, and those of us who were in fit condition at all, felt bitterly the disappointment at not being able to reach you.

"I have the honour to be, &c.,

"W. G. STAIRS, Lieut. R.E.

"To H. M. STANLEY, Esq."

Of the condition of the garrison at Fort Bodo there was but little to complain; the ulcerous persons, though nothing improved, were not worse; the anæmic victims of the tortures of Manyema at Ipoto had gained possibly a few ounces in weight; the chronically indolent and malingerers still existed to remind us by their aspects of misery that they were not suitable for the long and desperate journey yet before us. We expected all this. The long journey to Yambuya and back, 1,070 miles, could never be performed by unwilling men. It would be volunteers, fired by interest, stimulated by the knowledge that, this one task ended, forest miseries, famine, damp, rain, mud, gloom, vegetable diet, poisoned arrows, would be things and griefs of the past; and then the joys of the grass-land, divine light, brightness and warmth of full day, careering of grass before the refreshing gales, the consolation of knowing that heaven is above, and the earth, yet full of glad life, glowing with beneficence and blandness, ever before them. Oh, gracious God! hasten the day. But can black men, the "brutes," "niggers," "black devils," feel so? We shall see.

One crop of Indian corn had been harvested, and was stored snugly in granaries, the fields were being prepared anew for replanting, the banana plantations still furnished unlimited supplies of food, the sweet potatoes grew wild in various places, and there was a fair stock of beans.

The malicious dwarfs (the Wambutti) had paid nocturnal visits, and ravaged somewhat the corn-fields, and Lieut. Stairs, with a few choice spirits of the Garrison, had given chase to the marauders and had routed them, losing one man in the action, but scaring the undersized thieves effectually.

The Fort now contained 119 Zanzibaris of the Advance, four of Emin Pasha's soldiers, ninety-eight Madi carriers, and three whites from the Albert Nyanza, besides fifty-seven Zanzibaris and Soudanese, and two officers who formed the garrison—total, 283 souls. It was out of this number we were to form a column of Zanzibari volunteers and Madi carriers to hasten to the relief of Major Barttelot and the Rear Column.

After a two days' rest a general muster was made. The necessities of our condition were explained aloud to them; our white brothers were labouring under God alone knew what difficulties—difficulties that appeared greater to them than they did to us, inasmuch as we had gone through them and survived, and could afford to make light of them. For knowledge would teach us to be more prudent of our rations, where to refresh our jaded bodies, and when to hasten through the intervening wildernesses, husbanding our resources. Our meeting would rejoice our poor friends, distressed by our long absence, and our good news would reanimate the most feeble and encourage the despairing. They all knew what treasures of cloth and beads were in charge of the Rear Column. We could not carry all, as indeed there was no need for so much. How could it better be bestowed than on the tireless faithful fellows who had taken their master twice to the Nyanza and back to his long-lost friends?

"I pray you, then, come to my side, ye that are willing, and ye that prefer to stay in the Fort remain in the ranks."

Exulting in their lusty strength, perfect health, and in their acknowledged worth, 107 men cried aloud, "To the Major!" "To the Major!" and sprang to my side, leaving only six, who were really indisposed by illness and growing ulcers, in their places.

Those who understand men will recognize some human merits exhibited on this occasion, though others may be as blind in perceiving the finer traits in human nature, as there are many utterly unable to perceive in a picture the touches which betray the masterful hand of a great painter, or in a poem the grace and smoothness, combined with vigour and truth, of the true poet.

After selecting out a few of the garrison to replace those unable to undertake the long march before us, there remained only to distribute twenty-five days' rations of Indian corn to each member of the Relief Force, and to advise that in addition each man and boy should prepare as much plantain flour as he could carry.

Until the evening of the 15th of June all hands were engaged in reducing the hard corn with pestle and mortar and sieve into flour, or corn-riece, called "grits," in peeling the plantains, slicing, drying them on wood grating over a slow fire, and pounding them into fine flour. I, on my part, besides arranging the most needful necessities required for general uses, had many personal details to attend to, such as repairs of pantaloons, shoes, chair, umbrella, rain-coat, &c.

My intention was to conduct the Relief Force in person, unattended by any officers, for many reasons, but mainly because every European implied increase of baggage, which was now required to be of the very smallest limit consistent with the general safety. Besides, Lieut. Stairs, in my opinion, deserved rest after his trip to Ipoto to bring the steel boat to Fort Bodo, and his journey to Ugarowwa's was to conduct the convalescents. Captain Nelson, ever since the latter part of September, 1887, had been subject to ever-varying complaints—first ulcers, then a general debility which almost threatened his life, then skin eruptions, lumbago, tender feet, and fits of obstinate ague. To a person in such a vitiated condition of blood a journey of the kind about to be undertaken would doubtless prove fatal. Dr. Parke, the only other officer availing, was needed for the sick at the Fort, as in truth the entire garrison consisted mainly of people requiring medical attendance and treatment.

With great difficulty we were able to select fourteen men of the garrison to accompany Captain Nelson as far as Ipoto, to convey the dozen loads of baggage still remaining there; but as we were about to start, the Captain was prostrated with another attack of intermittent fever, and a strange swelling of the hand, which made it necessary for Dr. Parke to replace him for this short journey.

The faithful little fox-terrier "Randy," which had borne the fatigues of the double march to the Albert Nyanza so well, and had been such a good friend to us in an hour of great need, and had become the pet of every one, though "Randy" would not permit a Zanzibari to approach me unannounced, was committed to the care of Lieutenant Stairs, in the hope of saving him the thousand-mile journey now before us. But the poor dog misjudged my purpose, and resolutely refused his food from the moment I left him, and on the third day after my departure he died of a broken heart.

Upon carefully considering the state of the Fort, and the condition of its garrison, and the capacity of its Commandant, Lieut. Stairs, who would be assisted by Captain Nelson and Dr. Parke, I felt the utmost assurance that, with sixty rifles and abundant stores of ammunition, they were invulnerable from any attack of forest natives, however strong their forces might be. A wide and deep ditch ran round two-thirds of it. At each of its angles a commanding platform, closely fenced, had been erected, with approaches and flanks duly under rifle-range, and each angle was connected by a continuous stockade, well banked with earth without and supported within by a firm banquette. The main roads leading to the Fort were also fenced, to serve as obstructions. The village inhabited by the garrison lay on the side unprotected by the ditch, and was arranged in V shape, to mask the entrance into the Fort. During daylight no hostile party could approach within 150 yards of the Fort unperceived. At night ten sentries would be sufficient precaution against surprise and fire.

This protection was not so much designed against natives alone as against a possible—and by no means unlikely—combination of Manyuema with natives. As much might be urged for the likelihood of such a combination as against it; but it is a totally wrong policy to be idle before an uncertain issue, and of the hundreds of camps or stations established by me in Africa, not one has been selected without considering every near or remote contingency.

I was about to leave Fort Bodo without the least anxiety respecting the natives and Manyuema, as also without fear of incompatibility between the officers and Zanzibaris. The officers were now acquainted with the language of their people, as well as with their various habits, tempers, and moods, and the men could equally distinguish those of their officers. Both parties also believed that their stay at Fort Bodo was not likely to be protracted, as the Pasha had promised to visit them within two months, and from a visit of one of his considerate and thoughtful character they might surely infer they would derive pleasure as well as profit. On his return to the Nyanza they could accompany him, abandoning the Fort to its fate.

Of the fidelity of the Zanzibaris there was also no room for doubt. However tyrannical or unjust the officers might be—an extreme conjecture—the Zanzibaris could only choose between them on the one hand, and

the cannibalism of the Wambutti and the incarnate cruelty of the Manyuema on the other.

Would that I could have felt the same confidence and contentment of mind regarding the Rear Column! With the lapse of months had been the increase of my anxiety. As week after week had flown by, my faith in its safety had become weakened; and my mind, fatigued with the continual conflict of its hopes and doubts, with the creation of ingenious and fine theories and their no less subtle demolition, was, perforce, constrained for its own repose and health to forbear thought and take refuge in the firm belief that the Major was still at Yambuya, but abandoned. Our duty was, therefore, to proceed to Yambuya, select the most necessary material equal to our carrying force, and march back to the Nyanza again with what speed we might.

On this supposition I framed an estimate of the time to be occupied by the journey, and handed it, with a letter of instructions, to the Commandant of the Fort for his use:—

“Whereas the distance between Fort Bodo to the Nyanza is 125 miles, and has been performed in 288 hours’ marching, or 74 days, inclusive of halts.

“Whereas we travelled the distance from Yambuya to Ugarrowwa’s in 289 hours = 74 days.

“Whereas Lieutenant Stairs marched from Ugarrowwa’s to
Fort Bodo in 26 „
100 „

“Therefore our journey to Yambuya will probably occupy 100 days, and the same period back. From June 16th, 1888, to January 2nd, 1889, is 200 days. We may reasonably be expected on January 2nd at Fort Bodo, and on the 22nd of the same month at Lake Albert.

“Or thus, starting June 16th, 1888:—

“Fort Bodo to	Ugarrowwa’s	July 5th
Thence to	Avisibba	„ 25th
„ „	Mupé	Aug. 14th
„ „	Yambuya	Sept. 3rd
Halt 10 days	—	„ 13th
Return to	Mupé	Oct. 3rd
„ „	Panga Falls	„ 23rd
„ „	Fort Bodo	Dec. 22nd
Halt 5 days	—	„ 27th
Thence to	Albert Nyanza	Jan. 16th, 1889.”
* . . . *	* . . . *	* . . . *

The last evening of my stay at Fort Bodo, while reciting over the several charges, general and personal, entrusted to him, Lieut. Stairs suggested that perhaps the non-arrival of the steamer *Stanley* at Yambuya accounted for the utter silence respecting the Rear Column. I then replied in the following terms:—

“That is rather a cruel suggestion, my dear sir; that is the least I fear, for as well as I was able I provided against that accident. You must know that when the *Stanley* departed from the Yambuya on the 28th of June, I delivered several letters to the captain of the steamer. One was to my good friend Lieut. Liebriehts, Governor of Stanley Pool district, charging him, for old friendship’s sake, to despatch the steamer back as soon as possible with our goods and reserve ammunition.

"Another was to Mr. Swinburne, my former secretary, who was the soul of fidelity, to the effect that in case the *Stanley* met with such an accident as to prevent her return to Yambuya, he would be pleased to substitute the steamer *Florida* for her, as the owners were business men, and full compensation in cash, which I guaranteed, would find as ready an acceptance with them as profits from the ivory trade.

"A third letter was to Mr. Antoine Greshoff, the agent at Stanley Pool for the Dutch house at Banana, to the effect that, failing both steamers *Stanley* and *Florida*, he would find a large ready-money profit if he would undertake the transport of the stores of the Expedition from Stanley Pool, and 128 men from Bolobo, to Yambuya. Whatever reasonable freight and fare he would charge, immediate payment was guaranteed by me.

"A fourth letter was to our officer in charge at Stanley Pool, Mr. John Rose Troup, to the effect that, failing the steamers *Stanley*, *Florida*, and Mr. Greshoff's, he was to use his utmost powers and means to collect boats and canoes, at whatever cost, ready at hand, and communicate with Messrs. Ward and Bonny at Bolobo. Mr. Ward at Bolobo was also enjoined to do the like in Uyanzi, and man these vessels with the Zanzibaris and natives, and transport by stages the various stores to the intrenched camp at Yambuya. This last would scarcely be needed, as it is extremely improbable that from June 28th, 1887, to June 16th, 1888—nearly twelve months—neither the *Stanley*, the *Florida*, nor Mr. Greshoff's steamer would be available for our service.

"Besides, you must remember that both captain and engineer of the *Stanley* were each promised a reward of £50 sterling if they would arrive within reasonable time. Such amounts to poor men are not trifles, and I feel assured that if they have not been prevented by their superiors from fulfilling their promise, all goods and men arrived safely at Yambuya."

"You still think, then, that in some way Major Barttelot is the cause of this delay?"

"Yes, he and Tippu-Tib. The latter of course has broken his contract. There is no doubt of that. For if he had joined his 600 carriers, or half that number, with our Zanzibaris, we should have heard of them long ago, either at Ipoto, when you returned there for the boat, or later, when you reached Ugarowwa's, March 16th this year. The letter of September 18th, 1887, when only eighty-one days absent from Yambuya, and which the Arab promised without delay, would certainly have produced an answer by this if the Major had departed from Yambuya. Those carriers, all choice men, well armed, acquainted with the road, despatched with you to Ugarowwa's on February 16th, and seen by you safely across the river opposite his station on the 16th of the following month, would surely by this have returned if the Rear Column was only a few weeks' march from Yambuya; therefore I am positive in my mind that Major Barttelot is in some way or other the cause of the delay."

"Well, I am sure, however you may think the Major is disloyal, I—"

"Disloyal! Why, whoever put you in mind of that word? Such a word has no connection with any man on this Expedition, I hope. Disloyal! Why should any one be disloyal? And disloyal to whom?"

"Well, not disloyal, but negligent, or backward in pressing on; I feel sure he has done his best."

"No doubt he has done his level best, but as I wrote to him on

September 18th, in my letter to be given to him by Ugarrowwa's carriers, it is his 'rashness and inexperience I dread,' not his disloyalty or negligence. I fear the effect of indiscriminate punishments on his people has been such that the vicinity of Stanley Falls and the Arabs has proved an irresistible temptation to desert. If our letters miscarry in any way, our long absence—twelve months nearly to this day, and by the time we reach Yambuya fourteen months at least!—will be a theme for all kinds of reports. When the Zanzibaris from Bolobo reached him he ought to have had over 200 carriers. In twelve months—assuming that the goods and men arrived in due date, and that, finding Tippu-Tib had broken faith, he began the move as he promised—he would be at Panga Falls; but if the severe work has demoralized him, and he has demoralized his carriers, well, then, he is stranded far below Panga Falls—probably at Wasp Rapids, probably at Mupé or at Banalya, or at Gwengweré Rapids—with but 100 despairing carriers and his Soudanese, and he is perforce compelled by the magnitude of his task to halt and wait. I have tried every possible solution, and this is the one on which my opinion becomes fixed."

"Do you allow only 100 left? Surely that is very low."

"Why? I estimate his loss at what we have lost—about 50 per cent. We have lost slightly less; for from our original force of 389 souls there are 203 still alive:—4 at Nyanza, 60 in the Fort, 119 going with me, and 20 couriers.

"Yes; but the Rear Column has not endured a famine such as we have had."

"Nor have they enjoyed the abundance that we have fed upon for the last seven months, therefore we are perhaps equal. But it is useless to speculate further upon these points.

"The success which was expected from my plans has eluded me. The Pasha never visited the south end of the Lake, as I suggested to him in my letter from Zanzibar. This has cost us four months, and of Barttelot there is not a word. Our men have fallen by scores, and wherever I turn there is no comfort to be derived from the prospect. Evil hangs over this forest as a pall over the dead; it is like a region accursed for crimes; whoever enters within its circle becomes subject to Divine wrath. All we can say to extenuate any error that we have fallen into is, that our motives are pure, and that our purposes are neither mercenary nor selfish. Our atonement shall be a sweet offering, the performance of our duties. Let us bear all that may be put upon us like men bound to the sacrifice, without one thought of the results. Each day has its weight of troubles. Why should we think of the distresses of to-morrow? Let me depart from you with the conviction that in my absence you will not swerve from your duty here, and I need not be anxious for you. If the Pasha and Jephson arrive with carriers, it is better for you, for them, and for me that you go; if they do not come, stay here until my return. Give me a reasonable time, over and above the date—the 22nd of December; then if I return not, consult with your friends, and afterwards with your men, and do what is best and wisest. As for us, we shall march back to the place where Barttelot may be found, even as far as Yambuya, but to no place beyond, though he may have taken everything away with him down the Congo. If he has left Yambuya and wandered far away south-east instead of east, I will follow him up and overtake him, and will cut

through the forest in the *most* direct way to Fort Bodo. You must imagine all this to have taken place if I do not arrive in December, and consider that many other things may have occurred to detain us before you yield to the belief that we have parted for ever."

The following is the letter of instructions to Lieut. Stairs:—

"Fort Bodo, Central Africa,

"*June 13th*, 1888.

"SIR,—

"During my absence with the advance party of the Expedition, now about to return to the assistance of Major Barttelot and Rear Column, I appoint you Commandant of Fort Bodo. I leave with you a garrison, inclusive of sick, numbering nearly sixty rifles. The men mainly are not of the calibre requisite for a garrison in a dangerous country. Still they can all shoot off their rifles, are in good condition, and you have abundance of ammunition. My principal reliance is on the Commandant himself. If the chief is active and wary, our fort is safe, and no combination of natives can oust the garrison from its shelter. I need not tell you that I leave you with confidence.

"Respecting the improvements to be made in the Fort, which I have verbally explained to you, I would suggest that as the Fort when completed will be more extensive than at present, you elect about twenty or thirty of the more decent and cleanly of the men to occupy the buildings in the Fort, until such time as they are wanted for other persons, because—

"1st. You are in no danger, then, of being cut off by a daring foe from your garrison.

"2nd. One-third of your men will be then within the gates ready at your most sudden call.

"3rd. The buildings within the Fort will be kept dry and in a habitable condition by being occupied.

"*Corn*.—Begin planting corn about July 15th. 1st July you should begin hoeing up, clearing the ground.

"*Bananas*.—I am exceedingly anxious about the bananas. Twice a week there should be sent a strong patrol round the plantations to scare the natives, and also elephants. For the latter half-a-dozen fires at as many points might suffice.

"An officer should be sent out with the patrol, to have a reliable report of what transpires. Should he report the bananas as getting scanty, then you should begin rationing your people, always obtaining your supplies by detachments from the most distant points of the plantations. Let the bananas nearest the Fort reach maturity, just as you would your corn. Along the main roads it would also be well to leave plantations alone until they mature.

"I leave Captain Nelson as second in command, to take charge when you are incapacitated by illness or accident.

"Dr. T. H. Parke, A.M.D., remains here as surgeon to take charge of the sick.

"It is, of course, impossible to say when we shall return, as we have not the least idea whereabouts the Rear Column is, but we shall do our best. If the Major is still at Yambuya, you may expect us in December sometime.

"I expect Emin Pasha and Mr. Jephson in here about two months hence—say about the middle of August.

"Should Mr. Jephson appear with a sufficient force of carriers, then I should recommend the evacuation of the Fort, and take the garrison, and accompany Mr. Jephson to the Nyanza, and put yourself and force at the disposition of Emin Pasha until my return. As I come eastward, I propose following a northerly and easterly track from the Nepoko, and make for the Ituri ferry.

"In order that on reaching the Ituri ferry I may know whether you have evacuated the Fort or not, please remember that on the right bank of the river, near the ferry, there are a number of very tall trees, on which you could carve a

number of broad arrows, which would indicate that you had passed. You could also carve date of crossing the Ituri on a conspicuous place near the ferry. This would save me a great deal of time and anxiety respecting you.

"As our twenty couriers left here February 16th, it will be four months, June 16th, since they left. If Jephson appears in about two months, say, the time will then be about six months since the couriers left Fort Bodo—quite sufficient time to dispel all doubt about them.

"I wish you and your associates good health and safe arrival at the Nyanza. On our part we will do our work with what celerity circumstances will permit.

"Yours faithfully,

(Signed) "HENRY M. STANLEY,

"Commanding E. P. R. Expedition.

"To Lieut. W. G. STAIRS,

"Commandant Fort Bodo."

CHAPTER XIX.

ARRIVAL AT BANALYA: BARTELOTT DEAD.

ON the 16th of June, in the early morning we set out from Fort Bodo towards Yambuya in excellent spirits, loudly cheered by the garrison and with the best wishes of the officers. We numbered 113 Zanzibaris, ninety-five Madi carriers, four of Emin Pasha's soldiers, two whites besides Dr. Parke and his little band of fourteen men, whose company we were to have as far as Ipoto. Indekaru was reached on the evening of the 17th, amid a heavy storm of rain. The next day was a halt to collect more plantains. On the 19th we camped at Ndugu-bisha, the day following at Nzalli's. We had by this time been introduced to the difficulties of forest marching. The cries of the column leaders recalled most painfully what an absence of seven months had caused us almost to forget.

"Red ants afoot! Look out for a stump, ho! Skewers! A pitfall to right! a burrow to left! Thorns, thorns, 'ware thorns! Those ants; lo! a tripping creeper. Nettles, 'ware nettles! A hole! Slippery beneath, beneath! look out for mud! A root! Red ants! red ants amareh! Look sharp for ants! A log! Skewers below!" And so on from camp to camp.

Most of the villages along this route still stood, but all awry and decaying; reeling from rotten uprights, the eave corners on the ground, green mould covering the floors within, hollows filled with slime, and fungi flourishing along the sides, and nitrous exereescences abounding; roofs covered with creepers, nettles, and prolific gourd vines—veritable nests of ague, in which, however, necessity compelled us and our men to seek shelter by reason of excessive fatigue, or imminence of a rain-storm.

Mambungu's was reached on the 21st, and on the edge of the Busindi clearing we camped on the following day. After forty-seven hours' marching from Fort Bodo we entered the Arab settlement of Ipoto, where it will be remembered our people, maddened by distress of hunger, caused me such serious losses of arms and ammunition. But the change in their condition was so great, and their eyes flashed such lively glances

of scorn at their tormentors, that in the afternoon Kilonga-Longa, with his headmen, dreading reprisal, began with many apologies for the behaviour of his Manyuema during his absence to extenuate the heinousness of their crimes, and to offer to atone for them as well as he was able. Nineteen Remingtons were laid before me, out of thirty I knew to be in their possession. Six of these had been left as pledges of payment by myself, two were given by Mr. Stairs acting in my name, one was sold by Captain Nelson, and ten were sold by Zanzibaris, besides eleven not yet recovered; but out of 3,000 cartridges and two entire cases these receivers of stolen goods purchased from the starving Zanzibaris, only fifty were returned. Whatever fears the Manyuema may have felt, the fit time for reprisal and retaliation had not arrived, though fifty rifles could have captured the settlement easily, the majority of Kilonga-Longa's people being absent raiding eastward. We had far more important business afoot than the destruction of Ipoto, nor must it be forgotten that our little garrison at Fort Bodo was not so secure but that a few hundreds of men made desperate by their losses might not avenge themselves fully by a siege or midnight assault.

We therefore, bending under the necessities of the occasion, accepted the rifles and gifts of goat and rice, and the Zanzibaris were permitted to sell such ivory as they had packed up for 100 pecks of rice, which to them was most welcome provender.

The next day the chief returned two more rifles, but all my men being sufficiently armed, he was requested to retain them as pledges, in addition to the six remaining in his hands, for payment of ninety doti of cloth promised to him and his people for the grudging and scant sustenance given to Captain Nelson and Dr. Parke while they were compulsory guests of this ill-natured community.

In the afternoon Dr. Parke and his little band of fourteen men commenced their return journey to Fort Bodo, conveying thirteen loads, and bearing the very last instructions I could give.

On the 25th of June we set out from Ipoto accompanied by a guide and our escort of fifteen Manyuema, who were ostentatiously detailed for this duty as far as the next Arab settlement, one of Ugarowwa's outlying stations. We arrived at the Ituri River, and a canoe capable of carrying nine men was delivered over to us at 3 P.M. to serve as the means of ferriage. As one trip to the left bank and back occupied on an average twenty-three minutes, night fell before a half of our force was across.

The work of ferrying was resumed early next morning, and continued until two o'clock, when every soul had crossed excepting the Manyuema escort, whose fears that sudden vengeance would be inflicted on them caused them to decline the venture they had been ordered to undertake.

We were now fairly in the wide uninhabited wilderness through which last October the Expedition struggled, gaunt victims of a merciless famine. No consideration would have tempted us to a revisit of these dreadful shades, but that we fostered a lively hope that we should soon meet our returning couriers, who we expected would gratify us with news from the Major's column. Imbued with the fond belief that as they had not arrived at Ipoto we should meet them on this road—none other being known to them—we marched briskly from the landing-place, and in two and three-quarter hours reached the camp whence we had crossed over to the north bank on the 14th of October last. Indications of our stay here

were yet fresh—the charcoal broad arrows drawn on the barked tree stems, the lead-pencil writing to Khamis Parry still plainly legible.

At 1.15 p.m. of the 28th we arrived at Nelson's Camp, opposite the confluence of the Ihuru with the Ituri, a place which last October witnessed such death and agony, where poor Nelson sat so many hours, so many wretched days with ulcered feet, waiting anxiously the arrival of news from us, and where he was found by his friend Mounteney Jephson, haggard, and reduced by his feelings of forlornness and despair into a state of abject helplessness, in the midst of his dying and dead companions. We had performed the march in twenty hours, or in four days inclusive of our detention while ferrying with one small craft. Last October, despite our strenuous endeavours, the same distance had occupied us thirty-nine hours' marching, or thirteen days inclusive of the halt! The condition of the stomach made all this great difference.

We found our *cache* untouched, though we had strong doubts, and unearthed our buried stores which Jephson's relief party was unable to carry away. The ammunition, made by Kynoch of Birmingham, after eight months' burial in the sand, subject to tropic damp and an eternal rain, was not so much injured as we expected, a full eighty per cent. of it being still sound, and the well-waxed brass cases and copper caps yet exhibited their native brightness and gloss. Distributing 1,000 rounds to the men for the refilling of their pouches, selecting such other articles as were useful, we made up eight loads, and after burying the rest as superfluous, we hurried away from the hateful spot, camping far inland.

Arriving at camp, we discovered four Madi carriers to have deserted with the kits of their Zanzibari mates. Had they known, what we could never forget, of the evil repute of this wilderness, they probably would have rather chosen the brawling river for their graves than the slow torture of famine in the ruthless forest.

At sunset we were surprised to see the Manyema escort reach our camp. They had fled to Kilonga-Longa's, and that gentleman had sternly ordered them to follow us again, and not to return without a note reporting they had performed the duty on which they had been sent.

On the 29th we left the river route and steered a south-westerly course through the pathless forest, in order to strike the road taken by Mr. Stairs' party on their return from Ugarrowwa's. As the headman Rashid bin Omar was of our party, we presumed—as he asserted his faith in himself—that he would recognize the path if it were shown to him, after which of course there would be no difficulty. The whole of the 29th and 30th were occupied in this south-westerly course undeviating. We meanwhile crossed several native paths, but as Rashid failed to recognize any of them, we continued on our way. On the 1st of July, early in the morning's march, we entered the basin of the Lenda River, and then, as Rashid expressed himself of the opinion that we must have passed the path, we took a direct westerly course, steering straight on through the forest by compass. At noon of the 2nd we struck the Lenda River which generally flowed, as we observed during the afternoon march of the 2nd and until noon of the 3rd, N.N.W. Discovering a narrow chasm thirty yards wide through which the Lenda rushed furiously, we conceived it would be to our advantage to throw a bridge across this river, and trust to fortune showing us the path to Ugarrowwa's station on the other bank, rather than continue along the Lenda River on the right bank,

lest we might be forced to wander for days without finding the means of crossing. Accordingly we selected three of the tallest trees, 115, 110, and 108 feet respectively, which we managed to launch across the chasm, and these resting on stout forked uprights, with railings to steady the laden men, made a commodious and safe bridge. Early on the morning of the 5th the bridge was completed, and by ten o'clock every man was safe across.

The Madi carriers having purposely scattered their corn provisions along the road to lighten their loads, began now to pay the penalty of their wastefulness. Though the camp-crier cried out daily the number of days yet remaining for which the provisions must last, the ignorant savages were, however, too dense-headed to profit by the warning; consequently we had a dozen feeble wretches already faltering in their gait. We were already short of seven—four of whom had deserted.

We continued on the left bank our westerly course, and meantime crossed several native paths inclining S.E. and N.W., but we found none that can be made available for our necessity.

On the 6th we stumbled across a clearing garnished with a small but thriving plantation of plantains. The famished Madis rushed on this supply like hungry wolves on their prey, and soon devoured the whole, but three of them trod on cunningly-hidden sharp-pointed skewers set in the ground.

Through a pelting rain we travelled on the 7th, and, wet and miserable, camped in the bosom of untraversed woods. One hour's march next day brought us to the small village of Balia, and five hours later halted for the night at Bandeya.

This day had been replete with miseries and singular accidents. A shower of cold rain fell on us after leaving Balia, and three of the naked Madis fell dead within a few paces of each other. At the first indication of this shower I had ordered a halt, and spread out about 150 square feet of tenting, inviting every one to huddle under it. The shower over, we rolled up the canvas and resumed the march, but we were still subject to the heavy cold dripping of the foliage. The Zanzibaris, more accustomed to it and in better condition of body, were not much inconvenienced; but three Madis, depressed in mind, depleted in body, fell dead as suddenly as though shot. A Lado soldier of Emin Pasha's and a Zazibari were skewered in the feet, and so crippled by these painful wounds that we were obliged to carry them. Near Bandeya another Madi native succumbed to illness caused by insufficient food, and a Zanzibari was shot by a bold and crafty dwarf with an arrow which penetrated between the ribs, but not to a fatal depth. Arriving at the village, my cook Hassan, in an unfortunate moment, while drawing his Winchester rifle towards him, caused it to explode; tearing a large portion of the muscles of the left arm; and near midnight a youth named Amari, while blowing up to a brighter flame a watch-fire, was suddenly wounded in the head by a bullet from a Remington cartridge that some one had carelessly dropped near the embers.

The next day, guided by some women who said they knew the way to Ugarrowwa's, there was a most tedious march through an immense clearing lately abandoned by the natives. None that I can remember was so full of vexations. It was a strained position at every stride we took—now treading on a slippery trunk which bridged a chasm bristling with

dangers from a number of dead branches, their sharp points erected upwards threatening impalement to the unfortunate man who fell from such a height on them; then balancing oneself on a log thrown across a rushing stream; anon plunged into a brake suffocatingly close from the dense masses of myriads of creepers growing above and around; soon stumbling through a deep green slough, its depth hidden by floating vegetable parasites, then over a fearful array of logs, the relics of the old forest, and every step the difficulties repeated until near noon we had traversed with streaming, bodies the vast clearing of Ujangwa. On the confines of the virgin forest we formed camp, despatched the people to gather plantains and to prepare them as provisions for the few days yet remaining of the wilderness.

By solar observations I discovered we were in N. Lat. $1^{\circ} 0' 16''$.

On the 10th I suspected we were taking a course which, if continued, would lead us not far from our camp of the 8th, but the Zanzibaris were so wedded to the belief that the natives knew their own country best, that in a fit of spleen I permitted them to rest in that opinion. About ten o'clock of the 11th we came upon the clearing and a little village we had left on the morning of the 8th. Thus we had made a complete circle, and in revenge for this the people demanded that the women should be slaughtered. Poor things, they had only acted according to their nature! It is we who were in error in supposing that the natives would show us a way leading them further and further from their own country. Were the faith continued in them they would have persisted in guiding us round about their clearings until they had dropped dead on their native earth. The women were therefore sent away home, and with compass in hand we steered a west by north course to strike the main road. We continued this course the whole of the 11th, and early next day succeeded in finding the path, which ran north by east.

At nine o'clock of the 13th of July we reached our old camp on the Ituri River, opposite Ugarrowwa's station, but the place, as we looked across the river, we found to be abandoned. Therefore no news could be obtained of our long absent carriers, or of the Major and his people. We resumed our march, our course being along the Ituri River, every mile, every creek, every crossing-place and every camp, well known to us.

The next day, rations all exhausted, Madis perishing by twos and threes daily, we reach Amiri Falls. No sooner was camp pitched than there was a rush for food. It was not to be obtained in the immediate vicinity, for Ugarrowwa's multitude of 600 people had preceded us and devoured every edible, and that the supply had been insufficient for them was evident by the number of skeletons in his old camp. Distance would not deter our fellows from the Nyanza; they hastened onward, pursuing a track leading southward, until finally after some hours they reached a hill the base of which was one continuous thriving plantation of plantains. At a late hour in the night they brought the good news to camp, gratified our famished eyes with a view of the prodigious fruit, which caused us all to dream ecstatically on fruity banquets of which the mellow and flavoury plantain was the most conspicuous.

Of course a halt at such a critical period within reach of such abundance was imperative, and at an early hour the camp was emptied of nearly every able hand, excepting sentries, to procure food. In the afternoon the well-furnished foragers returned, often in couples, with an immense bunch

between them, like to the old engraving of Caleb and Joshua bearing the grapes of Eshcol. The more provident, however, bore larger quantities of the fruit, peeled and sliced, ready for drying, thus avoiding the superfluous stalk and plantain skin. During the absence of the foragers the weaker of the messes had erected the wooden grates and collected the fuel for the drying overnight. The fruit when thus dry could be converted into cakes, or palatable plantain porridge, or a morning's draught of plantain gruel. Many of the finest specimens were reserved to ripen to make a sweet pudding, or a sweet brew, or for sauce for the porridge.

On the 16th of July we resumed our march along the river, following our old road as closely as possible, and in seven hours reached the Little Rapids above Navabi Falls. On the next day passed Navabi Falls, and took a look at the place where we submerged our canoes, to discover that they had been taken away. Within four hours we arrived at our old camp at Avamburi landing-place. The path was now considerably improved, for nearly a thousand pairs of feet had trodden it since our two score of bill-hooks had first carved a passage through the bush. Many a skeleton lay along the road, and our moribund Madis were destined to add a few more to the number, for day by day they dropped down, never to rise again. Nothing that we could say would prevail to induce them to provide provision for the morrow. Ten plantains they thought an inexhaustible stock, but the evening would find them hungering for more. The only other means left to save their lives was to halt as often as possible, to enable them to eat their fill. Accordingly we halted two days at Avamburi landing-place, to rest and comfort the drooping and dying Madis.

On the 20th we marched for seven and a half hours, and camped a few miles above Bafaido Cataract, losing one Zanzibari and four Madis *en route*. One of the latter was a chief among them, who suffered from a skewer wound in his foot. As we were starting he stated his intention to die on the spot, called his countrymen together, distributed his bracelets, anklets, shiny iron collars and ear-rings among them, and then lay down with a placid countenance, wherein not the slightest emotion was discernible. All this was very admirable, but it would have been still more admirable to have bravely struggled, than to have so doggedly died. Three hours later we discovered a canoe, into which we were enabled to place a few weaklings. Before reaching camp we had found three canoes, into which we embarked nearly all the ailing ones. It would have been cruel to have halted and sent back people for the Madi chief; besides there were many chances against our finding him alive, for as soon as the rear guard left the camp it was generally visited by hosts of natives, who would feel no remorse for ending the feeble life of the sick man lagging behind the column.

The next day was a short march of two hours. Ugarowwa had also halted at Bafaido Cataract, and for several days, judging from the elaborate arrangements of his large camp, which from a distance appeared like a large town, occupying the extremity of the river-head terminated by the cataract. Before arriving at Hippo Broads we were in possession of four canoes. On the next day, lunching at the cataract camp, where we buried our shovels and some articles which our weakening force could not carry, we examined the cache, and discovered that the deserters had unearthed the ten tusks of ivory, and the natives had possessed themselves of all the

remaining articles. Late in the afternoon we camped at Basopo Cataract. Between the two cataracts the Zanzibaris discovered several canoes hidden away in the creeks emptying into the Ituri, and joyfully, but most recklessly, embarked in them, and notwithstanding their knowledge of the dangerous channels of the Basopo Cataract, continued on their course down the furious stream, which caused us the loss of a Zanzibari and a boy belonging to the soldiers of Emin Pasha. In the capsized canoe were also two of the Pasha's soldiers, both of whom lost their rifles and their kit, and barely escaped with their lives.

Two Zanzibaris, called Juma and Nassib, wandered away from the column and were missing this day, and we were therefore obliged to halt on the 24th to send out a party to hunt for them. In the afternoon the party returned unsuccessful, but an hour later we were startled to hear a bullet hissing over our heads. A search was made, and the culprit was found to be Nassib, who, accompanied by his friend Juma, was returning to camp, and who informed us that he had seen one of our people in the bush just outside the camp, and had fired at him, supposing him to be a prowling native. He still more astonished us when he related that the cause of his parting from the column was that he and Juma had seen some fine plantains in a plantation, and had sat down to peel and dry a supply for the road. This had consumed some eighteen hours at least, and they say that when they sought the road they could not find the track of 200 men. It is difficult to decide which compelled most admiration, the folly of these two third-rate men sitting calmly down in the midst of a plantation belonging to ferocious cannibals, who generally closed the rear of the columns to avenge themselves on the stragglers, or the alarm which in this solitary instance possessed the natives.

On the 25th we camped above the Little Rapids of Bavikai, and on the next day entered the populous district of Avé-jeli, opposite the mouth of the Npoko affluent, taking our quarters in the village where Dr. Parkc so successfully amputated the foot of an unfortunate Zanzibari thirteen months before.

I was never so sensible of the evils of forest marching as on this day. My own condition of body was so reduced, owing to the mean and miserable diet of vegetables on which I was forced to subsist, that I was more than usually sympathetic. At this time there were about thirty naked Madis in the last stages of life; their former ebony black was changed to an ashy grey hue, and all their bones stood out so fearfully prominent as to create a feeling of wonder how such skeletons were animated with the power of locomotion. Almost every individual among them was the victim of some hideous disease, and tumours, scorched backs, fetid ulcers, were common; while others were afflicted with chronic dysentery and a wretched debility caused by insufficient food. A mere glance at them, with the mal-odour generated by ailments, caused me to gasp from a spasm of stomach-sickness. With all this, the ground was rank with vegetable corruption, the atmosphere heated, stifling, dark and pregnant with the seeds of decay of myriads of insects, leaves, plants, twigs and branches. At every pace my head, neck, arms or clothes were caught by a tough creeper, calamus thorn, coarse briar, or a giant thistle-like plant, scratching and rending whatever portion they hooked on. Insects also of numberless species lent their aid to increase my misery, especially the polished black ant, which affects the trumpet-tree. As we

marched under the leaves, these ants contrived to drop on the person, and their bite was more vexations than a wasp's or red ant's; the part bitten soon swelled largely, and became white and blistery. I need not name the other species, black, yellow and red, which crossed the path in armies or clung to almost every plant and fed on every tree. These offensive sights and odours we met day after day, and each step taken was fraught with its own particular evil and annoyance, but with my present fading strength and drooping spirits, they had become almost unbearable. My mind suffered under a constant strain of anxiety respecting the fate of my twenty choice men which were despatched as couriers to the Rear Column under Major Barttelot, as well as of the Rear Column itself. I had had no meat of any kind, of bird or beast, for nearly a month, subsisting entirely on bananas or plantains, which, however varied in their treatment by the cook, failed to satisfy the jaded stomach. My muscles had become thin and flabby, and were mere cords and sinews, every limb was in a tremor while travelling, and the vitals seemed to groan in anguish for a small morsel of meat.

At camp I overheard a conversation carried on between my tent-boy Sali and another Zanzibari. The boy was saying that he believed the "Master" would not last long, how he had observed that his powers were declining fast. "Please God," said the other, "we shall find goats or fowls in a few days. It is meat he needs, and he shall get it if Ugarowwa has not cleared out the country.

"Ah," said Sali, "if the Zanzibaris were men instead of being brutes, they would surely share with the master what meat they get while foraging. Do they not use his guns and cartridges, and are they not paid wages for using them? I can't understand why they should not share what they obtain with the master's own rifles."

"There are few here so wicked as not to do it—if they get anything worth sharing," replied the other.

"But I know better," said Sali. "Some of the Zanzibaris find a fowl or a goat almost every day, but I do not see any of them bringing anything to the master."

At this juncture I called out to Sali, and enjoined him to tell me all he knew. By dint of questioning, the fact was elicited that there was some truth in what he had stated. Two of the Zanzibari chiefs, Murabo, of Bumbiré fame, and Wadi Mabruki, had discovered a goat and three fowls on the 25th, and had secretly eaten them. This was one of the first instances of signal ingratitude discovered in these two men. From this day the effect of the disclosure resulted in my obtaining a share in the spoils. Three fowls were delivered to me before evening, and a few days later I had regained normal strength. This happy result in my own case proved what the needs of the poor naked Madis were.

A heavy stock of provisions of dried plantains was prepared at Avé-jeli, and our increasing flotilla of canoes enabled us to embark all our Madis baggage, and half of the Zanzibari force.

We formed our next day's camp near Avugadu Rapids, and on the 27th passed the canoes over the rapids, and halted for the night a few miles below.

We lunched at our old camp, where I remained so many days while waiting and searching for the lost Expedition in August, '87, on the 30th of July, and took up our night's quarters at Mabengu village.

At this village we observed about sunset an immense number of large bats, called "popo" in Swahili, sailing over our heads to their night-roosts across the river. A thin riband of sky was alone visible above where I stood, and I counted 680 of the number that flew within view. As the army of bats must have spread over several miles of the forest, a rough approximation of the many thousands that were flying may be made.

On the last day of July we reached Avisibba, famous for its resistance to our Advance Column last year, and for the fatal effects of the poisoned arrows employed in the conflict. In one of the huts we found the top of one of our tent-poles, wrapped carefully in leaves, with a small piece of cartridge-paper, a bit of green velvet from our surgical instrument case, and the brass case of a Remington cartridge. The curious package was hung up to one of the rafters, and probably consecrated to some fetish.

In another hut we discovered a collar of iron rings, and ten unfired cartridge-cases. These last must have belonged to one of our unfortunate deserters, whose flesh must have simmered in a pot over a fire and formed a family repast. An old jacket was also picked up later, which deepened the probability.

Shortly after landing at the village a little naked girl about eight years old walked composedly into view and surprised us all by addressing us in the Zanzibari language.

She cried out, "It is true, then? I heard a gunshot, and I said to myself while in my hiding-place, these must be my own people, and I will go and see them, for the Pagans have no guns."

She gave her name as "Hatuna-mgini" (we have no other), and related that she and five full-grown women were abandoned by Ugarowwa at that place because they were very sick, and that soon after Ugarowwa had departed with his large flotilla of canoes the natives rushed in and killed the five women, but that she had run away and hidden herself, where she had remained ever since, living on raw wild fruit, but in the night she had succeeded in gathering bananas, which, when ripe, she could eat uncooked, since no fire was possible. Ugarowwa had had a skirmish with the Avisibbas, in which he had killed a great number. He had stayed here five days preparing food, and had departed many days—"more than ten days."

A march of four and a half hours to Engweddé, and another of seven and a half hours took us to a camp opposite an island occupied by the Bapaiya fishermen, a few miles above the Nejambi Rapids. Rifles, accoutrements, were disembarked, and the canoemen were ordered to pass their canoes down the left branch. While the land party was engaged in the portage, the majority of the canoemen preferred to take the right branch, in which act of disobedience the Zanzibari chief and five Madis lost their lives, one canoe was lost, and two others capsized, but afterwards recovered. A Zanzibari named Salim was so bruised and battered by the flood sweeping him against the rocks that he was unable to walk for nearly a month afterwards.

About 3 P.M. we resumed our journey, and arrived about 5 P.M. at Panga Falls. Leaving a detachment of them to guard the canoes, we formed camp below the Falls. The land party succeeded in finding a small supply of Indian corn, which, converted into meal, made me a porridge supper.

A downpour of rain, commencing at midnight and continuing until

1 P.M. of the 5th of August, much impeded our work, but by night we had our flotilla of nineteen canoes safe below the Falls, in front of our camp.

The natives of Panga had betaken themselves into an island near the right bank, with all their goats, fowls, and other property; but they had left several nets and wires within reach in the various branches on our side, whence we obtained some fine large fish. The natives were practically safe, inasmuch as no body of men with other business in view would incur the trouble of molesting them. They, however, manifested most plausibly a desire to make terms of amity with us by pouring water on their head and sprinkling their bodies with it, and some of our men good-naturedly approached their island and responded reciprocally. The daring natives pushed across the cataract, and one of them contrived to draw himself unperceived near one of our men, and stabbed him in the back.

A halt was ordered the next day, and a band of forty men proceeded inland to forage, returning towards night, each with a load of eatables; but one of their number, a Madi, received a severe wound in the back with an arrow.

Our old camp opposite the confluence of the Ngula River and the Ituri was reached on the 7th in two and a half hours by the canoes, but the land party occupied eight hours in marching the distance, which I estimated at eleven miles.

At Mambanga's on the north bank, which we reached the next day, we found a good supply of food, but a Zanzibari named Jaliffi was seriously wounded with a wooden arrow in the chest. A portion an inch and a half long was imbedded in the wounded part, which incapacitated him from duty for over two months. On the point of the arrow being ejected the wound soon closed.

At Mugwe's—or My-yui—the next place, a great change had occurred. All the villages were obliterated by fire, and the fine plantain plantations cut down, and at Mugwe's own village there stood an immense camp. Believing that Ugarowwa was present, we fired a signal shot, but no answer being returned, we proceeded to our old camp on the left bank, where on one of the trees, Lieutenant Stairs had carved the date "July 31st" (1887) for the benefit of the Major.

Arriving at our old camp, we were surprised to see the body of a woman belonging to Ugarowwa's, freshly killed and washed, laid out on the bank close to the river, and near by three bunches of plantains, two cooking-pots, and a canoe capable of carrying five people. It was evident to us that a party of natives hearing the signal shot, had decamped, and had been obliged to abandon their intended feast.

A party of men was sent across the river to reconnoitre, and in a short time they came back reporting that Ugarowwa must have departed that same morning down the river. This was very regrettable to me, as I burned to ascertain what he had heard of the news from down river, and I also wished to beg of him not to ravage the country, for the benefit of succeeding caravans which would suffer serious loss from the wholesale havoc and devastation attending his journey.

On the 10th of August I delivered over to the care of the senior Zanzibar chief, Rashid, thirty-five of the ablest of our men, with a charge to pursue our old track along the river, as I intended to descend the river with our canoe flotilla without a halt as far as Wasp Rapids, where no

doubt we should overtake Ugarrowwa, and where we should stay together until he should reach us.

At 6.40 A.M. we set out, and, paddling vigorously, we were in the neighbourhood of Wasp Rapids at 11 A.M. Long before we heard the roar of the rushing river over the rocky reefs which obstruct its course there, we descried an immense camp on the right bank, and in a short time the forms of men in white dresses moving about the bush. When we had approached within rifle range we fired some signal shots and hoisted our flag, which was no sooner seen than the deep boom of heavily-loaded muskets announced that we were recognized. Soon several large canoes pushed from the right bank towards us, as we were descending along the left bank, and hailed us in the Swahili language. After the usual exchange of compliments we then asked the news, and to our great joy, not unmixed with grief, we learned that our couriers, who had now been absent from us nearly six months, were in Ugarrowwa's camp. The couriers had left Lieutenant Stairs at Ugarrowwa's station on the 16th of March, and had reached Wasp Rapids in seventeen days, or on the 1st of April, where they had been driven back with a loss of four of their number. Perceiving that they were unable to pierce through the hostile crowds, they had travelled back to Ugarrowwa's station, which they reached on the 26th of April, and where they placed themselves in Ugarrowwa's hands. A month later, Ugarrowwa, having collected his people from the outlying stations, commenced his descent of the Ituri River, our couriers accompanying him, reaching Wasp Rapids on the 9th of August, having been seventy-six days *en route*. That same period we had occupied in travelling from the Albert Nyanza, the 10th of August being the twenty-ninth day since we had left Ugarrowwa's old station.

After forming our camp on the left bank in the deserted village of Bandeyah, opposite the camp of Ugarrowwa's, in the deserted village of Bandekiya, the surviving couriers, accompanied by Ugarrowwa and his headmen, visited us. Amid a deep silence the headman related his tragic story:—

“Master, when you called for volunteers to bear your letter to the Major, there was not a man of us but intended to do his very best, knowing that we were all to receive a high reward and great honour if we succeeded. We have done our best, and we have failed. We have, therefore, lost both reward and honour. It is the men who have gone with you to the Nyanza and found the Pasha, and can boast of having seen him face to face, who deserve best at your hands. But if we have not succeeded in finding the Major and gladdening his heart with the good news we had to tell, God He knows it has not been through any fault of our own, but rather because it is His will that we should not do so. We have lost four of our number, and I am the only one who cannot show a wound received during the journey. We have two, who though alive, seem to be incurable from the poison in their blood. Some of our men have as many as five arrow-wounds to show you. As far as Avisibba we came down the river smoothly enough, but then the sharp work soon commenced. At Engweddé two were wounded. At Panga Falls three men were most seriously hurt by arrows. Between Panga Falls and here was a continued fight day after day, night after night; the natives seemed to know long before we reached them our full strength, and set on us either in full daylight or in the darkness, as though resolved to exter-

minate us. Why they should show so much courage with us when they had shown themselves so cowardly when we went up with you, I cannot say, unless our deserters, coming down river by half-dozens, have enabled the Pagans to taste the flavour of Zanzibari blood, and they having succeeded so well with them, imagined they could succeed with us. However, when we reached this village wherein you are now encamped, there were only eleven of us fit for anything; all the rest were sore from their wounds and one was helpless; and soon after our coming the fight began in real earnest. Those from that great village opposite us joined with the natives of Bandeya; the river seemed to swarm with canoes, and the bush around this village was alive with natives. After an hour's trial, during which time many of them must have been killed, for they were so crowded, especially on the river, we were left in peace. We availed ourselves in fortifying, as well as we could, the few huts we had selected for our quarters during the night.

"When night fell we placed sentries as usual, as you and Lieut. Stairs and Ugarrowwa, all of you, enjoined on us; but, wearied with work and harassed by care, our sentries must have slept, for the first thing we knew was that the natives had pulled down our zeriba and entered into the camp, and a wild cry from a man who received a fatal thrust with a spear woke us up to find them amongst us. We each grasped our rifles and fired at the nearest man, and six of them fell dead at our feet. This for a moment paralysed them; but we heard a chief's voice say, 'These men have run away from Bula Matari. Not one of them must live.' Then from the river and the bush they came on in dense crowds, which the flashes of our rifles' fire lit up, and their great numbers seemed for a short time to frighten the best of us. Lakkin, however, who is never so funny as when in trouble, shouted out, 'These fellows have come for meat—give it them, but let it be of their own people,' and wounded men and all took their rifles and took aim as though at a target. How many of them fell I cannot say; but when our cartridges were beginning to run low they ran away, and we were left to count the dead around us. Two of our men never answered to their names, a third called Jumah, the son of Nassib, called out to me, and when I went to him I found him bleeding to death. He had just strength enough to charge me to give the journey up. 'Go back,' said he. 'I give you my last words. Go back. You cannot reach the Major; therefore whatever you do, go back to Ugarrowwa's.' Having said this, he gave up his last breath, and rolled over, dead.

"In the morning we buried our own people, and around our zeriba there were nine natives dead, while within there were six. We beheaded the bodies, and after collecting their heads in a heap, held council together as to the best course to follow. There were seventeen of us alive, but there were now only four of us untouched by a wound. Jumah's last words rung in our ears like a warning also, and we decided to return to Ugarrowwa's. It was easier said than done. I will not weary you with details—we met trouble after trouble. Those who were wounded before were again wounded with arrows; those who were unwounded did not escape—not one excepting myself, who am by God's mercy still whole. A canoe was capsized and we lost five rifles. Ismailia was shot dead at Panga Falls. But why need we say over again what I have already said? We reached Ugarrowwa's after an absence of forty-three days. There were only sixteen of us alive, and fifteen of us were wounded. Let

the scars of those wounds tell the rest of the story. We are all in God's hands and in yours. Do with us as you see fit. I have ended my words."

Among those who heard this dreadful story of trials for the first time there was scarcely a dry eye. Down many faces the tears ran copiously, and deep sighs and ejaculations of pity gushed from the sympathetic hearts. When the speaker had finished, before my verdict was given, there was a rush towards him, and hands stretched out to grasp his own, while they cried out with weeping eyes, "Thank God! thank God! You have done bravely; yes, you have shown real worth, and the mettle of men."

It was thus we welcomed our long-lost couriers, whose fate had been ever in our minds since our departure from Fort Bodo. They had been singularly unsuccessful in the object of their mission, but somehow they could not have been more honoured by us had they returned with letters from the Major. The story of their efforts and their sufferings was well told, and was rendered more effective and thrilling by the sight of the many wounds each member of the gallant band had received. Through the kindness of Ugarrowwa, whose sympathies had been won by the same sad but brave story, their wounds had soon healed, with the exception of two, who, though now only greatly scarred, were constantly ailing and weak. I may state here that one finally recovered in the course of two months his usual strength, the other in the same time faded away and died.

In Ugarrowwa's camp were also discovered three famous deserters, and two of our convalescents who were absent foraging during Lieut. Stair's visit. One of these deserters had marched away with a box of ammunition, another had stolen a box containing some of Emin Pasha's boots and a few pairs of my own. They had ventured into a small canoe which naturally was capsized, and they had experienced some remarkable hair-breadth escapes before they arrived at Ugarrowwa's. They had been delivered as prisoners to Lieut. Stairs, but a few days later, they again escaped to Ugarrowwa's, who was again induced to deliver them up to me. These two afterwards behaved exceedingly well, but the third, while a victim to small-pox, some few weeks later, escaped from the care of his friends and leaped into the Nejambi Rapids, where he was drowned.

Ugarrowwa, being out of powder, was more than usually kind. A notable present of four goats, four sacks of rice, and three large canoes was made to me. The goats and rice, as may be imagined, were very welcome to us, nor were the canoes a despicable gift, as I could now treble the rate of our descent down the river; for in addition to our own canoes the entire Expedition of 130 fighting-men, boys, followers, and Madi carriers, besides the baggage, could be embarked.

No news had been obtained of our Rear Column by either the couriers or Ugarrowwa. The letter to the Major, which I had delivered to Ugarrowwa for despatch by his couriers last September, was now returned to me with the letters from my own couriers. He had sent forty-five men down the river, but at Manginni, about half-way between Wasp Rapids and My-yui, they had been obliged to return. Thus both efforts to communicate with Major Barttelot had been unsuccessful, and could not but deepen the impression that something exceedingly awry had occurred

with the Rear Column. Among the letters delivered to me by Ugarrowwa was one open. It is descriptive and amusing, and characteristic of our Doctor :—

“Fort Bodo,
“15th February, 1888.

“MY DEAR OLD BARTELOT,

“I hope you are ‘going strong,’ and Jameson ‘pulling double.’ None of us here have any idea where you are. Some of us officers and men say you are on the way up river, others say you are still at Yamhuya, unable to move with a large number of loads, and amongst the men there is an idea that your Zanzibaris may have gone over to Tippu-Tib. Stanley reached the Lake 14th December, 1887, but could not communicate with Emin Pasha. As he had not got his boat, he then came back from the Lake into the bush, and made this fort to store his baggage, while he again goes on to the Lake with Jephson and boat. Stairs goes to Ugarrowwa’s to-morrow with twenty men, who are to go on to you and who bring this letter. Stairs returns here with about forty or fifty men who were left at Ugarrowwa’s, and then goes on after Stanley, as the place is only 80 or 100 miles from the Lake. I am to stay at this fort with forty or fifty men. Nelson, who has been ailing for months, therefore also remains here. We had an awful time coming here. I often said I was starved at school, but it was stuffing compared with what we have gone through. I am glad to say all the white men are very fit, but the mortality amongst the men was enormous, something like 50 per cent. Up to Ugarrowwa’s there is plenty of food, but little or none along the river this side of Ugarrowwa’s. Stanley, I know, is writing you all about the starvation and the road. To-day, Stanley fell in all the men, and asked them all if they wanted to go to the Lake or go back for you. Most of the men at first wanted to go back, but afterwards the majority were for the Lake; both Stairs, Jephson, and myself were for the Lake, so as to decide if Emin Pasha was alive or not, so as not to bring your column up all this way and then go back to Muta Nzigé. All the men are as fat as butter; some of them, however, who stayed with me at an Arab camp for three months, where I was left to look after Nelson, and sick men, and boxes, etc., are reduced to skin and bone. Out of thirty-eight, eleven died of starvation. Stairs was the only officer wounded, but many of the men died from their wounds.

“We are all in a bad way for boots; none of us have a good pair. I have made two pairs, but they did not last long, and all my clothes have been stolen by ‘Rehani,’ a Zanzibari. Stanley has had me working hard all day, and I have only time to write these few lines as the sun is going down. Our party have lost and sold a great quantity of ammunition.

“Give my best wishes to old Jameson, also the other fellows whom I know; and hoping to see you up here before long,

“Believe me, yours very sincerely,
“J. H. P.

“We are all awfully sick of this ‘bush’; it continues to within a few miles of the Lake.”

The next day was a halt. The senior Chief Rashid and his land party did not arrive before 2 P.M. of the 11th. The current had carried our flotilla in five hours, a journey which occupied him fifteen hours’ march. But on the 12th of August, having safely passed the canoes below the rapids, we embarked at noon and proceeded down river. Opposite Elephant Playground camp we met one of Ugarrowwa’s scouting canoes ascending, the men of which related wonderful stories of the strength, fierceness, and boldness of the Batundu natives. Two hours later the

Batundu drums announeed our advent on the river; but when their canoes advanced to reckon the number of our vessels, they quietly retired, and we occupied their chief village in peace, and slept undisturbed during the night.

At S. Mupé we arrived on the 13th, and halted one day to prepare food for our further journey down river, but on the next day, the 15th, we passed the flotilla safely down the various rapids, and camped below the lowest Mariri Rapids.

Resuming the journey on the 16th, we floated and paddled past three of our land-march camps, and on a large island possessing huts sufficient to accommodate 2,000 people we halted for the night. Both banks of the river were unpeopled and abandoned, but no one could impart any reason for this wholesale devastation. Our first thought was that our visit had perhaps caused their abandonment, but as the natives had occupied their respective villages in view of the rear guard, we concluded that probably some interneine war was the cause.

This day was the eighty-third since we had departed from the shores of the Albert Nyanza, and the sixtieth since we had left Fort Bodo. Our progress had been singularly successful. Of the naked Madi carriers we had lost a great many, nearly half of the number that we had departed from the Nyanza with; but of the hardened and acclimatised Zanzibaris we had lost but three, two of whom were by drowning, and one was missing through a fit of spleen. Five hundred and sixty miles of the journey had been accomplished, there were only ninety miles remaining between Bungangeta Island and Yambuya, yet not a rumour of any kind had been heard respecting the fate of our friends and followers of the Rear Column. This constant and unsatisfied longing, pressing on my mind with a weight as of lead, with the miserable unnourishing diet of dry plantains, was fast reducing me into an aged and decrepit state of mind and body. That old buoyant confident feeling which had upheld me so long had nearly deserted me quite. I sat near sunset by the waterside alone, watching the sun subside lower and lower before the horizon of black foliage that bounded Makubana, the limits of my view. I watched the ashen grey clouds preceeding the dark ealm of night, and I thought it represented but too faithfully the melaneholy which I could not shake off. This day was nearly twelve months from the date the Rear Column should have set out from Yambuya—365 days. Within this period 100 carriers only might have been able to have advanced as far as Bungangeta, even if they had to make seven round trips backwards and forwards. What could possibly have happened execept wholesalc desertion caused by some misunderstanding between the officers and men? In the darkness I turned into my tent, but in my nervous and highly-strung state could find no comfort there; and at last I yielded and implored the all-seeing and graeious Providence to restore to me my followers and companions, and allay the heartache that was killing me.

At the usual hour on the 17th, we embarked in our canoes and resumed our journey down the river, paddling languidly as we floated. It was a sombre morning; a heavy greyness of sky painted the eternal forest tops of a sombrous mourning colour. As we glided past Bungangeta district we observed that the desolation had not been confined to it, but that Makubana also had shared the same fate; and soon after coming in view of the mighty curve of Banalya, which south or left bank had been so

populous, we observed that the district of the Banalya had also been included. But about half-past nine we saw one village, a great way down through the light mist of the morning, still standing, which we supposed was the limit of the devastation. But as we drew near we discovered that it had a stockade. In July 1887, when we passed up, Banalya was deemed too powerful to need a stockade. Presently white dresses were seen, and quickly taking up my field-glass, I discovered a red flag hoisted. A suspicion of the truth crept into my mind. A light puff of wind unrolled the flag for an instant, and the white crescent and star were revealed. I sprang to my feet and cried out, "The Major, boys! Pull away bravely." A vociferous shouting and hurraing followed, and every canoe shot forward at racing speed.



VIEW OF BANALYA CURVE.

About 200 yards from the village we stopped paddling, and as I saw a great number of strangers on the shore, I asked, "Whose men are you?" "We are Stanley's men," was the answer delivered in mainland Swahili. But assured by this, and still more so as we recognized a European near the gate, we paddled ashore. The European on a nearer view turned out to be Mr. William Bonny, who had been engaged as doctor's assistant to the Expedition.

Pressing his hand, I said,—

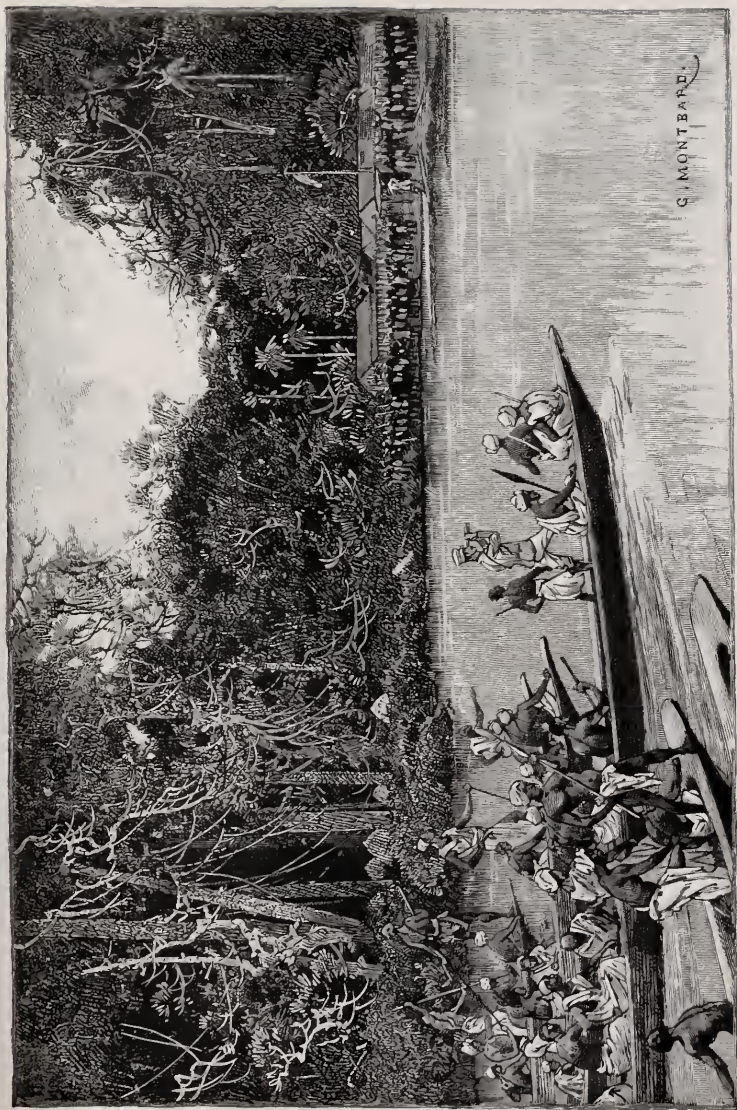
"Well, Bonny, how are you? Where is the Major? Sick, I suppose?"

"The Major is dead, sir."

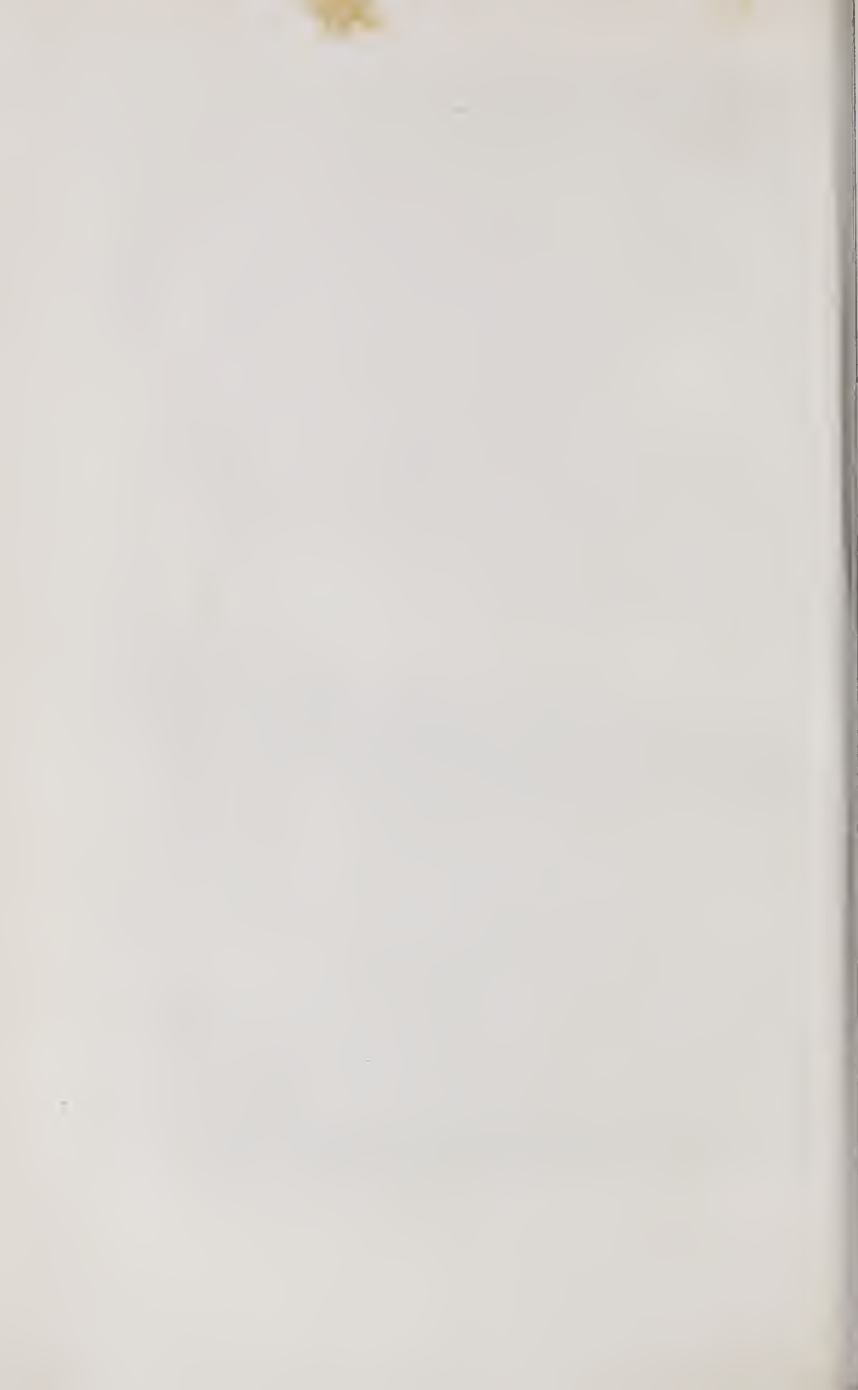
"Dead? Good God! How dead? Fever?"

"No, sir, he was shot."

"By whom?"



MEETING WITH THE REAR COLUMN AT BANALYA.



"By the Manyuema—Tippu-Tib's people."

"Good heavens! Well, where is Jameson?"

"At Stanley Falls."

"What is he doing there, in the name of goodness?"

"He went to obtain more carriers."

"Well then, where is Mr. Ward, or Mr. Troup?"

"Mr. Ward is at Bangala."

"Bangala! Bangala! what can he be doing there?"

"Yes, sir, he is at Bangala, and Mr. Troup has been invalided home some months ago."

These queries, rapidly put and answered as we stood by the gate at the water side, prepared me to hear as deplorable a story as could be rendered of one of the most remarkable series of derangements that an organized body of men could possibly be plunged into.

Despite Mr. Bonny's well-written report of the events which had occurred, it was many days before I could find time to study and understand the details. The strangers I had observed belonged to Tippu-Tib, and they now pressed congratulations upon our arrival, and our people hurrying in through the narrow gate with the baggage from the canoes, bawling out recognition of their friends, leaping with joy, or howling with grief, made Banalya Camp indescribably tumultuous.

Let us imagine the baggage stored orderly, the canoes lashed to stakes firmly driven in the bank, the congratulations of the strangers over, the Zanzibaris of the Advance Column departed from our immediate vicinity to seek their long-lost friends and to hear the news, the Soudanese and Zanzibari survivors of the Rear Column having uttered their fervid thanks that we had at last—at last, thank God—come, and such letters as had arrived hastily read, despatches hastily written, sent by couriers to Stanley Falls, one for Tippu-Tib himself, and one for the Committee of the Relief Fund, and we shall be at liberty to proceed with the story of the Rear Column, as gathered from Mr. Bonny's reports, oral and written, and from the surviving Soudanese soldiers and Zanzibaris, and we shall then see how the facts differed or agreed with our anticipations.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SAD STORY OF THE REAR COLUMN.

THE principal characters of the following narrative are :—

First, Tippu-Tib, *alias* Sheikh Hamed bin Mohammed, a man who is a native of the East Coast of Africa, of Arab descent. He has thousands of men under his command. He is a renowned slave-trader, with a passion for extending his conquests and traffic in ivory and slaves, who, while meditating a war against an infant State lately created in Africa, is persuaded to agree to a peace pact, to confine his destructive raids within certain limits, and, finally, to lend the services of 600 carriers to our Expedition, which is destined for the rescue of a worthy Governor beleaguered by many enemies at the north end of the Albert Nyanza.

While exhibiting the utmost goodwill and ungrudging hospitality, and

exercising numerous small kindnesses to the officers of the Expedition, he contrives to delay performing the terms of his solemn contract, and months are wasted before he moves to take the necessary steps for accomplishing his duties. Finally, as the officers provoke him by constant and persistent entreaties, he makes a journey of over 700 miles, collects the carriers, and after eleven months' systematic delay, surrenders them to his white friends. But a few weeks later a catastrophe occurs: one of the headmen of these carriers, named Sanga, points his musket at the principal European officer in charge, and shoots him dead.



MAJOR BARTELLOT.

Second, is Major Edmund Musgrave Barttelot, a generous, frank, and chivalrous young English officer, distinguished in Afghanistan and on the Soudanese Nile for pluck and performance of duty. His rank and past experience in the command of men entitle him to the appointment of Commander of the Rear Column. He is instructed to remain at Yambuya until the arrival of a certain contingent of carriers from Bolobo, in the charge of three subordinate officers, Messrs. Ward, Troup, and Bouny. If Tippu-Tib has arrived previous to or by that date, he is to lose no time

in following the track of the Advance Column, which has preceded him by about seven weeks. If Tippu-Tib has not arrived by the time the Bolobo contingent has reached Yambuya, he is to make a forward move by slow stages with his own force of about 210 carriers, making repeated trips backwards and forwards until all the essentials are removed from camp to camp; he is allowed discretion what to dispense with in order to be enabled to march; the articles are mentioned which may be thrown away. He declares the instructions to be clear and intelligible. He vows that he will not wait longer at Yambuya than the arrival of the Bolobo people,



MR. JAMESON.

and satisfies us all that in him we have a man of energy, resolution, and action, and that there is no need of anxiety respecting the conduct of the Rear Column. In every letter and report he appears animated by the utmost loyalty and willing spirit.

Third, is a young civilian named James Sligo Jameson, a gentleman of wealth, with a passion for natural history studies, who, professing a fraternal attachment for his friend the Major, is appointed second in command of the Rear Column. It is reported of him, that "his alacrity,

capacity, and willingness to work are unbounded;" whatsoever his friend the Major proposes receives the ready sanction of Mr. Jameson; and he has a claim to having much experience and judgment for former adventurous travels in Mashona-land and Matabele. Barely four weeks after the assassination of his friend he dies, utterly worn out by fever and trouble.

Three young Englishmen come last, who are attached to the Major's staff, two of whom, Mr. Herbert Ward and Mr. Troup, are to be associated with the commander and his second in the discussion of every vital step, and no important decision can be taken unless a council of the four has been convened to consider it as to its bearing upon the enterprise for which they have assembled on the verge of the unknown region of woods. They are therefore implicated in the consequences of any resolution and every sequent act. They are not boys new from school, and fresh from the parental care. They are mature and travelled men. Mr. Herbert Ward has seen service in Borneo, New Zealand, and Congo-land; is bright, intelligent and capable. Mr. John Rose Troup has also served under my command in the Congo State, and has been mentioned in my record of the founding of that State as an industrious and zealous officer. Mr. William Bonny has seen service in the Zulu and Nile campaigns, has lived years in South America, and appears to be a staid and observing man.

Now here is the inexplicable mystery. We have parted from them while warmly and even affectionately attached to each other. We have plighted our words one to the other. "Fear not," say they; "we shall be doing and striving, cheerfully and loyally." We believe them, and hand in hand we pledge ourselves.

We return from our quest of Emin Pasha, and according to Major Barttelot's own Report (see Appendix) we learn the following striking facts:—

1st. "Rumour is always rife, and is seldom correct, concerning Mr. Stanley. He is not dead to the best of my belief. I have been obliged to open Mr. Stanley's boxes, as I cannot carry all his stuff."

He sends to Bangala all my clothing, maps, and charts, reserved medicines for the Expedition, photo chemicals and reserve negatives, extra springs for Winchesters, Remingtons, essentials for tents, and my entire canteen. He reduces me to absolute nakedness. I am so poor as to be compelled to beg a pair of pants from Mr. Bonny, cut another pair from an old white blanket in the possession of a deserter, and another from a curtain in my tent. But Messrs. Jameson, Troup, and Bonny are present, concurring and assisting, and the two last-named receive salaries, and both present their accounts and are paid, not a penny deducted, and a liberal *largesse* besides, and first-class passages home are granted to them.

2nd. "There are four other Soudanese and twenty-nine Zanzibaris who are unable to proceed with us."

"Two cases of Madeira were also sent him (Mr. Stanley). One case I am sending back"—that is, down the Congo. He also collects a choice assortment of jams, sardines, herrings, wheaten flour, sago, tapioca, arrow-root, &c., and ships them on board the steamer which takes Mr. Troup homeward. And there are thirty-three dying men in camp. We may presume that the other gentlemen concurred in this deed also.

3rd. "I shall go on to Wadelai, and ascertain from Emin Pasha, if he be there still, if he has any news of Mr. Stanley; also of his own intentions as regards staying or leaving. I need not tell you that all our endeavours will be most strenuous to make the quest in which we are going a success. It may be he only needs ammunition to get away by himself, in which case I would in all probability be able to supply him."

On the 14th of August Mr. John Rose Troup has delivered over to Major Barttelot 129 cases of Remington rifle cartridges, in addition to the twenty-nine left by me at Yambuya. These 158 cases contain 80,000 rounds. By June 9th (see Barttelot's Report) this supply has dwindled down to 35,580 rounds. There has been no marching, no fighting. They have decreased during a camp life of eleven months in the most unaccountable manner. There are left with the Rear Column only sufficient to give fifty rounds to each rifle in the possession of Emin Pasha's troops. Half of the gunpowder, and more than two-thirds of the bales of cloth have disappeared. Though Yambuya originally contained a store of 300,000 percussion-caps, it has been found necessary to purchase £48 worth from Tippu-Tib.

4th. "The loads we do not take are to be sent to Bangala. They will be loaded (on the steamers) on June 8th (1888), a receipt being given for them by Mr. Van Kerkhoven, which is forwarded to you; also a letter of instructions to him and to Mr. Ward. Perhaps you would kindly give the requisite order concerning the loads and two canoes purchased for Mr. Ward's transport, as it is nearly certain I shall not return that way, and shall have, therefore, no further need of them *or him*." (See Appendix, Barttelot's Report.)

Mr. Ward has been despatched down river to telegraph to the Committee for instructions; he was supposed to bring those instructions back from the sea with him. Here we are told the Major has no further need of him. He has also written to Captain Van Kerkhoven, of Bangala, not to allow him to ascend above Bangala. In the last paragraph of Mr. Jameson's letter to Mr. Bonny I note a reference to this change.

5th. The Rear Column consisted of 271 souls rank and file when we parted from Yambuya, June 28th, 1887.

In October, 1887, this force, according to a letter from the Major, had decreased to 246 men.

On June 4th, 1888, while the Rear Column lies still in the same camp (see the Major's Report) it has diminished to 135 men rank and file.

On August 17, 1888, I demand from Mr. William Bonny, who is in sole charge at that date, an official report as to the number of men left of the Rear Column, and he presents me with the following:—

"List of Zanzibaris left by Mr. Stanley at Bolobo and Yambuya, inclusive of eleven men, deserters, picked up from Advance Column:—

78 dead.

26 deserted.

10 with Mr. Jameson (Bangala).

29 left sick at Yambuya.

5 left sick on road.

75 present at Banalya, August 17th, 1888.

Return of Soudanese and Somalis and Syrians left at Yambuya:—

- 21 died.
- 1 killed by natives.
- 1 executed by order of Major Barttelot.
- 3 sent down Congo to Egypt.
- 4 left sick at Yambuya.
- 1 sick handed over to care of Congo State.
- 22 present at Banalya, August 17th, 1888.

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Return of British officers left by Mr. Stanley at Bolobo and Yambuya:—

- 1 John Rose Troup, invalided home.
- 1 Herbert Ward, sent down river by Major Barttelot.
- 1 James S. Jameson, proceeded down Congo.
- 1 Edmund M. Barttelot, Major (murdered).
- 1 William Bonny, present at Banalya, August 17th, 1888.

5

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281

11 deserters from Advance Column.

270

1 error.

271

Dead and lost.

- 78 Zanzabaris dead.
- 29 left sick at Yambuya.
- 4 left sick at Yambuya.
- 5 left sick on road.
- 21 Soudanese dead.
- 1 killed by natives.
- 1 executed.

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6th. The steamer *Stanley* arrived at Yambuya on the 14th of August, within a few days of the date mentioned in the Letter of Instructions. On the 17th she departs to her port at Leopoldville, and has severed all connection with the Expedition. The officers of the Congo State have behaved loyally according to their Sovereign's promise. It only remains now for the Rear Column to pack up and depart slowly but steadily along our track, because Tippu-Tib has not arrived, and according to the issue anticipated will not come.

I turn to Mr. Bonny, and ask, "Were you not all anxious to be at work?"

"Yes, sir."

"Were you not burning to be off from Yambuya?"

"Yes, sir."

"Were you all equally desirous to be on the road?"

"I believe so. Yes, sir."

"Well, Mr. Bonny, tell me—if it be true that you were all burning, eager, and anxious to be off—why you did not devise some plan better than travelling backwards and forwards between Yambuya and Stanley Falls?"

"I am sure I don't know, sir. I was not the chief, and if you will observe, in the Letter of Instructions you did not even mention my name."

"That is very true; I ask your pardon; but you surely did not remain silent because I omitted to mention your name, did you—you a salaried official of the Expedition?"

"No, sir. I did speak often."

"Did the others?"

"I don't know, sir."

I have never obtained further light from Mr. Bonny, though at every leisure hour it was a constant theme.

A year after this we were at Usambiro, south of the Victoria Nyanza, and I received a clipping of a newspaper, wherein there was a copy of Major Barttelot's letter of October, 1887. There was a portion which said, "We shall be obliged to stay here until November." I know that they thought they were obliged to remain until June 11, 1888. I turn to Major Barttelot's letter of June 4th, 1888 (see Appendix), wherein he says, "I feel it my bounden duty to proceed on this business, in which I am fully upheld by both Mr. Jameson and Mr. Bonny; to wait longer would be both useless and culpable, as Tippu-Tib has not the remotest intention of helping us any more, and to withdraw would be pusillanimous, and, I am certain, entirely contrary to your wishes, and those of the Committee."

I turned to my Letter of Instructions, and I find in Paragraph 10:

"It may happen that though Tippu-Tib has sent some men, he has not sent enough to carry the goods with your own force. In that case you will of course use your discretion as to what goods you can dispense with, to enable you to march."

Paragraph 11. "If you still cannot march, then it would be better to make marches of six miles twice over, if you prefer marching to staying for our arrival, than throw too many things away." (See Letter of Instructions in a preceding chapter.)

At Usambiro also I received the answer which the Committee sent in reply to Mr. Ward's cablegram from St. Paul de Loanda, asking them to "wire advice and opinion."

To Major Barttelot, care Ward, Congo.

"Committee refer you to Stanley's orders of the 24th June. If you still cannot march in accordance with these orders, then stay where you are, awaiting his arrival, or until you receive fresh instructions from Stanley."

A committee 6,000 miles away penetrate into the spirit of the instructions instantly, but a committee of five officers at Yambuya do not appear to understand them, though they have been drawn up on the clear

understanding that each officer would prefer active movement and occupation to an inactive life and idle waiting at Yambuya.

7th. Mr. William Bonny, whose capacity to undertake serious responsibilities is unknown to me, is not mentioned in the Letter of Instructions.

On my return to Banalya, Mr. Bonny hands me the following order written by Major Barttelot.

"Yambuya Camp,

"April 22nd, 1888.

"SIR,—In event of my death, detention of Arabs, absence from any cause from Yambuya camp, you will assume charge of the Soudanese company, the Zanzibar company, and take charge of the stores, sleeping in the house where they are placed. All orders to Zanzibaris, Somalis, and Soudanese will be issued by you and to them only. All issues of cloth, matako (brass rods), etc., will be at your discretion, but expenditure of all kinds must as much as possible be kept under. Relief to Mr. Stanley, care of the loads and men, good understanding between yourself and the Arabs must be your earnest care; anything or anybody attempting to interfere between you and these matters must be instantly removed.

"I have the honour to be, Sir, &c.,

"EDMUND M. BARTTELOT,

"Major."

What remains for the faithful Jameson, "whose alacrity, capacity, and willingness to work are unbounded," to do? Where is the promising, intelligent, and capable Ward? What position remains for the methodical, business-like, and zealous Mr. John Rose Troup? Mr. Bonny has been suddenly elevated to the command of the Rear Column in the event of any unhappy accident to Major Barttelot.

My first fear was that I had become insane. When I alone of all men attempt to reconcile these inexplicable contrarinesses with what I know animated each and every officer of the Rear Column, I find that all the wise editors of London differ from me. In the wonderful log-book entries I read noble zeal, indefatigable labour, marches and counter-marches, and a limitless patience. In the Major's official report, in Mr. Jameson's last sad letter (see Appendix), I discern 'a singleness of purpose, inflexible resolve and the true fibre of loyalty, tireless energy and faith, and a devotion which disdains all calculation of cost. When I came to compare these things one with another, my conclusion was that the officers at Yambuya had manifestly been indifferent to the Letter of Instructions, and had forgotten their promises. When Mr. Bonny told me that one of them had risen at a mess meeting to propose that my instructions should be cancelled, and that the ideas of Major Barttelot should be carried out in future—it did appear to me that the most charitable construction that could be placed upon such conduct was that they were indifferent to any suggestions which had been drawn out purposely to satisfy their own oft-repeated desire of "moving on."

But how I wish that I had been there for just one hour only on that August 17th, 1887, when the five officers were assembled—adrift and away, finally from all touch with civilization—to discuss what they should do, to tell them that

"Joy's soul lies in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize."

To remind them that

“The path of duty is the way to glory.”

What! count your hundreds of loads! What are they? Look, it is simply this: 200 carriers are here to-day. There are 500 loads. Hence to the next village is ten miles. In six days your 200 men have carried the 500 loads ten miles. In four months you are inland about 150 miles. In eight months you are 300 miles nearer to the Nyanza, and long before that time you have lightened your labours by conveying most of your burdens in canoes; you will have heard all about that Advance Column as early as October, the second month of work; for powder and guns, you may get Ugarrowwa's flotilla to help you, and by the time the Advance Column starts from Fort Bodo to hunt you up, you will be safe in Ugarrowwa's settlement, and long before that you will have met the couriers with charts of the route, with exact information of what lies before you, where food is to be obtained, and every one of you will be healthier and happier, and you will have the satisfaction of having performed even a greater task than the Advance Column, and obtained the “kudos” which you desired. The bigger the work the greater the joy in doing it. That whole-hearted striving and wrestling with Difficulty, the laying hold with firm grip and level head and calm resolution of the monster, and tugging, and toiling, and wrestling at it, to-day, to-morrow, and the next until it is done; it is the soldier's creed of forward, ever forward—it is the man's faith that for this task was he born. Don't think of the morrow's task, but what you have to do to-day, and go at it. When it is over, rest tranquilly, and sleep well.

But I was unable to be present; I could only rely on their promise that they would limit their faith in Tippu-Tib until the concentration of all officers and men attached to the Rear Column, and insist that the blazing on the trees, the broad arrow-heads pointing the way, should be well made for their clear guidance through the almost endless woods, from one side of the forest to its farthest edge. Yet curiously hungering to know why Barttelot, who was “spoiling for work,” and Jameson, who was so earnest, and had paid a thousand pounds for the privilege of being with us, and Ward, who I thought was to be the future Clive of Africa, and Troup, so noted for his industry, and Bonny, so steady and so obedient, so unconsciously acted as to utterly prevent them from doing what I believe from my soul they wished to do as much as I or any other of us did, a conviction flashes upon my mind that there has been a supernatural malignant influence or agency at work to thwart every honest intention.

A few instances will tend to strengthen this conviction. I freely and heartily admit that the five officers burned to leave Yambuya, and to assist in prosecuting unto successful issue the unique enterprise they had sacrificed so much comfort to join. But they are utterly unable to move, try how they may. They believe I am alive, and they vow to make a strenuous quest for me, but they reduce me to nakedness. They are determined to start in quest and relief of Emin Pasha, because “to withdraw would be pusillanimous, and to stay longer would be culpable,” and yet they part with the necessary ammunition that they wish to carry to him. They confess that there are thirty-three sick men unable to move at Yambuya, and yet the very stores, medicaments, and wine that might

have saved them they box up and send to Bangala, after first obtaining a receipt for them. They have all signed agreements wherein each officer shall have a fair share of all European preserved provisions, perfect delicacies, and yet they decline to eat them or allow the sick men to eat them, but despatch them out of the hungry woods to the station of Bangala. Mr. Bonny, as I understand, expressed no regret or audible dissent at their departure. From pure habit of discipline he refrained from demanding his fair share, and like a good Englishman, but mighty poor democrat, he parted with his inalienable right without a murmur. They searched for Manyuema slaves, cannibals of the Bakusu and Basongora tribes to replace their dead Zanzibaris and Soudanese, Somalis and Syrians, and it came to pass a few weeks after they had obtained these cannibals that one of their headmen assassinates the English commander. Also on a fatal date, fatal because that resolution to wait sealed their fate, an officer of the Advance Column was straying through an impenetrable bush with 300 despairing men behind him, and on this fatal date the next year, Mr. Bonny, the sole survivor of the English band, pours into my ears a terrible tale of death and disaster, while at the same hour poor Jameson breathes his last, tired and worn out with his futile struggles to "move on" at Bangala, 500 miles west of me; and 600 miles east of me, the next day, Emin Pasha and Mr. Jephson walk into the arms of the rebel soldiery of Equatoria.

This is all very uncanny if you think of it. There is a supernatural *diablerie* operating which surpasses the conception and attainment of a mortal man.

In addition to all these mischiefs a vast crop of lying is germinated in these darksome shades in the vicinity of Stanley Falls, or along the course of the Upper Congo, showing a measureless cunning, and an insatiable love of horror. My own murder appears to be a favourite theme, quantities of human bones are said to be discovered by some reconnoitring party, human limbs are said to be found in cooking-pots, sketches by an amateur artist are reported to have been made of whole families indulging in cannibal repasts; it is more than hinted that Englishmen are implicated in raids, murder, and cannibalism, that they have been making targets of native fugitives while swimming in the Aruwimi, all for the mere sake of infusing terror, alarm, and grief among quiet English people, and to plague our friends at home.

The instruments this dark power elects for the dissemination of these calumnious fables are as various in their professions as in their nationality. It is a deserter one day, and the next it is an engineer of a steamer; it is now a slave-trader, or a slave; it is a guileless missionary in search of work, or a dismissed Syrian; it is a young artist with morbid tastes, or it is an officer of the Congo Free State. Each in his turn becomes possessed with an insane desire to say or write something which overwhelms common sense, and exceeds ordinary belief.

From the official written narrative of Mr. William Bonny I glean the following, and array the facts in clear order.

The *Stanley* steamer has departed from Yambuya early in the morning of August 17th, 1887. The goods she has brought up are stored within the magazine, and as near as I can gather there are 266 men within the entrenched camp. As they are said to have met to deliberate upon their future steps we may assume that the Letter

of Instructions was read, and that they did not understand them. They think the wisest plan would be to await Tippu-Tib, who, it will be remembered, had promised to Major Barttelot that he would be after him within nine days.

On this day the officers heard firing across the river almost opposite to Yambuya. Through their binoculars they see the aborigines chased into the river by men dressed in white clothes, who are shooting at them from the north or right bank. Conceiving that the marauders must be some of Tippu-Tib's men, they resolve upon electing an officer and a few men to interview them, and to cease from molesting the natives who have long ago become friendly and are under their protection. The officer goes across, finds their camp, and invites Abdallah, their chief, to visit the English commander of Yambuya. The Major thus learns that these marauders really belong to Tippu-Tib, and that Stanley Falls is but six days' march overland from Yambuya. Probably believing that, after all, Tippu-Tib may be persuaded to assist the Expedition, he inquires for and obtains guides to conduct some of his party to Stanley Falls, to speak and treat in his behalf with that chieftain whom we have conveyed from Zanzibar to Stanley Falls, with free rations, in consideration of the help he had solemnly contracted to furnish.

On August 29th, Mr. Ward returns from the Falls with a reply from Tippu-Tib, wherein he promises that he will collect the carriers needed and send them within ten days. The first promise in June was "in nine days;" the promise is in August "in ten days." A few days later Mr. Jameson returns from Stanley Falls in company of Salim bin Mohammed, a nephew of Tippu-Tib, and a large party of Manyema. This party is reported to be the vanguard of the carrier contingent, which Tippu-Tib will shortly bring in person.

In the interval of waiting for him, however, trouble breaks out on the Lumami, and Tippu-Tib is obliged to hurry to the scene to settle it. The Yambuya garrison, however, are daily expecting his presence.

Unable to bear the suspense, the second visit to Stanley Falls is undertaken, this time by Major Barttelot in person. It is the 1st of October. Salim bin Mohammed accompanied him, and also Mr. Troup. On the way thither they met Tippu-Tib advancing towards Yambuya, having six deserters from the Advance Column, each bearing a weighty tusk. The Major graciously remits the six ivory tusks to the Arab chief, and, as they must have a palaver, they go together to Stanley Falls.

After one month the Major returns to his camp on the Aruwimi, and states that Tippu-Tib, unable to muster 600 carriers in the Stanley Falls region, is obliged to proceed to Kasongo, about 350 miles above Stanley Falls, and that this journey of about 700 miles (to Kasongo and back) will occupy forty-two days.

Meantime, twenty of the Major's own people have been buried outside the camp.

The English commander learns that during his absence, Majato, a headman of the Manyema, has been behaving "badly," that he has been, in fact, intimidating the natives who marketed with the garrison, with the view of starving the soldiers and Zanzibaris, or reaping some gain by acting as the middleman or factor in the exchange of goods for produce. Hearing these things, the Major naturally becomes indignant, and forthwith despatches Mr. Ward, who makes the third visit to the Falls to

complain of the arbitrary conduct of Majato. The complaint is effective, and Majato is immediately withdrawn.

In the beginning of 1888, Salim bin Mohammed arrives at Yambuya for the second time, and presently becomes so active in enforcing certain measures against the natives that the food supply of the camp is wholly cut off and never renewed. He also commences the construction of a permanent camp of substantial mud-built huts, at half a bow-shot's distance from the palisades of Yambuya, and completely invests the fort on the land side, as though he were preparing for a siege of the place.

After a futile effort to bribe Salim with the offer of a thousand pounds to lead a Manyuema contingent to follow the track of the Advance Column, Major Barttelot and Mr. Jameson, about the middle of February, undertake the fourth visit to Stanley Falls. Salim, fearing unfavourable accounts of his behaviour, accompanies them *en route*; the party meet 250 Manyuema, but as they have no written instructions with them, they are permitted to scatter over the country in search of ivory.

In March Salim returns to Yambuya, and intimates to the officers that no doubt the carriers would be ultimately forthcoming, not however for the purpose of following Mr. Stanley's track, but to proceed *viâ* Ujiji and Unyoro; a mere haziness of geography!

On the 25th of March, Major Barttelot returns to the camp with information that Mr. Jameson, the indefatigable Jameson, has proceeded up river in the track of Tippu-Tib, with the intention of reaching Kasongo. He also announces his intention of forming a flying column, and leaving the larger part of his goods at Stanley Falls in charge of an officer! He also prepares a telegram to the Committee in London, which is as follows:—

“St. Paul de Loanda,
“1st May, 1888.

“No news of Stanley since writing last October. Tippu-Tib went to Kasongo Nov. 16th, but up to March has only got us 250 men. More are coming, but uncertain in number, and as precaution, presuming Stauley in trouble (it would) be absurd in me to start with less number than he did, while carrying more loads—minus Maxim gun. Therefore I have sent Jameson to Kasongo to hasten Tippu-Tib in regard to originally proposed number of 600 men, and to obtain as many fighting-men as possible up to 400, also to make as advantageous terms as he can regarding service, and payment of men, he and I guaranteeing money in name of Expedition. Jameson will return about the 14th, but earliest day to start will be June 1st, when I propose leaving an officer with all loads not absolutely wanted at Stanley Falls. Ward carries this message; please obtain wire from the King of the Belgians to the Administrator of the Free State to place carriers at his disposal, and have steamers in readiness to convey him to Yambuya. If men come before his arrival, I shall start without him. He should return about July 1st. Wire advice and opinion. Officers all well. Ward awaits reply.

“BARTTELLOT.”

Mr. Ward proceeded down the Congo, and in an unprecedentedly short time reached the sea-board, cabled his despatch, received the following reply, and started up the Congo again for the Yambuya camp.

“Major Barttelot, care Ward, Congo.

“Committee refer you to Stanley's orders of the 24th June, 1887. If you still cannot march in accordance with these orders, then stay where you are, awaiting his arrival or until you receive fresh instructions from Stanley. Committee do

not authorise the engagement of fighting-men. News has been received from Emin Pasha *viâ* Zanzibar, dated Wadelai, November 2nd. Stanley was not then heard of: Emin Pasha is well and in no immediate want of supplies, and goes to south-west of lake to watch for Stanley. Letters have been posted regularly *viâ* East Coast.

“Chairman of Committee.”

Mr. Ward on arriving at Bangala is detained there by order.

The Committee have made a slight mistake in calling my Letter of Instructions “orders.” The instructions are not exactly “orders.” They are suggestions or advices tendered by the Commander of the Expedition to the Commanding Officer of the Rear Column, which he may follow or reject at his own discretion. Major Barttelot has expressed an impatient desire to be of active service to the Expedition. He declares that it is his dearest wish to leave Yambuya to follow on our track. The Commander of the Expedition, strongly sympathising with the impetuous young officer, writes out a series of suggestions by which his desire may be realised, and gives him further a pencilled estimate (see Appendix) by what manner the forward advance after us may be done. The Major earnestly promises to conform to these suggestions, and the parting between him and myself is on this understanding. But they are not positive “orders,” as a man’s epitaph can best be written after his death, so the measure of “kudos” to be given a man is best known after the value of his services has been ascertained.

At the end of March the Major is on bad terms with Salim bin Mohammed, which compels him to make a fifth visit to Stanley Falls to obtain his removal.

About the middle of April Major Barttelot returns to his camp, and Salim has orders to quit Yambuya. Instead, however, of proceeding to Stanley Falls, he proposes a raid upon a large village below Yambuya, but in a few days he reappears, stating that he has heard a rumour that the Advance Column is descending the upper waters of the Aruwimi.

On the 9th of May, 1888, the Major proceeds to make a sixth visit to Stanley Falls, and on the 22nd of the month makes his reappearance with the indefatigable Jameson and a large party of Manyema. Three days later the procrastinating Tippu-Tib, who, on the 18th of June, 1887, said that he would be at Yambuya within nine days, and in August within ten days, arrives by steamer *A.I.A.* The *Stanley* also steams up to deliver letters for the Expedition.

As Tippu-Tib suggested that the loads 60 lbs. weight were too heavy for his people, the officers were obliged to reduce them to 40, 30, and 20 lb. weights, to suit his views. This was no light task, but it had to be performed. As an advance payment, Mr. Bonny relates that forty-seven bales of cloth, a vast store of powder and fixed ammunition are delivered, and £128 worth of stores are given to Muini Sumai, the head-man of the Manyema battalion. The European provisions are then overhauled, and such articles as Madeira wine, jams, sago, tapioca, arrow-root, sardines, herrings, and wheat flour are boxed up, and with eight boxes of my baggage are shipped on board the steamer for Bangala as unnecessary and superfluous, in the same vessel on which Mr. Troup is an invalid passenger bound home.

Finally, on the 11th of June, 1888, after weeding out twenty-nine Zanzibaris and four Soudanese who are too feeble to work, Messrs. Barttelot,

Jameson, and Bonny leave the camp they should have left not later than the 25th of August, 1887, with a following of Zanzibaris, Soudanese, Somalis, and Manyuema, aggregating nearly 900 men, women, and children, with the intention of making that "strenuous quest" for the lost Commander and to relieve Emin Pasha.

These six visits to Stanley Falls which the Major and his friends have made amount in the aggregate to 1,200 English miles of marching. The untiring Major has personally travelled 800 miles, while Jameson has performed 1,200 miles. If only these 1,200 miles had been travelled between Yambuya and the Albert, the Rear Column would have reached Panga Falls. Even by travelling sixty miles, to gain a direct advance of ten miles, they would have been cheered and encouraged by our letters and charts to press on to Avejeli to recuperate among the abundant plantains of that rich and populous settlement.

But while the Major and his officers were endeavouring to stimulate an unwilling man to perform his contract with forty-five guinea rifles, Remington rifles, ivory-handled revolvers, and ammunition, with many a fair bale of cloth, their own faithful men were dying at a frightful rate. Out of the original roll of 271, there are only 132 left of rank and file, and out of these 132 by the time they have arrived at Banalya there are only 101 remaining, and nearly a half of these are so wasted by famine and disease that there is no hope of life in them.

Thirteen days after the departure of the horde of Manyuema and the anæmic Zanzibaris from the fatal camp of Yambuya, the Major undertakes a seventh visit to Stanley Falls, and leaves the column to struggle on its way to Banalya without him. On the forty-third day of the march of ninety miles the van of the Rear Column enters the palisaded village of Banalya, which has become in my absence a station of Tippu-Tib's, in charge of an Arab called Abdallah Karoni, and on the same day the restless and enterprising Major enters it on his return from Stanley Falls. On the next day some misunderstanding takes place between him and the chief Abdallah Karoni. The Major storms at him, and threatens to start to Stanley Falls for the eighth visit on the 20th of July, to complain of his conduct to Tippu-Tib; but at dawn on the 19th of July the unfortunate Commander is shot through the heart by the assassin Sanga.

I will permit Mr. William Bonny's official report to detail what occurred in a revised form.

"18th July, 1888.—The Major continued to threaten Abdalla that if he did not get the carriers promised by Tippu-Tib he would return to Stanley Falls on the 20th, and he ordered the Arab to accompany him. The Major informed me he would be back on the 9th of August, but before concluding his remarks, he asked me, 'Don't you think I am doing the correct thing by going to Stanley Falls?' I answered, 'No, I don't see why you want sixty more men; you have men enough and to spare! You had better issue the rifles and ammunition to the men, and that will reduce the number of our burdens by fifteen, and trust the men. Mr. Stanley is obliged to trust the men. If they run away from you, they run away from him, but if you leave them in my hands I don't think they will run.' The Major said, 'I intend that you shall have command of the Zanzibaris and Soudanese from here, and you shall precede the Manyuema a day's march. Mr. Jameson and I will march with the Manyuema and get them into some order, and see they do not mix up with your people. I don't want to go to the Falls, but I want you to try to get some few men. If you only get me twenty I shall

be satisfied. I asked Abdallah if he could let me have a few carriers. I obtained seven.'

"19th July.—Early this morning a Manyuema woman commenced beating a drum and singing. It is their daily custom. The Major sent his boy Soudi, who was only about thirteen years old, to stop them, but at once loud and angry voices were heard, followed by two shots by way of defiance. The Major ordered some Soudanese to go and find the men who were firing, at the same time getting up from bed himself and taking his revolvers from the ease. He said, 'I will shoot the first man I catch firing.' I told him not to interfere with the people's daily custom, to remain inside, and not go out, inasmuch as they would soon be quiet. He went out revolver in hand to where the Soudanese were. They told him that they could not find the men who were firing. The Major then pushed aside some Manyuema and passed through them towards the woman who was beating the drum and singing, and ordered her to desist. Just then a shot was fired through a loophole, in an opposite hut from within, by Sanga, the woman's husband. The charge penetrated just below the region of the heart and passed out behind, lodging finally in a part of the verandah under which the Major fell dead.

"The Soudanese ran away, and refused to follow me to get the Major's body; but I went, and was followed by one Somali and one Soudanese, who with myself carried the body to my house. From the screaming I thought a general massacre had commenced, for I had not seen a single Zanzibari. They were either hiding within their houses or joining in the general stampede that followed. I now turned and saw one of the headmen of the Manyuema, who with rifle and revolver in hand was leading a body of sixty of his people to attack me. I had no arms. I walked up to him and asked him if he was leading his men to fight me. He replied 'No.' I said, 'Then take your men quietly to their houses and bring all the headmen to me, for I wish to speak to them.' Some headmen shortly afterwards made their appearance, and I said to them, 'The trouble is not mine, but Tippu-Tib's. I want you to bring me all the loads, and tell all your fellows to do the same. Tippu-Tib knows what each of you has in charge and is responsible for them. This is Tippu-Tib's trouble. Tippu-Tib will have to pay up if the goods are lost, and will punish the headman who causes him a loss. I shall write to him, and he will come here, and he shall know the name of him who refuses to do what I now wish.' This resulted in my getting back to the storeroom about 150 loads. I now sent my men to collect what goods they could, and before long I recovered 299 porter loads. They had been scattered all over the place, some in the forest, in the rice-field, and in the village huts hidden away within and without, in fact everywhere. Some of the bead sacks and ammunition boxes had already been ripped or broken open, and the whole of their contents, or in part, gone. After counting up I found I was forty-eight loads short. The inhabitants of the village numbered about 200 or 300 people. I had arrived with about 100 men: Muini Sumai, the chief headman of the Manyuema, with 430 carriers and about 200 followers, making a total of about 1,000 people, of whom 900 were cannibals, all confined within an area 160 yards by 25 yards. You can therefore better judge than I can describe the scene when the general stampede commenced, the screaming, firing, shouting, looting our stores, &c., &c. I regret to say that the Soudanese and Zanzibaris without exception joined in the looting, but in my turn I raided their houses and haunts and captured a quantity of cloth, beads, rice, &c. I had to punish severely before I succeeded in stopping it. I now wrote to Mr. Jameson, who was about four days off bringing up the remaining loads. I also wrote to Mons. Baert, a Congo State officer, and secretary to Tippu-Tib at Stanley Falls, explaining what had taken place, how I was situated, and asking him to use all his tact with Tippu-Tib to get him to come here or send some chief to replace Muini Sumai, who had been one of the first to abscond. I told Mons. Baert to tell Tippu-Tib that all Europe would blame him if he did not assist us. I then buried the Major, after sewing the body up in a blanket. I dug a

grave just within the forest, placing leaves as a cushion at the bottom of the grave, and covered the body with the same. I then read the Church service from our Prayer-Book over the body, and this brought the terrible day to a close.

"The Major wrote and handed me the official order appointing me in command of the Zanzibaris and Soudanese when the camp at Yambuya was in great danger, and his own life especially. I therefore take command of this Second Column of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition until I see Mr. Stanley or return to the coast.

"It shall be my constant care under God's help to make it more successful than heretofore. Mr. Jameson will occupy the same position as shown in Mr. Stanley's instructions to Major Barttelot on his going to Stanley Falls to settle with Tippu-Tib for another headman of the Manyuema. He has free hands, believing himself to be in command. I did not deceive him. On his return here I will show him the document, a copy of which I have given above.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"&c., &c.,

"WILLIAM BONNY.

"To H. M. STANLEY, Esq.,
"Commander E.P.R.E."

Three days after the tragedy Mr. Jameson appears at Banalya with the rear guard of the Rear Column, and assumes command; but on the 25th of July, after leaving words of encouragement to Mr. Bonny, he undertakes the eighth visit to Stanley Falls, in the hope that by making liberal offers of gold to satisfy the avaricious Tippu-Tib he may induce him either to head the Rear Column himself, or send one of his fiery nephews in his place—Salim bin Mohammed, or Rashid, who assaulted and captured Stanley Falls from Captain Deane.

On August 12th he writes his last letter (see Appendix) to Mr. Bonny, and begins it, "The Expedition is at a very low ebb at present, as I think you will acknowledge." This is a sad fact very patent to everybody.

After seeing the act of justice performed on the wretched assassin Sanga, and witnessing the shooting of him and the body tossed into the Congo, he departs from Stanley Falls for Bangala. For Mr. Jameson and Major Barttelot were both concerned in the detention of Ward for some reason at Bangala, and therefore the answer of the Committee to their cablegram of the 1st of May was in his possession. Mr. Jameson is anxious to know what its tenor is before a final movement, and he departs in a canoe with ten Zanzibaris. Night and day they float, and when opposite the Lumami he is attacked with fever. His constitution is open to its virulence, filled as his mind is with despondency, for the fortunes of the Expedition are—despite every strenuous endeavour on his part, his whole-hearted devotion, his marches and counter-marches, his tramp of 1,400 miles (1,200 miles before leaving Yambuya, thence to Banalya, and then to Stanley Falls), his sacrifice of money, physical comforts, and the pouring out of his soul to effect what he thinks ought to be done—but alas! "at their lowest ebb." And the fever mounts to his brain. By day and night the canoe-men press on to the goal of Bangala Station, and arrive in time to put him in the arms of Mr. Ward, where he breathes his last, as the Advance Column, returning after its rushing and swinging pace through forest and by river from the Albert Nyanza, enter Banalya to demand "Where is Jameson?"

Twenty-eight days after the tragic death of Major Barttelot, and twenty-three days after the departure of Jameson, the Advance Column, returning

from the Albert Nyanza, much reduced in numbers, and so tattered in their clothing that they were taken for pagans picked up by the way and their old comrades failed to recognize them, appeared at Banalya to learn for the first time the distressful story of the Rear Column.

The life of misery which was related was increased by the misery which we saw. Pen cannot picture nor tongue relate the full horrors witnessed within that dreadful pest-hold. The nameless scourge of barbarians was visible in the faces and bodies of many a hideous-looking human being, who, disfigured, bloated, marred and seared, came, impelled by curiosity, to hear and see us who had come from the forest-land east, and who were reckless of the terror they inspired by the death embodied in them. There were six dead bodies lying unburied, and the smitten living with their festers lounged in front of us by the dozen. Others worn to thin skin and staring bone from dysentery, and fell anæmia, and ulcers as large as saucers, crawled about and hollowly sounded their dismal welcome—a welcome to this charnel yard! Weak, wearied, and jaded in body and mind, I scarcely know how I endured the first few hours; the ceaseless story of calamity vexed my ears, a deadly stench of disease hung in the air, and the most repellent sights moved and surged before my dazed eyes. I heard of murder and death, of sickness and sorrow, anguish and grief, and wherever I looked the hollow eyes of dying men met my own with such trusting, pleading regard, such far-away yearning looks, that it seemed to me if but one sob was uttered my heart would break. I sat stupefied under a suffocating sense of despondency, yet the harrowing story moved on in a dismal cadence that had nought else in it but death and disaster, disaster and death. A hundred graves at Yambuya—thirty-three men perishing abandoned in the camp, ten dead on the road, about forty in the village about to yield their feeble hold of life, desertions over twenty, rescued a passable sixty! And of the gallant band of Englishmen? “Barttelot’s grave is but a few yards off, Troup went home a skeleton, Ward is somewhere a wanderer, Jameson has gone to the Falls, I don’t know why.” “And you—you are the only one left?” “The only one, sir.”

If I were to record all that I saw at Banalya in its deep intensity of unqualified misery, it would be like stripping the bandages off a vast sloughing ulcer, striated with bleeding arteries, to the public gaze, with no earthly purpose than to shock and disgust.

Implicitly believing as we did in the *élan* of Barttelot, in the fidelity of Jameson, in the vigorous youth and manly promise of Ward, in the prudence and trustworthiness of Troup, and the self-command and steadiness of Bonny, all these revelations came to me with a severe shock. The column was so complete with every requisite for prolonged and useful work, but the “flood-tide of opportunity” flowed before them unseen and unnoted, therefore their marches became mere “marking time.”

What, Barttelot! that tireless man with the ever-rushing pace, that cheery young soldier, with his dauntless bearing, whose soul was ever yearning for glory! A man so lavishly equipped with Nature’s advantages to bow the knee thus to the grey craftiness at Stanley Falls! It was all an unsolved riddle to me. I would have wagered he would have seized that flowing grey beard of Tippu-Tib and pounded the face to pulp, even in the midst of his power, rather than allow himself to be thus

cajoled time and time again. The fervid vehemence of his promise not to wait a day after the fixed date yet rings in my ears; I feel the strong grip, and see the resolute face, and I remember my glowing confidence in him.

It is said that "Still waters run deep." Now Jameson was such a still, and patient, and withal determined man, that we all conceded a certain greatness to him. He had paid £1,000 sterling, and had promised diligence and zealous service, for the privilege of being enrolled as a member of the Expedition. He had a passion for natural history to gratify, with a marked partiality for ornithology and entomology. According to Barttelot, "his alacrity, capacity, and willingness to work were unbounded," which I unqualifiedly endorse. What else he was may be best learned in his letter of August 12, and his entries in the log-book. Zeal and activity grow into promise and relief as we read, he seals his devotion by offering out of his purse £10,000, and by that unhappy canoe voyage by day and by night, until he was lifted to his bed to die at Bangala.

Granted that Tippu-Tib was kind to these young gentlemen during their frequent visits to Stanley Falls, and welcomed and feasted them on the best, and that he sent them back to Yambuya with loads of rice and flocks of goats, which is admitted. But his natural love of power, his ignorance of geography, his barbarous conceit, his growing indolence, and his quickened avarice proved insuperable obstacles to the realizing of Barttelot and Jameson's wishes, and were as fatally opposite to their interests and dearest desires as open war would have been. The wonder to me is that the officers never seem to be conscious that their visits and rich gifts to him are utterly profitless, and that the object they have at heart, their inherited qualities, their education, habits, and natures forbid any further repetition of them. For some mysterious reason they pin their faith with the utmost tenacity to Tippu-Tib, and to his promises of "nine days," then "ten days," then "forty-two days," &c., &c., all of which are made only to be broken.

But the most icy heart may well be melted with compassion for these young men so prematurely cut off—and so near rescue after all. They bravely attempt to free their clouded minds and to judge clearly in which course lies their duty. At their mess-table they sit discussing what ought to be done. Mind gravitates to mind, and ignites a spark of the right sort; it is uttered, but some one or something quenches the spark as soon as it flashes, and the goodly purpose goes astray. They propose a number of schemes wide apart from the simple suggestions that I have furnished them with, and each project as soon as it is born is frustrated by some untoward event soon after. Though they all are undoubtedly animated by the purest motives, and remain to the end unquestionably loyal—throughout every act they are doing themselves irreparable injury, and unconsciously weighing their friends of the Advance Column down to the verge of despair with anxieties.

The following is Mr. Herbert Ward's report, which in justice I feel bound to publish:—

" Windsor Hotel,
" New York City,
" Feb. 13th, 1890.

" On August 14th, 1887, Troup, Bonny, and myself, with the men and loads, arrived at Yambuya from Bolobo. We found that since your departure on

June 28th, 1887, nothing had been heard of Tippu-Tib, and that the Major and Jameson had occupied their time in obtaining firewood for the steamer. On the following afternoon after our arrival, a band of Manyuema attacked the temporary village that the Chief Ngunga had built on the opposite side of the river, just below the rapids. Bonny and I crossed in a canoe to discover who they were, but apparently as soon as they saw the steamer lying alongside our camp, they cleared off into the forest, and returned to their own camp, which the natives told us was but a few hours' journey up the river. The next day the headman of the Manyumas, named Abdallah, came to us with a few followers, and gave an account of how Tippu-Tib, true to his word, had sent about 500 men to us in canoes under Salim bin Mohammed, but that they had encountered much hostility from the natives, and after paddling against the stream for several days, and finding no indication of our camp, they disbanded, and Salim sent small bands of Manyumas in different directions to try and discover our whereabouts, and Abdallah represented himself as being the headman of one of the parties sent in search of our camp. Another version of the story to account for the 500 men disbanding when on their way up the Aruwimi, was that their ammunition had given out, and the natives proved too strong for them. Abdallah stated that Tippu-Tib was quite willing to supply the men, and that as Stanley Falls was only a few days' journey, we could easily go ourselves and see Tippu-Tib, and that he himself would be ready the next day to accompany us and act as guide.

"The Major instructed Jameson and myself to proceed to the Falls. We were there told the same story again, of how Tippu-Tib had sent a large number of men to us, but that they had disbanded on the Aruwimi River on account of their being unable to pass some populous village, where the natives had attacked and driven them back, as they were short of gunpowder. Tippu-Tib professed his willingness to supply the men, but said that it would require some time to collect them together again.

"As there were upwards of 600 valuable loads stored in Yambuya Camp, and only a sufficient number of able-bodied men to carry 175, we all considered it better to guard the loads in the camp where there was abundance of food for the men, until the arrival of Tippu-Tib's promised aid, than to discard a portion of the loads and to make triple marches; for we were all convinced from evidence we had of men even deserting from the camp, that after the first few days' marching most of our men would desert and join the Arab band of Waswahili and Manyema raiders, who, we found, were traversing the country in all directions, and whose free, unrestrained manner of living rendered our men dissatisfied with their lot, and tempted them to desert us and accompany their compatriots. The Major, our chief, personally disliked the Zanzibaris, and lacked the proper influence over them.

"Tippu-Tib continued to procrastinate, and in the meantime a large number of our Zanzibaris, many of whom, however, from the first were organically diseased and poorly, sickened and died. They were always employed, and the cause of their death cannot be attributed to inaction. Being fatalists, they resigned themselves without an effort, for the *Bwana Makubwa*, with their comrades, had gone into the dark forests, and they all verily believed had perished. They themselves, when they found that upon no consideration would there ever be a chance of returning to their own country except by the deadly forest route, looked upon the situation as hopeless, gave way, and died.

"We expected you to return to Yambuya about the end of November; but time passed away and we received no news from you. We were unable to make triple marches owing to the sad condition of our people. Every means was tried to urge Tippu-Tib to produce the men, but without avail.

"In February, 1888, the Major and Jameson went again to the Falls, and on the 24th of March the Major returned to Yambuya. He stated that he had guaranteed the payment of a large sum of money to Tippu-Tib if he would produce the men,

that Jameson had gone to Kasongo to hurry them up, and that he considered that the Committee should be informed of the state of affairs; firstly, that no news whatever had been received from you since your departure, nine months before; secondly, that Tippu-Tib's aid was not forthcoming, that we were still in Yambuya unable to march. No steamers had visited the camp since the arrival of the last contingent.

"It appeared to us that evidently circumstances had prevented you from communicating with us after your departure, and that news about your movements might have reached the east coast.

"As it appeared possible to reach Loanda and communicate by cable with the Committee and return to Yambuya by the time Jameson was expected from Kasongo, the Major instructed me to convey and despatch a cablegram which he himself worded and signed. I accomplished the journey in thirty days, and immediately upon receiving their reply (the clause "we refer you to Mr. Stanley's instructions of June 24th," was precisely what both Troup and I expected before my departure), I hastened back as far as Bangala, where I was instructed to remain by the Major until I received further news from the Committee, to whom he had written, that he had no further use for my services or the loads he had sent down in *Le Stanley*.

"Five weeks after my arrival at Bangala, news came down by the *En Avant* that the Major had been assassinated. Jameson, who was at the Falls seeing to the punishment of the murderer and reorganization of the Manyema contingent, wrote and urged me to stay at Bangala. Having descended from the Falls in canoes, he was in the last stage of bilious fever. Despite every care and attention, he died the following day. He came down to Bangala to learn the Committee's reply to the Major's cable, and to take back the Bangala loads and myself in the steamer that the State officer at the Falls had assured him would be at Bangala on its way up to the Falls just about the time he would arrive. This information about the steamer was false, and on the first day of his journey down in the canoes he caught a fatal chill, which resulted in his death from bilious fever. There being no possible chance of my joining Bonny, as no steamer was to again visit the Falls for some months, I went to the coast to acquaint the Committee with the fact of Jameson's death, and the position of affairs, as I learnt them from Jameson before his death. They cabled an order for me to return to the Falls, and hand over the remaining stores to the State Station there, and to bring down Bonny and the men for shipment. Upon reaching Stanley Pool I found that news had just been received of your arrival at Banalya and return to Emin Pasha. I continued my journey, however, to the Falls, and took up with me all the loads that the Major had sent down to Bangala. I remained one month at the Falls anxiously hoping for further news of you.

"After collecting all that remained of the sick men whom the Major handed over to Tippu-Tib, I descended the Congo again in canoes, and returned to Europe according to the cabled instructions of the Committee.

"The above is a simple and truthful statement of facts relating to the failure of the rear guard.

"No one can feel more bitterly disappointed at the unfortunate condition of affairs than myself. I regret most sincerely that my services were so profitless.

"I remain,

"Always yours faithfully,

(Signed)

"HERBERT WARD.

"HENRY M. STANLEY, Esq."

Mr. Ward informed me that he had discovered my eight boxes of reserve clothing and Expedition necessities at Bangala; that he took them with him to Stanley Falls—500 miles above Bangala—and then brought them





A MAP OF THE ROUTES OF
THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION
from the River Congo
to the Victoria Nyanza
BY HENRY M. STANLEY

down to Banana Point on the sea-coast, where he left them. No person knows—though diligent inquiry has been made—what has become of them.

CHAPTER XXI.

WE START OUR THIRD JOURNEY TO THE NYANZA.

THAT uncanny concurrence of circumstances, illustrated by the contents of the last chapter, was recalled to my mind again on the next morning which dawned on us after the arrival of the Advance Column at Bavabya.

In Mr. Bonny's entry in the log-book will be found mentioned that the Soudanese and Zanzibaris mustered of their own accord to lay their complaints before me. Mr. Bonny, in his official report, had stated it was his intention, "under God's help, to make the Expedition more successful than it had been hitherto." By his written report, and his oral accounts, by the brave deliberation of his conduct during the terrible hours of the 19th of July, and by the touching fidelity to his duties, as though every circumstance of his life was precisely what it ought to be, Mr. Bonny had leaped at a bound, in my estimation, to a most admiring height. I was sure, also, that Major Barttelot must have discovered remarkable elements of power in him, which, unfortunately for my credit, had been unseen by me. But no sooner had permission been given to the men to speak, than I was amazed at finding himself listening to a confession that the first day's march to the eastward under Mr. Bonny was to be the signal for his total abandonment by the Zanzibaris.

I gave them a patient hearing. Only sixty seemed in any way likely to survive the trials they had endured out of the 101 or 102 remaining. They all appeared unutterably miserable, many seemed heart-broken, but there were several whose looks suggested a fixed hate, malice, and spite.

"Well, sit down, children," said I, "and let us talk this matter quietly," and when they had seated themselves in a semicircle before me, and our own robust people from the Nyanza had crowded about behind, I addressed them thus:—

"Ah, my poor men, the days of weeping and grieving are over. Dry your tears and be glad. See those stout fellows behind you. They have seen the white Pasha, they have shared his bounties of meat, and milk and millet, and have heard him praise their manliness. They are the people who should weep, but weep for gladness, for every step hence is one step nearer to Zanzibar. We came back from the Nyanza to seek you who were so long lost to us. We have found you, thanks be to God! Now, let bygones be bygones. I cannot restore the dead, but I can rejoice the hearts of the living. Think no more of your sufferings, but live in hope of a brighter future. It was necessary for us to go before you, to clear the road and assist the white man before he perished. We told you all this before we departed from you. You should have remembered our promise that as soon as we had found him whom we sought we should come back with the good news to you. We have kept our word—have you kept yours?

"No, you lost your faith in us. When the runaways from our party returned to you, and they, with gaping mouths, told you what was false to

hide their crime of desertion, you listened with wide-open ears, and accepted their tales as truths. Did they bring a letter from any of us? No! but you found silver watches, and Arab cloaks striped with gold in their baggage. Do common carriers find such things in the forest? If they do, then you should have said to them, 'Come, turn back with us, and show us the place where we may also find such wealth.' Those carriers had stolen those things from us, and had run away with their booty. You saw these things, and yet you believed that we were all destroyed, that I was shot in seventeen places, and all the white men except one had been killed, and the one remaining had gone to Ujiji. Oh, men of little wit!

"What, nearly 400 Zanzibaris, and six white men, all lost except a few, and those few gone to Ujiji instead of coming to you, their brothers and friends! That is too much for belief. I thought Zanzibaris were wiser men, for truly I have seen wise ones in my time.

"And if I were not dead, how came you to believe that I would forget you, and my white sons whom I left with you. Whither could I go except to my own children if I were distressed or unable to go on? Was not the fact of our long absence a proof that we were still going on doing our work, since even deserters and thieves had nowhere to flee except back to you?

"Aye, I see well how it has happened unto you. You lay on your backs rotting in camp, and have been brooding and thinking until the jiggers have burrowed into your brains, and Shaitan has caused you to dream of evil and death. You became hardened in mind, and cruel to your own bodies. Instead of going to the little masters, and telling them of your griefs and fears, you have said Mambu Kwa Mungu—it is God's trouble. Our masters don't care for us, and we don't care for them.

"Now, Ferajji, you are a head man, tell me what cause of complaint in particular you have. Did the white men ill-treat you?"

"No, they treated me well; but they were hard on some of the men."

"How hard, and on whom?"

"On the Zanzibaris, and if they were not *chap-a-chap* (active)."

"But what did they wish to be *chap-a-chap* for? Had you important work to do?"

"No, for when the steamer went away there was little to do. Only fixing the earth work, sweep camp, cut fuel, and stand guard at night. But the *goee-goees* (lazy or useless) would not come when called. Then the white men got impatient, and would call again louder. Then the *goee-goees* would come slowly—lazily—little by little, and say they had pains in the head, or in the body, back, chest or feet. Then the masters would get angry, and say it was shamming. Every day it was the same thing."

"But how could sweeping camp, getting fuel, and standing guard be hard work for 250 people?"

"It was no work at all."

"Was anybody else punished except the *goee-goees*?"

"No one except the thieves."

"Did you have many of them?"

"I think all the thieves of Zanzibar joined the 'journey-makers' this time."

"That cannot be, Ferajji, because we had some thieves with us, and there must have been a few left on the coast."

The audience laugh. Ferajji replied, "That is indeed truth, but we had a great many. Brass rods, cowries, and garments were lost daily. Zanzibaris accused Soudanese, Soudanese accused Somalis, Somalis accused Zanzibaris, and so it went round. Nothing was safe. Put anything under your pillow, roll it under the sleeping-mat, bind it tight, and make it into a head-rest, and lo! in the morning it was gone! Indeed, I became afraid my teeth would be stolen next."

"But those white teeth of yours are not purchased, are they, Ferajji?"

"No, thank Allah, they were born with me, but those who thrive on thieving may well be feared."

"That is true, Ferajji; but why should they have stolen all the time?"

"Hunger made them steal. Hunger killed the strong lion in the fable, and hunger will kill the best man."

"Hunger! what are you talking of? Hunger, with all those fields of manioc near here?"

"Manioc, master! Manioc will do for a time, but manioc with sauce is better."

"Sauce! I don't understand you, Ferajji?"

"Why, dry manioc—that is manioc with nothing but itself—manioc in the morning, and at noon, and at the sunset meal, and nothing but eternal manioc, with neither salt, nor fish, nor meat, nor oil, nor butter, nor fat of any kind to assist its passage down the gullet, is apt to cloy. Give the appetite something now and then new to smell, or see with the manioc, and the Zanzibari is satisfied. Without that the stomach by-and-by shuts the door, and won't take anything, and men die."

"I see, but I left salt in the storeroom. It was to purchase fish, bananas and palm oil that the brass rods, cowries and beads were for."

"Ah, now you are drawing near the point, master. Sometimes—nay, we were a long time without either."

"But if they were in the store, surely there must be some reason why they were not given out?"

"We come to the thieves again, who became so active that they stole our axes and bill-hooks, and sold them to the natives for fish. Those who shared in the fish refused to tell who the thieves were, and our rations of cowries and brass rods were stopped."

"After all, Ferajji, though manioc by itself is very dry eating, it is very good food. Think of it, all the blacks from Banana to Stanley Falls live on it, why should not Zanzibaris of this Expedition live on it as they lived during six years on the Congo with me. I cannot see any reason for manioc to kill 100 men in eleven months. Tell me when did the people begin to sicken?"

"There were about a dozen sick when you left, sick of ulcers, bowel and chest complaints. A few recovered; then, in about four weeks, many got very feeble, and some sank lower and thinner until they died, and we buried them. When our friends came up from Bolobo, we thought they looked very different from us at Yambuya. They were stout and strong—we were thin and dying. Then, in another month, the men from Bolobo began to sicken and die, and every few days we buried one, or two, or even three at a time. There was no difference after a while between the Yambuya and Bolobo men."

"Had you any cholera, small-pox, fever, or dysentery among you?"

"No, the men did not die of any of those things. Perhaps the Somalis

and Soudanese did not take kindly to the climate, but it was not the climate that killed the Zanzibaris. Oh——"

"And you say it was not by the stick, or hard work, or cholera, small-pox, fever, dysentery or climate?"

"Nothing of any of those things killed the Zanzibaris."

"Were they shot, or hanged, poisoned, or drowned?"

"Neither was any of those things done unto them, and a proper and good man was never punished, and we had one day out of seven in the week to ourselves."

"Now, in the name of the Prophet Mohammed--throw your eyesight on these forty men here who sit apart. Look at those big eyes, hollow cheeks, thin necks, and every rib bare to the view. You see them? What has caused those men to be thus?"

"God knows!"

"Yet they are wasting away, man, and they will die."

"It is true."

"Well, then, give me some idea--of what is killing them?"

"I cannot tell you, master; may be it is their fate to be thus."

"Bah! God has done His best for you. He has given you eyes, hands to feel, feet to walk, a good stomach to digest your food, and a sense to pilot your path through the world. Don't say that God made strong men to wither them away in this manner. I must and will find the reason of this out."

"Now, you Salim, the son of Rashid, speak to me. The son of a wise father should know a few wise things. There is Death among you, and I want to find out why. Say, how you and your comrades living in camp for a year can lose more lives than we did during all our journey through this big forest, despite all the hunger and hard work we met?"

Salim thus urged, replied modestly: "I am not wise, and all the world knows it. I am but a youth, and a porter, who for a little wage has come to gather a little money by carrying my load through Pagan lands. What strength I have I give freely to the owner of the caravan. Bitter things have happened to us while you were away. I have lost a brother since I came here. You must know, sir, that dry manioc and water is not good for a son of Adam. If our friends and relatives have sickened, and died—it must surely be that the manioc has had something to do with it. Thank God, I am well, and still strong, but I have seen the days when I would willingly have sold my freedom for a full meal. Whatsoever tended to fill the void of the stomach I have sought out and have continued to live on day after day, until, praise be to God and the Prophet—you have come back to us. But, sir, all men are not the same—the sense of all men is not equal, and it may be that white men differ one from the other as much as we blacks; for I see that some of them are rich, and some are poor, some attend the engines down in the belly of the ship, and some walk the quarter deck and command."

"Aye, Salim has the gift of speech," murmured the crowd.

This encouraged Salim, who, clearing his throat, resumed: "There is no doubt that the main fault lies in the manioc. It is a most bitter kind, and the effects of eating it we all know. We know the sickness, the retching, the quaking of the legs, the softening of the muscles, the pain in the head as if it were bound with iron and the earth swimming round the place whereon we stand, and the fall into a deadly faint. I say we have

felt all this, and have seen it in others. Some of us have picked up the knack of making it eatable; but there are others who are already too feeble or too lazy to try, or try to care how to live.

"For some time we have been thinking that in every camp of ours there is nothing but graves, and dying and burying. There has been no meat, nor salt, nor dripping, nor gravy. There has been manioc, always manioc, and no more. But if the gullet be dry, what will drive the food down the passage? If the stomach is filled with loathing it requires a little gravy or dripping to make the food palatable.

"We knew that in a few weeks we were to leave here for Stanley Falls, or for up the river, and we had made up our minds to leave the white men's service—every one of us. There has been death among us, it is here still, and no one knows what is the cause of it. I myself don't quite believe that it is because we are working for white men, but there are some of us who do. But we were all agreed until you came that we had seen enough of it. There is another thing I wished to say, and that is—we have wondered why we who belong to the Continent should die, and white men who are strangers to it should live. When we were on the Congo and on other journeys it was the white men who died, and not we. Now it is we who die, a hundred blacks for one white. No, master, the cause of death is in the food. The white men had meat of goat, and fowls, and fish; we have had nothing but manioc and therefore died. I have spoken my say."

"Well, it is my turn to talk. I have been listening, and thinking, and everything seems clear to me. You say that manioc was your food at Yambuya, and that it made you sick and your men died?"

"Yes."

"And you say that the men of Bolobo when they came to Yambuya were in good condition?"

"Yes."

"But that afterwards they became sick and died also?"

"Yes."

"What did the men of Bolobo eat when there?"

"Chikwanga."

"Well, what is chikwanga but bread made out of manioc?"

"That is true."

"Did you make it into bread?"

"Some of us."

"And some of you have lived. Now the truth of the matter is this. You went out into the fields, and gathered the manioc tubers, the finest and best. And you cut some leaves of manioc and brought them in, to bruise them and make greens. This manioc is of the bitter kind. This bitterness which you taste in it is poison. It would not only kill a few hundreds. It would kill a whole race.

"As you peeled the tubers, you cut raw slices and ate them, you pounded your greens and as 'kitowêo,' you ate them also. These are two instances in which you took poison.

"Now the men from Bolobo had bought the manioc bread from the native women. They had steeped the tubers in the river for four or five or six days until the poison had all been washed away, they had then picked the fibres out, dried the mush, and when dry they had made it into good bread. That was what fed the Bolobo men, and fattened them.

But the men of Yambuya had scraped their manioc, and cut the roots for drying in the sun, and as they did so they ate many a piece raw, and before the slices were well dried they had eaten some, because they had no reserve of food, and hunger forced them. Even those of you who put your roots to soak in the water ate many a nice-looking bit, and you bruised and cooked your greens to serve with your badly prepared bread, and men naturally sickened and died of the poison; and the men of Bolobo, when they came up, did like the men of Yambuya, and by-and-by they fell ill and died also. That is the reason why there are a hundred graves at Yambuya, and that is what ails these sick men here. Not one of the white men died, because they had rice, beans, biscuits and meat of fowl and goat. If it were the climate that had killed your friends, the white men less adapted for it would have died first, as they have done on the Lower Congo; but neither the climate nor the camp had anything to do with your mortal sickness—the retching and quaking of the limbs, the vertigo and pain in the head, the weakening of the knees, and the softening of the muscles, the final loathing, and indifference to life—nothing else than the poison of the bitter manioc.

“What you should have done was to have sent two or three daily out of each mess to gather in the manioc in sufficient quantities and steep it in the river, and have always plenty of prepared flour on hand to make porridge or dumplings when hungry. Had you done so, I should have about 200 sleek and strong men ready for travel with me to Zanzibar.

“Now follow what I say to you now. Eat as little of this manioc as you can. Go, gather plenty of it, put it in the river to steep, and while it is soaking eat your fill of bananas and plantains. In a day or two I will move away from here. The sick shall be carried to a big island a few hours distant, and there you will prepare twenty days’ provisions of flour. Those who cannot get sufficient bananas make gratings over the fire, slice your manioc thin, and let them dry till morning; then pound, and make into flour and eat what is good for white man as well as black. Tomorrow, all of you come back again to me, and you will throw away those filthy rags of clothing into the river, and I shall clothe you anew. Meantime, rejoice, and thank God that we have come to save you from the grave.”

We had brought with us a saving salve for all the despair and discontent that wrought confusion in the minds of those who were herded within the pen of Banalya. The influence of the beauty of the grass-land, its wealth of grains and vegetables, and its stores of food had been impressed so vividly upon the minds of our men of the Advance Column, that the subject-matter of their revelations excited the dulllest mind to a lively hope that good times were come again. The men who had feasted their eyes and glutted their appetites in that glorious land were never tired of relating those details which have such a charm for those who know from bitter experience what it is to hunger. As vivid as the word pictures describing the happy region was the rapture of attention paid to them by the poor emaciated who bore on their faces the unhealthy stain of anæmia. To these it seemed an Eden filled with all manner of pleasant things—abundance of food, grain and meat for strength, milk and millet for nourishment. Slight regard was paid by the narrators to the miserable months to be endured before the Eden could be reached, nor did the

eager listeners seem to care to sift the narratives. Their imagination was so engrossed with the bright scenes that quite obscured the stern realities to be borne before they could be attained. I listened to the artless prattle of these adult children, sympathised with their enthusiasm, and pitied them with all my soul. "Inshallah!" said the boys from the Nyanza, with fervid emotion, "We shall feast on beef once again, then you will laugh at the days you fed on manioe roots and greens."

Was it to be doubted that these seductive visions would lead the sickly ones of Banalya from erring thoughts of desertion? Milk and honey, meat and millet, with wages and bounties, were stronger attractions than the dried fish of Stanley Falls, the caue of the Arab master, and a doubtful future.

The cloud that had weighed down the spirits of the men of the Rear Column so long was now about to be uplifted. But first it was necessary to remove every one from the immediate vicinity of Banalya, the scene of the tragedy and nursery of vicious moods and mischiefs. The couriers sent on the 17th of August with notice of our arrival to Tippu-Tib must have reached him on the 24th of August. I had stated I should wait for him ten days, and even that period was begrudged by the impatient Nyanza men, who had heard with scorn of his calculating dilatoriness. But this delay was not only needed to give another opportunity to Tippu-Tib, but also to enable Mr. Jameson, who was reported to be at Stanley Falls, to join us, and also to reorganize the Expedition, and re-arrange the goods, which had become terribly deranged by the demands of Tippu-Tib, that they should be reduced to suit mere boy carriers.

After three days' halt at the camp we embarked all the sick and goods in the canoes, and proceeded to Bungangeta Island, which we reached in three hours. All the Manyema carriers proceeded by land to a camp opposite the island. During our stay at Banalya, Ugarrowwa had descended the river from Wasp Rapids and occupied the larger island; we therefore paddled to another higher up, which in some respects was more suitable for us. The land column straggled into the camp opposite during three successive days, but the rear guard, driving the stragglers, did not reach the landing-place until the evening of the 24th, though the distance was but six miles. Mr. Bonny did not reach until the 22nd. The Advance Column in 1887 had covered the distance in four hours, but meantime the Arabs had destroyed the large settlements, and the marvellously thriving bush had buried ruins, fields, and plantations under accumulated layers of leafy parasites. This short march, protracted over three days, emphasised the necessity that existed for a complete reorganization and thorough overhaul. We had also lost four half-loads and two rifles through abseonding Manyema. On the whole it was a capital test march, and proves, if any further proof was needed beyond the log-book, the utter unruliness of this mob of slaves, which had half-maddened the officers of the Rear Column. Without Tippu-Tib, or one of his nephews, such a column could not be taken through the broad extents of wildernesses ahead. At this rate of marching we should be 450 days reaching the Albert Nyanza. Messrs. Jameson and Bonny had been forty-three days going ninety miles. The difficulties which our officers met on the road are but slightly glanced at in the log-book, but the patience with which they had met them was never more manifest. We stayed on our breezy island until the 31st August. Cloth, beads, cowries, and brass

rods had been distributed at the rate of five doti or twenty yards, three pounds cowries, one pound beads, and fifteen brass rods per man of the Nyanza force, and half as much to the men of the Rear Column, equal in value to £760 to the Nyanza force, and £283 to the Banalya men. They all deserved equally, but the latter had already a pretty fair kit, whereas the Nyanza men had been clad in goat skins and strips of bark cloth. This "pocket-money" to each would enable our men to enjoy perfect rest, while Ugarowwa's 600 people would only be too happy in preparing flour, making manioc cakes and bread—as reserve provisions—for a fair portion of cloth and other articles.

Besides the work of restoring the baggage into order, which needed my personal supervision, I had to write my reports to the Relief Committee, to the London Royal, and Royal Scottish Geographical Societies, who were contributors to the Relief Fund, to hold my palaver with the Manyema headmen, who one day vowed strictest fidelity, and the next burdened my ear with complaints of their moody-mad men, losses by disease, desertion, thefts of goods, menaces, &c., &c. But my answer to them all was almost similar in terms to that used in my note to Tippu-Tib on the 17th: "If you decline the journey it is well, if you proceed with me it is well also. Exercise your own free will. I do not need you, but if you like to follow me I can make use of you, and will pay you according to the number of loads you carry." Some of them understood this as implying leave to proceed upon their own business—that of ravaging and marauding—but three headmen volunteered to accompany me. I engaged them on the condition that if they followed me of their own will for thirty days I would after that time trust them with loads.

At the muster of the Expedition, August 29th, the roll was made out as follows:—

	Men. Carriers.
Zanzibaris capable of carrying goods	165
Madi carriers	57
Manyuema carriers	61
Soudanese and officers	21
Sick, &c. (Zanzibaris)	45
Somali	1
Emin Pasha's soldiers	4
Manyuema chiefs, women and followers	108
Officers and servant	3
	<hr/>
	465 283

List of loads to be carried on 2nd Journey to the Albert:—

Gunpowder	37 cases
Remington ammunition	83 „
Winchester	11 „
Maxim	9 „
Beads in sacks	19 „
Cowries	6 „
Brass wire coils	4 „
Cloth in bales	17 „
Percussion caps	4 „
Miscellaneous	40 „

230 loads for 283 carriers.

There were besides a few extra loads of miscellanea, which, so long as all were carried in canoes, were useful and necessary, such as service ammunition, native provisions, rope, &c., but the above formed the indispensable baggage, when we should start overland. Though we had fifty-three carriers in excess of loads, sickness, wounds, and death would naturally, from the nature of the country and the present physical condition of the Rear Column, decrease the number greatly, and the time would arrive no doubt when the carriers would only be equal to the loads, and the head-men would have to relieve the sick porters. But meantime a very fair chance of life was offered to the sick. For something like sixty days they would be carried in canoes, and fed on plantain flour and garden herbs. Goats and fowls were very scarce, for Ugarrowwa had despoiled both banks. Also the porters would not be called upon to exert their strength in the transport of any burdens. It only remained for individuals to abstain from wild and reckless looting, and seeking untimely fate by excess of zeal and imprudence, to assure us a greater immunity from loss of life on this final journey to the Albert Nyanza than we enjoyed on our first journey.

During our stay out at Bungangeta Island Mr. Jameson's letter from Stanley Falls arrived dated, August 12th. Though the letter stated he purposed to descend to Bangala, the messenger reported that he was likely to proceed to Banana Point, but whether Banana Point or Bangala mattered very little. When he descended from Stanley Falls he deliberately severed himself from the Expedition, and no inducement would tempt me to remain in the neighbourhood of Banalya. I had given my word to the officers at Fort Bodo and to Emin Pasha and the Egyptians that on December 22nd, or thereabouts, I should be in the neighbourhood of Fort Bodo, and by January 16th, or near that date, on the Nyanza. It was natural that we should grieve and deplore the loss of Mr. Jameson to the Expedition, for the log-book entries pleaded powerfully for him, but the fatality that attached itself to the Rear Column was not to deplete our numbers also, nor should the garrison at Fort Bodo wonder and bewail our long absence, and lose their wits in consequence of our breach of promise. I wrote a letter, however, to Mr. Jameson, wherein I suggested that if he could muster sixty men, and immediately follow our blazed path, which was too broad to be mistaken, he might easily overtake our large column marching in single file through the forest along a road, bristling with obstacles, of sloughs, marshes, creeks and rivers. But, as the reader is aware, though we were ignorant of it, Mr. Jameson had been dead twelve days before my letter was written.

On the 30th of August I sent the entire flotilla of canoes—twenty-nine in number, with twelve of Ugarrowwa's—to transport Mr. Bonny, 239 men and their personal kit, provisions and cooking-pots, five miles up river to the landing-place above the Rendi River, with orders to the land column to continue along our track to the next village, and the canoes having discharged their passengers returned to the island.

The next day—thirteen days having elapsed since Tippu-Tib had been communicated with and no reply having been received—we departed from Bungangeta Island on our final journey through the forest-land, east. We embarked 225 men, inclusive of canoe crews, feeble and sick, and 275 full loads of between sixty and sixty-five pounds each of expeditionary property, provisions of flour, private kits of the people, &c., and despite a

burning sun, which made extempore awnings very necessary, pressed on up river for six hours until we arrived at our old camp below Lower Mariri. On the 1st of September we reached the foot of Mariri Rapids to find that Bonny's column had passed on to South Mupé. As the unsophisticated Zanzibaris and Manyuema had quite overlooked the device of portage opposite rapids, we had to despatch couriers to South Mupé for men to assist in the transport of loads overland.

On the 2nd we were engaged in poling the canoes through the dangerous river, and in the operation two were capsized. The next day we poled through the Upper Mariri Rapids, and at noon we were all assembled at South Mupé.

Ugarrowwa had followed us up with his flotilla to collect a little more ivory, and was encamped at Upper Mariri village. I had finished my hastily written letters to the Royal and Scottish Geographical Societies, and availed myself of his visit to me to request him to see that they were forwarded to England, but during our halt on the 4th of September at South Mupé he re-visited me with Salim bin Mohammed, the nephew of Tippu-Tib, so often mentioned in connection with Major Barttelot and Mr. Jameson. This man was of medium height and of slender build, with good and regular Arab features, much marred by the small-pox, and a face that reflected courage and audacity.

Mr. Bonny's story of him and his malevolence to Major Barttelot personally had led me to imagine that I had misjudged his character, but at this interview I was confirmed in my previous impressions of him and of Tippu-Tib. It was simply this, that both Arabs were quite capable of shedding pagan blood without concern as to its guilt, but would not plan out any cold-blooded conspiracy to murder Arabs or white men for a less cause than revenge. Now as neither had cause to plot the murder of Barttelot, or to conspire for the destruction of the Rear Column, there ought absolutely to be no grounds for supposing that they had ever imagined such mischiefs. I am not disposed to doubt that Tippu-Tib did send or lead a contingent of carriers in person to the Aruwimi. His excuses for his early return—on the plea that he could not find the camp—may be told to the "Marines." They prove that he was lukewarm, that he did not care sufficiently for the promised reward, and he ought to have been dropped out of mind. When, however, the young officers pleaded, and entreated, and coaxed him, both he and his nephew saw clearly that the service so eagerly and earnestly desired was worth money, and they raised their price; not out of ill-will, but out of an uncontrollable desire to make more profit. The obligations Tippu was under by contract, the gratitude due to me for my assistance, were all forgotten in the keen and sharpened appetite for money. The Major possessed no resources to meet their demands, the worthy uncle and nephew believed that both he and Jameson were rich, and the Expedition to be under the patronage of wealthy men. "Why, then," say they both with smug complacency, "if they want us so badly, let them pay. Stanley has been good to us, that is true (see the Major's report), but a man can't work for his friend for nothing—friendship is too dear at the price"—and so they took another turn of the screw. It was done effectively I admit. If Tippu-Tib appeared a trifle indifferent he knew how to assume it, he knew he would be coaxed to good humour with gifts. If Salim bin Mohammed appeared a little vexed, sour, or talked of wounded susceptibilities, the

Major opened his boxes and chose a gay uniform jacket, or sent a forty-five guinea rifle, or a bale of cloth, or a pair of ivory handled revolvers; if Salim bin Massoud his brother-in-law talked a little big, his condescending kindness was secured and stimulated by a rich bounty.

Salim had come in person, he said, to give a verbal reply to my note of the 17th, and he was ordered by his uncle to send couriers immediately back to him with my words.

The Arab's inability to comprehend the meaning of a legal contract, his litigious and wavering spirit, his settled forgetfulness of words spoken, his facility for breaking promises and tampering with agreements, his general inveracity, insincerity and dissimulation, as well as his gift of pouring a stream of compliments amid a rain of *Mashallahs* and *Inshallahs*, were never better displayed than at this interview. Salim said that Tippu-Tib had sent him to ask what we should do. This, after six letters, one in English and five in Arabic and Swahili, on the 17th!

"Now Salim," said I, "listen. If I thought you or Tippu-Tib were in any way implicated in the murder of my friend, you would never leave this camp alive. You have only seen hitherto one side of me. But I know and believe from my soul that it was neither you nor Tippu-Tib who caused the death of the Major. Therefore we can speak together as formerly without anger. Tippu-Tib has not injured me beyond what the Consul and the Seyyid of Zanzibar can settle easily between them. Into their hands I will commit the case. Tell your uncle that the passage of himself and his ninety-six followers from Zanzibar to Stanley Falls must be paid, that the loss of goods, rifles, powder, and ammunition, the loss of time of this entire Expedition will have to be made good. Tell him to do what he likes, but in the end I shall win. He cannot hurt me, but I can hurt him. Tell him to consider these things, and then say whether it would not be better to prove at the last that he was sorry, and that in future he would try to do better. If he would like to try, say, that if he gathers his men, and overtakes me before I cross the Expedition over the Ituri in about fifty days hence, he shall have a chance of retrieving my good opinion, and quashing all legal proceedings."

"Very well, I hear all you say. I shall return to-night to Banalya; Ugarrowwa will lend me canoes. I shall be with Tippu-Tib in eight days, and on the 17th day I shall be back here, on your track. I shall overhaul you before forty days."

"Good, then," I said, "we had better utter our last farewells, for we shall not meet again unless we meet at Zanzibar, about eighteen months hence."

"Why?"

"Because neither you nor Tippu-Tib have the least intention of keeping your word. Your business here has been to order the Manyema who are with me back to Stanley Falls. But it is perfectly immaterial. Take them back, for once more I say, it is not in your power to hurt me."

"Inshallab, Inshallah, let your heart rest in peace, we meet in less than forty days, I swear to you."

Poor Salim! he proceeded straight from my presence to the quarters of the Manyema headmen, and tempted them to return with him, which, singular to relate, they obstinately declined to do. Salim, waxing wrathful, employed menaces, upon hearing which they came to me demanding protection.

Smiling, I said to Salim, "What you promised me just now is true; you have seen me in less than forty days! But what is the meaning of this? These are independent Manyuema chiefs, who were sent by Tippu-Tib to follow us. They are obeying Tippu-Tib in doing so. Let them alone, Salim, there will be less people for you to look after on the road, you know, because you also will follow us. Don't you see? There, that will do. Come and get into your canoe, otherwise we shall make two marches before you leave here—and you have promised to catch me, you know, in forty days."

Our move on the 5th was to the large settlement of the Batundu, who owned a flourishing crop of Indian corn, and a splendid plantation of bananas, as yet untouched by any caravan. The Rear Column men required good feeding to restore them to health, and though meat was unprocurable, bananas and corn were not amiss. Here we halted two days, during which we became aware of certain serious disadvantages resulting from contact with the Manyuema. For these people had contracted the small-pox, and had communicated it to the Madi carriers. Our Zanzibaris were proof against this frightful disease, for we had taken the precautions to vaccinate every member of the Expedition on board the *Madura*, in March 1887. But on the Madis it began to develop with alarming rapidity. Among the Manyuema were two insane women, or rather, to be quite correct, two women subject to spasms of hysterical exaltation, possessed by "devils," according to their chiefs, who prevented sleep by their perpetual singing during the night. Probably some such mania for singing at untimely hours was the cause of the Major's death. If the poor Major had any ear for harmony, their inharmonious and excited madhouse uproar might well have exasperated him.

The female sympathisers of these afflicted ones frequently broke out into strange chorus with them, in the belief that this method had a soothing effect, while any coercive measures for silencing them only exaggerated their curious malady. Whatever influence the chorus may have had on the nerves of the sufferers, on us, who were more tranquil, it was most distressing.

At this settlement two Zanzibaris, exceedingly useful, and reckoned among the elect of the force, secretly left camp to make a raid on the Batundu, and were ambushed and slain. This was the manner our most enterprising men became lost to us. One of these two was the leader of the van, and had acted in that capacity since we had departed from Yambuya, June 1887. The sad occasion was an opportunity to impress on the infatuated men for the hundredth time the absurd folly they were guilty of in sacrificing their lives for a goat, in nobly working for months to earn pay and honour by manliness and fidelity, and then bury all in the entrails of cannibals. I had bestowed on them cattle, sheep, goats, fowls, handfuls of silver, and a thousand pounds' worth of clothes, but none, no, not one, had offered his throat to me to be cut. But for the sake of a goat, at any time day or night the cannibal might kill and then eat them. What monstrous ingratitude! They were instantly penitential. Again they promised to me by Allah! that they would not do so again, and, of course, in a day or two they would forget their promise. It is their way.

But any person who has travelled with the writer thus far will have observed that almost every fatal accident hitherto in this Expedition has

been the consequence of a breach of promise. How to adhere to a promise seems to me to be the most difficult of all tasks for every 999,999 men out of every million whom I meet. I confess that these black people who broke their promises so wantonly were the bane of my life, and the cause of continued mental disquietude, and that I condemned them to their own hearing as supremest idiots. Indeed, I have been able to drive from one to three hundred cattle a five hundred mile journey with less trouble and anxiety than as many black men. If we had strung them neck and neck along a lengthy slave-chain they would certainly have suffered a little inconvenience, but then they themselves would be the first to accuse us of cruelty. Not possessing chains, or even rope enough, we had to rely on their promises that they would not break out of camp into the bush on these mad individual enterprises, which invariably resulted in death, but never a promise was kept longer than two days.

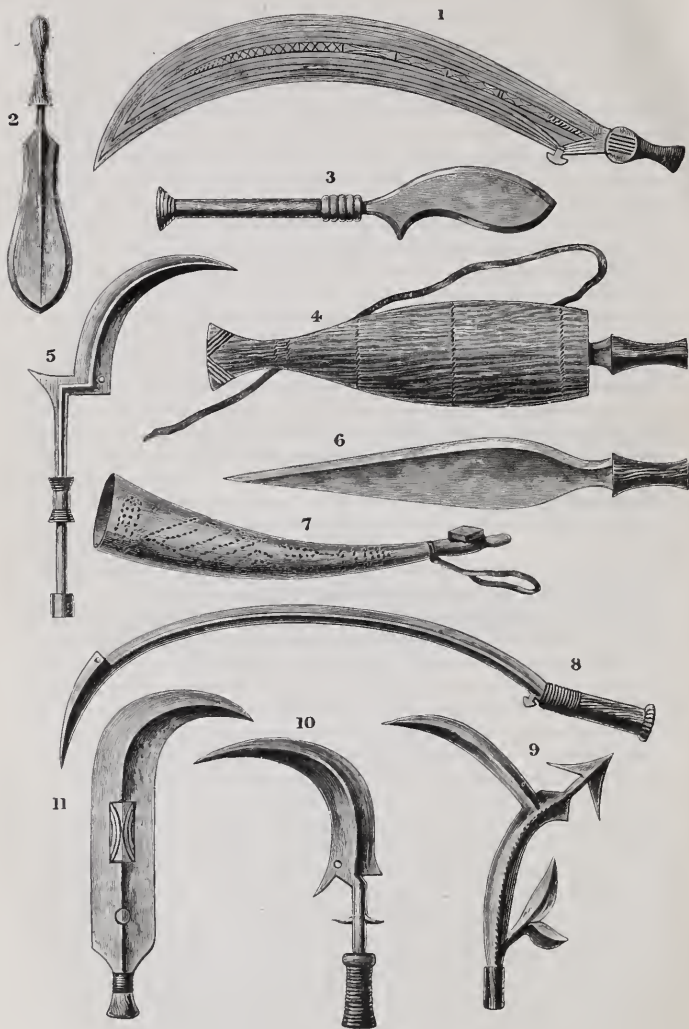
"Elephant Playground" Camp was our next halting-place, and thence we moved to Wasp Rapids.

I learned from some of Ugarrowwa's men that inland from Bwamburi are the Ababua tribe, among whom a different style of architecture prevails, the huts being more commodious and comfortable, and plastered, and that to the dwellings are attached wide verandahs. I was also told that their blacksmith's art was carried to a high standard, and that on every blade of spear, sword, knife, or arrow, considerable decorations were lavished. Some of the tri-bladed and four-bladed knives were shown to me, and they were recognized as characteristic of the Monbuttu and Nyam-Nyam as described by Schweinfurth in his "*Artes Africanæ*."

On leaving Wasp Rapids, on the 12th, our canoes carried 198; the land column under Mr. Bonny numbered 262. Being unladen, the trained men arrived in camp before the advance canoe of the flotilla. The road was now distinct and well trodden like ordinary African footpaths.

On reaching camp, however, the men, under pretence of cutting phrynias leaves to roof their huts, vanished into the forest, eluding the guards, and escaped along a path leading inland. Some of these managed to gain a few fowls, a sheaf or two of sugar-cane, and an abundance of mature plantains, but there were others who met only misfortune. Three Manyema were killed, and a Lado soldier of the irregulars of Emin Pasha received a broad and sharp spear through his body, which, glancing past the vertebræ, caused a ghastly wound, but fortunately uninjured a vital part. The wounds were sewn up and bandages applied. The rear guard reported that on the road five Manyema, three Zanzibaris, and one Soudanese were killed and eaten by ghoulis natives who had been hiding while the column was passing, and that these men belonging to the Banalya party had been resting near their hiding-place, when they were suddenly set upon and despatched. It was only five days previously that I had addressed the people publicly on the danger they were incurring by these useless and wholly unnecessary raids. When food was really required, which was once in five days, a foraging party would be sent to cut plantains in such abundance that they sufficed for several days, and twelve hours' drying over a fire rendered the provisions portable. Their absolute inability to keep their promise, and the absolute impossibility of compelling them to do so, had been the cause of twelve deaths, and the thirteenth person was so seriously wounded that he was in imminent danger of dying. We had the small-pox raging among the Manyema and

Madis, and daily creating havoc among their numbers, and we had this fatal want of discipline, which was utterly irremediable in the forest



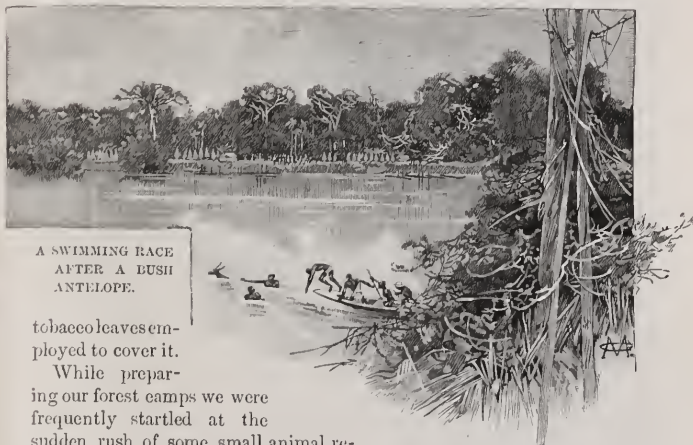
SWORDS AND KNIVES. (*From a photograph.*)

region. The more vehemently I laboured to correct this disorder in the mob, the more conscious I became that only a death penalty on the raider

would stop him; but then when the natives themselves executed infallibly the sentence, there was no necessity for me to do it.

Just above Manginni a canoe was capsized through pure carelessness. With our best divers we proceeded to the scene and recovered every article excepting a box of gunpowder and one of beads. The canoe was broken.

Passing by Mugwey's, we reached Mambanga, and halted two days to prepare food for the uninhabited wilderness that stretches thence to Engwedde. At this camp Lakki, or a "Hundred thousand," a veritable Jack Cade, loud, noisy, blustering—the courier who in the midst of the midnight fray at Bandeya shouted to his comrades: "These fellows want meat, and meat they shall have, but it will be their own!"—headed a secret raiding party made up of choice friends, and returned twenty-four hours later with a curious and most singular wound from a poisoned arrow. Carbonate of ammonium was injected into the wound, and he was saved, but Lakki was firmly of the opinion that he was indebted to the green



A SWIMMING RACE
AFTER A BUSH
ANTELOPE.

tobaccoleaves employed to cover it.

While preparing our forest camps we were frequently startled at the sudden rush of some small animal resembling a wild goat, which often waited in his covert until almost trodden upon, and then bounded swiftly away, running the gauntlet among hundreds of excited and hungry people, who with gesture, voice, and action attempted to catch it. This time, however, the animal took a flying leap over several canoes lying abreast into the river, and dived under. In an instant there was a desperate pursuit. Man after man leaped head foremost into the river, until its face was darkly dotted with the heads of the frantic swimmers. This mania for meat had approached madness. The poisoned arrow, the razor-sharp spear, and the pot of the cannibal failed to deter them from such raids; they dared all things, and in this instance an entire company had leaped into the river to fight and struggle, and perhaps be drowned, because there was a chance that a small animal that two men would consider as insufficient for a full meal, might be obtained by one man out of fifty. Five canoes were therefore ordered out to assist the madmen. About half a mile below, despite the manœuvres of the animal, which dived and swam,

with all the cunning of savage man, a young fellow named Feruzi clutched it by the neck, and at the same time he was clutched by half-a-dozen fellows, and all must assuredly have been drowned had not the canoes arrived in time, and rescued the tired swimmers. But, alas! for Feruzi, the bush antelope, for such it was, was no sooner slaughtered than a savage rush was made on the meat, and he received only a tiny morsel, which he thrust into his mouth for security.

During the next journey it was the river column that suffered. We were near our old camp at the confluence of the Ngula and the Ituri. A man in the advance canoe was shot in the back with a poisoned arrow. The wound was treated instantly with an injection of carbonate of ammonia, and no ill-effects followed.

The day following, the river column again suffered, and this time the case was as fatal as that caused by a bullet, and almost instantaneous. Jabu, our cook, somewhat indisposed, was sitting in the stern of a canoe while the crew was on shore about forty feet from him, hauling it past a bit of rapids. A bold and crafty native, with fixed arrow before him, steadily approached the vessel and shot a poisoned wooden dart, which penetrated the arm near the shoulder and pierced the base of the throat. The wound was a mere needle-hole puncture, but Jabu had barely time to say "Mahommed!" when he fell back dead.

Our next move was to Panga Falls. On the following day, 20th September, we made a road past the Falls, hauled twenty-seven canoes to the landing-place above, in view of Fort Island, and then conveyed all goods and baggage to the camp.

During our first journey through the neighbourhood we had lost no person through native weapons, but since our first passage the natives had been stimulated into aggressive efforts by the ease with which the reckless improvident black, when not controlled by a white man, could be butchered. The deserters from the Advance Column had furnished the wretches with several meals; the stupid, dense-headed Bakusu under Ugarowwa had supplied them with victims, until the cannibal had discovered that by his woodcraft he could creep upon the unsuspecting men and drive his spear through them as easily as through so many goats. We had lost fourteen men in thirty days. A silly Madi strayed into the bush on the 20th, to collect fuel. A native confronted him and drove his weapon clean through his body. On the 21st a Manyema woman, fifty paces from our camp, was pierced with a poisoned arrow, and was dead before we could reach her. And, to complete the casualties, a Zanzibari of the Rear Column succumbed to manioc poison.

Nejambi Rapids was our next camp. As soon as we had arrived and stacked goods, about a hundred men, driven by hunger, started in a body to forage for plantains. We, who remained in camp, had our hands full of work. The twenty-seven canoes required to be hauled, on the next day, past the rapids, and a road had to be cleared, and rattan cables were wanted for each vessel for hauling.

By sunset several of the foragers had returned well rewarded for their enterprise, but many were belated, and, till long past midnight, guns were fired as signals, and the great ivory horns sounded loud blasts which travelled through the glades with continued rolling echoes. About 9 P.M. tidings came that two Zanzibaris had been killed by poisoned arrows. An hour later a dead body, that of Ferajji, the humorous headman, who

was cross-examined at Banalya, was brought in. On inspection, the corpse was found studded with beads of perspiration. The arrow wound was a mere pin-hole puncture in the upper left arm, but it had proved quite enough. It was said that he walked about an hour after being struck, towards camp, but then cried out for a little rest, as he was faint. During the ten minutes' rest he died.

Young Hussein bin Juma, of a respectable parentage at Zanzibar, was soon after carried in, and brought to me, not dead, as reported, but in an extremely low condition. I discovered that the arrow had pierced the outer flesh of the right arm, and had entered an inch above the third rib. The arrow was hastily withdrawn and shown to me. It was smeared over with a dark substance like thick coal tar, and emitted a most peculiar odour. The arm was not swollen, but the body wound had caused a considerable tumour, soft to the touch. He said that he had felt exceedingly faint at one time, and that he perspired greatly, but had felt great relief after retching. At present he was languid, and suffered from thirst. After washing well both wounds, five grains of carbonate of ammonia were injected into each wound, and a good dose of strong medical brandy was administered.

In ten days young Hussein was quite restored, and went about performing his accustomed duties.

A squad of men returned long after midnight with fowls, plantains, and fortunately without accident. But early in the morning, Tam, a native of Johanna, raving from small-pox, threw himself into the rapids and was drowned. He had declined being vaccinated.

After hauling our canoes overland three-quarters of a mile, we halted a day above the rapids to prepare five days' rations of flour. The strain of hauling the rotten craft had reduced our flotilla to twenty-two vessels.

Engweddé's long series of rapids were passed without accident, and thence we moved to Avisibba, and a good march brought us to the camp below Mabengu Rapids, where we had waited so long for the lost column under Jephson in August 1887.

The next day was a halt, and a strong foraging party was sent over to Itiri to collect food. In the afternoon it returned, bringing several days' supply of plantains with a few goats and fowls, and for the first time we were able to make soup and distribute meat to the Banalya sick. It was reported to me that the Manyema had carved a woman most butcherly to allay their strong craving for meat, but the headman assured me that it was utterly false, and I am inclined to believe him, for the Zanzibaris, if they had really detected such a monstrous habit in people who might at any time contaminate their cooking-pots, would have insisted on making a severe example.

On the last day of September we moved up to above upper rapids of Avugadu, at which camp we discovered wild oranges. There were also wild mango-trees, if we may trust the flowering and foliage. Red figs of a sweetish flavour were very common, but as their shrunk pedicels possessed no saccharine secretions they were uneatable.

A native woman was delivered of a child on the road. She was seen standing over the tiny atom. The Zanzibaris as they came up crowded around the unusual sight, and one said, "Throw the thing into the river out of the way." "But why should you do that when the infant is

alive?" asked another. "Why, don't you see that it is white? it must be some terrible disease I am sure." "Oh Ignorance, how many evils transpire under thy dark shade!" "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," rushed to my mind, as I looked in wonder at the speakers, who, utterly unconscious that they were committing murder, would have extinguished the little spark of life there and then.

Our anxieties at this period were mainly on the account of those suffering from ulcers. There was one wise little boy of about thirteen called Soudi, who formerly attended on the Major. An injury he had received had caused about four inches of the leg bone to be exposed. We had also fifteen cases of small-pox, who mingled in the freest manner possible with our Zanzibaris, and only the suicide, Tam, had thus far been attacked.

On arriving at Avejeli, opposite the Nepoko, the wife of the Manyuema drummer, a prepossessing lassie, went out to the gardens close by to collect herbs. A band of natives were in hiding, and they pierced her with arrows. Seven of them quivered in her body. Her screams attracted attention, and she was hastily brought in, but even as we were about to inject the ammonium she rolled over, raised her arms, and embraced her young husband in the most touching manner, gave a long sigh, and died. "Oh, ye travellers! who belong to that clique who say the Africans know neither love, affection, nor jealousy. What would you have said to this pitiful death-scene?" We had also a Manyuema woman who was a hideous object, a mass of loathsome pustules, emitting an almost unbearable stench, but her husband tended and served her with a surpassing and devoted tenderness. Death, death everywhere, and on every day, and in every shape; but love, supreme love stood like a guardian angel to make death beautiful! Poor unlettered, meek creatures, the humblest of humanity, yet here unseen, and unknown of those who sing of noble sacrifices, of constancy and devotion, proving your brotherhood with us amid the sternest realities by lulling your loved ones to rest with the choicest flowers of love.

On the 2nd of October we moved up to Little Rapids below the confluence of the Ngaiyu with the Ituri, where a tornado visited us, churned up the generally waveless river into careering rollers, that stretched from bank to bank, with a power and force that disturbed the very bed and muddled the stream until it resembled a wild strip of shallow wind-driven sea, beating on an alluvial shore. Our canoes were dashed one against the other until they promised to become matchwood, while the great forest groaned and roared with the agony of the strife, but in half-an-hour the river had resumed its placid and tender face, and the forest stood still as though petrified.

During a halt on the 3rd, Mr. Jameson's box, containing various trifles belonging to an industrial naturalist, was opened. Books, diaries, and such articles as were worth preserving, were sealed up for transport athwart the continent; the others, unnecessary to a person in civilization, were discarded.

Mr. Bonny was despatched with twenty-eight men past the Ngaiyu, to verify my hope that a landing-place I had observed in passing and re-passing would lead to the discovery of a road by which I could avoid the devastated wilderness that stretched for nearly 200 miles along the south bank between the Basopo Rapids and Ibwire. Mr. Bonny, after returning,

was pleased to express his surprise at the marvellous dexterity and agility of the scouts, who sprang with the lightness of springing bush-antelopes over every kind of impediment, and who in almost every thousand paces gained five hundred ahead of him. A mile and a half from the landing-place on the north bank he had found a fine village surrounded by rich groves of plantains. To this village, called Bavikai, we proceeded more in the hope that we could utilize some road going north-easterly, whence, after sixty miles or so, we could strike on a bee-line course for the Albert.

As the men were being transported across the river opposite the landing-place of the Bavikai on the 4th, I saw a dozen Madis in a terrible condition from the ravages of the small-pox, and crowding them, until they jostled them in admirable unconcern, were some two dozen of the tribe as yet unaffected by the disease. This little fact put me on a line of reflections which, had a first-class shorthand writer been near, might have been of value to other thoughtless persons. Never did ignorance appear to me so foolish. Its utter unsuspectingness was pitiful. Over these human animals I saw the shadow of Death, in the act to strike. But I said to myself, I see the terrible shade over them ready to smite them with the disease which will make them a horror, and finally kill them. When I fall also it will probably be from some momentary thoughtlessness, when I shall either be too absorbed, or too confident to observe the dark shadow impending over me. However, *Mambu Kwa Mungu*, neither they nor I can avoid our fate.

Among my notes on the 5th of October I find a few remarks about Malaria.

While we have travelled through the forest region we have suffered less from African fevers than we did in the open country between Mataddi and Stanley Pool.

A long halt in the forest clearings soon reminds us that we are not yet so acclimated as to utterly escape the effects of malaria. But when within the inclosed woods our agues are of a very mild form, soon extinguished by a timely dose of quinine.

On the plateau of Kavalli and Undussuma, Messrs. Jephson, Parke, and myself were successively prostrated by fever, and the average level of the land was over 4,500 feet above the sea.

On descending to the Nyanza plain, 2,500 feet lower, we were again laid up with fierce attacks.

At Banana Point, which is at sea-level, ague is only too common.

At Boma, 80 feet higher, the ague is more common still.

At Vivi, there were more cases than elsewhere, and the station was about 250 feet higher than Boma, and not a swamp was near it.

At Stanley Pool, about 1,100 feet above sea-level, fever of a pernicious form was prevalent.

While ascending the Congo with the wind astern we were unusually exempted from ague.

But descending the Upper Congo, facing the wind, we were smitten with most severe forms of it.

While ascending the Aruwimi we seldom thought of African fever, but descending it in canoes, meeting the wind currents, and carried towards it by river-flow and paddle, we were speedily made aware that acclimatisation is slow.

Therefore it is proved that from 0 to 5,000 feet above the sea there is no immunity from fever and ague, that over forty miles of lake water between a camp and the other shore are no positive protection; that a thousand miles of river course may serve as a flue to convey malaria in a concentrated form; that if there is a thick screen of primeval forest, or a grove of plantains between the dwelling-place and a large clearing or open country there is only danger of the local malaria around the dwelling, which might be rendered harmless by the slightest attention to the system; but in the open country neither a house nor a tent are sufficient protection, since the air enters by the doors of the house, and under the flaps, and through the ventilators to poison the inmates.

Hence we may infer that trees, tall shrubbery, a high wall or close screen interposed between the dwelling-place and the wind currents will mitigate their malarial influence, and the inmates will only be subjected to local exhalations.

Emin Pasha informed me that he always took a mosquito curtain with him, as he believed that it was an excellent protector against miasmatic exhalations of the night.

Question, might not a respirator attached to a veil, or face screen of muslin, assist in mitigating malarious effects when the traveller finds himself in open regions?

Three companies of forty men each were sent in three different directions to follow the tracks leading from Bavikai. The first soon got entangled in the thick woods bordering the Ngaiyu, and had an engagement with the natives of Bavikai, who were temporarily encamped in the dark recesses; the second followed a path that ran E. by N., and soon met a large force of natives coming from three different villages. One of our men was wounded in the head with a poisoned arrow. The third was perplexed by a network of paths, and tried several of them, but all ended in plantations of plantains and thin bush of late growth, and in the search these men encountered savages well armed and prepared with poisoned darts. We were therefore compelled to recross the river to the south bank, to try again higher up, to avoid the trying labour of tunnelling through the forest.

On the 10th the Expedition reached Hippo Breads. On this date we saw a cloud of moths sailing up river, which reached from the water's face to the topmost height of the forest, say 180 feet, so dense, that before it overtook us we thought that it was a fog, or, as was scarcely possible, a thick fall of lavender-coloured snow. The rate of flight was about three knots an hour. In the dead calm morning air they maintained an even flight, but the slightest breeze from the banks whirled them confusedly about, like light snow particles on a gusty day. Every now and then the countless close-packed myriads met a cloud of moth migrants from above river, and the sunbeams glinting and shining on their transparent wings caused them to resemble fire sparks.

Bits of turfy green, cropped close by hippo, which favours this fine reach of river, distinguish the banks near this locality. Many oil palms, some raphia, arums, phrynina, amoma, pepper-bushes, &c., denote a very ancient site of a human settlement. My tent was pitched under a small branching fig-tree, which protected it from a glowing Equatorial sun, but the heat reflected from the river's face amounted up to 87° in the shade at 3 P.M. This unusual heat preceded a tempest, with lightning, startling thunder, and deluging rain.

At the Bafaido Cataract, a woman who fell into our hands informed us that the Medze tribe lived on the other side of the Ngaiyu River and that the Babandi were found on its left bank.

Near Avaiyabu, a lurking native who had been standing behind a leafy screen of parasites depending from the branches of a big tree, suddenly stepped into the path, snatched a little girl belonging to the Manyuema, and drove his double-edged dagger from breast to back, and holding his weapon above his head uttered a furious cry, which might well have been "Death to the invader!"

And at the next camp, Avambarri landing-place, Soudi, the wise little boy who had served the Major, while being carried past the rapids to the canoes waiting above, died on the carriers' shoulders. The enamel covering of the leg-bone had been all destroyed by the virulent ulcer. Since we had left Bungangeta Island, Soudi had been carried and nursed, but want of exercise, and exposure to sun in the canoe and constant rain had weakened his digestion. His constitution had been originally healthy and sound. The little fellow had borne his sufferings bravely, but the reserve medicines were at Bangala, and we could do nothing for him.

On the 18th of October we were at Amiri Rapids, and the second Zanzibari showed symptoms of small-pox. So far we had been remarkably free of the disease, despite the fact that there were from ten to twenty sufferers daily in the camp since arriving at the settlement of the Batundu. Out of 620 Zanzibaris who were ordered to be vaccinated, some few constitutions might possibly have resisted the vaccine; but no more decided proof of the benefits resulting to humanity could be obtained from Jenner's discovery than were furnished by our Expedition. Among the Manyuema, Madis, and native followers, the epidemic had taken deadly hold, and many a victim had already been tossed into the river weighted with rocks. For this was also a strange necessity we had to resort to, to avoid subsequent exhumation by the natives whom we discovered to be following our tracks for the purpose of feeding on the dead.

One of the Zanzibari headmen while acting as coxswain of a canoe was so stung by wasps at this camp that he despaired of his life, and insisted that his will should be written, wherein he made his brother, then with us, his sole legatee. I conformed to his wish in a clerklly fashion that pleased him well, but I also administered a ten-grain dose of carbonate of ammonium hypodermically, and told him he should reach Zanzibar in spite of the vicious wasps who had so punished him. The next day he was a new man, and boasted that the white man's medicines could cure everything except death.

After moving to the top of Amiri Rapids, a series of misfortunes met us. Some few of the flighty-headed untrained men of the Rear Column rushed off to the plantain plantations without a leader or authority, and conducted themselves like children. The natives surrounded them and punished them, wounding three. Two others, one suffering from a palpitation of the heart, and another feeble youth, had left the trail to hide from the rear-guard.

Up to date, we had lost since 1st of September, nine Zanzibaris killed, one from suicide, one from ulcers, and two were missing. Of the Manyuema contingent, fifteen had been killed or had died from small-pox, and eighteen Madis had either been killed or had perished from the pest. Total loss, forty-four deaths within forty-nine days.

From Amiri Falls to Avatiko was a seven-days' march through a depopulated country, through a land wholly empty of food. Beyond Avatiko by the new route I proposed to follow, two days would probably transpire before another supply of food could be obtained. This was my estimate, at which with the Zanzibaris of the Advance Column who were now trained in forest life, we might perform these journeys. If we could obtain no food at Avatiko, then our lot would be hard indeed. Up to within a day's march of Avatiko, we could employ the canoes in carrying an extra supply of provisions. It would not be impossible to take twenty days' rations of flour per capita; but a leader to perform such a work must be obeyed. He performs his duties by enjoining on all his followers to remember his words, to take heed of his advice, and do their utmost to conform to his instructions.

On the 20th at dawn, 160 rifles were despatched to the plantations five miles inland from Amiri Falls. The men were told how many days Avatiko was distant, and that they should employ one day in collecting food, in peeling, slicing and drying their plantains in the plantation, so that they could bring from sixty to seventy pounds of food, which when distributed would supply each person with over twenty pounds, equal to ten days' rations. Experience of them proved to me that the enterprising would carry sufficient to satisfy them with fifteen days' unstinted food; others, again, despite the warning of death rung in their ears, would not carry more than would suffice them for four days.

On the afternoon of the 21st I was gratified to see that the people had been very successful. How many had followed my advice it was impossible to state. The messes had sent half their numbers to gather the food, and every man had to contribute two handfuls for the officers and sick. It only remained now for the chiefs of the messes to be economical of the food, and the dreaded wilderness might be safely crossed.

CHAPTER XXII.

ARRIVAL AT FORT BODO.

THE Expedition reached Ugarowwa's old station on the 23rd of October, and slept within its deserted huts. In the court of the great house of the chief of the raiders a crop of rice had grown up, but the birds had picked every grain. Over one hundred people found comfortable shelter in the spacious passages; and had supplies been procurable within a respectable distance, it would not have ill-suited us for a halt of a week; but it was too risky altogether to consume our rations because of the comfort of shelter. It was the centre of a great desolate area, which we were bound by fear of famine to travel through with the utmost speed.

The following day we marched to Bunda. The river column received attention from Ugarowwa's old subjects, and the Manyema sprang overboard to avoid the arrows; but the Zanzibaris from the canoe behind leaped ashore, and by a flank attack assisted us to save the bewildered Manyema, who in their careless happy attitudes in the canoe had offered such tempting targets for the natives.

The Ituri River was now in full flood, for the rains fell daily in copious

tropical showers. The streams and creeks flowing into the Ituri from the right bank were deep, which caused the land party excessive worry and distress. No sooner had they crossed one creek up to the waist, than in a few moments another of equal or greater depth had to be waded through. They were perpetually wringing their clothes, and declaiming against the vexatious interruptions. Across the mouths of deeper tributaries the canoes were aligned, and served as floating bridges for the party to cross, while each man was the subject of some jest at his bedraggled appearance. The foremost men were sure to leave some wet mud or soapy clay on the boards; the garments of others would be dripping with water, and presently fall after fall would testify to the exceeding slipperiness of the bridge, and would be hailed with uproarious chaff and fun. On this day thirty-two streams were crossed by the land party.

On the 25th, we moved up to a camp, opposite the mouth of the Lenda Rivcr. We were making progress, but I came across the following note written that evening. It will be seen later that such congratulations could only have been the outcome of a feeling of temporary pleasure that the day was not far distant when we should see the end to our harder labours.

"I desire to render most hearty thanks that our laborious travels through the forest are drawing to a close. We are about 160 miles to-night from the grass-land; but we shall reduce this figure quickly enough, I hope. Meantime we live in anticipation. We bear the rainy season without a murmur, for after the rain the harvest will be ready for us in the grass-land. We do not curse the mud and reek of this humid land now, though we crossed thirty-two streams yesterday, and the mud banks and flats were sorely trying to the patience. We have a number of minor pleasures in store. It will be a great relief to be delivered from the invasions of the red ants, and to be perfectly secure from their assaults by day and by night. When we have finally dried the soles of our boots and wiped the mildew of the forest off their tops, our dreams will be undisturbed by one enemy at least. While we smart under the bites of the ferocious small bees, and start at the sting of small ants, and writhe under the venom of a hornet, or groan by reason of the sting of a fiendish wasp, or flap away the ever-intrusive butterfly, or dash aside the hurtful tiger slug, or stamp with nervous haste on the advancing greenish centipede, we remind ourselves that these miseries will not be for many days now. A little more patience and then merrier times. We have had four goats since August 17th for meat. We have subsisted mainly on roast plantains. They have served to maintain the soul attached to the body. We are grateful even for this, though our strength is not to be boasted of. We complacently think of the beef, and veal, and mutton diet ahead, garnished with a variety of edibles such as the sweet potato and beans, and millet flour for porridge with milk, and sesamum oil for cooking. Relief also from the constant suspicion, provoked by an animal instinct, that a savage with a sheaf of poisoned arrows is lurking within a few feet of one will be something to be grateful for. The ceaseless anxiety, the tension of watchfulness, to provide food, and guard the people from the dangers that meet their frolics, will be relaxed; and I shall be glad to be able to think better of the world and its inhabitants than the doubtful love I entertain for mankind in the forest."

We found our camp at Umeni on the 26th, but there were only two

small bunches of miniature plantains discovered here, and a raging tornado roared like a legion of demons through the forest, and shook the ancient tree giants to their base, while the dark Ituri was so beswept that it became pallid under the whistling, screaming fury of the squalls.

On the next day we rowed up to below Big Cataract, unloaded the goods, left the canoes in the bushes, shouldered our loads, and marched away after half-an-hour's halt only, for five miles inland. We had left the Ituri navigation for the last time.

We entered the Avatiko plantations after three hours' march on the 28th, and just while the majority of the people were perilously near



DWARF CAPTIVE AT AVATIKO.

starvation. They spread over the plantations with the eagerness of famished wolves after prey. Here we stayed two days in foraging and preparing a supply of food.

We had not been long at Avatiko before a couple of pigmies were brought to me. What relation the pair were to one another is not known. The man was young, probably twenty-one. Mr. Bonny conscientiously measured him, and I recorded the notes.

Height, 4 ft.; round head, $20\frac{1}{4}$ in.; from chin to back top of head, $24\frac{1}{4}$ in.; round chest, $25\frac{1}{2}$ in.; round abdomen, $27\frac{3}{4}$ in.; round hips, $22\frac{1}{2}$ in. round wrist, $4\frac{1}{4}$ in.; round muscle of left arm, $7\frac{1}{2}$ in.; round ankle,

7 in.; round calf of leg, $7\frac{3}{4}$ in.; length of index-finger, 2 in.; length of right hand, 4 in.; length of foot, $6\frac{1}{4}$ in.; length of leg, 22 in.; length of back, $18\frac{1}{2}$ in.; arm to tip of finger, $19\frac{1}{4}$ in.

This was the first full-grown man we had seen. His colour was coppery, the fell over the body was almost furry, being nearly half an inch in length. His head-dress was a bonnet of a priestly form, decorated with a bunch of parrot feathers; it was either a gift or had been stolen. A broad strip of bark cloth covered his nakedness. His hands were very delicate, and attracted attention by their unwashed appearance. He had evidently been employed in peeling plantains.

Not one London editor could guess the feelings with which I regarded this mannikin from the solitudes of the vast central African forest. To me he was far more venerable than the Memnonium of Thebes. That little body of his represented the oldest types of primeval man, descended from the outcasts of the earliest ages, the Ishmaels of the primitive race, for ever shunning the haunts of the workers, deprived of the joy and delight of the home hearth, eternally exiled by their vice, to live the life of human beasts in morass and fen and jungle wild. Think of it! Twenty-six centuries ago his ancestors captured the five young Nassamonian explorers, and made merry with them at their villages on the banks of the Niger. Even as long as forty centuries ago they were known as pigmies, and the famous battle between them and the storks was rendered into song. On every map since Hekataeus' time, 500 years B.C., they have been located in the region of the Mountains of the Moon. When Mesu led the children of Jacob out of Goshen, they reigned over Darkest Africa undisputed lords; they are there yet, while countless dynasties of Egypt and Assyria, Persia, Greece and Rome, have flourished for comparatively brief periods, and expired. And these little people have roamed far and wide during the elapsed centuries. From the Niger banks, with successive waves of larger migrants, they have come hither to pitch their leafy huts in the unknown recesses of the forest. Their kinsmen are known as Bushmen in Cape Colony, as Watwa in the basin of the Lulungu, as Akka in Monbuttu, as Balia by the Mabodé, as Wambutti in the Ihuru basin, and as Batwa under the shadows of the Lunæ Montes.

As the gigantic Madis, and tall Soudanese, and tallest Zanzibaris towered above the little man, it was delightful to observe the thoughts within him express themselves with lightning rapidity on his face. The wonderment that filled him, the quick shifting and chilling fears as to his fate, the anxious doubts that possessed him, the hopes that sprang up as he noted humour on the faces, the momentary shades of anxiety, curiosity to know whence these human monsters had come from, what they would do with him eventually; would they kill him, how? by roasting him alive, or plunging him screaming into a vat-like cooking pot? Ach Gott! I hope not, and a slight shake of the head, with a more pallid colour on the lips and a nervous twitch showed what distress he was in. He would do anything to deserve the favour of these big men, just as the young Nassamonians were willing to do 2,600 years ago, when his pigmy forefathers pointed their fingers and jabbered at them in the old Nigritian village. So we took him to sit by us, and stroked him on the back, gave him some roast bananas to put into that distended aldermanic abdomen of his, and the pigmy smiled his gratitude. What a cunning rogue he was!

how quick-witted! He spoke so eloquently by gesture that he was understood by the dullest of us.

"How far is it to the next village where we can procure food?"

He placed the side of his right hand across the left wrist. (More than two days' march.)

"In what direction?"

He pointed east.

"How far is it to the Ihuru?"

"Oh!" He brought his right hand across his elbow joint—that is double the distance, four days.

"Is there any food north?"

He shook his head.

"Is there any west or north-west?"

He shook his head, and made a motion with his hand as though he were brushing a heap of sand away.

"Why?"

He made the motion with his two hands as though he were holding a gun, and said "Doooo!"

"To be sure the Manyema have destroyed everything."

"Are there any 'Doooo' in the neighbourhood, now?"

He looked up and smiled with a gush as artful as a London coquette, as if to say, "You know best! Oh! naughty man, why do you chaff me?"

"Will you show us the road to the village where we can get food?"

He nodded his head rapidly, patted his full-moon belly, which meant, "Yes, for there I shall get a full meal; for here"—he smiled disdainfully as he pressed his thumb-nail on the first joint of his left index-finger—"are plantains only so big, but there they are as big as this," and he clasped the calf of his leg with two hands.

"Oh, Paradise!" cried the men, "bananas as big as a man's leg!" The pigmy had contrived to ingratiate himself into every man's affection. My authority was gone until the story of the monstrous bananas would be disproved. Some of them looked as if they would embrace him, and his face mimicked artless innocence, though he knew perfectly well that, in their opinion, he was only a little lower than an angel.

And all this time, the coppery face of the nut-brown little maid was eloquent with sympathy in the emotions of the male pigmy. Her eyes flashed joy, a subtle spirit glided over her features with the transition of lightning. There were the same tricks of by-play; the same doubts, the same hopes, the same curiosity, the same chilling fear, was felt by the impressionable soul as she divined what feelings moved her kinsman. She was as plump as a thanksgiving turkey or a Christmas goose; her breasts glistened with the sheen of old ivory, and as she stood with clasped hands drooping below—though her body was nude—she was the very picture of young modesty.

The pair were undoubtedly man and woman. In him was a mimicked dignity, as of Adam; in her the womanliness of a miniature Eve. Though their souls were secreted under abnormally thick folds of animalism, and the finer feelings inert and torpid through disuse, they were there for all that. And they suited the wild Eden of Avatiko well enough.

Burdened with fresh supplies of dried plantains, and guided by the pigmies, we set out from the abandoned grove of Avatiko E.N.E., crossed the clear stream of Ngoki at noon, and at 3 P.M. were encamped by the

brook Epeni. We observed numerous traces of the dwarfs in the wilds which we had traversed, in temporary camps, in the crimson skins of the amoma, which they had flung away after eating the acid fruit, in the cracked shells of nuts, in broken twigs that served as guides to the initiated in their mysteries of woodcraft, in bow-traps by the wayside, in the game-pits sunk here and there at the crossings of game-tracks. The land appeared more romantic than anything we had seen. We had wound around wild amphitheatral basins, foliage rising in terraces one above another, painted in different shades of green, and variegated with masses of crimson flowers, and glistening russet, and the snowdrop flowerets of wild mangoes, or the creamy silk floss of the bombax, and as we looked under a layer of foliage that drooped heavily above us, we saw the sunken basin below, an impervious mass of leafage grouped crown to crown like heaped hills of soft satin cushions, promising luxurious rest. Now and then troops of monkeys bounded with prodigious leaps through the branches, others swinging by long tails a hundred feet above our heads, and with marvellous agility hurling their tiny bodies through the air across yawning chasms, and catching an opposite branch, resting for an instant to take a last survey of our line before burying themselves out of sight in the leafy depths. Ibises screamed to their mates to hurry up to view the column of strangers, and touracos argued with one another with all the guttural harshness of a group of Egyptian fellahs, plantain-eaters, sunbirds, grey parrots, green parroquets, and a few white-collared eagles either darted by or sailed across the leafy gulf, or sat drowsily perched in the haze upon aspiring branches. There was an odour of musk, a fragrance of flowers, perfume of lilies mixed with the acrid scent of tusky boars in the air; there were heaps of elephant refuse, the droppings of bush antelopes, the pungent dung of civets and simians along the tracks, and we were never long away from the sound of rushing rivulets or falling cascades, sunlight streamed in slanting silver lines and shone over the undergrowth and the thick crops of phrynica, arum, and amoma, until their damp leaves glistened, and the dewdrops were brilliant with light.

And the next day our march underneath the eternal shades was through just such a land, and on the morning of the 1st of November we emerged into the clearing of Andaki, to refresh our souls with the promised fruit of its groves. The plantains were not very large, but they were mature and full, and before an hour had elapsed, the wooden grates were up, and the fruit lay in heaps of slices on the bars over the fire. The word was passed that the first and second day of the month should be employed in preparing as much provisions as every man could carry. We were in N. Lat. $1^{\circ} 16\frac{1}{2}'$. Kilonga-Longa's station was in $1^{\circ} 6'$, and Fort Bodo in $1^{\circ} 20'$, so that our course was good.

On the second some scouts hunting up the various tracks extending eastward came across two women, one of whom said she knew of a great village to the north where there was food. Another said that Andari lay E.N.E., four days' march, where there was such a stock of food that Andaki was a mere handful compared with it.

Soon after leaving Andaki, and crossing a broad ridge, we came upon a vast abandoned clearing. Probably a year had elapsed since the people had fled, and their settlements had been consumed with fire, for the banana plants were choked by the voracious undergrowth and wild plants, and the elephants had trampled through and through, and sported for months

among the wasted groves, and over the crushed *Musa* plants, through phrynia flourishing two fathoms deep, and where the stumps of cut trees had sprouted and grown until their tufted tops were joined to one another in one great thick carpet of bush. Through this we carved our way with brandished billhooks and cutlasses; the native women had lost the track, and were bewildered by the wildly luxuriant shrubbery, under which we sweated in the damp hot-house heat, and ploughed our way through the deep green sea, until after ten hours we came to a babbling rillet, and must perforce camp from sheer exhaustion, though we had made but five miles.

On the morning of the fourth we resumed the task, to slash, cut, creep and crawl, bore through, in and out, to clamber over logs, tread carefully over gaping rifts in the reeking compost, bend under logs, to tunnel away with might and main, to drive through—a hungry column of men was behind, a wilderness before us—to crash headlong through the plants, veer to the left, and now to the right, to press on and on, to sharpen the weapons on the stones of the brook; to take a hasty drink to satisfy our thirst, and again to the work. Cleave away merrily, boys; sever those creepers; cut those saplings down! No way now? then widen that game hole in the bush clump! Come, strike with billhook and sword, axe and cutlass! We must not die like fools in this demon world! This way and that, through and through, until after sixteen hours we had cut a crooked channel through the awful waste, and stood once more under the lordly crowns of the primeval forest.

Paddy's traditional patchy clothes was a dress suit compared to mine, as I stood woefully regarding the rents and tatters and threads waving in tassels from my breeches and shirt; and the men smiled, and one said we looked like rats dragged through the teeth of traps, which I thought was not a bad simile. But we had no time for talk; we ate a couple of roast plantains for lunch, and continued our journey, and by 3 P.M. were within half-an-hour of the Ihuru River.

The next day, before it was full daylight, we were filing along an elephant track that ran parallel with the Ihuru, which was at this time one raging series of rapids its whole length, and sounding its unceasing uproar in our ears. Numbers of deep tributaries were waded through; but we maintained a quick pace, owing to the broad track of the elephants, and by the usual hour of the afternoon nine miles had been covered.

Thirteen Zanzibaris of the Rear Column, and one of the Danagla soldiers of Emin Pasha, had succumbed during the last few days, and I do not know how many Madis and Manyuema.

On the evening of the sixth, after a march of eight miles, I became impressed with the necessity of finding food shortly, unless we were to witness wholesale mortality. Starvation is hard to bear, but when loads must be carried upon empty stomachs, and the marches are long, the least break in the continuity of supply brings with it a train of diseases which soon thins the ranks. Our Nyanza people were provident, and eked their stores with mushrooms and wild fruit; but the feeble manioc-poisoned men of the Rear Column, Madis and Manyuema, were utterly heedless of advice and example.

A youth named Amani, who looked rather faint, was adjured to tell me the truth about what he had eaten the last two days.

"I will," he said. "My mess had a fair provision of plantain flour that

would have kept us with ease two days longer; but Sulimani, who carried it, put it down by the roadside while he went to gather mushrooms. When he returned the food was gone. He says the Manyema had stolen it. Each one of us then on reaching camp last night set out to hunt for mushrooms, out of which we made a gruel. That is what we had to eat last night for supper. This morning we have fasted, but we are going to hunt up mushrooms again."

"And what will you eat to-morrow?"

"To-morrow is in the hands of God. I will live in hopes that I shall find something."

This youth, he was only nineteen, had carried sixty pounds of cartridges in the meantime, and would carry it again to-morrow, and the next day, until he dropped, and measured his length with eyes upturned to the dark cope of leaves above, to be left there to mildew and rot; for out of nothing, nothing can be extracted to feed hungry men. He was only a solitary instance of over 400 people.

We reached a Manyema camp, and Uledi recognized it as being a place where he had halted during a forage tour to the west of the Ihuru, while he was waiting for Messrs. Jephson and Nelson at Ipoto, and the Advance Column was journeying to Ibwiri in November 1887.

On the 7th a halt was ordered, that a column might be sent under Uledi to search the clearing of Andari, six miles N.N.W. of the camp, but over a hundred were so weak that they were unable to go, whereupon the messes were ordered to bring their pots up, and three handfuls of flour were placed in each to make gruel with, that they might have strength to reach the plantation.

On the 8th, about 200 remained silent in camp awaiting the foragers. In the afternoon, perceiving that it was too long a fast to wait for them we served out more plantain flour.

On the 9th, the foragers had not arrived. Two men had died in camp. One reeled from the effects of a poisonous fungus, as they came to get another ration of flour for their gruel; their steps were more feeble; the bones of the sternum were fearfully apparent. Three days would find us all perished, but we were hopeful that every minute we should hear the murmur of the returning column.

On the morning of the 10th, anxious for the European provisions which we were carrying for the officers at Fort Bodo, I had them examined, and discovered to my consternation that fifty-seven tins of meat, teas, coffees, milks, were short—had been eaten by the Manyema. If a look had potency sufficient to blast them, they would have speedily been reduced to ashes. "Dear me, how could the tins have vanished?" asked the chief Sadi. Ah, how? But the provision boxes were taken from his party, and Winchester and Maxim ammunition cases were served instead to them as freight.

At 2 P.M. the column of foragers returned, bringing from three to six days' provisions, which they had gathered from an abandoned plantation. The bearers had refreshed themselves previous to gathering. Now, in return for my gruel, each member had to refund me one pound of flour, as my reserve store, and one pound for the sick, who were deprived of the power to forage, and who were rejected by the messes. So that in this manner the sick received about eight pounds of flour, or dried plantains, and I owned a reserve of 200 pounds for future use.

Within an hour-and-a-half on the 11th we had reached Kilonga-Longa's ferry. The natives, fearing a repetition of his raids to the west of the Ihuru, had destroyed every canoe, and thus prevented me from crossing to pay Kilonga-Longa another visit, and to settle some accounts with him. The river was also in flood, and a gaunt and hungry wilderness stretched all round us. There was no other way for it than to follow the Ihuru upward until we could find means to cross to the east, or left side. Our course was now N.E. by N.

On the 12th, we followed a track, along which quite a tribe of pigmies must have passed. It was lined with amoma fruit-skins, and shells of nuts, and the crimson rinds of phrynica berries. No wood-beans, or fenesi, or mabungu, are to be found in this region, as on the south bank of Ituri River. On reaching camp, I found that at the ferry, near the native camp at which we starved four days, six people had succumbed—a Madi, from a poisonous fungus, the Lado soldier, who was speared above Wasp Rapids, two Soudanese of the Rear Column, a Manyema boy in the service of Mr. Bonny, and Ibrahim, a fine young Zanzibari, from a poisoned skewer in the foot.

During the 13th the great forest was perceptibly improved for travel. Our elephant and game track had brought us across another track leading easterly from Andari, and both joined presently, developing to a highway much patronised by the pigmy tribes. This we followed for two hours. We could tell where they had stopped to light their pipes, and to crack nuts, and trap game, and halt to gossip. The twigs were broken three feet from the ground, showing that they were snapped by dwarfs. Where it was little muddy the path showed high delicate insteps, proving their ancient ancestry and aristocratic descent, and small feet not larger than those of young English misses of eight years old. The path improved as we tramped along; it grew a highway of promise. Camps of the dwarfs were numerous. The soil was ochreous, the trees were larger, and towered to magnificent heights.

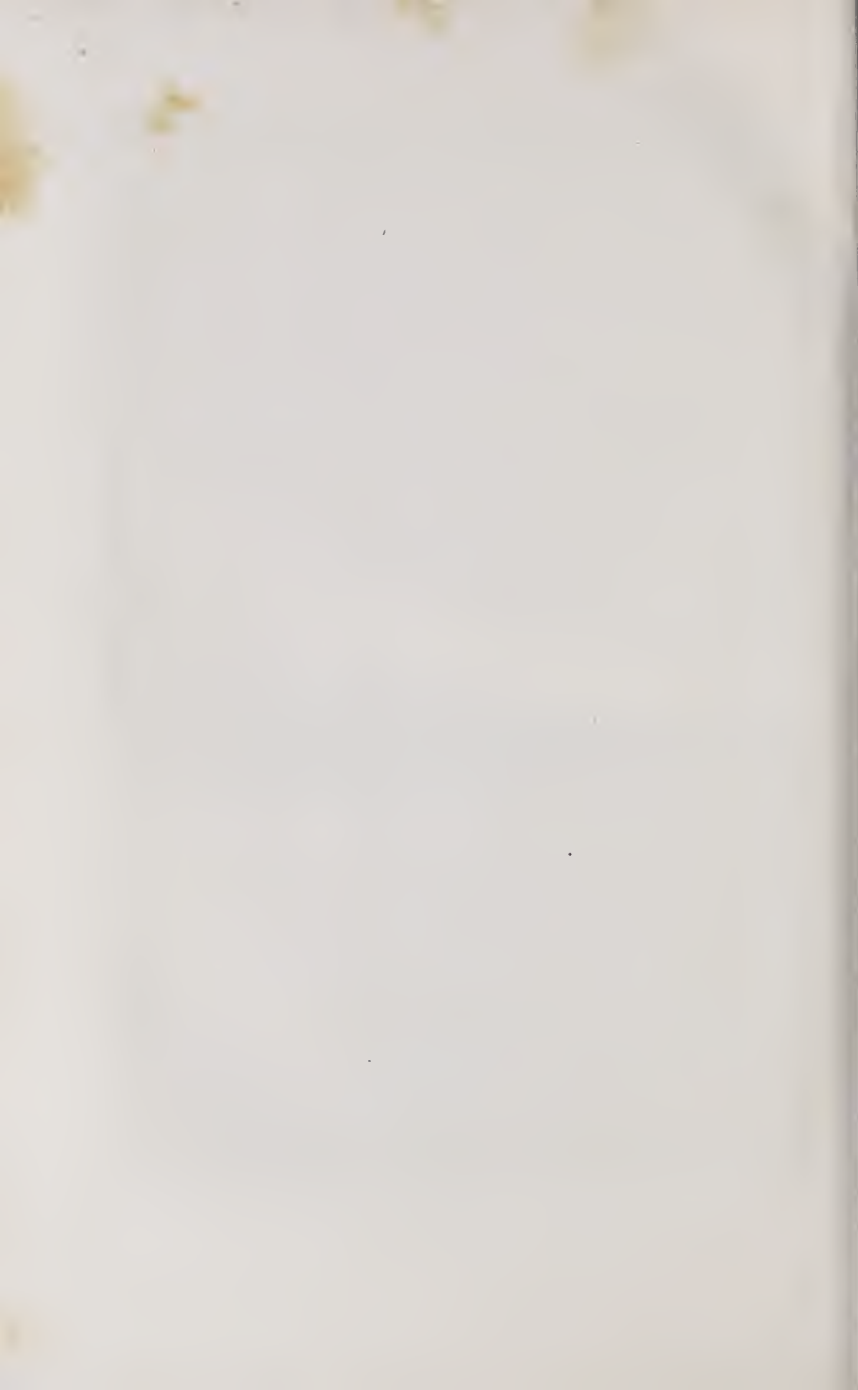
I observed as we filed into camp that it was time to obtain a further supply of food, and rest somewhere; the bearing of the people lacked confidence, their forms were shrinking under the terrible task, and perpetual daily toil and round of marching and hunger. I could have wept at the excess of misfortunes which weighed us daily lower towards the grave; but we had been for so long strained to bear violent vicissitudes, and so frequently afflicted with sights of anguish and suffering, that we were reduced to hear each day's tale of calamity in sorrowful silence. What losses we had already borne were beyond power of plaint and tear to restore. The morrow's grief awaited us, as certain as the morrow's sun; and to dwell upon the sorrowful past was to unfit us for what we had yet to bear.

To make 230 loads equal to the daily lessening number of carriers was a most aggravating task. Not one out of twenty men but made some complaint of a severe ulcer, a headache, or threatened rupture, undefined bodily pains, a whitlow, a thorn in the foot, rheumatism, fever, &c. The loads remained always the same, but the carriers died.

On the 14th, the Expedition, after a six hours' march, approached Anduta and Andikumu. As the advance guard was pressing in over the logs and debris of the prostrated forest, some arrows flew, and two men fell wounded, and immediately boxes and bales were dropped, and quite a



ENTERING ANDIKUMU.



lively skirmish with the tall-hatted natives occurred; but in half-an-hour the main body of the caravan filed in, to find such a store of abnormally large plantains that the ravenous men were in ecstasies.

In extent the clearing was equal to the famous one of Ibwiri. It was situate in the bosom of hills which rose to the east, west, and south. Along one of the tracks we saw the blazings of the Manyuema on the trees, and one of the villages was in ruins; but the size of the clearing had baffled the ravaging horde in their attempt to destroy the splendid plantain groves.

On examining the boxes of ammunition before stacking them for the night, it was found that Corporal Dayn Mohammed had not brought his load in, and we ascertained that he had laid it at the base of a big tree near the path. Four headmen were at once ordered to return with the Soudanese Corporal to recover the box.

Arriving near the spot, they saw quite a tribe of pigmies, men, women, and children, gathered around two pigmy warriors, who were trying to test the weight of the box by the grummet at each end. Our headmen, curious to see what they would do with the box, lay hidden closely, for the eyes of the little people are exceedingly sharp. Every member of the tribe seemed to have some device to suggest, and the little boys hopped about on one leg, spanking their hips in irrepressible delight at the find, and the tiny women carrying their tinier babies at their backs vociferated the traditional wise woman's counsel. Then a doughty man put a light pole, and laid it through the grumnets, and all the small people cheered shrilly with joy at the genius displayed by them in inventing a method for heaving along the weighty case of Remington ammunition. The Hercules and the Milo of the tribe put forth their utmost strength, and raised the box up level with their shoulders, and staggered away into the bush. But just then a harmless shot was fired, and the big men rushed forward with loud shouts, and then began a chase; and one over-fat young fellow of about seventeen was captured and brought to our camp as a prize. We saw the little Jack Horner, too fat by many pounds; but the story belongs to the headmen, who delivered it with infinite humour.

Mr. Bonny was sent to the Ihuru River on the 17th to examine an old ferry reported to be there, but returned unsuccessful in finding a canoe, but with the information that the river appeared to flow from E.N.E., and was about sixty yards wide, with quiet current, and good depth.

The afternoons of the 14th, 15th and 16th of November, were spent by the people in making amends for their past abstinence. What with boiled, roasted plantains and porridge, they must have consumed an immense number. Probably each man had eaten 140 plantains during the three days.

Within a short time after leaving Andikumu on the 19th, we passed through Anduta; and then the column passed by a picturesque hill called Kakwa, over a rough country bristling with immense rock fragments and boulders thickly covered and surrounded with depths of ferns. Among the rocks near our camp on this date was found a store of corn and bananas, which no doubt belonged to the dwarfs. Had the find occurred a few days previously, there would have been a riotous scramble for them; but now each man was so burdened with his private stores that they regarded it with supreme indifference. The men also so suffered from indigestion after their revel at Andikumu that they were unfit for travel.

A five-mile march was made on the 20th. Since striking the dwarfs' highway, unlike the loamy soils which absorbed the perpetual rains nearer the Ituri, the path now led through a stiff red clayey country, which retained the rain in pools, and made it soapy and slippery.

At the noonday halt the leader of the van wandered a few hundred yards ahead on the path and encountered a native caravan from Anditoké, N. The natives uttered a howl of surprise at perceiving him, but seeing that he had no weapon, quickly advanced towards him with uplifted spears. But the howl they had raised had been heard by all at the halting-place, and the savages were met in time to save the Zanzibari leader. A skirmish took place, two of the natives were wounded and one was killed, and the effects of the caravan were captured. These effects consisted of iron rings, knobs, bracelets, and anklets, and calamus fibre leg-rings, a few native smith's tools, and, most singular of all, several unfired Remington cartridges.

The first thought that was suggested was that Fort Bodo had either been evacuated or captured, or that some patrols had been waylaid; but on reflection we settled on the conviction that these cartridges had belonged to some raiding parties of Manyuema, but that originally they were our property.

The travelling powers of the men were noticeably low on the 21st; they still suffered from their late debauch. At noon of this day we were in N. Lat. $1^{\circ} 43'$, which proved that, despite every effort to find a path leading eastward, we were advancing north.

Chama Issa, the last of the Somalis, was reported dead on this day, but at the noon halt I was greatly gratified to see him; his case, being as he was the last of the Somalis, excited great interest. A portion from my own table went to him daily, and two Soudanese were detailed for extra pay to serve, feed, and carry him. Up to the evening of this day thirty-two out of the Banalya Rear Column had perished. At Banalya I had estimated that about half of the number would not survive. While they were being carried in the canoes there was no call for exertion, but the march overland had been most fatal to the unfortunates.

On the 22nd, soon after the advance had reached camp, a cold and heavy shower of rain fell, which demoralized many in the column; their failing energies and their impoverished systems were not proof against cold. Madis and Zanzibaris dropped their loads in the road, and rushed helter-skelter for the camp. One Madi managed to crawl near my tent, wherein a candle was lit, for in a rainstorm the forest, even in daylight, is as dark as on an ordinary night in the grass-land. Hearing him groan, I issued out with the candle, and found the naked body rigid in the mud, unable to move. As he saw the candle-flame his eyes dilated widely, and he attempted to grasp it with his hands. He was at once borne to a fire, and laid within a few inches of it, and with the addition of a pint of hot broth made from the Liebig Company's extract of meat we restored him to his senses. On the road in front of the rear guard two Madis died, and also one Zanzibari of the Rear Column stricken instantaneously to death by the intensely cold rain.

We made a march of two hours the next day, and then despatched forty-five choice men ahead to try and obtain meal for the salvation of the Banalya men and the Madis, whose powers were too weak for further effort. The scouts returned within twenty-four hours with a goat, which



THE SCOUTS DISCOVER THE PIGMIES CARRYING AWAY THE CASE OF AMMUNITION.



was at once slaughtered to make thirty gallons of soup. When thickened with two pounds of wheaten flour, the soup made a most welcome meal for over sixty men. We reached Indemau by 10 A.M. on the 25th. The village was situated in a hollow at the base of a mount, and was distant from the Dui branch of the Ihuru six miles.

At Indemau the long-enduring members of the Expedition received another respite from total annihilation. The plantain groves were extensive and laden with fruit, and especially with ripe mellow plantains whose fragrance was delicious. But in the same manner that it was impossible to teach these big children to economise their rations, so it was impossible to teach them moderation when they found themselves in the midst of plenty. At Andikumu an army might have been supplied with good wholesome food, but the inordinate voracity of the famished people had been followed by severe indigestion, and at Indemau their intemperate appetites brought on such sickening repletion that we were engaged every morning in listening to their complaints and administering enemata to relieve the congested bodies.

A path from Indemau was discovered, leading across the Dui River; there was another leading to Indeperri, a large settlement about fifteen miles N.E. from Fort Bodo. It had been my original purpose to steer a course through the forest which would take us direct to the grass-land, along a more northerly route than the line of Ipoto and Fort Bodo, after sending a detachment to settle accounts with Kilonga-Longa; but in our endeavour to find a ford or ferry across the Ihuru we had been compelled by the high flood to continue parallel with the river until now. Observation proved us to be in N. Lat. $1^{\circ} 47'$ and E. Long. $29^{\circ} 7' 45''$. But the discovery of Remington cartridges among the stores of a native caravan in these unknown parts, and yet within a reasonable distance of Fort Bodo, notwithstanding a rational assurance that Fort Bodo was impregnable and the garrison were now safe with Emin Pasha on the Nyanza, had intruded doubts in my mind which I thought would best be resolved by deflecting our course southward, and sweeping past the old Fort, and seeing with our own eyes what had really occurred. Mr. Bonny was therefore sent with the chief Rashid and sixty men, to build a bridge across the Dui River.

After a halt of five days the Expedition marched from Indemau on the 1st of December for the Dui. Mr. Bonny and old Rashid, with their assistants, were putting the finishing touches to the bridge, a work which reflected great credit on all concerned in its construction, but especially on Mr. Bonny. Without halting an instant the column marched across the five branches of the Dui, over a length of rough but substantial woodwork, which measured in the aggregate eighty yards, without a single accident.

On the other side of the Dui we made a rough muster of the people, and discovered that thirty-four of the Rear Column had died, and that out of sixteen Zanzibaris on the sick list, fourteen were of the Yambuya party, and they all appeared to be in such a condition that a few days only would decide their fate. Every goat and fowl that we could procure were distributed to these poor people in the hope of saving them. We cooked for them; Mr. Bonny was directed to administer medicines daily; we relieved them of every article excepting their own rations, and yet so wrecked were their systems by what they had endured at Yambuya and Banalya, that a

slight abrasion from plants, branches or creepers, developed into a raging ulcer, which in three or four days would be several inches across. Nothing but the comforts and rest obtained in a metropolitan hospital would have arrested this rapid decline.

We made a short march to the small village of Andiuba, and from thence we reached in three hours the large settlement of Addiguhha. On the 4th we reached Ngwetza in four-and-a-half hours, and formed camp outside of the plantain-grove. We had passed through ten villages of the pigmies, but without having seen one of them. The woods were dense, and the undergrowth flourishing. Belts of sloughy mud, disparted by small streams, divided one village from another. It was in just such a locality our camp was pitched on the 4th of December. Presently into the centre of the camp a full-uddered goat, with two fine kids four months old, walked, and after a short stare of undisguised surprise at the family,



BRIDGING THE DUI RIVER.

we sprang upon them and secured the undoubted gift of the gods, and sacrificed them. Half-an-hour later we were told that one of the Uchu natives attached to Mr. Bonny had received an arrow in his body, and that the dwarfs had attacked and killed a Manyuema boy. A party was sent to convey the boy's body into the woods, where it could be buried by his friends, but in the morning the meat had been carried away.

The criers were instructed to proceed through the camp to prepare five days' provisions of food. Their cries were heard ringing from end to end, and huge loads of material for the wooden grates were brought in, and throughout the 5th the people devoted themselves to the preparation of flour.

The next day, as we marched southerly, it was observed that we were following a gradual slope to the river Ihuru. We crossed six broad and sluggish streams, with breadths of mud coloured red by iron; banked by

dense nurseries of *Raphia* palm and rattan. About 3 P.M. the advance guard stumbled upon several families of dwarfs, and a capture was made of an old woman, a girl, and a boy of eighteen, besides a stock of bananas and some fowls. The "old" lady was as strong as a horse apparently, and to the manner of carrying a load of bananas she appeared to be quite accustomed.

The family of little people intimated that they knew the forest well, but they had a strong inclination for an E.N.E. course, which would have taken us away from Fort Bodo. They were therefore sent to the rear, and we slung along S., and by E., sometimes S.S.E., traversed six streams on the 7th, and a similar number on the 8th.

Soon after the headquarters' tent had been pitched, and the undergrowth of leafy plants had been cleared somewhat, I observed a young fellow stagger; and going up to him I questioned him as to the cause. I was astonished to be told that it was from weakness and want of food. Have you eaten all your five days' rations already? No, he had thrown it away because the dwarf captives had said that in one day they would reach a famous place for plantains, the "biggest in the world."

Upon extending my inquiries it was found that there were at least 150 people in the camp who had likewise followed his example, and discarded superfluous food, and on that day, the 8th, they had nothing. The headmen were called that night to a council, and after being reproached for their reckless conduct, it was resolved that on the next day almost every able-bodied person should return to Ngwetza which we had left on the morning of the 6th. The distance was 19½ hours for the caravan, but as much time was necessarily lost in cutting through the jungly undergrowth, and even now and then in laying a course, the forage party would be able to return to Ngwetza in eleven hours' travel.

On the morning of the 9th, about 200 people started for the plantain groves of Ngwetza, but before departing they contributed about 200 lbs. of plantain flour as a reserve for the sickly ones, and guards of the camp. We were about 130 in number, men, women and pigmies, the majority of whom were already distressed. I gave half-a-cupful of flour to each person for the day, then despatched Mr. Bonny with ten men to find the Ihuru River. According to my calculations, the camp was in N. Lat. 1° 27' 15", and E. Long. 29° 21' 30", about nine geographical miles in an air-line north of Fort Bodo, but it was useless to show the chart to men dreading that starvation was again imminent. All they saw was the eternal myriads of trees with a dead black unknown environing the camp round about, shutting out all hope, and a viewless and stern prospect of rigid wood with a dark cope of leaves burying them out of sight of sky and sunshine, as though they lived under a pall. But they knew that the Ihuru was not far from Fort Bodo, and if Mr. Bonny and his men discovered it, some little encouragement would be gained. Mr. Bonny succeeded in finding the river, and blazed a path to it.

For employment's sake I sat down to recalculate all my observations with exactitude, to correct certain discrepancies that our journeys over the same ground had enabled me to detect; and buried in my *Norie*, and figures and charts, my mind was fully occupied. But on the 14th my work was done. I lived in hope the next day, with my hearing on the strain for the sound of voices. The people looked miserable, but hopeful. A box of European provisions was opened, a pot of butter and milk were

taken out, and a table-spoonful of each dropped into the earthenware pots that were already filled with boiling water. In this manner a thin broth was made which would serve to protract the agony of existence. On the sixth day the pots were again ranged round me in a semi-circle, and in rotation, each cook brought his vessel of hot water to receive his butter and milk, and after being well stirred, marched off with his group to distribute the broth according to measure. A little heartened by the warm liquid they scattered through the woods to hunt up the red berries of the phrynias, and pick up now and then the amomum, whose sour-sweet pulp appeared to quiet the gnawing of the stomach. A mushroom in the course of several hundred yards' rambling would perhaps fall to the lot of the seeker. But when 130 men have wandered about and about, to and fro, searching for edibles, the circle widens, and day by day the people had to penetrate further and further away from the camp. And it happened that while searching with eagerness, impelled on and on by the eager stomach, that they were carried some miles away, and they had paid no regard to the course they were going; and when they wished to return to camp they knew not which way to seek it, and two full-grown men and Saburi, a little boy of eight years, did not return. I had a peculiar liking for the small child. His duty was to carry my Winchester and cartridge pouch. He was usually a dark cherub, round as a roller, strong and sturdy, with an old man's wisdom within his little boy's head, and frequently when the caravan was on its mettle, and a fair road before it, I looked back often and often to see how little Saburi trotted steadily after me. Being the rifle-bearer, trained to be at my heels at any strange sound, I deprived myself of many a choice bit to nourish Saburi with, so that his round stomach had drawn a smile from all who looked at him. He looked like a little boy with a keg under his frock. But, alas! in the last few days the keg had collapsed, and he, like all the others, had penetrated into the wilderness of phrynias to search for berries. On this day he was lost.

In the dark the muzzle-loaders of the Manyema were employed to fire signals. About 9 P.M. we thought we heard the little boy's voice. The halloo was sounded, and a reply came from the other end of the camp. One of the great ivory horns boomed out its deep sound. Then the cry came from the opposite side. Some of the men said that it must be Saburi's ghost wailing his death. The picture of the little fellow seeing the dark night come down upon him with its thick darkness in those eerie wilds, with fierce dwarfs prowling about, and wild boar and huge chimpanzee, leopards and cheetahs, with troops of elephants trampling and crashing the crisp phrynias, and great baboons beating hollow trees—everything terrifying, in fact, round about him—depressed us exceedingly. We gave him up for lost.

It had been an awful day. In the afternoon a boy had died. Three persons were lost. The condition of the majority was most disheartening. Some could not stand, but fell down in the effort. These sights began to act on my nerves, until I began to feel not only moral sympathy, but physical as well, as though bodily weakness was infectious.

On my bed that night the thought of the absent men troubled me; but however distasteful was the idea that a terrible misfortune—such as being lost in the woods, or collapsing from hunger before they reached the groves—it became impossible not to regard the darkest view and expect the worst, in order, if possible, to save a remnant of the Expedition that



STARVATION CAMP: SERVING OUT MILK AND BUTTER FOR BROTH.



the news might be carried to the Pasha and thence to civilization some day. I pictured the entire column perished here in this camp, and the Pasha wondering month after month what had become of us, and we corrupting and decaying in this unknown corner in the great forest, and every blaze on the trees healed up, and every trail obliterated within a year, and our burial-place remaining unknown until the end of time. Indeed, it appeared to me as if we were drifting steadily towards just such a fate. Here were about 200 men without food going thirty-five miles to seek it. Not 150 would perhaps reach it; the others would throw themselves, like the Madis, to the ground, to wait, to beg from others, if perchance they returned. If an accident to the 50 bravest men happen, what then? Some are shot down by dwarfs; the larger aborigines attack the others in a body. The men have no leader; they scatter about, they become bewildered, lose their way, or are speared one after another. While we are waiting, ever waiting for people who cannot return, those with me die first by threes, sixes, tens, twenties, and then, like a candle extinguished, we are gone. Nay, something had to be done.

On the sixth day we made the broth as usual, a pot of butter and a pot of milk for 130 people, and the headmen and Mr. Bonny were called to council. On proposing a reverse to the feragers of such a nature as to cause an utter loss of all, they appeared unable to comprehend such a possibility, though folly after folly, madness after madness, had marked every day of my acquaintance with them. The departure of men secretly on raids, and never returning, the leaping of fifty men into the river after a bush antelope, the throwing away of their rations after fifteen months' experiences of the forest, the reckless rush into guarded plantations, skewering their feet, the inattention they paid to abrasions leaving them to develop into rabid ulcers; the sale of their rifles to men who would have enslaved them all, follies practised by blockheads day after day, week after week; and then to say they could not comprehend the possibility of a fearful disaster. Were not 300 men with three officers lost in the wood for six days? Were not three persons lost close to this camp yesterday, and they have not returned? Did I not tell these men that we should all die if they were not back on the fourth day? Was not this the sixth day of their absence? Were there not fifty people close to death now? and much else of the same kind.

By-and-by, the conviction stole on their minds that if by accident we were to remain in camp inactive for three days, we should then be too weak to seek food; and they agreed with me that it would be a wise thing to bury the goods, and set out on our return to Ngwetza to procure food for ourselves. But there was one difficulty. If we buried the goods, and fifty sick men preferred to remain in the camp to following us, should we return to the *cache*, we should find that the sick had exhumed the goods and wrecked everything out of pure mischief.

Mr. Bonny then came to the rescue, and offered to stay with ten men in camp, if I provided food for him and the garrison for ten days, the time we decided we should be absent. Food to make a light gruel for so small a number for ten days was not difficult to find. Half a cupful of corn-flour per man for thirteen men for ten days was measured, with the addition of four milk-biscuits per man each day. A few tins of butter and condensed milk were also set apart to assist the gruel. For those unwilling or unable to follow us to the plantains we could do nothing.

What might sustain a small garrison of thirteen men for many days would not save the lives of fifty when they were already so far gone, that only an abundance of digestive plantain flour could possibly save them.

On this morning little Saburi walked into camp quite unconcerned, and fresh as from a happy outing. "Why Saburi! where have you been?"

"I lost my way while picking berries, and I wandered about, and near night I came to a track. I saw the marks of the axes, and I said—Lo! this is our road, and I followed it thinking I was coming to camp. But, instead of that, I saw only a big river. It was the Ihuru! Then I found a big hollow tree, and I went into it and slept; and then I came back along the road, and so and so, until I walked in here. That is all."

We mustered every soul alive in the camp on the morning of the 15th. Sadi, the Manyuema headman, reported fourteen of his people unable to travel; Kibbobora reported his sick brother as being the only person of his party too sick to move; Fundi had a wife and a little boy too weak for the journey. The Expedition was obliged to leave 26. 43 persons persons verging on dissolution unless food could be procured within twenty-four hours. Assuming a cheery tone, though my heart was well-nigh breaking, I told them to be of good courage, that I was going to hunt up the absentees, who no doubt were gorging themselves; most likely I should find them on the road, in which case they would have to run all the way. "Meantime, pray for my success. God is the only one who can help you."

We set out 1 P.M. on our return journey towards Ngwetza, thirty-five miles distant, with sixty-five men and boys and twelve women. We travelled until night, and then threw ourselves on the ground, scattered about in groups, or singly, each under his own clump of bush, silent and sad, and communing with his own thoughts. Vain was it for me to seek for that sleep which is the "balm of hurt minds." Too many memories crowded about me; too many dying forms haunted me in the darkness; my lively fancies were too distorted by dread, which painted them with dismal colours; the stark forms lying in links along the path, which we had seen that afternoon in our tramp, were things too solemn for sudden oblivion. The stars could not be seen to seek comfort in their twinkling; the poor hearts around me were too heavy to utter naught but groans of despair; the fires were not lit, for there was no food to cook—my grief was great. Out of the pall-black darkness came out the eerie shapes that haunt the fever-land, that jibe and mock the lonely man, and weave figures of flame, and draw fiery forms in the mantle of the night; and whispers breathed through the heavy air of graves and worms, and forgetfulness; and a demon hinted in the dazed brain that 'twere better to rest than to think with a sickening heart; and the sough of the wind through the crowns of the thick black bush seemed to sigh and moan "Lost! lost! lost! Thy labour and grief are in vain. Comfortless days upon days; brave lives are sobbing their last; man after man roll down to the death, to mildew and rot, and thou wilt be left alone!"

"Allah ho Akbar!" was the cry that rang through the gloom, from a man with a breaking heart. The words went pealing along through the dark, and they roused the echoes of "God is great" within me. Why should a Moslem recall a Christian to thoughts of his God? "Ye fools, when will ye be wise? He that planted the ear, shall He not hear? He that formed the eye, shall He not see?" And, lo! worthier thoughts

possess the mind, the straining of the eyes through the darkness is relaxed, and the sight is inverted to see dumb witnesses of past mercies on this or that forgotten occasion; one memory begets another, until the stubborn heart is melted, and our needs are laid as upon a tablet before the Great Deliverer.

Towards morning I dozed, to spring up a few hours later as the darkness was fading, and a ghostly light showed the still groups of my companions.

"Up, boys, up! to the plantains! up! Please God we shall have plantains to-day!" This was uttered to cheer the sad hearts. Within a few minutes we had filed away from our earthy couches, and were on the track in the cheerless light of the morning, some hobbling from sores, some limping from ulcers, some staggering from weakness. We had commenced to feel warmed up with the motion of the march, when, hark! I heard a murmur of voices ahead. Little Saburi held the rifle ready, observant of the least sign of the hand, when I saw a great pile of green fruit rising above the broad leaves of the phrynica that obstructed a clear view, and intuitively one divines that this must be the column of foragers advancing to meet us, and in a second of time, the weak, the lame, and the cripple, the limping and moaning people forgot their griefs and their woes, and shouted the grateful chant which goes up of its own accord towards the skies out of the full and sensitive hearts, "Thanks be to God." Englishman and African, Christian and Pagan, all alike confess Him. He is not here, or there, but everywhere, and the heart of the grateful man confesseth Him.

It needed only one view of the foremost men to have told what the heedless, thoughtless herd had been doing. It was no time for reproaches, however, but to light fires, sit down and roast the green fruit, and get strength for the return, and in an hour we were swinging away back again to Starvation Camp, where we arrived at 2.30 p.m., to be welcomed as only dying men can welcome those who lend the right hand to help them. And all that afternoon young and old, Zanzibari and Manyuema, Soudanese and Madi, forgot their sorrows of the past in the pleasures of the present, and each vowed to be more provident in the future—until the next time.

On the 17th we reached the Ihuru, and the next day forded the river, and from thence we cut our way through the forest, through bush and plants which were the undergrowth, and early in the afternoon of the 19th we emerged out of the trackless bush, and presently were on the outskirts of the plantations of Fort Bodo, at which all the people admired greatly.

On the 20th we cut a track through the deserted plantations, and after an hour's hard work reached our well-known road, which had been so often patrolled by us. We soon discovered traces of recent travel, and late foraging in piles of plantain skins near the track; but we could not discover by whom these were made. Probably the natives had retired to their settlements; perhaps the dwarfs were now banqueting on the fat of the land. We approached the end of our broad western military road, and at the turning met some Zanzibari patrols, who were as much astonished as we were ourselves at the sudden encounter. Volley after volley soon rang through the silence of the clearing. The fort soon responded, and a stream of frantic men, wild with joy, advanced by leaps and bounds to meet us; and among the first was my dear friend the Doctor, who announced, with eyes dancing with pleasure, "All is well at Fort Bodo."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE GREAT CENTRAL AFRICAN FOREST.

AN English Professor, qualified to write F.R.S.E., F.G.S., after his name, who is a talented writer, and gifted with first-class descriptive powers, while confessing that he was but a "minor traveller, possessing but few assets," ventured upon the following bold statements respecting Africa:—

"Cover the coast belt with rank yellow grass, dot here and there a palm, scatter through it a few demoralised villages, and stock it with the leopard, the hyena, the crocodile, and the hippopotamus; clothe the mountainous plateaux next, both of them with endless forest, not grand umbrageous forest like the forests of South America, nor matted jungle like the forests of India, but with thin, rather weak forest, with forest of low trees, whose half-grown trunks and scanty leaves offer no shade from the tropical sun,"—but you will find nothing in all these trees to remind you that you are in the tropics. "Day after day you may wander through these forests with nothing except the climate to remind you where you are * * * *." "The fairy labyrinth of ferns and palms, the festoons of climbing plants blocking the paths and scenting the forests with their resplendent flowers, the gorgeous clouds of insects, the gaily plumaged birds, the paroquets, the monkey swinging from his trapceze in the shaded bowers—these are unknown to Africa."

"Once a week you will see a palm; once in three months the monkeys will cross your path; the flowers on the whole are few, the trees are poor, and, to be honest"—but enough; if this is honest description, the reader had better toss my books aside, for this chapter goes to prove that I differ in toto with the learned Professor's views respecting tropical Africa.

We have travelled together thus far 1,670 miles through the great central African forest, and we can vouch that the above description by Professor Drummond bears no more resemblance to tropical Africa than the tors of Devon, or the moors of Yorkshire, or the downs of Dover represent the smiling scenes of England, of leafy Warwickshire, the gardens of Kent, and the glorious vales of the isle. Nyassa-land is not Africa, but itself. Neither can we call the wilderness of Masai-land, or the shrub-covered deserts of Kalihara, or the rolling grass-land of Usukuma, or the thin forests of Unyamwezi, or the ochreous acacia-covered area of Ugo, anything but sections of a continent that boasts many zones. Africa is about three times greater than Europe in its extent, and is infinitely more varied. You have the desert of deserts in the Sahara, you have the steppes of Eastern Russia in Masai-land and parts of South Africa, you have the Castilian uplands in Unyamwezi, you have the best parts of France represented by Egypt, you have Switzerland in Ukonju and Toro, the Alps in Ruwenzori—you have Brazil in the Congo basin, the Amazon in the Congo River, and its immense forests rivalled by the Central African forest which I am about to describe.

The greatest length of this forest, that is from near Kabambaré in South Manyuema to Bagbomo on the Welle-Makua in West Niam-Niam, is 621 miles; its average breadth is 517 miles, which makes a compact square area of 321,057 square miles. This is exclusive of the forest areas separated or penetrated into by campo-like reaches of grass-land, or of the

broad belts of timber which fill the lower levels of each great river basin like the Lumani, Lulungu, Welle-Mubangi, and the parent river from Bolobo to the Loika River.

The Congo and the Aruwimi rivers enabled us to penetrate this vast area of primeval woods a considerable length. I only mean to treat, therefore, of that portion which extends from Yambuya in $25^{\circ} 3\frac{1}{2}'$ E. L. to Indesura, $29^{\circ} 59' = 326\frac{1}{2}$ English miles in a straight line.

Now let us look at this great forest, not for a scientific analysis of its woods and productions, but to get a real idea of what it is like. It covers such a vast area, it is so varied and yet so uniform in its features, that it would require many books to treat of it properly. Nay, if we regard it too closely, a legion of specialists would be needed. We have no time to examine the buds and the flowers or the fruit, and the many marvels of vegetation, or to regard the fine differences between bark and leaf in the various towering trees around us, or to compare the different exudations in the viscous or vitrified gums, or which drip in milky tears or amber globules, or opaline pastils, or to observe the industrious ants which ascend and descend up and down the tree shafts, whose deep wrinkles of bark are as valleys and ridges to the insect armies, or to wait for the furious struggle which will surely ensue between them and yonder army of red ants. Nor at this time do we care to probe into that mighty mass of dead tree, brown and porous as a sponge, for already it is a mere semblance of a prostrate log. Within it is alive with minute tribes. It would charm an entomologist. Put your ear to it, and you hear a distinct murmurous hum. It is the stir and movement of insect life in many forms, matchless in size, glorious in colour, radiant in livery, rejoicing in their occupation, exultant in their fierce but brief life, most insatiate of their kind, ravaging, foraging, fighting, destroying, building, and swarming everywhere and exploring everything. Lean but your hand on a tree, measure but your length on the ground, seat yourself on a fallen branch, and you will then understand what venom, fury, voracity, and activity breathes around you. Open your note-book, the page attracts a dozen butterflies, a honey bee hovers over your head; other forms of bees dash for your eyes; a wasp buzzes in your ear, a huge hornet menaces your face, an army of pismires come marching to your feet. Some are already crawling up, and will presently be digging their scissor-like mandibles in your neck. Woe! woe!

And yet it is all beautiful—but there must be no sitting or lying down on this seething earth. It is not like your pine groves and your dainty woods in England. It is a tropic world, and to enjoy it you must keep slowly moving.

Imagine the whole of France and the Iberian peninsula closely packed with trees varying from 20 to 180 feet high, whose crowns of foliage interlace and prevent any view of sky and sun, and each tree from a few inches to four feet in diameter. Then from tree to tree run cables from two inches to fifteen inches in diameter, up and down in loops and festoons and W's and badly-formed M's; fold them round the trees in great tight coils, until they have run up the entire height, like endless anacondas; let them flower and leaf luxuriantly, and mix up above with the foliage of the trees to hide the sun, then from the highest branches let fall the ends of the cables reaching near to the ground by hundreds with frayed extremities, for these represent the air roots of the Epiphytes; let slender cords

hang down also in tassels with open thread-work at the ends. Work others through and through these as confusedly as possible, and pendent from branch to branch—with absolute disregard of material, and at every fork and on every horizontal branch plant cabbage-like lichens of the largest kind, and broad spear-leaved plants—these would represent the elephant-eared plant—and orchids and clusters of vegetable marvels, and a drapery of delicate ferns which abound. Now cover tree, branch, twig, and creeper with a thick moss like a green fur. Where the forest is compact as described above, we may not do more than cover the ground closely with a thick crop of phrynias, and amoma, and dwarf bush; but if the lightning, as frequently happens, has severed the crown of a proud tree, and let in the sunlight, or split a giant down to its roots, or scorched it dead, or a tornado has been uprooting a few trees, then the race for air and light has caused a multitude of baby trees to rush upward—crowded, crushing, and treading upon and strangling one another, until the whole is one impervious bush.

But the average forest is a mixture of these scenes. There will probably be groups of fifty trees standing like columns of a cathedral, grey and solemn in the twilight, and in the midst there will be a naked and gaunt patriarch, bleached white, and around it will have grown a young community, each young tree clambering upward to become heir to the area of light and sunshine once occupied by the sire. The law of primogeniture reigns here also.

There is also death from wounds, sickness, decay, hereditary disease and old age, and various accidents thinning the forest, removing the unfit, the weakly, the unadaptable, as among humanity. Let us suppose a tall chief among the giants, like an insolent son of Anak. By a head he lifts himself above his fellows—the monarch of all he surveys; but his pride attracts the lightning, and he becomes shivered to the roots, he topples, declines and wounds half-a-dozen other trees in his fall. This is why we see so many tumorous excrescences, great goitrous swellings, and deformed trunks. The parasites again have frequently been outlived by the trees they had half strangled, and the deep marks of their forceful pressure may be traced up to the forks. Some have sickened by intense rivalry of other kinds, and have perished at an immature age; some have grown with a deep crook in their stems, by a prostrate log which had fallen and pressed them obliquely. Some have been injured by branches fallen during a storm, and dwarfed untimely. Some have been gnawed by rodents, or have been sprained by elephants leaning on them to rub their prurient hides, and ants of all kinds have done infinite mischief. Some have been pecked at by birds, until we see ulcerous sores exuding great globules of gum, and frequently tall and short nomads have tried their axes, spears, and knives on the trees, and hence we see that decay and death are busy here as with us.

To complete the mental picture of this ruthless forest, the ground should be strewn thickly with half-formed humus of rotting twigs, leaves, branches; every few yards there should be a prostrate giant, a reeking compost of rotten fibres, and departed generations of insects, and colonies of ants, half veiled with masses of vines and shrouded by the leafage of a multitude of baby saplings, lengthy briars and calamus in many fathom lengths, and every mile or so there should be muddy streams, stagnant creeks, and shallow pools, green with duckweed, leaves of lotus and lilies,

and a greasy green scum composed of millions of finite growths. Then people this vast region of woods with numberless fragments of tribes, who are at war with each other and who live apart from ten to fifty miles in the midst of a prostrate forest, amongst whose ruins they have planted the plantain, banana, manioe, beans, tobacco, colocassia, gourds, melons, &c., and who, in order to make their villages inaccessible, have resorted to every means of defence suggested to wild men by the nature of their lives. They have planted skewers along their paths, and cunningly hidden them under an apparently stray leaf, or on the lee side of a log, by striding over which the naked foot is pierced, and the intruder is either killed from the poison smeared on the tops of the skewers, or lamed for months. They have piled up branches, and have formed abattis of great trees, and they lie in wait behind with sheaves of poisoned arrows, wooden spears hardened in fire, and smeared with poison.

The primeval forest, that is that old growth untouched by man, and left since the earliest time to thrive and die, one age after another, is easily distinguishable from that part which at some time or another afforded shelter for man. The trees are taller and straighter, and of more colossal girth. It has frequently glades presenting little difficulty for travel, the invariable obstructions being the arum, phrynium, and amoma. The ground is firmer and more compact, and the favourite camping-grounds for the pigmy nomads are located in such places. When the plants and small bushes are cut down, we have an airy, sylvan, and cool temple, delightful for a dwelling.

Then comes the forest which during a few generations has obliterated all evidences of former husbandry. A few of the trees, especially of the soft-wooded kind, have grown to equal height with the ancient patriarchs, but as soon as man abandoned the clearing, hosts of nameless trees, shrubs, and plants have riotously hastened to avail themselves of his absence, and the race for air and light is continued for many years; consequently the undergrowth by the larger quantity of sunshine becomes luxuriant, and there are few places penetrable in it without infinite labour. Among these a variety of palms will be found, especially the *Elais* and *Raphia vinifera*.

And after this comes the bush proper, the growth of a few years, which admits no ingress whatever within its shade. We are therefore obliged to tunnel through stifling masses of young vegetation, so matted and tangled together that one fancies that it would be easier to travel over the top were it of equal and consistent thickness and level. Vigorous young trees are found imbedded in these solid and compact masses of vegetation, and these support the climbing plants, the vines, and creepers. Under these, after a pathway has been scooped out, the unshod feet are in danger from the thorns and the sharp-cut stalks, which are apt to pierce the feet and lacerate the legs.

This last was the character of the bush mostly near the river. Both banks presented numberless old clearings and abandoned sites; and as the stream was the only means of communication employed by the tribes, the only way of effecting any progress was by laborious cutting.

The clearings which had been abandoned within a year exhibited veritable wonders of vegetable life, of unsurpassed fecundity, and bewildering variety of species. The charred poles of the huts became the supports of climbers whose vivid green leaves soon shrouded the ugliness

of desolation, and every upright and stump assumed the appearance of a miniature bower, or a massive piece of columned ruin. As the stumps were frequently twenty feet high, and were often seen in twins, the plants had gravitated across the space between, and after embracing had continued their growth along the length of one another, and had formed in this manner an umbrageous arch, and had twisted themselves in endless lengths around the supports until it became difficult to find what supported such masses of delicate vines. In some instances they had formed lofty twin towers with an arched gateway between, resembling a great ruin of an old castle, and the whole was gay with purple and white flowers. The silvcred boles of ancient primeval giants long ago ringed by the axe and doomed to canker and decay, and the great gaunt far-spreading arms and branchlets had been clothed by vines a hundred-fold until they seemed like clouds of vivid green, which, under the influence of sudden gusts, streamed with countless tendrils, or swayed like immense curtains.

When marching along with the column, or encamped for the night, the murmur of voices was not congenial to nourishing any fine sentiments about the forest. We suffered too much hunger, and sustained such protracted misery; we were preyed upon too often in patience, and temper, and forbearance. Our clothes, suited well enough for open country, were no protection against the hostilities of the bush. But if once we absented ourselves from camp, and the voices of the men died away, and we forgot our miseries, and were not absorbed by the sense of the many inconveniences, an awe of the forest rushed upon the soul and filled the mind. The voice sounded with rolling echoes, as in a cathedral. One became conscious of its eerie strangeness, the absence of sunshine, its subdued light, and marvelled at the queer feeling of loneliness, while inquiringly looking around to be assured that this loneliness was no delusion. It was as if one stood amid the inhabitants of another world. We enjoyed life—the one vegetable, the other human. Standing there so massive and colossal, so silent and still, and yet with such solemn severity of majesty, it did seem curious that the two lives, so like in some sense, were yet so incommunicable. It would have suited the fitness of things, I thought, had a wrinkled old patriarch addressed me with the gravity and seriousness of a Methuselah, or an Achilleian and powerful bombax, with his buttressed feet planted firm in the ground, had disdainfully demanded my business in that assembly of stately forest kings.

But what thoughts were kindled as we peeped out from an opening in the woods and looked across the darkening river which reflected the advancing tempest, and caught a view of the mighty army of trees—their heights as various as their kind, all rigid in the gloaming, awaiting in stern array the war with the storm. The coming wind has concentrated its terrors for destruction, the forked lightning is seen darting its spears of white flame across the front of infinite hosts of clouds. Out of their depths issues the thunderbolt, and the march of the winds is heard coming to the onset. Suddenly the trees, which have stood still—as in a painted canvas—awaiting the shock with secure tranquillity, are seen to bow their tops in unison, followed by universal swaying and straining as though a wild panic had seized them. They reel this way and that, but they are restrained from flight by sturdy stems and fixed roots, and the strong buttresses which maintain them upright. Pressed backward to a

perilous length, they recover from the first blow, and dart their heads in furious waves forward, and the glory of the war between the forest and the storm is at its height. Legion after legion of clouds ride over the wind-tost crests, there is a crashing and roaring, a loud soughing and moaning, shrill screaming of squalls, and groaning of countless woods. There are mighty sweeps from the great tree-kings, as though mighty strokes were being dealt; there is a world-wide rustling of foliage, as though in gleeful approval of the vast strength of their sires; there are flashes of pale green light, as the lesser battalions are roused up to the fight by the example of their brave ancients. Our own spirits are aroused by the grand conflict—the Berserker rage is contagious. In our souls we applaud the rush and levelling force of the wind, and for a second are ready to hail the victor; but the magnificent array of the forest champions, with streaming locks, the firmness with which the vast army of trees rise in unison with their leaders, the rapturous quiver of the bush below inspire a belief that they will win if they but persevere. The lightning darts here and there with splendour of light and seathing flame; the thunders explode with deafening crashes, reverberating with terrible sounds among the army of woods; the black clouds roll over and darken the prospect; and as cloud becomes involved within cloud, in the shifting pale light, we have a last view of the wild war, we are stunned by the fury of the tempest, and the royal rage of the forest, when down comes the deluge of tropic rain—which in a short time extinguishes the white-heat wrath of the elements, and soothes to stillness the noble anger of the woods.

Along the banks of the Aruwimi, a better idea of tropical vegetation may be obtained than in any part of Africa, outside of the eastern half of the Congo basin. The banks are for the most part low, though no one could guess what height they were, because of the lofty hedges of creeping plants, which cover every inch of ground from the water's edge to as high as fifty feet above in some places, while immediately behind them rises the black-green forest to the towering height of from 150 to 200 feet above the river. The aspects of the banks vary considerably however. Abandoned sites of human dwellings possess their own peculiar wilderness appearance, the virgin forest its own, and as the soil varies so do its growths.

Lately abandoned clearings will show, besides inordinate density of vegetation, gorgeous flowering sections. Above these will probably rise a few trees with masses of thick, shining leaves, and a profusion of blood-red flowers, whose petals have been showered on the impervious mass of leguminous vines of creepers and shrubs below, and strongly contrast to their own light purple, yellow, or white flowerets. The amoma show snowy flower-goblets, edged with pink; a wild vine will have its light purple; a creeper, with pinnate leaves, though flowerless at the time, will have its foliage tinted auburn; a pepper bush with its red pods, or a wild mango, attracts attention by myriads of bead-like flowerets; or an acacia effuses overpowering fragrance from its snowy buds, or a mimosa with its sweet-smelling yellow blossoms. Different shades of green are presented by ferns, protruding leaves of sword grass, a young Elais palm, or the broad and useful leaf of the phrynium. A young fig-tree, with silver stems and branching widely, mixes its leaves with these of the tender leaflets of the sensitive plant and the palmate calamus; below is a multitude of nettles, and nettle-leaved plants with stalks and leaves, making a mass of

vegetation at once curious and delightful. Perhaps the base of all this intricate and inextricable confusion of plants and impervious hill of verdure and beauty, is a prostrate tree, long ago fallen, fast decaying, black with mould, spread thinly with humus, fungous parasites abounding, and every crack, cranny, and flaw in it nesting all kinds of insatiable insects, from the tiny termite to the black centipede or mammoth beetle.

Further on we see something different. Numberless giant trees, pressing right up to the edge of the river bank, have caused some to grow horizontally to the length of fifty feet over the river. Under their shade a hundred canoes find shelter from a scorching sun. The wood is yellow and hard as iron. To cut one of these trees would require a score of American axes. It bears clusters of fruit which when unripe are russet, and afterwards resemble beautiful damsons. Others of the same species produce a fruit like ripe dates, but neither are edible.

These widely-spreading trees are favourites with the black wasps, to which they attach their pensive nests. Externally the nests are like fancifully cut brown-paper sacks, or a series of such sacks arranged one above another, with frills and ornate cuttings, like the fancy paper grate-covers in English parlours in summer time.

We avoided such trees religiously, and when there was no such terror as a big nest of wasps near, we could rest in comfort and examine the forest at leisure. We first saw besides countless grey columns, thousands of pendent slender threads and wavy lines, loops, festoons, clustered groups and broad breadths of grey mingled with more than studied disorder with darkest depths of green, lightened only by broad damp leaves reflecting stray glints of sunshine or sprays, and a magic dust of softened light perpetually shifting and playing, profound spaces of darkness relieved by a breadth of grey tree trunk, silvered rods of parasites, or fancy grey filigree of vine stems. As we surveyed the whole, the eye caught various crimson dots of phrynian berries, or red knots of amoma fruit, outer fringes of auburn leaves, a cap of a mushroom staring white out of a loose sheaf of delicate ferns, or snowy bits of hard fungi clinging like barnacles to a deeply-wrinkled log; the bright green of orchid leaves, the grey green face of a pendent leaf of an elephant-eared plant—films of moss, tumorous lumps on trees exuding tears of gum, which swarmed with ants, length after length of whiplike ealamus—squirming and twisting lianes, and great serpent-like convolvuli, winding in and out by mazy galleries of dark shadows, and emerging triumphant far above to lean their weight on branches, running coils at one place, forming loops at another place, and then stretching loosely their interminable lengths out of sight.

As I have already said, the forest is typical of the life of humanity. No single glance can be taken of it without becoming conscious that decay, and death, and life, are at work there as with us. I never could cast a leisurely look at it but I found myself, unconsciously, wondering at some feature which reminded me of some scene in the civilized world. It has suggested a morning when I went to see the human tide flowing into the City over London Bridge between half-past seven and half-past eight, where I saw the pale, overworked, dwarfed, stoop-shouldered, on their way to their dismal struggle for existence. They were represented here faithfully, in all their youth, vigour, and decrepitude; one is prematurely aged and blanched, another is goitrous, another is organically weak, another is a hunchback, another suffers from poor nutrition, many are pallid from

want of air and sunshine, many are supported by their neighbours because of constitutional infirmity, many of them are toppling one over another, as though they were the incurables of a hospital, and you wonder how they exist at all. Some are already dead, and lie buried under heaps of leaves, or are nurseries of bush families and parasites, or are colonised by hordes of destructive insects; some are bleached white by the paralysing thunder-bolt, or shivered by the levin brand, or quite decapitated; or some old veteran, centuries old, which was born before ever a Christian sailed south of the Equator, is decaying in core and vitals; but the majority have the assurance of insolent youth, with all its grace and elegance of form, the mighty strength of prime life, and the tranquil and silent pride of hoary old aristocrats; and you gather from a view of the whole one indisputable fact—that they are resolved to struggle for existence as long as they may. We see all characters of humanity here, except the martyr and suicide. For sacrifice is not within tree nature, and it may be that they only heard two precepts, “Obedience is better than sacrifice,” and “Live and multiply.”

And as there is nothing so ugly and distasteful to me as the mob of a Derby day, so there is nothing so ugly in forest nature as when I am reminded of it by the visible selfish rush towards the sky in a clearing, after it has been abandoned a few years. Hark! the bell strikes, the race is about to begin. I seem to hear the uproar of the rush, the fierce, heartless jostling and trampling, the cry, “Self for self, the devil take the weakest!” To see the white-hot excitement, the noisy fume and flutter, the curious inequalities of vigour, and the shameless disregard for order and decency!

It is worth pausing also to ask why small incidents in such an out-of-the-way place as the trackless depths of a primeval forest should remind one of thoughts of friends and their homes in England. The melancholy sound of the wind fluttering the leafy world aloft, and the sad rustle of the foliage reminded me vividly of a night spent at — House, where I passed half the time listening to the dreadful sighing of the rooky grove which filled my mind with forlornness and discomfort. Here again, as I lay in my tent, were suggested memories of ocean gales, and general cold, pitiful wretchedness, and when the rain fell in an earnest shower and the heavy fall of raindrops roused the deep and funereal dirge that sounded round about me, it seemed to me I heard sad and doleful echoes of sad and unsatisfied longings, and crowds of unworded thoughts, and past aspirations, unbreathed sentiments of love, friendship, and unuttered sympathies advancing with awful distinctness to the sharpened imagination, until one seemed ready to dissolve in tears and gasp sobbingly, “Oh, my friends, the good God is above all, and knows all things!”

These are a few secrets of the woods that one learns in time, even without a mentor in forestry. To know that the Elais palm while requiring moisture requires plenty of sunshine to flourish, that the *Raphia* palm flourishes best by the sedge-lined swamp and stenchful sewery ooze, that the *Calamus* palm requires a thick bush for its support, that the *Phoenix spinosa* thrives best by the waterside, and that the Fan palm is killed by excessive moisture, is not difficult to learn. But for a stranger in tropic woods, accustomed to oak, beech, poplar, and pine, he is somewhat mazed at the unfamiliar leafage above him. By-and-by, however, he can tell at a glance which are the soft and hard woods. There are several families of

soft woods, which stand in place of the pine and fir in the tropics, and these have invariably large leaves. It seems to be a rule that the soft woods shall have large leaves, and the hard woods shall have smaller leaves, though they vary according to their degrees of strength and durability. The trees of the Rubiaceæ order, for instance, have leaves almost similar in form and size to the castor-oil plant. The wood is most useful and workable, fit to build fleets of wooden vessels, or to be turned into beautiful domestic utensils—trays, benches, stools, troughs, wooden milkpots, platters, mugs, spoons, drums, &c. It serves for boarding, ceiling, doors, fences, and palisades. Though it is brittle as cedar it will stand any amount of weather without splitting. There are more than one species of what is known as cotton-wood, but you may know them all by the magnificent buttresses, and their unsurpassed height, by the silver grey of their bark, and by the stiff thorns on their stems, by the white floss of their flowering and grey-green leaves.

Then there is the strong African teak, the canwood, the African mahogany, the green-heart, the *lignum vitæ*, the everlasting iron-wood, the no less hard yellow wood by the riverside, infinitely harder than an oak; the stink-wood, the ebony, the copal-wood tree with its glossy and burnished foliage, the arborescent wild mango, the small-leaved wild orange, the silver-boled wild fig, the butter tree, the acacia tribes, the stately mpafu, and the thousands of wild fruit-trees, most of which are unknown to me. Therefore, to understand what this truly tropical forest is like you must imagine all these confusedly mixed together, and lashed together by millions of vines, creepers, and giant convolvuli, until a perfect tangle has been formed, and sunshine quite shut out, except a little flickering dust of light here and there to tell you that the sun is out in the sky like a burning lustrous orb.

Considering how many months we were in the forest, the hundreds of miles we travelled through and through it, it is not the least wonder that an accident never befell one of the Expedition from the beginning to the end of our life in it, from the fall of a branch or a tree. Trees have fallen immediately before the van, and directly after the rear guard had passed; they have suddenly crashed to the earth on our flanks, and near the camps, by night as well as by day. The nearest escape we had was soon after we had landed from our boat one day, when a great ruin dropped into the river close to the stern, raising the boat up high with the mound of water raised by it, and spraying the crew who were at work.

Many people have already questioned me respecting the game in the forest. Elephant, buffalo, wild pig, bush antelopes, coneys, gazelles, chimpanzees, baboons, monkeys of all kinds, squirrels, civets, wild cats, genets, zebra—ichneumons, large rodents, are among the few we know to exist within the woods. The branches swarm with birds and bats, the air is alive with their sailing and soaring forms, the river teems with fish and bivalves, oysters and clams; there are few crocodiles and hippopotami also. But we must remember that all the tribes of the forest are naturally the most vicious and degraded of the human race on the face of the earth, though in my opinion they are quite as capable of improvement as the wild Caledonian, and susceptible of transformation into orderly and law-abiding peoples. The forest, however, does not admit of amicable intercourse. Strangers cannot see one another until they suddenly encounter, and are mutually paralysed with surprise at the fact. Instinctively they

raise their weapons. One has a sheaf of arrows to kill game, and a poison as deadly as prussic acid; the other has a gun which sends a bullet with such a force that the frontal bone is instantly smashed. Supposing that one at least of the parties is so amiable as to allow the other to kill him; his friends would dub him a fool, and nothing has been gained. The dead man's friends must feel called upon to avenge him, and will hunt the murderer too. Fortunately, these buried peoples contrive to learn news of any strangers, and disappear generally in time before their villages are reached. But how far they have retreated, or how near they may be, is unknown; consequently as they are in the habit of eating what they kill it would not be safe for a small hunting party to set out to search for game. That is one reason why there were no animals hunted.

Secondly, it is not every person who has the gift of finding his way in a forest. A dozen times on a day's march I had to correct the course of the van. Even such a grand landmark as a river was not sufficient to serve as a guide to the course. Within 200 yards any man in the Expedition, if he were turned about a little, would be bewildered to find his way back to the place whence he started.

Thirdly, a small party would make too much noise in breaking of twigs, in treading upon crisp leaves, in brushing against bush, or in cutting a vine or a creeper to make headway. A wild animal is warned long before the hunters know that it is near them, and bounds away to distant coverts. We have suddenly come across elephants, but when they were within ten yards of us they have crashed their way through a jungle that was imperious to pursuers. As for buffalo and other game, their tracks were very common, but it would have been madness to have pursued them for the above three reasons alone.

Fourthly, we had too serious an object in view, which was to discover food and where we were most likely to get it—not for a small party, but for all.

As for birds, they made clatter enough overhead, but we were in the basement, and they were on the roof of a fifteen-storey house. They could not be seen at all, though their whistlings, warblings, screamings, and hootings were heard everywhere. There were parrots, ibis, touracos, paroquets, sunbirds, swifts, finches, shrikes, whip-poor-wills, hoopoes, owls, guinea-fowl, blackbirds, weavers, kingfishers, divers, fish eagles, kites, wag-tails, bee-eaters, pipits, sandpipers, cockatoos, hornbills, jays, barbets, woodpeckers, pigeons, and unknown minute tribes, and millions of large and small, bats.

The Simian tribe was well represented. I have caught sight of more than a dozen species. I have seen the colobus, dark and grey furred baboons, small black monkeys, galagos and flying squirrels, and others, but not nearer than a hundred yards. Long before we could reach them they had been alarmed by the murmur of the caravan, and commenced the retreat.

We came across a number of reptiles. The Ituri swarms with water snakes of various lengths. They continued to drop frequently very close to our boat, slender green whip-snakes, others lead colour of formidable size; others green, gold and black, six feet long. We saw pythons, puff adders, horned and fanged snakes, while small bush snakes about two feet long often fell victims during the preparation of camps.

Insects would require a whole book. Never have I seen such countless

armies and species as during my various marches through this forest. I should consider it *infra dig.* to refer to those minute creatures after the lavish abuses I, in common with others of the Expedition, have bestowed on them. I recollect but few hours of daylight that I did not express myself unkindly towards them. Those bees, large and small, the wasps, the hordes of moths by night, the house-flies, tsetse, gadflies, gnats, and butterflies by day, the giant beetles, attracted by the light in the tent, sailing through the darkness, and dashing frantically against the canvas, rebounding in their rage from side to side, and all the time hoarsely booming, finally with roars of fury dashing themselves against my book or face, as though they would wreak vengeance on me for some reason; then the swarms of ants peering into my plate, intruding into my washy soup, crawling over my bananas; the crickets that sprang like demons, and fixed themselves in my scalp, or on my forehead; the shrill cicadæ that drove one mad, worse than the peppo-inspired Manyema women. The Pasha professes to love these tribes, and I confess I have done as much mischief to them as possible.

The small bees of the size of gnats were the most tormenting of all the species; we became acquainted with four. They are of the Mellipona. To read, write, or eat required the devoted services of an attendant to drive them away. The eyes were their favourite points of attack; but the ears and nostrils also were sensitive objects to which they invariably reverted. The donkeys' legs were stripped bare of hair, because of these pests. The death of one left an odour of bitter almonds on the hand.

The beetles, again, varied from the size of a monstrous two-and-a-half inches in length to an insect that would have bored through the eye of a tailor's needle. This last when examined through a magnifying-glass seemed to be efficiently equipped for troubling humanity. It burrowed into the skin. It could not be discovered by the eyes unless attention was directed by giving a cross rub with the hand, when a pain like the prick of a pin was felt. The natives' huts were infested with three peculiar species. One burrowed into one's body, another bored into the rafters and dropped fine sawdust into the soup, another explored among the crisp leaves of the roof and gave one a creeping fear that there were snakes about; a fourth, which was a roaring lion of a beetle, waited until night, and then made it impossible to keep a candle lit for a quiet pipe and meditation.

Among the minor unpleasantnesses which we had to endure we may mention the "jigger," which deposited its eggs under the toe-nails of the most active men, but which attacked the body of a "goec-goe" and made him a mass of living corruption; the little beetle that dived underneath the skin and pricked one as with a needle; the mellipona bee, that troubled the eyes, and made one almost frantic some days; the small and large ticks that insidiously sucked one's small store of blood; the wasps, which stung one into a raging fever if some careless idiot touched the tree or shouted near their haunts; the wild honey-bees, which one day scattered two canoe crews, and punished them so that we had to send a detachment of men to rescue them; the tiger-slug, that dropped from the branches and left his poisonous fur in the pores of the body until one raved from the pain; the red ants, that invaded the camp by night and disturbed our sleep, and attacked the caravan half a score of times on the

march, and made the men run faster than if pursued by so many pigmies; the black ants, which infested the trumpet-tree, and dropped on us when passing underneath and gave us all a foretaste of the Inferno; the small ants that invaded every particle of food, which required great care lest we might swallow half-a-dozen inadvertently, and have the stomach-membranes perforated or blistered—small as they were, they were the most troublesome, for in every tunnel made through the bush thousands of them housed themselves upon us, and so bit and stung us that I have seen the pioneers covered with blisters as from nettles; and, of course, there were our old friends the mosquitoes in numbers in the greater clearings.

But if we were bitten and stung by pismires and numberless tribes of insects by day, which every one will confess is as bad as being whipped with nettles, the night had also its alarms, terrors, and anxieties. In the dead of night, when the entire caravan was wrapped in slumber, a series of explosions would wake every one. Some tree or another was nightly struck by lightning, and there was a danger that half the camp might be mangled by the fall of one; the sound of the branches during a storm was like the roar of breakers, or the rolling of a surge on the shore. When the rain fell no voice could be heard in the camp, it was like a cataract with its din of falling waters. Each night almost a dead tree fell with startling crackle, and rending and rushing, ending with the sound which shook the earth.

There were trees parting with a decayed member, and the fall of it made the forest echo with its crash as though it were a fusillade of musketry. The night winds swayed the branches and hurled them against each other, amid a chorus of creaking stems, and swinging cables and rustle of leaves. Then there was the never-failing erick of the ericket, and the shriller but not less monotonous piping call of the cicadae, and the perpetual chorus of frogs; there was the doleful cry of the lemur to his mate, a harsh, rasping cry which made night hideous, and loneliness and darkness repulsive. There was a chimpanzee at solitary exercise amusing himself with striking upon a tree like the little boys at home rattle a stick against the area railings. There were the midnight troops of elephants, who no doubt were only prevented from marching right over us by the scores of fires scattered about the camp.

Considering the number of sokos or chimpanzees in this great forest, it is rather a curious fact that not one of the Expedition saw one alive. My terrier "Randy" hunted them almost every day between Ipoto and Ibwire, and one time was severely handled. I have heard their notes four several times, and have possessed a couple of their skulls, one of which I gave to the Pasha; the other, that I was obliged to leave at the time, was monstrosously large.

In 1887 rain fell during eight days in July, ten days in August, fourteen days in September, fifteen days in October, seventeen days in November, and seven days in December,=seventy-one days. From the 1st of June, 1887, to the 31st of May, 1888, there were 138 days, or 569 hours of rain. We could not measure the rain in the forest in any other way than by time. We shall not be far wrong if we estimate this forest to be the rainiest zone on the earth.

For nine months of the year the winds blow from the South Atlantic along the course of the Congo, and up the Aruwimi. They bear the

moisture of the sea, and the vapours exhaled by a course of 1,400 miles of a river which spreads from half-a-mile to sixteen miles wide, and meeting on their easterly course the cold atmosphere prevailing at the high altitude they descend upon the forest almost every alternate day in copious showers of rain. This forest is also favourably situated to receive the vapours exhaled by Lakes Tanganika, the Albert Edward, and Albert Lakes. While standing in the plain on the verge of the forest, I have seen the two rain clouds, one from the westward and one from the eastward, collide and dissolve in a deluge of rain on Pisgah Mount and the surrounding country. Besides the rains, which lasted ten or twelve hours at a time during our march from Yambuya to Fort Bodo, we had frequent local showers of short duration. When these latter fell we were sure that some lofty hill was in the neighbourhood, which had intercepted a portion of the vapour drifting easterly, and liquefied it for the benefit of the neighbourhood. The rear-guard of the caravan was sometimes plunged in misery by a heavy rainfall while the pioneers were enjoying the effects of sunshine above their heads. It occurred at Mabengu Rapids, and at Engweddé. Being in the depths of the forest we could not see any sign of a hill, but such sudden showers betrayed the presence of one in the vicinity. When well away from these localities we would sometimes look behind down a straight stretch of river, and hilly masses 500 feet above the river were revealed to us.

The Ituri or Upper Aruwimi is therefore seldom very low. We have seen it in July about six feet below high-water mark. In October one night it rose a foot; it is highest in November, and lowest in December. But it is a stream that constantly fluctuates, and pours an immense volume of water into the Congo. In length of course it is about 700 miles, rising to the south of that group of hills known as the Travellers' Group, and called Mounts Speke, Schweinfurth, and Junker. Its basin covers an area of 67,000 square miles.

On the north side of the basin we have heard of the Ababua, Mabodé, Momvu, and the Balessé; to the south are the Bakumu and Baburu. These are the principal tribes, which are subdivided into hundreds of smaller tribes. The language of the Bakumu which is to be found inland east of Stanley Falls, is known as far as Panga Falls, with slight dialectic variations among the Baburu. The language of Momvu is spoken between Panga Falls and the Ngaiyu. East of that we found that the language of the Balessé took us as far as Indenduru, beyond that was a separate and distinct language spoken by the Babussé. But we found sub-tribes in each section who professed not to understand what was said to them from natives two camps removed from them.

All the tribes from the Atlantic Ocean to East Longitude 30° in the Equatorial region have a distant resemblance of features and customs, but I should place East Longitude 18° as the divisional line of longitude between two families of one original parent race. Across twelve degrees of longitude, we have hundreds of tribes bearing a most close resemblance to one another. What Schweinfurth and Junker, Emin and Casati, have said about the Monbuttu, Niam-Niam, and Momvu, may with a few fine shades of difference, be said about the Bangala, the Wyyanzi, the Batomba, the Basoko, the Baburu, the Bakumu, and Balessé. One tribe more compact in organization may possess a few superior characteristics to one which has suffered misfortunes, and been

oppressed by more powerful neighbours, but in the main I see no difference whatever. They own no cattle, but possess sheep, goats, and domestic fowls. One tribe may be more partial to manioc, but they all cultivate the plantain and banana. Their dresses all alike are of bark cloth, their head-dresses are nearly similar, though one tribe may be more elaborate in the mode of dressing theirs than another. Some of them practise circumcision, and they are addicted to eating the flesh of their enemies. Their weapons are nearly the same—the broad razor-sharp spear, the double-edged and pointed knife, the curious two or four-bladed knives, their curved swords; their small bows and short arrows; their stools, benches, and back-rests; their ear-rings, bracelets, armlets and leglets; their great war-drums and little tom-toms, their war-horns; their blacksmiths' and carpenters' tools.

In the architecture of their houses there is a great difference; in the tattooing, facial marks, and their upper-lip ornaments they also differ; but these are often due to the desire to distinguish tribes, though they do not show a difference of race. If one could travel in a steamer from Equatorville on the Congo to Indesura on the Upper Ituri, and see the various communities on the river banks from the deck, the passengers would be struck, not only by the similarity of dress and equipments, but also of complexion; whereas were a colony of Soudanese, Zanzibaris, Wanyamwezi to be seen accidentally among those communities, the stranger might easily distinguish them as being foreign to the soil.

This region, which embraces twelve degrees of longitude, is mainly forest, though to the west it has several reaches of grass-land, and this fact modifies the complexion considerably. The inhabitants of the true forest are much lighter in colour than those of the grass-land. They are inclined normally to be coppery, while some are as light as Arabs, and others are dark brown, but they are all purely negroid in character. Probably this lightness of colour may be due to a long residence through generations in the forest shades, though it is likely to have been the result of an amalgamation of an originally black and light coloured race. When we cross the limits of the forest and enter the grass-land we at once remark, however, that the tribes are much darker in colour.

Among these forest tribes we have observed some singularly prepossessing faces, and we have observed others uncommonly low and degraded. However incorrigibly fierce in temper, detestable in their disposition, and bestial in habits these wild tribes may be to-day, there is not one of them which does not contain germs, and by whose means at some future date civilization may spread, and with it those manifold blessings inseparable from it. I was much struck with the personal appearance and replies of some captives of Engweddé, with whom, as they knew the language of Momvu, I was able to converse. I asked them if they were in the habit of fighting strangers always. Said they, "What do strangers want from us? we have nothing. We have only plantains, palms, and fish." "But supposing strangers wished to buy plantains, palm oil, and fish from you, would you sell them?" "We have never seen any strangers before. Each tribe keeps to its own place until it comes to fight with us for some reason." "Do you always fight your neighbours?" "No; some of our young men go into the woods to hunt game, and they are surprised by our neighbours; then we go to them, and they come to fight us until one party is tired, or one is beaten." "Well, will you be friends with me if I send

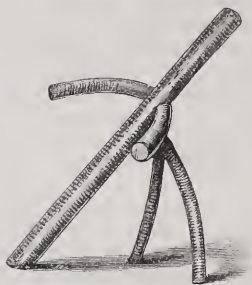
you back to your village?" They looked incredulous, and when they were actually escorted out of the camp with cowries in their hands, they simply stood still and refused to go, fearing some trap. It seemed incredible to them that they should not be sacrificed. One returned to my tent, and was greeted kindly as an old acquaintance, received a few bananas, deliberately went to a fire and roasted them, weighing in his



SPEARS.



POT.



STOOL.



PLAY-TABLE.



STOOL.

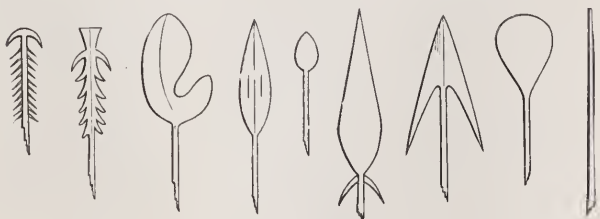
mind, I suppose, meanwhile, what it all meant; after refreshing himself, he lit his pipe, and walked away with an assumed composure. Three trips past that settlement and their confidence would have been gained for ever.

Scattered among the Balessé, between Ipoto and Mount Pisgah, and inhabiting the land situated between the Ngaiyu and Ituri Rivers, a region equal in area to about two-thirds of Scotland, are the Wambutti, variously called Batwa, Akka, and Bazungu. These people are under-sized nomads, dwarfs, or pigmies, who live in the



THE FIGURES AS COMPARED WITH ENGLISH OFFICERS, SOUDANESE, AND ZANZIBARIS.
(From a Photograph by the Author.)

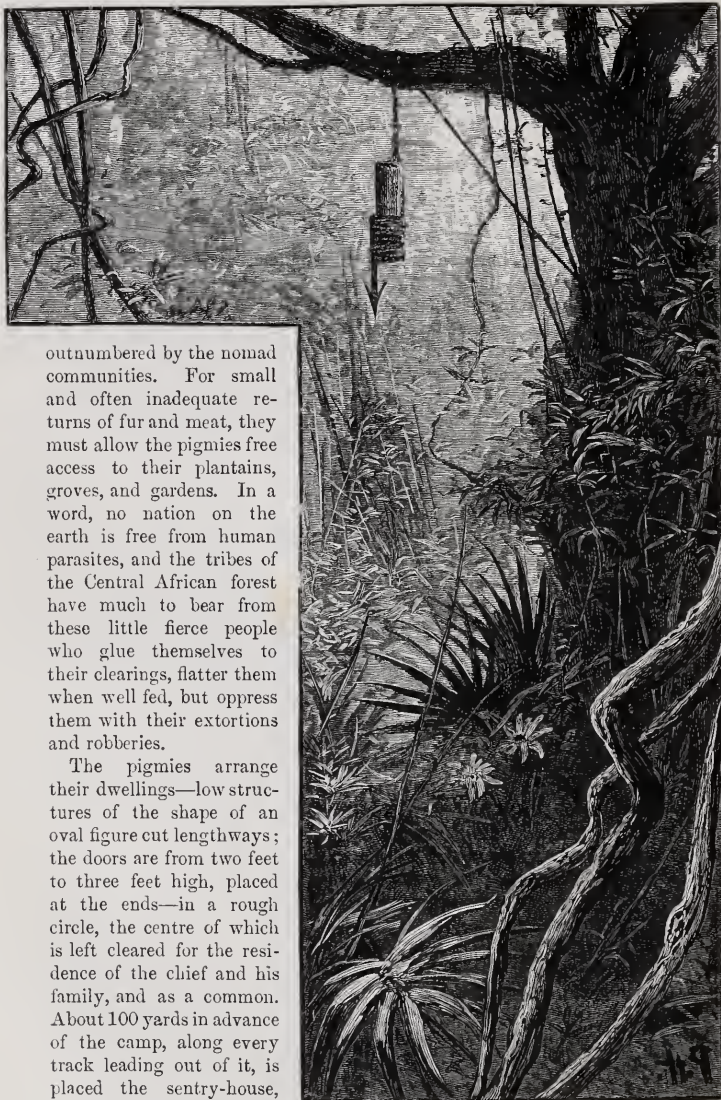
uncleared virgin forest, and support themselves on game, which they are very expert in catching. They vary in height from three feet to four feet six inches. A full-grown adult male may weigh ninety pounds. They plant their village camps at a distance of from two to three miles around a tribe of agricultural aborigines, the majority of whom are fine stalwart people. A large clearing may have as many as eight, ten, or twelve separate communities of these little people settled around them, numbering in the aggregate from 2,000 to 2,500 souls. With their weapons, little bows and arrows, the points of which are covered thickly with poison, and spears, they kill elephants, buffalo, and antelope. They sink pits, and cunningly cover them with light sticks and leaves, over which they sprinkle earth to disguise from the unsuspecting animals the danger below them. They build a shed-like structure, the roof being suspended with a vine, and spread nuts or ripe plantains underneath, to tempt the chimpanzees, baboons, and other simians within, and by a slight movement the shed falls, and the animals are captured. Along the tracks of civets, mephitis, ichneumons, and rodents are bow-traps fixed, which, in the scurry of the little animals, are snapped and strangle them. Besides the meat and hides, to make shields, and furs, and ivory of the slaughtered game, they catch



ARROWS OF THE DWARFS.

birds to obtain their feathers; they collect honey from the woods, and make poison, all of which they sell to the larger aborigines for plantains, potatoes, tobacco, spears, knives, and arrows. The forest would soon be denuded of game if the pigmies confined themselves to the few square miles around a clearing; they are therefore compelled to move, as soon as it becomes scarce, to other settlements.

They perform other services to the agricultural and larger class of aborigines. They are perfect scouts, and contrive, by their better knowledge of the intricacies of the forest, to obtain early intelligence of the coming of strangers, and to send information to their settled friends. They are thus like voluntary picquets guarding the clearings and settlements. Every road from any direction runs through their camps. Their villages command every cross-way. Against any strange natives, disposed to be aggressive, they would combine with their taller neighbours, and they are by no means despicable allies. When arrows are arrayed against arrows, poison against poison, and craft against craft, probably the party assisted by the pigmies would prevail. Their diminutive size, superior woodcraft, and greater malice would make formidable opponents. This the agricultural natives thoroughly understand. They would no doubt wish on many occasions that the little people would betake themselves elsewhere, for the settlements are frequently



ELEPHANT TRAP.

outnumbered by the nomad communities. For small and often inadequate returns of fur and meat, they must allow the pigmies free access to their plantains, groves, and gardens. In a word, no nation on the earth is free from human parasites, and the tribes of the Central African forest have much to bear from these little fierce people who glue themselves to their clearings, flatter them when well fed, but oppress them with their extortions and robberies.

The pigmies arrange their dwellings—low structures of the shape of an oval figure cut lengthways; the doors are from two feet to three feet high, placed at the ends—in a rough circle, the centre of which is left cleared for the residence of the chief and his family, and as a common. About 100 yards in advance of the camp, along every track leading out of it, is placed the sentry-house, just large enough for two little men, with the doorway looking up the track. If we assumed that native caravans ever travelled between Ipoto and Ibwiri, for instance, we should imagine, from our

knowledge of these forest people, that the caravan would be mulcted of much of its property by these nomads, whom they would meet in front and rear of each settlement; and as there are ten settlements between the two points, they would have to pay toll twenty times, in tobacco, salt, iron, and rattan, cane ornaments, axes, knives, spears, arrows, adzes, rings, &c. We therefore see how utterly impossible it would be for the Ipoto people to have even heard of Ibwiri, owing to the heavy turnpike tolls and octroi duties that would be demanded of them if they ventured to undertake a long journey of eighty miles. It will also be seen why there is such a diversity of dialects, why captives were utterly ignorant of settlements only twenty miles away from them.

As I have said, there are two species of these pigmies, utterly dissimilar in complexion, conformation of the head, and facial characteristics. Whether Batwa forms one nation and Wambutti another we do not know, but they differ as much from each other as a Turk would from a Scandinavian. The Batwa have longish heads and long narrow faces, reddish, small eyes, set close together, which give them a somewhat ferrety look, sour, anxious, and querulous. The Wambutti have round faces, gazelle-like eyes, set far apart, open foreheads, which give one an impression of undisguised frankness, and are of a rich yellow, ivory complexion. The Wambutti occupy the southern half of the district described, the Batwa the northern, and extend south-easterly to the Awamba forests on both banks of the Semliki River, and east of the Ituri.

The life in their forest villages partakes of the character of the agricultural classes. The women perform all the work of collecting fuel and provisions, and cooking, and the transport of the goods of the community. The men hunt, and fight, and smoke, and conduct the tribal politics. There is always some game in the camp, besides furs and feathers and hides. They have nets for fish and traps for small game to make. The youngsters must always be practising with the bow and arrow, for we have never come across one of their villages without finding several miniature bows and blunt-headed arrows. There must be free use of axes also, for the trees about bear many a mark which could only have been done to try their edge. In every camp we have seen deep incisions in a tree several inches deep, and perhaps 500 yards from the camp a series of diamond cuttings in a root of a tree across the track, which, when seen, informed us that we were approaching a village of the Wambutti pigmies.

Two Egyptians, a corporal and a Cairo boy of fifteen, both light complexioned, were captured near Fort Bodo during my absence, and no one discovered what became of them. It is supposed they were made prisoners, like the young Nassamonians of old. I have often wondered what was done to them, and what the feelings of both were—they were devout Mussulmans—after they were taken to the Wambutti's camp. I fancy they must have been something similar to those of Robert Baker, a sailor, in 1562—

“ If cannibals they be
In kind, we do not know,
But if they be, then welcome we,
To pot straightway we goe.
They naked goe likewise,
For shame, we cannot so ;
We cannot live after their guise,
Thus naked for to go.

By roots and leaves they live,
As beasts do in the wood:
Among these heathen who can thrive,
On this so wilde a food?"

One of the poisons employed by the tribes of the forest to smear their weapons, in order to make them more deadly, is a dark substance of the colour and consistency of pitch. It is supposed—if native women may be trusted—to be made out of a species of arum, a very common plant, with large leaves, found in any quantity between Fort Bodo and Indesura. Its smell, when fresh, reminds one of the old blister-plaster. That it is deadly there can be no doubt. They kill the elephants and other big game with it, as certainly as these animals could be slain with bone-crushing rifles. That they do kill elephants is proved by the vast stores of ivory collected by Ugarrowwa, Kilonga-Longa, and Tippu-Tib, and each adult warrior has a waist-belt, or a shoulder-belt, to suspend his dagger and skinning-knife, and every mother who carries her child and every wife who carries a basket has need of broad forehead-straps, made out of buffalo-hide, to bear her load on her back.

The poison is not permitted to be manufactured in a village. It seems to be a necessity, to prevent fatal accidents, that the poison should be prepared in the bush. It is then laid on the iron arrows thickly, and into the splints of the hard wooden arrows.

Another poison is of a pale glucy colour. At Avisibba we discovered several baskets of dried red ants among the rafters, and I conjectured, from their resemblance in colour to the deadly poison which the Avisibbas used, that it must have been made by crushing them into a fine powder, and mixing it with palm oil. If one of these insects can raise a blister on the skin of the size of a groat, what may not the powder of mummied insects of the same species effect? If this pale poison be of this material, one must confess that, in the forest, they possess endless supplies of other insects still worse, such as the long black ants which infest the trumpet-tree, a bite from one of which can only be compared to cautery from a red-hot iron. But whatever it be, we have great faith in a strong hypodermic injection of carbonate of ammonium, and it may be that stronger doses of morphia than any that I ventured upon might succeed in conquering the fatal tetanic spasms which followed every puncture and preceded death.

When one of these poisons is fresh its consequences are rapid. There is excessive faintness, palpitation of the heart, nausea, pallor, and beads of perspiration break out over the body, and death ensues. One man died within one minute from a mere pin-hole, which pierced the right arm and right breast. A headman died within an hour and a quarter after being shot. A woman died during the time that she was carried a distance of one hundred paces; another woman died within twenty minutes; one man died within three hours; two others died after one hundred hours had elapsed. These various periods indicate that some poisons were fresh and others had become dry. Most of these wounds were sucked and washed and syringed, but evidently some of the poison was left, and caused death.

To render the poison ineffective, a strong emetic should be given, sucking and syringing should be resorted to, and a heavy solution of carbonate of ammonium should be injected into the wound, assuming that the native antidote was unknown.



THE PYGMIES AT HOME. A ZANZIBARI SCOUT TAKING NOTES.



As there is no grass throughout the forest region, the natives would be put to hard shifts to cover their houses were it not for the invaluable phrynica leaves, which grow everywhere, but most abundantly in the primeval woods. These leaves are from a foot to twenty inches in diameter, are attached to slender straight stalks from three to seven feet high. Both stalks and leaves are useful in the construction of native huts and camps. The fruit is like red cherries, but the rinds are not eaten, though the kernels are often eaten to "deceive the stomach."

The wild fruits of the forest are various, and having been sustained through so many days of awful famine, it would be well to describe such as we found useful. We owe most to a fine stately tree with small leaves, which grows in large numbers along the south banks of the Ituri between East Long. 28° and 29°. Its fruit lies in pods about ten inches long, and which contain four heart-shaped beans called "*makwemé*," an inch and a quarter long by an inch broad and half an inch thick. It has a tough dove-coloured skin which when cut shows a reddish inner skin. When this latter is scraped away the bean may be bruised, mashed, or boiled whole. It is better bruised, because, as the bean is rather leathery, it has a better chance of being cooked to be digestible. The pigmies taught us the art, and it may be well conceived that they have had often need of it to support life during their forest wanderings.

In the neighbourhood of these wood-bean trees grew a bastard bread-fruit called *fenessi* by the Zanzibaris, the fruit of which is as large as a water-melon. When ripe we found it delightful and wholesome.

On a higher level, as we followed the Ituri up from 1° 6' to Lat. 1° 47', we found the *spondia* or hog-plums, a yellow, fragrant fruit with a large stone. An india-rubber vine produced a pear-shaped fruit which, though of delicious odour, was the cause of much nausea; a fruit also of the size of a crab-apple, with an insipid sweetness about it, assisted to maintain life. Then there were some nuts like horse-chestnuts which we found the pigmies partial to, but we cannot speak very highly of them. Besides the cherry-like berries of the phrynica, the kernels of which were industriously sought after, were the rich red fruit of the amoma, within whose husks is found an acid sweet pulp, and the grains of paradise which were first introduced to England in the year 1815. The berries of the calamus, or rattan, were also eaten, but they were difficult to get. Figs also were tried, but they were not very tempting, though anything to disguise hunger and to "deceive the stomach" found favour. Even the cola nuts were eaten, but more for the sake of expectoration than for the sake of pandering to the digestive organs.

Among other articles to which we were reduced were white ants, slugs—not the tiger-slug—snails, crabs, tortoises, roast field-rats, and the siluroids of the streams.

The domestic animals of the natives were principally confined to a fine breed of goats, dogs—of the usual pariah order, but vari-coloured. We saw only one domestic cat, and that was a brindled animal, and very tame, but kept in a cage.

It struck me as curious that while nearly all the Madis were attacked with guinea-worms, which rendered them utterly unfit for work, not one Zanzibari suffered from them. The Madis' medicine for these was simply oil or fat rubbed over the inflammation, which served to cause the worm to withdraw from the leg. At one time, however, we had fifteen cases of

mumps among the Zanzibaris, but they used no medicine except rubbing the swollen face with flour and water. Numbers of Manyuema, natives, and Madis, unvaccinated and uninoculated, fell victims to variola; but only four Zanzibaris were attacked with the disease, only one of which was fatal, and two of them were not so much indisposed as to plead being relieved from duties.

Respecting the productions of the forest I have written at such length in "The Congo and the Founding of its Free State" that is unnecessary to add any more here. I will only say that when the Congo Railway has been constructed, the products of the great forest will not be the least valuable of the exports of the Congo Independent State. The natives, beginning at Yambuya, will easily be induced to collect the rubber, and when one sensible European has succeeded in teaching them what the countless vines, creepers, and tendrils of their forest can produce, it will not be long before other competitors will invade the silent river, and invoke the aid of other tribes to follow the example of the Baburu.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IMPRISONMENT OF EMIN PASHA AND MR. JEPHSON.

THOSE who have read the pitiful tale of the Rear Column will no doubt be curious to know how we re-entered Fort Bodo, which was only garrisoned with fifty-nine rifles, after six months' absence. With my heart filled with joy and gratitude I was escorted up the western avenue, glad men leaping around me like spaniels, the Doctor imparting the most cheery news; prosperous fields of corn on either hand, and goodly crops everywhere; fenced squares, a neat village, clean streets, and every one I met—white and black—in perfect health, except a few incurables. Nelson was quite recovered, the dark shadow of the Starvation Camp was entirely gone, and the former martial tread and manly bearing had been regained; and Stairs, the officer *par excellence*, was precisely what he ought to have been—the one who always obeyed and meant to obey.

Lieutenant Stairs possessed 24,000 ears of corn in his granary, the plantation was still bearing plantains and sweet potatoes and beans, there was a good crop of tobacco; the stream in the neighbourhood supplied fish—siluroids—and between officers and men there existed the very best of feeling. He had not been free from trouble; troops of elephants had invaded the fort, native plunderers by night had robbed him of stores of tobacco, a mild benevolence had brought on the plantation a host of pigmies, but at once alertness and firmness had made him respected and feared by pigmies, aborigines, and Zanzibaris, and in every wise suggestion his comrades had concurred and aided him. The admirable and welcome letter herewith given speaks for itself:—

Fort Bodo, Ibwiri, Central Africa,
21st December, 1888.

H. M. STANLEY, ESQ.,

Command of Emin Pasha Relief Expedition.

SIR,

I have the honour to report that, in accordance with your letter of instructions, dated Fort Bodo, June 13th, 1888, I took over the charge of Fort Bodo and its garrison.

The strength of the garrison was then as follows :—Officers, 3 ; Zanzibaris, 51 ; Soudanese, 5 ; Madis, 5 ; total, 64.

Soon after your departure from Yambuya, the natives in the immediate vicinity became excessively bold and aggressive ; gangs of them would come into the plantations nearly every day searching for plantains, and at last a party of them came into the gardens east of the Fort at night-time and made off with a quantity of tobacco and beans. On the night of the 21st of August they again attempted to steal more tobacco ; this time, however, the sentries were on the alert. The lesson they received had the effect of making the natives less bold, but still our bananas were being taken at a great rate. I now found it necessary to send out three parties of patrols per week ; these had as much as they could do to keep out the natives and elephants. If fires were not made every few days the elephants came into the bananas, and would destroy in a single night some acres of plantation.

By November 1st we had got the natives well in hand, and at this time I do not believe a single native camp exists within eight miles of the Fort. Those natives to the S.S.E. of the Fort gave us the most trouble, and were the last to move away from our plantations.

At the end of July we all expected the arrival of Mr. Mounteney Jephson from the Albert Nyanza to relieve the garrison, and convey our goods on to the Lake shore. Day after day, however, passed away, and no sign of him or news from him reaching us made many of the men more and more restless as each day passed. Though most of the men wished to remain at the Fort till relief turned up, either in the shape of Mr. Jephson or yourself, still some eight or ten discontented ones, desirous of reaching the Lake and partaking of the plenty there, were quite ready at any time to desert the loads, the white men, and sick.

Seeing how things stood I treated the men at all times with the greatest leniency, and did whatever I could to make their life at the Fort as easy for them as was possible.

Shortly after the time of Mr. Jephson's expected arrival, some of the men came to me and asked for a "shauri;" this I granted. At this shauri the following propositions were made by one of the men (Ali Juma), and assented to by almost every one of the Zanzibaris present.

I. To leave the Fort, march on to the Lake by way of Mazamboni's country, making double trips, and so get on all the loads to the Lake and have plenty of food.

II. Or, to send say fifteen couriers with a letter to the edge of the plain, there to learn if the Bandusuma were still our friends or no ; if unfriendly, then to return to the Fort ; if friendly, then the couriers would take on the letter to Mr. Jephson, and relief would come.

To the first proposal I replied :—

(1.) Mr. Stanley told me not to move across the plain, whatever else I did, without outside aid.

(2.) Did not Mr. Stanley tell Emin Pasha it was not safe to cross the plains, even should the natives be friendly, without sixty guns ?

(3.) We had only thirty strong men, the rest were sick ; we should lose our loads and sick men.

We all lived on the best of terms after I had told them we could not desert the Fort. We went on hoeing up the ground and planting corn and other crops, as if we expected a prolonged occupation. On the 1st of September a severe hurricane accompanied by hail passed over the Fort, destroying fully 60 per cent. of the standing corn, and wrecking the banana plantations to such an extent that at least a month passed before the trees commenced to send up young shoots. Had it not been for this we should have had great quantities of corn ; but as it was I was only able to give each man ten ears per week. The weakly ones, recom-

mended by Dr. Parke, got one cup of shelled corn each per day. At one time we had over thirty men suffering from ulcers, but, through the exertion of Dr. Parke, all their ulcers on your arrival had healed up with the exception of some four.

Eight deaths occurred from the time of your departure up to the 20th of December, two were killed by arrows, and two were captured by natives.

In all matters where deliberation was necessary the other officers and myself took part. We were unanimous in our determination to await your arrival, knowing that you were using every endeavour to bring relief to us as speedily as possible.

On the 20th of December I handed over the charge of the Fort to you, and on the 21st the goods entrusted to my care.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) W. G. STAIRS, Lieut. R.E.

We were now left to conjecture what had become of the energetic Jephson, the man of action, who had been nicknamed *Buburika*, or the Chictah, because he was so quick and eager, and strained at the lcaseh. No small matter would have detained him, even if the Pasha after all thought that a long journey to Fort Bodo was unnecessary.

But the fact that neither had been heard of placed us in a dilemma. We had fifty-five extra loads to carry, over and above the number of carriers, of absolutely necessary property. After a little midnight mental deliberation I resolved to make double marches between Fort Bodo and the Ituri River on the edge of the plains, leave Lieutenant Stairs and officers and sick at the well-furnished clearing of Kandekoré, and march to the Nyanza to search for Emin Pasha and Mr. Mounteney Jephson. This would probably cause me to exceed my original estimate of time by ten days. But what can one do when every plan is thwarted by some unlucky accident or another? Fort Bodo had been reached two days before the stipulated time. If I arrived at the Nyanza by January 26, I should be ten days behind time.

On the 21st of December all this was explained to the men, and that fifty-five men must volunteer to do double duty, but for every camp made by them twice over I should pay for the extra work in cloth. Volunteers responded readily at this, and the difficulty of carrying the extra fifty-five loads of ammunition vanished.

At the muster on the 22nd of December there were present in the Fort—209 Zanzibaris, 17 Soudanese, 1 Somali, 151 Manyema and followers, 26 Madis, 2 Lados, 6 whites; total 412. Therefore the journey from Banalya to Fort Bodo had cost 106 lives, of whom 38 belonged to the Rear Column.

On the 23rd we set out from Fort Bodo, and on the next day Captain Nelson, having buried the Pasha's big demijohn, some broken rifles, &c., set fire to the Fort and joined us.

Christmas Day and the day after we foraged for the double journeys, and on the 27th Stairs was pushed forward with one hundred rifles to occupy the ferry at the Ituri River, with orders, after making himself snug, to send back fifty-five men to our Cross Roads Camp. Meantime, being very dilapidated in clothing, the Doctor and I tailored to make ourselves respectable for the grass-land.

On the 2nd of January, while waiting for the contingent from Stairs, a

Soudanese, gathering fuel only 150 yards from camp, received five arrows in his back, which were extracted after tremendous exertion by the Doctor—two of the arrows being so deeply fixed in bone and muscle that the wounded man was almost raised from the ground. A sixth arrow was found two months later. The man ultimately recovered, to die close to Bagamoyo nearly a year later.

On the next day the fifty-five men returned from Stairs with a note reporting all was well at Ituri, and that he was hopeful of a pacific conclusion to the negotiations with the natives of Kandekoré, and on the 4th of the month at noon we moved from Cross Roads Camp. Six hours' march on the 5th brought us to West Indenduru. The 6th we reached Central Indenduru, and on the 7th we were in the Bakwuru village at the foot of Pisgah, in view of the grass-land, at which the men of the Rear Column and the Manyema were never tired of gazing and wondering. On the 9th we crossed the Ituri River and established a camp in the village of Kandekoré on the east side.

The next day all hands were set to work to make a camp, to clear the bush around, for natives are accustomed to let it grow right up to the eaves of their huts to enable them to retreat unpereceived in case of danger.

In the evening after dinner Lieutenant Stairs and Surgeon Parke were called to my tent, and I addressed them as to their duties during my absence. Said I—

“Gentlemen, I have called you to give you a few parting words.

“You know as well as I do that there is a constant unseen influence at work creating an anxiety which has sometimes tempted us to despair. No plan, however clear and intelligible it may be, but is thwarted and reversed. No promises are fulfilled, instructions are disregarded, suggestions are unavailing, and so we are constantly labouring to correct and make amends for this general waywardness which pursues us. We are no sooner out of one difficulty than we are face to face with another, and we are subjected to everlasting stress and strains of appalling physical miseries, and absolute decimation. It is as clear to you as to me why these things are so. They will go on and continue so, unless I can gather the fragments of this Expedition together once and for all, and keep it together, never to be separated again. But each time I have wished to do so, the inability of the men to march, the necessity of hurrying to one place and then to another, keep us eternally detached. After bringing the Rear Column, and uniting it with the Advance, and collecting your garrison at Fort Bodo, we are astonished at this total absence of news from Jephson and the Pasha. Now I cannot manœuvre with a hospital in tow, such as we have with us. At the muster of to-day, after inspection, there were 124 men suffering from ulcers, debility, weakness, dysentery, and much else. They cannot march, they cannot carry. Jephson and the Pasha are perhaps waiting for me. It is now January 10th; I promised to be on the Nyanza again, even if I went as far as Yambuya, by the 16th; I have six days before me. You see how I am pulled this way and that way. If I could trust you to obey me, obey every word literally, that you would not swerve one iota from the path laid down, I could depart from you with confidence, and find out what is the matter with Jephson and the Pasha.”

“I don't see why you should doubt us. I am sure we have always tried to do our very best to please and satisfy you,” replied Stairs.

“That is strictly true, and I am most grateful to you for it. The case of Yambuya seems to be repeated. Our friend Jephson is absent, perhaps dead from fever or from some accident; but why do we not hear from the Pasha? Therefore we surmise that some other trouble has overtaken both. Well, I set out for the Nyanza, and either send or cause to hear the news, or cut my way

through Melindwa to behind Mswa Station to discover the cause of this strange silence. Have the Mahdists come up river, and annihilated everybody, or has another Expedition reached them from the East, and they are all too busy attending to them to think of their promise to us? Which is it? No one can answer, but because of this mystery we cannot sit down to let the mystery unfold itself, and I can do nothing towards penetrating it with 124 men, who require a long rest to recover from their fatigues and sicknesses. Therefore I am compelled to trust to you and the doctor, that you will stay here until I know what has happened, whether for one month or two months. I want you to stay here and look after the camp alertly, and I want the doctor to attend to these sick men and cure them, not to stint medicines, but nurse them with good food from morning until night. Do you promise this faithfully, on your words as gentlemen?"

"We do," replied both warmly.

"Now, Doctor, I particularly address myself to you. Stairs will perform all that is required as Superintendent and Governor of the camp, but I look to you mostly. These 124 men are on the sick-list, some are but slightly indisposed, and some are in a dreadful state. But they all require attention, and you must give it devotedly. You must see that your worst cases are fed regularly. Three times a day see that their food is prepared, and that it is given to them; trust no man's word, see to it yourself in person; we want these men to reach home. I warn you solemnly that your 'flood-tide of opportunity' has come. Are you ambitious of distinction? Here is your chance; seize it. Your task is clear before you, and you are required to save these men, who will be the means of taking you home, and of your receiving the esteem of all who shall hear of your deeds.

"Gentlemen, the causes of failure in this world are that men are unable to see the thing that lies ready at their hands. They look over their work and forget their tasks, in attempting to do what is not wanted. Before I left England I received some hundreds of applications from volunteers to serve with me on this Expedition. They at least believed that they could win what men vulgarly call 'kudos,' though I do not believe that one in a thousand of them knew what is the true way to glory. For instance, there are only six whites here in this camp, yet one of the six sought me the other night to request permission to explore the Welle-Mubangi River—of all places in Africa! His duty was clearly before him, and yet he did not see it. His opportunities were unheeded. He cast yearning looks over and above what was right at his feet. He seemed as if wakened out of a dream when I told him that to escort refugees to their homes was a far nobler task than any number of discoveries. On this Expedition there was a man who received a salary for being loyal and devoted to me, yet when there were opportunities for distinguishing himself, he allowed his employer's baggage to be sent away before his very eyes, and his own rations to be boxed up, and sent out of camp, and he never knew until told that he had lost his opportunities to gain credit, increase of salary, and promotion. I point out your opportunities, therefore hold fast to them with a firm grip; do all you can with might and main to make the most of them. Don't think of 'kudos,' or 'glory,' but of your work. All your capital is in that; it will give you great or little profit, as you perform it. Good-night. To-morrow I go to do something, I know not what, and do not care until I hear what it is I have to do. As I will do mine, do yours."

The next morning after encouraging remarks to the invalids, we set out from Kande Koré in the territory of the Bakuba, and in forty-five minutes we had emerged out of the bush, to the immense delight and wonder of such of the Rear Column and Manyema as had not seen the glorious land before.

On the 12th we reached Bessé, and were well received by our native

friends. They informed us that the Pasha was building big houses at Nyamsassi, and the rumour was that he and many followers intended to pass through the land. As we had been very anxious, this piece of good news was hailed with great satisfaction.

We camped the day following in a vale a little north of Mukangi, and on the 14th we reached our old camp in Mazamboni's country. It was not long before Mazamboni, and Katto his brother, and his inseparable cousin Kalengé, appeared, and in reply to our eager questioning, informed us that Jephson had reached Kavalli's the day before yesterday (12th); that Hailallah, a boy deserter, was in charge of Kavalli, and had grown as tall as a spear. We were also told that *Maleju* (the Pasha) had despatched ten men to Kavalli's to obtain news of us, and that he had caused some fields to be cultivated near the Lake, and had planted corn for our use. "What a good, thoughtful, kind man he must be!" we mentally remarked.

As Mazamboni presented us with two fat beeves, it was essential that the Zanzibaris and the Manyema should be indulged a little after long abstinence from flesh. We accordingly halted on the 15th, and during the day Chief Gavira came in and imparted the intelligence that Jephson had arrived at Katonza's village three days before with seventeen soldiers; and our people, who were now well supplied with cloth for extra labour, and five doti each from Banalya, besides beads, cowries, and wire, were able to invest in luxuries to their hearts' content. The Manyema smiled blandly, and the Zanzibaris had contracted a habit, as they had scented the grass-lands, of crowing, which when once started was imitated by nearly 300 people.

Old Gavira escorted us the next day, on the 16th, the date I should have been on the Nyanza, and by the afternoon we were in one of the old villages which was once burned by us, and which was again clean and new and prosperous, and we welcome and honoured guests, only one long day's march from the Lake.

Now that we were actually out of the forest, and only one thing more to do—since both the Pasha and Mr. Jephson were on the Lake shore just below us, according to the native—viz., to deliver the ammunition into the Pasha's hands, and escort a few Egyptians home, Old Gavira had reason to suppose that afternoon that "Bula Matari" was a very amiable person.

But at 5 P.M. two Wahuma messengers came with letters from Kavalli's, and as I read them a creeping feeling came over me which was a complete mental paralysis for the time, and deadened all the sensations except that of unmitigated surprise. When I recovered myself the ears of Jephson and the Pasha must certainly have tingled. I need not criminate myself, however, and any person of any imagination may conceive what I must have felt after he has read the following letters:—

LETTER FROM EMIN.

Dufflé, 2nd September, 1888.

DEAR SIR,

Mr. Jephson having been obliged to accompany some officers who start to see you, I profit of the occasion to tender you with my best wishes, hearty congratulations for the safe arrival of your Expedition, of which we have heard only by our boys, our letters being rigorously withheld from us. Mr. Jephson, who has been of good help to me, under very trying circumstances, will tell you what

has happened, and is likewise able to give you the benefit of his experience, and to make some suggestions, should you decide to come here as people wish. In the case of your coming, you will greatly oblige me by taking measures for the safety of my little girl, about whom I feel most anxious.

Should, however, you decide not to come, that I can only wish you a good and safe return to your country, and at the same time I may be permitted to request you to tender my cordial thanks to your officers and your people, and my heartfelt acknowledgment to those kind-hearted benefactors in England by whose generosity the Expedition was started.

Believe me, dear Sir, to be,
Yours very sincerely,
(Signed) DR. EMIN.

2ND LETTER FROM EMIN.

Dufflé, 6, 11, 88.—Since the foregoing was written I have been always a prisoner here. Twice we heard you had come in, but it was not true. Now, the Mahdi's people having come up, and Rejaf Station having been taken, we may be attacked some day or other, and there seems only a few hours of our escaping. However, we hope yet. To-day I have heard the soldiers from Muggi started yesterday for Rejaf, and if they are defeated, as without any doubt they will be, the Khartoum people will be here very quickly.

Mr. Jephson has acquainted me with the letter he wrote to you, and I think there is nothing to be joined to it.*

Yours very sincerely,
(Signed) DR. EMIN.

3RD LETTER FROM EMIN.

Tunguru, 21st December, 1888.

DEAR MR. STANLEY,

Mr. Jephson having told to you whatever has happened here after we left Dufflé, I refrain from repeating the narrative.† Although for a moment there happened a movement in my favour, the officers, elated with their victory, soon were just as bad as they were in the beginning of this comedy. Every one is now fully decided to leave the country for finding a shelter somewhere. Nobody thinks, however, of going to Egypt, except, perhaps, a few officers and men. I am, nevertheless, not without hope of better days; but I join my entreaties with those of Mr. Jephson asking you to stay where you are, viz., at Kavalli's, and to send only word of your arrival as quickly as you can.

Chief Mogo, the bearer of this and Mr. Jephson's letter, has my orders to remain at Kavalli's until you arrive. He is a good and true fellow, and you will oblige me by looking after him.

With the best wishes for you and all your people,

I am,
Yours very sincerely,
(Signed) DR. EMIN.

LETTERS OF MR. JEPHSON.

Dufflé, 7th November, 1888.

DEAR SIR,

I am writing to tell you of the position of affairs in this country, and I trust Shukri Agha will be able by some means to deliver this letter to Kavalli in time to warn you to be careful.

* This proves that the Pasha endorses what Mr. Jephson writes.

† The Pasha appears to admit that he has read Mr. Jephson's letters.

On August 18th a rebellion broke out here, and the Pasha and I were made prisoners. The Pasha is a complete prisoner, but I am allowed to go about the station, though my movements are watched. The rebellion has been got up by some half-dozen officers and clerks, chiefly Egyptians, and gradually others have joined; some through inclination, but most through fear; the soldiers, with the exception of those at Laboré, have never taken part in it, but have quietly given in to their officers. The two prime promoters of the rebellion were two Egyptians, who we heard afterwards had gone and complained to you at Nsabé. One was the Pasha's adjutant, Abdul Vaal Effendi, who was formerly concerned in Arabi's rebellion; the other was Achmet Effendi Mahmoud, a one-eyed clerk. These two and some others, when the Pasha and I were on our way to Rejaf, went about and told the people they had seen you, and that you were only an adventurer, and had not come from Egypt; that the letters you had brought from the Khedive and Nubar Pasha were forgeries; that it was untrue that Khartoum had fallen, and that the Pasha and you had made a plot to take them, their wives and children out of the country, and hand them over as slaves to the English. Such words, in an ignorant and fanatical country like this, acted like fire amongst the people, and the result was a general rebellion, and we were made prisoners.

The rebels then collected officers from the different stations, and held a large meeting here to determine what measures they should take, and all those who did not join in the movement were so insulted and abused, that they were obliged for their own safety to acquiesce in what was done. The Pasha was deposed, and those officers who were suspected of being friendly to him were removed from their posts, and those friendly to the rebels were put in their places. It was decided to take the Pasha away as a prisoner to Rejaf, and some of the worst rebels were even for putting him in irons, but the officers were afraid to put these plans into execution, as the soldiers said they would never permit any one to lay a hand on him. Plans were also made to entrap you when you returned, and strip you of all you had.

Things were in this condition when we were startled by the news that the Mahdi's people had arrived at Lado with three steamers and nine sandals and nuggars, and had established themselves on the site of the old station. Omar Sale, their general, sent down three peacock dervishes with a letter to the Pasha, demanding the instant surrender of the country. The rebel officers seized them and put them in prison, and decided on war. After a few days the Donagla attacked and captured Rejaf, killing five officers and numbers of soldiers, and taking many women and children prisoners, and all the stores and ammunition in the station were lost. The result of this was a general stampede of people from the stations of Bidden, Kirri, and Muggi, who fled with their women and children to Laboré, abandoning almost everything. At Kirri the ammunition was abandoned, and was at once seized by the natives. The Pasha reckons that the Donagla numbers about 1,500.

The officers and a large number of soldiers have returned to Muggi, and intend to make a stand against the Donagla. Our position here is extremely unpleasant, for since this rebellion all is chaos and confusion; there is no head, and half-a-dozen conflicting orders are given every day, and no one obeys; the rebel officers are wholly unable to control the soldiers. We are daily expecting some catastrophe to happen, for the Baris have joined the Donagla, and if they come down here with a rush nothing can save us. After the fall of Rejaf, the soldiers cursed their officers and said, "If we had obeyed our Governor, and had done what he told us, we should now be safe; he has been a father and a mother to us all these years; but instead of listening to him we listened to you, and now we are lost."

The officers are all very much frightened at what has happened, and we are now anxiously awaiting your arrival, and desire to leave the country with you,

for they are now really persuaded that Khartoum has fallen, and that you have come from the Khedive. The greater part of the officers and all the soldiers wish to reinstate the Pasha in his place, but the Egyptians are afraid that if he is reinstated vengeance will fall on their heads, so they have persuaded the Soudanese officers not to do so. The soldiers refuse to act with their officers, so everything is at a standstill, and nothing is being done for the safety of the station, either in the way of fortifying or provisioning it. We are like rats in a trap; they will neither let us act nor retire, and I fear unless you come very soon you will be too late, and our fate will be like that of the rest of the garrisons of the Soudan. Had this rebellion not happened, the Pasha could have kept the Donagla in check for some time, but as it is he is powerless to act.

I would make the following suggestions concerning your movements when you arrive at Kavalli's, which, of course, you will only adopt if you think fit.

On your arrival at Kavalli's, if you have a sufficient force with you, leave all unnecessary loads in charge of some officers and men there, and you yourself come to Nsabé, bringing with you as many men as you can; bring the Soudanese officers, but not the soldiers, with you.

Despatch natives in a canoe to Mswa with a letter in Arabic to Shukri Agha, telling him of your arrival, and telling him you wish to see the Pasha and myself, and write also to the Pasha or myself telling us number of men you have with you; it would, perhaps, be better to write to me, as a letter to him might be confiscated.

On no account have anything to do with people who come to you unaccompanied by either the Pasha or myself, whoever they are, or however fair their words may be. Neither the Pasha nor I think there is the slightest danger now of any attempt to capture you being made, for the people are now fully persuaded you come from Egypt, and they look to you to get them out of their difficulties: still it would be well for you to make your camp strong.

If we are not able to get out of the country, please remember me to my friends. With kindest wishes to yourself and all with you,

I am,

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) A. J. MOUNTENEY JEPHSON.

To H. M. STANLEY, ESQ.,

Commander of the Relief Expedition.

Wadelai, *November 24th*, 1888.

My messenger having not yet left Wadelai, I add this postscript, as the Pasha wishes me to send my former letter to you in its entirety, as it gives a fair description of our position at the time I wrote, when we hardly expected to be ever able to get out of the country. Shortly after I had written to you, the soldiers were led by their officers to attempt to retake Refaj, but the Donagla defeated them, and killed six officers and a large number of soldiers; amongst the officers killed were some of the Pasha's worst enemies. The soldiers in all the stations were so panic-stricken and angry at what had happened that they declared they would not attempt to fight unless the Pasha was set at liberty; so the rebel officers were obliged to free him and sent us to Wadelai, where he is free to do as he pleases, but at present he has not resumed his authority in the country; he is, I believe, by no means anxious to do so. We hope in a few days to be at Tunguru, a station on the Lake two days by steamer from Nsabé, and I trust when we hear of your arrival that the Pasha himself will be able to come down with me to see you.

Shukri Agha tells us he has everything ready against your arrival, in the shape of cattle, goats, chickens, corn, &c.; he has behaved capitally throughout this

rebellion, and is the only chief of station who has been able to stand against the rebels.

Our danger, as far as the Donagla are concerned, is, of course, increased by this last defeat, but our position is in one way better now, for we are further removed from them, and we have now the option of retiring if we please, which we had not before when we were prisoners. We hear that the Donagla have sent steamers down to Khartoum for reinforcements; if so, they cannot be up for another six weeks; meantime I hope that until the reinforcements arrive they will not care to come so far from their base as Wadelai or Tunguru. If they do, it will be all up with us, for the soldiers will never stand against them, and it will be a mere walk over.

These people are not the same sort that the soldiers fought three years ago, but are regular fanatics, and come on with a rush, cutting down men with their long sharp swords and broad spears. Every one is anxiously looking for your arrival, the coming of the Donagla has completely cowed them. Everything now rests on what the Donagla decide on doing. If they follow up their victories and come after us, we are lost, as I said before, for I do not think the people will allow us to retire from the country; but if the Donagla have sent down to Khartoum for reinforcements, and have decided to wait for the arrival of their reinforcements, then we may just manage to get out if you do not come later than the end of December, but it is utterly impossible to foresee what will happen.

A. J. M. J.

Tunguru, *December 18th*, 1888.

DEAR SIR,

Mogo not having yet started I send a second postscript in order to give you the latest news I can. We are now at Tunguru. On November 25th the Donagla surrounded Dufflé and besieged it for four days, but the soldiers, of whom there were some 500 in the station, managed at last to repulse them, and they retired to Rejaf, which is their headquarters. They have sent down to Khartoum for reinforcements, and doubtless will again attack and take the country when they are strengthened. In our flight from Wadelai I was asked by the officers to destroy our boat lest it should fall into the hands of the Donagla; I therefore broke it up, as we were unable to save it.

Dufflé is being evacuated as fast as possible, and it is the intention of the officers to collect at Wadelai, and to decide on what steps they shall next take. The Pasha is unable to move hand or foot, as there is still a very strong party against him, and the officers are no longer in immediate fear of the Mahdi's people.

Do not on any account come down to Nsabé, but make your camp at Kavalli's; send a letter directly you arrive, and as soon as we hear of your arrival I will come down to you. I will not disguise the fact from you that you will have a difficult and dangerous task before you in dealing with the Pasha's people. I trust you will arrive before the Donagla return, or our case will be desperate.

I am, yours faithfully,

(Signed) A. J. MOUNTENEY JEPHSON.

MY REPLY TO MR. JEPHSON.

Camp at Gavira's, one day from Nyanza, and one day's march east of Mazamboni's.

January 17th, 1889.

MY DEAR JEPHSON,

Your letter of November 7th, 1888, with two postscripts, one dated November 24th, and the other dated December 18th, is to hand and contents noted.

I will not criticise your letter nor discuss any of its contents. I wish to be brief, and promptly act; with that view I present you with a *précis* of events connected with our journey.

We separated from the Pasha on the 23rd of May last, with the understanding that in about two months you, with or without the Pasha, would start for Fort Bodo with sufficient porters to take the goods at the Fort and convey them to the Nyanza, the Pasha expressing himself anxious to see Mt. Pisgah and our Fort, and, if words may be relied on, he was anxious to assist us in his own relief. We somewhat doubted whether his affairs would permit the Pasha's absence, but we were assured you would not remain inactive.

It was also understood that the Pasha would erect a small station on Nyamsassi Island as a provision *dépôt*, in order that our Expedition might find means of subsistence on arrival at the Lake.

Eight months have elapsed, and not one single promise has been performed.

On the other hand, we, faithful to our promise, departed from the Nyanza Plain May 25th, arrived at Fort Bodo June 8th—fifteen days from the Nyanza. Conveying to Lieutenant Stairs and Captain Nelson your comforting assurances that you would be there in two months, and giving written permission to Stairs and Nelson to evacuate the Fort and accompany you to the Nyanza with the garrison, which, with the Pasha's soldiers, would have made a strong *dépôt* of Nyamsassi Island, I set out from Fort Bodo on the 16th of June to hunt up the Major and his column.

On the morning of the 17th of August at 10 A.M. we sighted the Rear Column at Banalya, ninety miles (English) from Yambuya—592 miles from the Nyanza on the sixty-third day from Fort Bodo, and the eighty-fifth from the Nyanza shore.

I sent my despatches to Stanley Falls and thence to Europe, and on the 31st of August commenced my return towards the Nyanza. Two days before the date stated I was at Fort Bodo—December 20th. On the 24th of December we moved from Fort Bodo towards the Ituri Ferry. But as your non-arrival at Fort Bodo had left us with a larger number of goods than our force could carry at one time, we had to make double journeys to Fort Bodo and back to the Ituri Ferry, but by the 10th of January all that remained of the Expedition, with all its effects, were on this side of the Ituri River, encamped half a mile from the Ferry, with abundance of food assured for months. On the 12th of January I left Stairs; your absence from the Fort, and the absolute silence respecting you all, made us suspect that serious trouble had broken out. Yesterday your letter, as above stated, came to hand, and its contents explained the trouble.

The difficulties I met at Banalya are repeated to-day, near the Albert Lake, and nothing can save us now from being overwhelmed by them but a calm and clear decision. If I had hesitated at Banalya very likely I should still be there waiting for Jameson and Ward, with my own men dying by dozens.

Are the Pasha, Casati and yourself to share the same fate? If you are still victims of indecision, then a long good-night to you all. But, while I retain my senses, I must save my Expedition; you may be saved also if you are wise.

In the "High Order" of the Khedive, dated 1st February, 1887, No. 3, to Emin Pasha, a translation of which was handed to me, I find the following words:—

"And since it is our sincerest desire to relieve you with your officers and soldiers from the difficult position you are in, our Government have made up their minds about the manner by which relief from these troubles may be obtained. A mission for the relief has been formed, and the command of it given to Mr. Stanley, the famous, &c., &c., &c., and he intends to set out on it with all the necessary provisions for you, so that he may bring you, with your officers and men, to Cairo by the route he may think proper to take. Consequently we have issued this 'High Order' to you, and it is sent to you by the hand of Mr. Stanley, to let you know what was being done. As soon as it reaches you

convey my best wishes to the officers and men, and you are at full liberty with regard to your leaving for Cairo or your stay there with officers and men.

"Our Government has given a decision for paying your salaries, with that of the officers and men.

"Those who wish to stay there of the officers and men may do so on their own responsibility, and they may not expect any assistance from the Government.

"Try to understand the contents well, and make them well known to all the officers and men, that they may be fully aware of what they are going to do."

It is precisely what the Khedive says that I wish to say to you. Try and understand all this thoroughly, that you may be saved from the effect of indecision, which will be fatal to you all if unheeded.

The first instalment of relief was handed to Emin Pasha on or about the 1st of May, 1888. The second and final instalment of relief is at this camp with us, ready for delivery at any place the Pasha designates, or to any person charged by the Pasha to receive it. If the Pasha fails to receive it, or to decide what shall be done with it, I must then decide briefly what I must do.

Our second object in coming here was to receive such at our camp as were disposed to leave Africa, and conduct them home by the nearest and safest route. If there are none disposed to leave Africa our Expedition has no further business in these regions, and will at once retire. Try and understand what all this means. Try and see the utter and final abandonment of all further relief, and the bitter end and fate of those obstinate and misguided people who decline assistance when tendered to them. From the 1st of May, 1888, to January 1889, are nine months—so long a time to consider a simple proposition of leaving Africa or staying here!

Therefore, in this official and formal letter accompanying this explanatory note to you, I designate Kavalli's village as the rendezvous where I am willing to receive those who are desirous of leaving Africa, subject, of course, to any new light thrown upon the complication by a personal interview or a second letter from you.

And now I address myself to you personally. If you consider yourself still a member of the Expedition subject to my orders, then, upon receipt of this letter, you will at once leave for Kavalli's with such of my men—Binza and the Soudanese—as are willing to obey you, and bring to me the final decision of Emin Pasha and Signor Casati respecting their personal intentions. If I am not at Kavalli's then, stay there, and send word by letter by means of Kavalli's messengers to Mpinga, Chief of Gavira, who will transmit the same to Mazamboni's, when probably I shall receive it. You will understand that it will be a severe strain on Kavalli's resources to maintain us with provisions longer than six days, and if you are longer than this period we must retire to Mazamboni's, and finally to our camp on the Ituri Ferry. Otherwise we must seize provisions by force, and any act of violence would cut off and close native communication. This difficulty might have been avoided had the Pasha followed my suggestion of making a dépôt at Nyamsassi. The fact that there are provisions at Mswa does not help us at all. There are provisions in Europe also. But unfortunately they are as inaccessible as those of Mswa. We have no boat now to communicate by lake, and you do not mention what has become of the steamers, the *Khedive* and *Nyanza*.

I understand that the Pasha has been deposed and is a prisoner. Who, then, is to communicate with me respecting what is to be done? I have no authority to receive communications from the officers—mutineers. It was Emin Pasha and his people I was supposed to relieve. If Emin Pasha was dead, then to his lawful successor in authority. Emin Pasha being alive prevents my receiving a communication from any other person, unless he be designated by the Pasha. Therefore the Pasha, if he be unable to come in person to me at Kavalli's with a

sufficient escort of faithful men, or be unable to appoint some person authorized to receive this relief, it will remain for me to destroy the ammunition so laboriously brought here, and return home.

Finally, if the Pasha's people are desirous of leaving this part of Africa, and settle in some country not far remote from here, or anywhere bordering the Nyanza (Victoria), or along the route to Zanzibar, I am perfectly ready to assist, besides escorting those willing to go home to Cairo safely; but I must have clear and definite assertions, followed by prompt action, according to such orders as I shall give for effecting this purpose, or a clear and definite refusal, as we cannot stay here all our lives awaiting people who seem to be not very clear as to what they wish.

Give my best wishes to the Pasha and Signor Casati, and I hope and pray that wisdom may guide them both before it is too late. I long to see you, my dear fellow, and hear from your own lip your story.

Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) HENRY M. STANLEY.

To A. J. MOUNTENEY JEPHSON, Esq.

PRIVATE POSTSCRIPT.

Kavalli, *January 18th, 1889, 3 p.m.*

MY DEAR JEPHSON,—

I now send thirty rifles and three of Kavalli's men down to the Lake with my letters, with urgent instructions that a canoe should set off and the bearers be rewarded.

I may be able to stay longer than six days here, perhaps for ten days. I will do my best to prolong my stay until you arrive, without rupturing the peace. Our people have a good store of beads, cowries, and cloth, and I notice that the natives trade very readily, which will assist Kavalli's resources should he get uneasy under our prolonged visit.

Be wise, be quick, and waste no hour of time, and bring Binza and your own Soudanese with you. I have read your letters half-a-dozen times over, but I fail to grasp the situation thoroughly, because in some important details one letter seems to contradict the other. In one you say the Pasha is a close prisoner, while you are allowed a certain amount of liberty; in the other you say that you will come to me as soon as you hear of our arrival here, and "I trust," you say, "the Pasha will be able to accompany me." Being prisoners, I fail to see how you could leave Tunguru at all. All this is not very clear to us who are fresh from the bush.

If the Pasha can come, send a courier on your arrival at our old camp on the Lake below here to announce the fact, and I will send a strong detachment to escort him up to the plateau, even to carry him if he needs it. I feel too exhausted, after my thirteen hundred miles of travel since I parted from you last May, to go down to the Lake again. The Pasha must have some pity on me.

Don't be alarmed or uneasy on our account; nothing hostile can approach us within twelve miles without my knowing it. I am in the midst of a friendly population, and if I sound the war-note, within four hours I can have two thousand warriors to assist to repel any force disposed to violence. And if it is to be a war of wits, why then I am ready for the cunningest Arab alive.

I wrote above that I read your letters half-a-dozen times, and my opinion of you varies with each reading. Sometimes I fancy you are half Mahdist or Arabist, and then Eminist. I shall be wiser when I see you.

Now don't you be perverse, but obey; and let my order to you be as a frontlet between the eyes, and all, with God's gracious help, will end well.

I want to help the Pasha somehow, but he must also help me and credit me. If he wishes to get out of this trouble, I am his most devoted servant and friend; but if he hesitates again, I shall be plunged in wonder and perplexity. I could save a dozen Pashas if they were willing to be saved. I would go on my knees to implore the Pasha to be sensible in his own case. He is wise enough in all things else, except in his own interest. Be kind and good to him for many virtues, but do not you be drawn into that fatal fascination which Soudan territory seems to have for all Europeans of late years. As soon as they touch its ground, they seem to be drawn into a whirlpool, which sucks them in and covers them with its waves. The only way to avoid it is to obey blindly, devotedly, and unquestioningly, all orders from the outside.

The Committee said, "Relieve Emin Pasha with this ammunition. If he wishes to come out, the ammunition will enable him to do so; if he elects to stay, it will be of service to him." The Khedive said the same thing, and added, "But if the Pasha and his officers wish to stay, they do so on their own responsibility." Sir Evelyn Baring said the same thing, in clear and decided words; and here I am, after 4,100 miles of travel, with the last instalment of relief. Let him who is authorized to take it, take it. Come; I am ready to lend him all my strength and wit to assist him. But this time there must be no hesitation, but positive *yea* or *nay*, and home we go.

Yours very sincerely,

HENRY M. STANLEY.

A. J. MOUNTENEY JEPHSON, Esq.

Camp at Mpinga's, one long march
from the Nyanza, and 10 miles east of Mazamboni's.
January 17th, 1889.

To His Excellency EMIN PASHA,
Governor of the Equatorial Province.

SIR,

I have the honour to inform you that the second instalment of relief which this Expedition was ordered to convey to you is now in this camp, ready for delivery to any person charged to receive it by you. If you prefer that we should deposit it at Kavalli or at Kyya Nkondo's, on the Lake, we shall be ready to do so on the receipt of your instructions.

This second instalment of relief consists of sixty-three cases Remington cartridges, twenty-six cases of gunpowder, each 45 lbs. weight; four cases of percussion caps, four bales of goods, one bale of goods for Signor Casati—a gift from myself; two pieces of blue serge, writing-paper, envelopes, blank books, &c.

Having after great difficulty—greater than was anticipated—brought relief to you, I am constrained to officially demand from you receipts for the above goods and relief brought to you, and also a definite answer to the question if you propose to accept our escort and assistance to reach Zanzibar, or if Signor Casati proposes to do so, or whether there are any officers or men disposed to accept of our safe conduct to the sea. In the latter event, I would be obliged to you if you would kindly state how those persons desirous of leaving Africa can be communicated with. I would respectfully suggest that all persons desirous of leaving with me should proceed to and form camp either at Nsabé or at Kyya Nkondo's, on the Lake, with sufficient stores of grain, &c., to support them one month, and that a note should be sent to me informing me of the same *via* Kavalli, whence I soon may receive it. The person in charge of the people at this camp will inform me definitely whether the people are ready to accept of

our safe conduct, and upon being thus informed, I shall be pleased to assume all further charge of them.

If, at the end of twenty days, no news has been heard from you or Mr. Jephson, I cannot hold myself responsible for what may happen. We should be glad to stay at Kavalli's if we were assured of food, but a large following cannot be maintained there except by exacting contributions by force, which would entirely close our intercourse with the natives, and prevent us from being able to communicate with you.

If grain could be landed at Kyya Nkondo's by steamer, and left in charge of six or seven of your men, I could, upon being informed of the fact, send a detachment of men to convey it to the plateau. It is only the question of food that creates anxiety. Hence you will perceive that I am under the necessity of requesting you to be very definite and prompt, if you have the power.

If within this period of twenty days you will be able to communicate with me, and inform or suggest to me any way I can make myself useful, or lend effective aid, I promise to strain every effort to perform service to you. Meantime, awaiting your steamer with great anxiety,*

I am, your obedient servant,

(Signed)

HENRY M. STANLEY,
Commanding Relief Expedition.

The second day after reaching Kavalli's, thirty rifles were despatched to the Lake shore with my replies to Emin Pasha and Mr. Jephson. The men delivered the letters to Chief Mogo, and on their return to our camp reported that the chief had departed from Nsabé for Mswa Station. During these few days we had received five beeves, six goats, and five days' rations of Indian corn, beans, sweet potatoes and millet, and further contributions were on the way to camp from the surrounding chiefs.

On the evening of the 21st, notice was brought to me that the Balegga were collecting to attack us, and early the following morning sixty rifles, with 1,500 Bavira and Wahuma, were sent to meet them. The forces met on the crest of the mountains overlooking the Lake, and the Balegga, after a sharp resistance, were driven to their countrymen among the subjects of Melindwa, who was the ally of Kabba Rega.

The 23rd was spent by all the people of the plain country as a thanksgiving day, and the Bavira women met at the camp to relieve their joy at their deliverance from their inveterate enemy, with dancing and singing, which lasted from 9 A.M. until 3 P.M. Each woman and child in the dance circles was decked with bunches of green leaves in front and rear, and was painted with red clay, while their bodies were well smeared with butter. The dance was excellent and exciting and not ungraceful, but the healthy vocal harmony was better. The young warriors circled round the female dancers, and exhibited their dexterity with the spear.

During the following days we had rest and quiet. Contributions of cattle, sheep, goats, fowls and provisions were supplied daily with great regularity, but on the 5th of February a note came from Jephson, stating that he had arrived on the Lake shore, and a detachment of Zanzibaris

* I have read this letter scores of times, yet I fail to see how this officially worded letter, which, as suggested by Mr. Jephson, might have fallen into the rebel officers' hands, could have wounded the most delicate susceptibilities, yet I was informed that the Pasha was very much offended at it. Nothing was further from my mind than to affront a friend, my sole object being to obtain a definite answer to the question "Will you stay here, or accompany me?"

was at once sent to escort him to the plateau, the distance being about thirteen miles.

The next day Mr. Jephson himself arrived, and after dinner, in conversing about the Pasha, he summed up, after nine months' residence with him, all he had learned, in the following words:—

"Sentiment is the Pasha's worst enemy. No one keeps Emin Pasha back but Emin Pasha himself." He further said, "I know no more about Emin Pasha's intentions this minute than you do yourself, and yet we have talked together every day during your absence." I then asked him to write me a full report of what had taken place, bearing upon the revolt of the troops of Equatoria, and his views respecting the invasion of the



A BELLE OF BAVIRA.

Province by the Mahdists, and its results. Mr. Jephson readily complied, and wrote the following:—

Kavalli's Village, Albert Nyanza,
February 7th, 1889.

DEAR SIR,

I have the honour to submit to you the following report of my stay, from May 24th, 1888, up to the present time, with his Excellency Emin Pasha, Mudir of the Equatorial Province.

According to your orders I visited nearly all the stations in the Province, and read the letters from His Highness the Khedive and from His Excellency Nubar Pasha, before all the officers, soldiers, and Egyptian employes in each station and

also your own address to the soldiers. After having read, I spoke to the people, and after giving them sufficient time to talk it over amongst themselves, invited them to give me their decision as to whether they elected to accept our safe-conduct to Egypt, or remain in this country.

In every station, with the exception of Laboré, their unanimous answer was "We will follow our mudir wherever he goes." They all seemed glad that we had come to help them, and said many things indicating their good opinion of their mudir, and spoke in the highest terms of his justice and kindness to them, and of his devotion to them all these years. During the whole of my stay in his country the Pasha has left me perfect liberty to mix with his officers and people, and I was free to converse with them as I pleased.

On reaching Kirri, which is the last station occupied by the soldiers of the 2nd Battalion, we stayed before going further, to hear news from Rejaf. The country to the north and west of Kirri is occupied by the soldiers of the 1st Battalion, who have been in open rebellion against the Pasha's authority for nearly four years. Here the Pasha received a letter from Hamid Aga, the major of the 1st Battalion, begging him not to come on to Rejaf, as the rebels had formed a plan to seize us and take us down to Khartoum, as they believed Government still existed there, and that the news that it had fallen was false. We were therefore obliged to return without visiting the more northern stations.

On our return, whilst reading the letters before the people at Laboré, a soldier stepped out of the ranks and exclaimed, "All that you are saying is a lie, and these letters are forgeries. Khartoum has not fallen. That is the right road to Egypt. We will go by that road only, or will stay and die in this country."

On the Pasha's ordering him to be put in prison, the soldiers broke from their ranks and surrounded us, and having loaded their rifles presented them at us. They were generally excited and the utmost uproar prevailed, and for some minutes we expected a general massacre of ourselves and the small number of people with us. However they gradually cooled down, and asked me afterwards to come and speak with them alone, which I did, and they expressed great regret at what had happened. We have since heard that Surur Aga, the Chief of the Station, had instigated them to act in this way.

A few days afterwards, on our return to Dufflé, August 18th, we found a mutiny had broken out, headed by Fadl el Mulla Aga, the Chief of Fabbo Station, and that the station was in the hands of the mutineers—on our entry we were at once made prisoners. It appears that during our absence certain Egyptians, chief amongst them Abdul Wahab Effendi and Mustapha Effendi el Adjemi, both of whom were sent up here for being concerned in Arabi's rebellion, together with the clerks Mustapha Effendi Achmet, Achmet Effendi Mahmoud, Sabri Effendi, Tybe Effendi, and several others had in our absence been speaking to the people and circulating letters amongst them, saying it was untrue that Khartoum had fallen, that the letters we had brought from His Highness the Khedive and his Excellency Nubar Pasha were forgeries, that you were only an adventurer and had not come from Egypt, but that you had formed a plot with the Pasha to take all the people out of the country and to hand them over, together with their wives and children, as slaves to the English. They added, in Egypt they had rebelled against His Highness the Khedive himself, so that it was no great matter to rebel against Emin Pasha.

These words raised a storm in the country, and though the soldiers themselves took no active part in the mutiny beyond acting as sentries over us, they allowed their officers to do as they pleased. The head mutineers, Fadl el Mulla Aga, Achmet Aga Dinkawi, and Abdul Aga el Opt, had them marched to Dufflé and joined the rebellious Egyptians who had invited him to act as their chief. They sent letters to all the stations, telling the officers they had put the mudir and myself in prison, as we had conspired to betray them, and ordered them to come up to Dufflé and attend a meeting, when they would decide what further steps

should be taken—they also invited the rebellious officers of the 1st Battalion to act with them.

I was brought up before the mutineers and questioned about the Expedition, and the letter from His Highness was examined and declared by the clerks to be a forgery. The mutineers then proposed to depose the Pasha, and all those who were averse to such a measure were by intimidation at last forced to give in. A letter was handed to him informing him of his deposition, and it was decided that he should be kept a prisoner at Rejaf. I was declared to be free, but to all intents and purposes I was a prisoner, as I was not allowed to leave the station, and all my movements were closely watched. A plan was also formed to entice you into the country, and to rob you of all your guns, ammunition, stores, &c., and then to turn you adrift.

The mutineers then proceeded to form a new Government, and all those officers who were suspected of being friendly to the Pasha were removed from their posts. Soon, however, jealousy and dissensions began to arise amongst them, and after the Pasha's house and the houses of two or three people supposed to be friendly to him had been looted, things came pretty much to a standstill.

Whilst things were in this state, we suddenly heard, on October 15th, that the Mahdi's people had arrived in three steamers, and nine sandals and nuggars, at Lado; and on the 17th three dervishes, under a flag of truce, brought a letter from Omar Sale, the commander of the Mahdi's forces, addressed to the Pasha, promising him a free pardon should he and his people surrender. The letter was opened by the mutineers, who decided to fight. On October 21st we heard that the Mahdi's people, who had been joined by many negroes of the Bari tribe, had attacked and taken Rejaf, and three officers, two clerks, and a great many men had been killed, and all the women and children in the station had been captured. This created a panic, and the officers and soldiers, together with their women and children, abandoned the stations of Bidden, Kirri, and Muggi, and fled in disorder to Laboré; at Kirri they even left the ammunition behind them.

The mutineers on hearing of this disaster determined to send down large reinforcements to Muggi, and soldiers were sent down from all the southern stations to collect there. On October 31st we heard that there were great dissensions amongst the officers at Muggi, and the soldiers had declared they would not fight unless their mudir was set at liberty. On November 15th we heard that the soldiers had marched down to Rejaf, but that on their approaching the station the Mahdi's people had sallied out and attacked them with a rush; the soldiers made no attempt to fight, but turned at once and fled, leaving their officers behind them. Six officers, and the newly-made Governor of the Province, and some of the worst of the rebels were killed, two more officers were missing, and many soldiers were killed as they fell down exhausted in the flight.

Upon hearing the news, the officers who were friendly to the Pasha at once pressed the rebel officers to set him at liberty; and they being afraid of the people, set him free and sent us to Wadelai, where the Pasha was most enthusiastically received by the faithful part of the population there—he had been a close prisoner just three months. At last the people believed that Khartoum had fallen and that we had come from Egypt.

After remaining some days at Wadelai and hearing no news from Dufflé, people became very uneasy, and messengers were sent down to Dufflé, on the east bank of the river, to carry letters and to ascertain the reason of the long silence, as we had heard that a large body of the Mahdi's people were advancing from the west on Wadelai and were only four days distant.

On December 4th, an officer in command of Bora, a small station between Wadelai and Dufflé, came in with his soldiers in great haste, saying they had abandoned their post at Dufflé, Fabbo and all the northern stations had fallen, and that the steamers also had been captured and were in the hands of the Mahdi's people; the natives round the stations had all risen and joined the enemy

and had killed our messengers. On hearing this news a council was held, and the officers and soldiers at once decided to abandon and retire to Tunguru, from which place they would ascend the mountains and try to join you at Fort Bodo. I was desired at the council to destroy our boat the *Advance*, to prevent her falling into the hands of the Mahdi, and, as there was no prospect of saving her, I was reluctantly obliged to do so. On the next day, December 5th, we had all ready for an early start, taking with us only a few bundles of the most necessary things and abandoning everything else. All the ammunition in the storehouses was divided among the soldiers, who at the last moment declared, as they now had plenty of ammunition, they preferred to retire to their own countries—Makraka and the countries round—where they would disperse and live amongst their own people, and that they would desert the Pasha and their officers.

Things, however, seemed desperate, and we hurried on without them—a long, straggling procession, consisting chiefly of Egyptian employés with their wives and families; we were accompanied only by some seven or eight soldiers who remained faithful. Some of our servants were armed with percussion guns, and we may have mustered some thirty guns amongst us. Immediately on our quitting the station the soldiers entered the houses and looted them.

On December 6th a steamer was seen coming up the river after us, and our people prepared to fire on her; but it turned out that there were some of our own people from Dufflé on board with letters from the Pasha. The letters contained the news that Fabbo had been evacuated, and that the refugees had been able to reach Dufflé in spite of the negroes who had attacked them. Dufflé had been besieged by the Mahdi's people for four days, and the station itself had been taken and held for some time by a small body of the enemy, who had entered it at night, and they had also captured the steamers. They had driven the soldiers, of whom there were some 500, actually out of the station; but they, finding themselves between two fires, had with the energy of despair responded to the entreaties of their officers. Selim Aga Mator, Bellal Aga, Bachil Aga, Burgont, and Suleiman Aga, had re-entered the station and retaken it, and after making a sally, had so punished the enemy that they retired to Rejaf and sent down two steamers to Khartoum for reinforcements.

From all accounts we have since heard the soldiers acted with great cowardice, except at last when they were rendered desperate. In this affray at Dufflé, fourteen officers and a large number of soldiers were killed, and Suleiman Aga was shot by his own men, and has since died. The losses of the enemy were estimated at 250, but probably a third of that number would be nearer the mark, even though the Mahdi's people fought almost entirely with spears and swords, and the soldiers were armed with Remingtons, and fought behind a ditch and earthworks, but they are such bad shots that their shooting had not much effect.

The officers and soldiers at Wadelai were anxious for the Pasha to return, but after the faithless example the soldiers had shown, when he believed things to be desperate, he preferred to proceed to Tunguru. After this retreat from Wadelai, lasting only two days, I am better able to understand what a difficult and almost impossible task getting the people to Zanzibar will be, should they elect to go with us.

After this retreat from Wadelai, the party against the Pasha, which is again in the ascendant, now that the immediate fear of the Mahdi's people is removed, have accused him of having invented the whole story of the fall of Dufflé, in order to cut off their retreat and hand them over to the Mahdi, whilst he and the people with him escaped from the country and joined you. They sentenced the Pasha, Ca-ati and myself to death for treachery.

During the council held eventually at Wadelai by all the officers and soldiers, there was a great amount of quarrelling and discussion, some wishing to stay in the country, and some wishing to follow the Pasha; words ran high, and the contending parties even came to blows. Fadl el Mulla Aga and his party wished

to take the Pasha and myself prisoners, and the other party, headed by Selim Aga Mator, wished to join the Pasha and leave the country with him; but though they profess to wish to leave the country, they make no effort whatever to get things ready for the start. If you intend to take them with you, you will have to wait many months before they are ready. Meanwhile the Pasha, Signor Casati and I were waiting at Tunguru, the mutineers having given strict injunctions to the chief of the station to detain us there until further orders.

On January the 26th the Pasha and I got letters from you, dated January 17th and 18th, and obeying the strict order you give me in your letters to start for Kavalli's immediately on receipt of them, I got ready to start the next day, bringing with me the Pasha's answer to your letter. Owing to the treachery of some of the Pasha's people I was delayed two days in the earlier stage of my journey; but thanks to Shukri Agha, the Chief of Mswa Station, who has remained faithful to the Pasha, and of whose conduct throughout the whole of the last unfortunate five months I cannot speak too highly, I was enabled to induce the natives to bring me in a canoe to Nyamsassi, but as the Lake is so rough and dangerous at this time of the year, it has taken me five days from Mswa to Nyamsassi.

It is impossible to give you any true idea of the state of the country at the present. Sometimes the mutineers are in the ascendant, and sometimes the party for the Pasha. One steamer full of reinforcements for the Mahdi's people has already arrived at Rejaf, and two more steamers full are shortly expected; reinforcements will also probably soon come in from Bahr el Ghazal, when the Mahdi's people, turning to revenge their defeat at Dufflé, will most certainly descend on Wadelai with an overpowering force, and will surprise the people in the midst of their quarrels and uncertainty. Tunguru is but two days distant from Wadelai, and the Pasha's position there, surrounded by people in whom he can place no trust, is dangerous in the extreme, and it is of the utmost importance that he should be relieved with as little delay as possible.

In your letter to me dated January 17th and 18th, you speak rather bitterly of the Pasha and myself having failed to carry out our promises of building a station at Nsabé, garrisoning it and storing it with provisions ready for you on your return to the Nyanza; of having failed to relieve Fort Bodo, and to carry the loads and garrison to the station at Nsabé; and of not having such people as wished to avail themselves of our escort ready at Nsabé, to start with you on your return. The reason we were unable to do so was as follows:—After being away from his country for nearly a month with you at Nsabé, the Pasha had naturally much business to attend to on his return to Wadelai, the seat of Government, and I myself was for nearly a month constantly prostrated by fever, and we were not able to start from Wadelai to visit the northern stations till July.*

Having done our work to the north, we were returning with the intention of carrying out our promises to you, when, on August 18th, we were taken prisoners, and all authority was taken out of the Pasha's hands, and we were rendered absolutely powerless to fulfil those promises. We had tried before leaving Wadelai to start a party to Nsabé to build a station, but the soldiers had refused to obey the order, until they had heard what their brethren in the Northern stations had decided to do. It is very lucky that a station was not built, and

* Omar al Khattab, the second Caliph from Mohammed, said, "Four things come not back; the spoken word; the sped arrow; the past life; and the neglected opportunity." I accept Mr. Jephson's explanations, but I nevertheless adhere to the belief that much suffering and anxiety would have been avoided and the imprisonment and danger would have been impossible, had the promises been kept. July was the date they should have started for Fort Bodo. The arrest took place August 18th.

the goods and garrison of Fort Bodo removed there, for the rebels would most certainly have seized all our goods, and made the Europeans in charge prisoners.

And this leads me now to say a few words concerning the position of affairs in this country when I entered it on April 21st, 1888. The first battalion had long been in open rebellion against the Pasha's authority, and had twice attempted to make him prisoner; the second battalion, though professedly loyal, was insubordinate and almost unmanageable, the Pasha possessed only a semblance, a mere rag of authority—and if he required anything of importance to be done he could no longer order, he was obliged to beg his officers to do it.

Now when we were at Nsabé in May '88, though the Pasha hinted that things were a little difficult in this country, he never revealed to us the true state of things, which was actually desperate; and we had not the slightest idea that any mutiny or discontent was likely to arise amongst his people. We thought—as we and most people in Europe and Egypt had been taught to believe, by the Pasha's own letters and Dr. Junker's later information—that all these difficulties arose from events outside his country, whereas, in point of fact, his real danger arose from internal dissensions. Thus we were led to place our trust in people who were utterly unworthy of our confidence and help, and who instead of being grateful to us for wishing to help them, have from the very first conspired to plunder the Expedition, and turn us adrift; and had the mutineers in their highly excited state been able to prove one single case of injustice, cruelty, or neglect of his people against the Pasha, he would most assuredly have lost his life in this rebellion.

There are of course some people who have remained faithful to the Pasha, and many who have remained neutral, and these chiefly are the people who are willing to come out with us. There are also a great number of Egyptian clerks, many of whom have behaved very badly; but the coming of the Mahdi's people has so frightened them, that they too now wish to come out with us; but in spite of my constant advice to them to move forward, they seem incapable of making any effort to leave the country and concentrate at Nsabé, at which place they would be within our reach—there is absolutely nothing to prevent their doing so, but their own laziness.

The greater part of the people, a large number of Egyptians and most of the Soudanese, are decidedly averse to going to Egypt, and do not wish to leave the country. Most of them have never been to Egypt, but have been recruited from the countries round here. Here they can support a large household, many of the officers have as many as from eighteen to one hundred people, women, children, and servants, in their houses, and it is the great ambition of every Soudanese to have as many people as possible in his house; but in Egypt they could only afford to support three or four people on their pay. These things being considered, it is quite natural that they should prefer to remain in their own country.

As to the Pasha's wish to leave the country, I can say decidedly he is most anxious to go out with us, but under what condition he will consent to come out I can hardly understand. I do not think he quite knows himself, his ideas seem to me to vary so much on the subject; to-day he is ready to start up and go, to-morrow some new idea holds him back. I have had many conversations with him about it, but have never been able to get his unchanging opinion on the subject. After this rebellion I remarked to him, "I presume now that your people have deposed you and put you aside, you do not consider that you have any longer any responsibility or obligation concerning them," and he answered, "Had they not deposed me I should have felt bound to stand by them and help them in any way I could, but now, I consider I am absolutely free to think only of my personal safety and welfare, and if I get the chance, I shall go out regardless of everything;" and yet only a few days before I left him, he said to me, "I know I am not in any way responsible for these people, but I cannot bear to

go out myself first and leave any one behind me who is desirous of quitting the country. It is mere sentiment, I know, and perhaps a sentiment you will not sympathize with, but my enemies at Wadelai would point at me and say to the people, 'You see he has deserted you.' These are merely two examples of what passed between us on the subject of his going out with us, but I could quote numbers of things he said, all equally contradictory. Again, too, being somewhat impatient after one of these unsatisfactory conversations, I said, "If even the Expedition does reach any place near you, I shall advise Mr. Stanley to arrest you and carry you off, whether you will or no;" to which he replied, "Well, I shall do nothing to prevent his doing that." It seems to me, if we are to save him, we must first save him from himself.

Before closing this report, I must bear witness to the fact that in my frequent conversations with all sorts and conditions of the Pasha's people, most of them spoke of his justice and generosity to them, but they also said, and what I have seen confirms it, that he did not hold his people with a sufficiently firm hand.

The three Soudanese soldiers you left with me as orderlies and my servant Binza return with me, but Mabruki Kassim, the man who was wounded by the buffalo at Nsabé, died two days after you left for Fort Bodo.

I am, dear Sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) A. J. MOUNTENEY JEPHSON.

To H. M. STANLEY, Esq.,
Commanding the Relief Expedition.

Mr. Jephson also handed me an official receipt to my formal letter of January 18th, written by Emin Pasha.

To H. M. STANLEY, Esq.,
Commanding the Relief Expedition.

Tunguru,
January 27th, 1889.

SIR,

I have the honour to acknowledge receipt of your note of January 14th, Camp Undussuma, and of your official letter of January 17th, which came to hand yesterday afternoon. I beg at the same time to be allowed to express my sincere congratulations to you and to your party for the work you performed.

I take note of your offer to deliver to me, or any person appointed by me, the second instalment of goods brought by you, consisting of sixty-three cases of Remington cartridges, twenty-six cases of gunpowder, each 45 lbs. weight, four cases percussion caps, four bales of goods, one bale of goods for Signor Casati—a gift from yourself; two pieces of serge, writing-paper, envelopes, blank-books, &c. As soon as the officers I am awaiting from Wadelai come here, I shall appoint one of them to take charge of these goods, and I shall at the same time instruct him to give you formal receipt for them.

The thirty-one cases of Remington cartridges, which formed the first instalment of goods, have been duly deposited in Government stores.

Concerning your question if Signor Casati and myself propose to accept your escort and assistance to reach Zanzibar, and if there are any officers and men disposed to accept of your safe-conduct to the sea, I have to state that not only Signor Casati and myself would gladly avail us of your help, but that there are lots of people desirous of going out from the far Egypt, as well as for any other convenient place. As these people have been delayed by the deplorable events which have happened during your absence, and as only from a few days they begin to come in, I should entreat you to kindly assist them. I propose to send them to Nyamsassi, and a first party start to-day with Mr. Jephson. Every one of them has provisions enough to last at least for a month.

I beg to tender my thanks for the statement of your movements. As from the

day you fixed your movements until the arrival of your letter elapsed nine days ; the remainder of the time you kindly gave us, viz., eleven days, will scarcely be sufficient. I cannot, therefore, but thank you for your good intentions, and those of the people who sent you, and I must leave it to you if you can await us, and prefer to start after the twenty days have elapsed.

I fully understand the difficulties of getting food and provisions for your people, and I am very sorry that the short time you have to give me will not be sufficient to send you stores from here.

As Mr. Jephson starts by this steamer, and has kindly promised to hand you this note, I avail myself of the occasion to bear witness to the great help and assistance his presence afforded to me. Under the most trying circumstances he has shown so splendid courage, such unflinching kindness and patience, that I cannot but wish him every success in life, and thank him for all his forbearance. As probably I shall not see you any more,* you will be pleased to inform his relations of my thanks to him and them.

Before concluding, I beg to be permitted to tender anew my most heartfelt thanks to you and to your officers and men, and to ask you to transmit my everlasting gratitude to the kind people who sent you to help us. May God protect you and your party, and give you a happy and speedy homeward march !

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) DR. EMIN PASHA.

CHAPTER XXV.

EMIN PASHA AND HIS OFFICERS REACH OUR CAMP AT KAVALLI.

ON February 7th I decided to send for Lieutenant Stairs and his caravan, and despatch Rashid with thirty-five men to obtain a hundred carriers from Mazamboni to assist the convalescents. My object was to collect the Expedition at Kavalli, and send letters in the meantime to Emin Pasha proposing that he should :

1st. Seize a steamer and embark such people as chose to leave Tunguru, and sail for our Lake Shore Camp. After which we could man her with Zanzibaris, and perform with despatch any further transport service necessary. If this was not practicable, then—

2nd. To march to Mswa Station overland, and on arrival to report by canoe that he had done so. If this was not possible,

3rd. Stay at Tunguru, and let me know by Chief Mogo whether he needed a force of rescue.

In which case, on arrival of Lieutenant Stairs, I proposed to march with 300 rifles and 2,000 native auxiliaries through Melindwa to Mswa Station, and thence to Tunguru, to employ force for the relief of the Pasha. But it was absolutely necessary that I should be clearly told what the Pasha wished. In his letter of the 27th of January there was a disposition to be

* I do not know what induced the Pasha to write in this melancholy strain, for as plain as tongue could speak, and pen could write, I had been endeavouring to explain to him that we considered ourselves as his servants, and bound to render any service in our power to him, provided he but distinctly and definitely stated his wishes.

somewhat lachrymose and melancholic, quite contrary to what was expected in answer to the definite question given in the formal letter of January 17th, "Was he disposed to accept our escort and assistance to reach Zanzibar, or suggest to me any way by which I could make myself useful or lend effective aid." If he stated his wish decisively then, then I promised "to strain every effort to perform service to him."

Perceiving that neither my letter to Mr. Jephson—which was intended to be read to the Pasha—nor that my formal letter to himself was understood by him, I proceeded to write one after a purely business style, which I thought the dullest private in his army might understand, but when Jephson heard it read he affected to be aghast at it.

As there was no intention to wound the most super-sensitive susceptibilities of any person—least of all the Pasha—I wrote one after a style which probably Chesterfield himself would have admitted was the proper thing, which my friend Jephson pronounced was "charming," and "nice,"



VIEW OF CAMP AT KAVALLI.

and "exquisitely sweet," and on the 8th sent the couriers down to the Lake with it.

Day by day, during conversation with Mr. Jephson—who was, "by the bye," a pronounced Eminist—I acquired a pretty correct idea of the state of affairs. There was one confirmed habit I observed that Mr. Jephson had contracted during his compulsory residence with the Pasha which provoked a smile, and that was, while saying several crushing things about the Province, he interlarded his clever remarks with—"Well, you know, the poor, dear Pasha! He is a dear old fellow, you know. 'Pon my word, I can't help but sympathise with the Pasha, he's such a dear good man," &c., &c. They served to illuminate traits of character, and showed that, at all events, Jephson had a kindly heart, and what he had seen and heard only made him esteem the Pasha the more; but when he spoke of the Egyptians, the most portentous vocabulary was requisitioned to load them with abuse—"unmitigated scoundrels, depraved villains, treacherous

dogs, unscrupulously vile," &c., &c. The Egyptians were "animals with foxy natures," the Soudanese were "brutishly stupid." One chief clerk had falsified accounts at the Khartoum Arsenal, and had been the recipient of 1,500 stripes with the kourbash; another had been detected making huge profits by mixing powdered charcoal with the gunpowder, and filling Remington cartridges with it. A major had been convicted of trading in Government stores; others had been sent to the Siberia of the Equator as convicts, guilty of various felonies, arson, murder, &c.; others were transported thither for being concerned in Arabi's rebellion, &c., &c.; and it became clear that whatever sanguine hopes the Pasha had cherished, he must often have distrusted his powers during his constrained intercourse with the penal outcasts placed under him. While there was a reserve of dominating power, and an overshadowing personality of stern justice in the figure of Gordon at Khartoum, the penal serfs were under some control, though Gessi Pasha, even as far back as 1879, was copious in complaints of Emin to Gordon; but when the news spread throughout the Province that Khartoum was taken, the Governor-General slain, and all traces of Egyptian Government had vanished, the native unruliness of the Egyptians and brutish stubbornness of the Soudanese found vent, and were manifested in utter disregard to orders and perverse misconduct. Emin was now a Pasha in name and title only. Government was petrified, order was dead. Some men, in Emin's place, would have become so disgusted, that after arming themselves with excuses for retreat by overt proofs of contempt of his authority, would have collected a few faithful men, or have retired to some small post like Mswa Station at the remote South, reported frankly the events, and have applied for relief and instructions. Others, again, would have exacted performance of duty and discipline to the very end, regardless of consequences. Others, again, would have removed with such as were willing from the arena of perpetual discord, founded an empire or a kingdom, and have applied for assistance from the civilized world, which they would certainly have obtained. Others, like Emin did, would have temporised and hoped. Men, however, reap only what they have sown; as the seed is sown, so will be the harvest.

But while we were discussing the probable decision of the Pasha, and awaiting the arrival of Stairs' column, events unknown to us were occurring, which decided the matter for us as well as for Emin.

The rebel officers, who were concentrated at Wadelai, while Jephson was on his way to us south of Tunguru, heard of our arrival on the Lake. Report had magnified our forces. We had several hundred Zanzibaris and allies, and we were armed with machine guns and repeating rifles. The Egyptian Government at Khartoum was dead, and in its place was a Khalif, with resistless armies fully established. There were Mahdist agents and traitors among them, the rest were indifferent. Emin was deposed, and a prisoner. To him who hath shall be given. Like a rolling snowball, power, when once established, attracts and grows; an isolated snowdrop melts. Emin was the snowdrop, the Khalif of Khartoum was the growing snowball.

It is easy, therefore, to understand the motives of the officers, who are declared rebels, who have traitors and Mahdists among them to influence their councils, and to predict what the natural outcome will be. They will curry favour with the Khalif by betraying their would-be rescuers

and their former Pasha and his white companions into his hands, and win honour and glory by so doing. For the machine guns, repeating rifles and Remingtons, and a batch of white prisoners, the Khalif would reward them handsomely, and promote those chiefly concerned in their delivery to him to honourable and lucrative offices, and endow them with robes of honour. But there is a difficulty. How will they gain access to the camp of their rescuers when they have heard of the Pasha being imprisoned and their friend Jephson having been treated so cruelly? "Nothing easier," says one; "let us send a deputation to the Pasha to humbly ask forgiveness, and promise to reinstate him in power, and Emin is so good-natured that he will readily condone our offences, and offer to introduce us to his friends as penitents, who, wearied with trouble, only now seek to prove their obedience and loyalty to their great Government. Once in the stranger's camp, we may see for ourselves what further can be done, and if we then agree to capture the gang of whites and their followers, nothing will be easier, for all white men are soft-headed duffers. At any rate, it is wise to have two ways from which to choose. If the Khalif is relentless, and his Donagla pursue us with that fierceness so characteristic of them, and the door to his mercy is closed, we can fall back upon the camp of the white men, and by apparent obedience disarm all suspicion, make use of them to find us a land of plenty, and suddenly possess ourselves of their arms and ammunition, and either send them adrift as beggars, or slay the whites and make their followers our slaves."

We can imagine the thunders of applause that greeted this Egyptian son of Beelzebub as he ended his oration. But whether such a speech was made or not, the officers despatched a deputation to the Pasha, of fourteen officers. They kissed Emin's hands, they expressed humble contrition for their offences, they offered to reinstate him in power as Governor, and they implored him to accompany them to Stanley's Camp at Kavalli, and to speak for them, and the Pasha gladly acceded to their request. He embarked on board the steamer *Khedive*; refugees crowded on board with their goods and baggage, and Captain Casati was with them with his following, and the *Nyanza* likewise was freighted, and with every show of honour the Pasha was brought to Mswa. At this station he met my messengers with my last letter, and having read it, he resumed his voyage to our Lake Shore Camp.

While Jephson and I were at dinner on the evening of February 13th, messengers came to us and delivered to us a letter from Emin Pasha.

Camp,
February 13th, 1889.

TO HENRY M. STANLEY, Esq., Commanding the Relief Expedition.

SIR,

In answer to your letter of the 7th instant, for which I beg to tender my best thanks, I have the honour to inform you that yesterday, at 3 P.M., I arrived here with my two steamers, carrying a first lot of people desirous to leave this country under your escort. As soon as I have arranged for cover of my people, the steamships have to start for Mswa Station, to bring on another lot of people awaiting transport.

With me there are some twelve officers anxious to see you, and only forty soldiers. They have come under my orders to request you to give them some time to bring their brothers—at least, such as are willing to leave—from Wadelai, and I promised them to do my best to assist them. Things having to

some extent now changed, you will be able to make them undergo whatever conditions you see fit to impose upon them. To arrange these I shall start from here with the officers for your camp, after having provided for the camp, and if you send carriers I could avail me of some of them.

I hope sincerely that the great difficulties you have had to undergo, and the great sacrifices made by your Expedition in its way to assist us, may be rewarded by a full success in bringing out my people. The wave of insanity which overran the country has subsided, and of such people as are now coming with me we may be sure.

Signor Casati requests me to give his best thanks for your kind remembrance of him.

Permit me to express to you once more my cordial thanks for whatever you have done for us until now, and believe me to be,

Yours very faithfully,

DR. EMIN.

The Pasha evidently believes that his men are still faithful to him. He says: "You will be able to make them undergo whatever conditions you see fit to impose upon them. . . ." "Of such people as are now coming with me you may be sure."

I hope so, but if one half of what Jephson says is true, the Pasha must have greater confidence in them than I can command. However, if the "wave of insanity has subsided," so much the better. All is well that ends well. Jephson will go down to the Lake to-morrow with fifty rifles, to escort the Pasha and his officers to the Plateau. I shall send couriers also to Stairs at Mazamboni's to bring up his force quickly, that we may be all at hand to impress our rebel friends by the way our wild fantastic warrior-carriers deploy at the word of command.

February 16th.—Received note from Stairs announcing arrival at Mazamboni's, which states he may arrive on the 17th or 18th instant. He writes: "We were all delighted at the Ituri River Camp at the arrival of your couriers with Chief Rashid, bringing the news that Jephson was with you; but the news about Emin Pasha seemed very black. However, your letter this morning dispels every foreboding, and now we all hope we shall be able to move on with speed towards Zanzibar."

Goodness, how impatient young men are! I wonder if we shall get away within three months!

Another courier has arrived from Jephson, with one of Jephson's characteristic letters.

Weré Camp, Albert Nyanza,

February 15th, 1889.

DEAR SIR,

I reached this camp yesterday, but owing to the natives leading us by a very long road we did not arrive till morning.

We found the Pasha, Casati, Marco, Vita, the apothecary, and several officers and clerks, who had made their camp in a very nice spot about two miles north of our old camp, where we first met the Pasha.

On arriving, after having delivered your letter, and having told and heard the news, I asked the Pasha when he proposed moving. He said he must speak to his officers first. This morning a meeting was called, and it was decided that we should start to-morrow for Kavalli's, taking two days on the road.

The Pasha will come to see you, will perhaps stay a few days in your camp, and then return and bring up his daughter and the rest of his loads, which

amount to about 200, which consist of millet, salt, sesame, &c. The officers will only bring twenty loads, as they are merely coming up to talk with you for bringing up their troops and goods. The clerks bring up all their loads and remain with us.

Both the steamers return to Mswa on the 18th, to bring up the rest of the people and goods from that station, as well as to bring up corn for the supply of the Lake Camp.

On the arrival of the steamers at Mswa, the irregulars (some fifty guns) will march overland to Kavalli's with such women as are able to walk well, and the steamers, on their return here, will at once take the officers down to Wadelai.

The Pasha has brought sixty tusks of ivory; the surplus will doubtless be useful. Though there is a day's delay, I do not regret it, as both the Zanzibaris and myself were fairly worn out when we reached here yesterday, and had we started to-day there would, I fear, have been many sore feet. In spite, however, of our fatigue, the Zanzibaris rushed madly into the camp, howling like demons. They went through the usual mad exercises with imaginary enemies, and then drew up in line before the Pasha. The soldiers drew up in correct form and saluted him also. He was very pleased, and asked me to say a few words to them, expressing his thanks to them for all the trials they have gone through to help him, which I did, as well as I was able, in my broken Ki-swa-hili. The Pasha set all the women to grind corn, and I served out two cups apiece to them, the Soudanese, Manyema, and natives. To-day Saat Tato, the hunter, and another, have brought in two kudu, and a springbok, so that they have plenty to eat. I was much amused to see how the slothful ugly Soudanese stared at the mad antics of the Zanzibaris, with the sort of expression that said, What sort of people can these boisterous, unruly Zanzibaris be?

I find Casati more impossible than ever. I asked him whether he would go with us to-morrow, and he replied he would rather wait. I then asked, "How many loads have you?"

"Oh," he answered, "you know I have very few things. All my things were taken by Kabba Rega; perhaps I may want eighty carriers."

Vita, the apothecary, wants forty carriers, and Marco, the Greek trader, wants sixty, so at this rate our Zanzibaris will be killed between here and Kavalli's. The Pasha remonstrated with Casati for taking all his grinding-stones, earthen jars, bedsteads for his boys and women, &c., upon which he said,—

"Mr. Stanley has offered to take all our loads."

These people have no conscience, and would rather load down our long-suffering people than throw away a single load of rubbish which they will eventually be obliged to discard.

Casati, so the Pasha tells me, was averse to their leaving Tunguru, in spite of Shukri Aga's offer of carriers, and my urgent letter, and did all he could to prevent his coming down here, as he considered it "impolitic." One internally fumes at the selfishness of these people, and at their inability or aversion from seeing things as they really are.

The rumour of the "white man's" expedition to Fallibeg has turned out to be, as Clerk Jopson says, "all a bam," and nothing more has been heard of it.

Casati refuses to move until he has sufficient carriers to take him and all his goods away together. The Pasha is very irritated about it.

The boat (*Advance*) has been very well mended with bolts just like our own. I am going on board the steamer this evening to get some spanners, and, if possible, some spare bolts. The Pasha has also brought the light oars, which belonged to Gordon's india-rubber boat, so that we have now the full complement.

The Pasha, Casati, and the officers desire me to send you their greetings.

I am, &c., &c., &c.,

A. J. MOUNTENEY JEPHSON.

The Pasha, 200 loads! Casati, who has lost everything, eighty loads! Vita, the apothecary, forty loads! Marco, the Greek, sixty loads! = 380 loads for four persons! True, I promised to convey everything up to the Plateau Camp but grinding-stones! Well, if I gave such a promise, we must keep it, I suppose. However, there is no harm in Mr. Jephson fuming a little.

From the Pasha the following note was received :—

DEAR SIR,

Mr. Jephson with your people have arrived yesterday, and we propose to start to-morrow morning; I shall therefore have the pleasure to see you the day after to-morrow. My men are very anxious to hear from your own lips that their foolish behaviour in the past will not prevent you from guiding them.

I am greatly obliged for your kindly letter,* handed to me by Mr. Jephson, and I hope that my being somewhat African in my moods may not interfere with our friendly relations.

Agree, dear Sir, my best wishes, and believe me to be,

Yours very faithfully,

DR. EMIN.

February 17th.—Emin Pasha's caravan, consisting of about sixty-five persons, reached this camp about noon. The officers, who are a deputation from the revolted troops at Wadelai, are headed by Selim Bey—promoted to Bey by the Pasha. He is six feet high, large of girth, about fifty years old, black as coal: I am rather inclined to like him. The malignant and deadly conspirator is always lean. I read in this man's face, indolence, a tendency to pet his animalism. He is a man to be led, not to conspire. Feed him with good things to eat, and plenty to drink, Selim Bey would be faithful. Ah, the sleepy eye of the full-stomached man! This is a man to eat, and sleep, and snore, and play the sluggard in bed, to dawdle slipshod in the bedchamber, to call for coffee fifty times a day, and native beer by the gallon; to sip and sip and smile and then to sleep again; and so and so to his grave. The others are lean, of Cassius' make. Three of them were Egyptians, something of Arabi in their facial mould; the others are black Soudanese.

We made a grand display outside the camp, banners waving, the Zanzibari veterans like a wall of iron on each side of the pathway, the Manyuema auxiliaries with a rough-and-ready look about them, the natives of Kavalli and the neighbourhood in hundreds, banking the formation.

Through the centre of the twin lines the Pasha, small and wiry of figure, like a Professor of Jurisprudence in appearance, despite his fez and white clothes, was escorted to the great square of the camp, and straight to the Barzah.

The officers, in brand-new uniforms, rarely aired, evidently created a great sensation. The natives hungrily looked at them, and looked with gaping lips and projected eyes.

At the Barzah house, the Pasha formally introduced these officers. We

* This kindly letter was after the Chesterfield style so commended by Mr. Jephson, whose sharp wits had perceived the Pasha's extremely delicate susceptibilities. Oh dear! oh dear!



ADDRESS TO REBEL OFFICERS AT KAVALLI

mutually saluted. We inquired anxiously about each other's healths, and expressed ourselves mutually gratified that there was no fear of consumption, diabetes, or dysentery troubling us, and that possibly, without fear of these ailments, we might meet on the morrow at a grand divan, whereat each one would be pleased to express his heart's secret desire.

February 18th.—The grand divan was held to-day. Each person present was arrayed in his best uniform. After an interchange of elegant compliments and coffee had been served, the Pasha was requested to be good enough to inquire of the deputation if they would be pleased to state their errand, or whether they would prefer that I should disclose the object of this gathering from twenty lands near the shores of their Lake.

They expressed through the Pasha, who is admirable as a translator, and who has the art of softening any rigour of speech that a plain Anglo-Saxon might naturally use, that they would be greatly gratified to hear me first.

Well, I said, open your ears that the words of truth may enter. The English people, hearing from your late guest, Dr. Junker, that you were in sore distress here, and sadly in need of ammunition to defend yourselves against the infidels and the followers of the false prophet, have collected money, which they entrusted to me to purchase ammunition, and to convey it to you for your needs. But as I was going through Egypt, the Khedive asked me to say to you, if you so desired you might accompany us, but that if you elected to stay here, you were free to act as you thought best; if you chose the latter, he disclaimed all intention of forcing you in any manner. Therefore you will please consult your own wishes entirely, and speak whatever lies hidden in your hearts.

After the Pasha had translated there was a general murmur of "Khweis"—good.

Then Selim Bey, the superior officer, said,—

"The Khedive is most gracious and kind. We are His Highness's most devoted and loyal subjects. We cannot wish to stay here. We hail from Cairo, and we desire nothing better than to visit the land of our breeding again. Far be it from us to wish to stay here. What gain can be obtained here? We are officers and soldiers of His Highness. He has but to command, and we will obey. Those who choose to live among the pagans here will do so. If they are left behind, it is their own fault. We have been deputed by our brothers and friends at Wadclai to ask you to give us only time to embark our families, so that we may assemble together in your camp, and start for home."

They then produced the following document, the translation of which is as follows:—

"To His Excellency the Envoy of our Great Government, Mr. Stanley.

"When Selim Bey Mator, commander of the troops of this Province, came here and told us of the news of your coming, we were greatly rejoiced to learn of your safe arrival in this Province, and our desire to reach our Government has been greatly augmented, and therefore we hope, with the help of God, to be very soon with you, and to inform you of this we have written this letter.

Wadclai.

Mabruk Shereef,	Lieutenant.	Halid Abdallah	Lieutenant.
Noor Abd el bein	"	Faraj Sid Hamed	"
Mustapha Ahmed	"	Mursal Sudan	"

Murjan Ndeen,	Lieutenant.	Dais el Bint Abdallah, Lieutenant.
Sabah el Hami	„	Said Ibrahim „
Bakhit Mohamed	„	Hussein Mohamed, Captain.
Adeen Ahmed	„	Murjan Idris „
Ismail Hussein	„	Mustapha el Adjemi „
Mohamed Abdu	„	Kher Yusuf es Said „
Halid Majib	„	Marjan Bakhit „
Ahmed Idris	„	Surur Sudan „
Rehan Rashid	„	Abdallah Mauzal „
Rikas Hamed en Nil	„	Fadl el Mulla el Emin „
Halil Sid Ahmed	„	Ahmed el Dinkani „
Feraj Mohamed	„	Kadi Ahmed „
Ali el Kurdi	„	Said Abd es Sid „
Ahmed Sultan	„	Bakhit Bergoot, Adjutant Major.
Fadl el Mula Bakhit	„	Bilal Dinkani „

I then said: "I have heard with attention what you have spoken. I shall give you a written promise to the effect that you are granted a sufficient time to proceed from here to Wadelai to collect your troops and embark them with your families on board the steamers. It takes five days for a steamer to proceed to Wadelai, and five days to return. I shall give you a reasonable time for this work, and if I see that you are really serious in your intentions, I shall be quite willing to extend the time in order that we may proceed homeward in comfort."

Selim Bey and his officers answered simultaneously, "We are serious in our intentions, and there is no occasion for delay." To which I, wholly convinced, readily assented. The meeting terminated. An ox was presented to them and their followers for meat rations; and ten gallons of beer, with loads of sweet potatoes and bananas, were despatched to their quarters for their entertainment.

At noon Stairs' column rolled into camp with piles of wealth—Remington, Maxim and Winchester fixed ammunition, gunpowder, percussion caps, bales of handkerchiefs, white cottons, blue cutch cloths, royal striped robes, beads of all colours, coils of bright wire, &c., &c. There were Zanzibaris, Madis, Lados, Soudanese, Manyema, Baregga, Bandusuma, dwarfs and giants; in all, 312 carriers.

The stay on the Ituri River had benefited the men greatly. As Surgeon Parke came in, I mentally blessed him, for to this fine display of convalescents he had largely contributed by his devotion.

The camp numbers now over 500 people, and the huts extend on each side of a great open square, 200 yards long by 60 wide. As a fire would be most destructive, a liberal space is preserved between each hut.

February 19th.—I have despatched Mr. William Bonny to the Nyanza with thirty rifles and sixty-four Bavira natives, to bring up the baggage of Captain Casati, Signor Marco, the Greek, and Dr. Vita Hassan. I propose sending at intervals a company of men from our camp (which is on top of the plateau, 4,800 feet above the sea level) to the Lake shore, which is about 2,400 above the sea. The journey is a long and tiring day's march, but the round trip is made within three days. The plateau slope is very steep and stony. I have vowed not to descend it again for any idle purpose. I have already been up and down four times; would as soon undergo shot-drill or the treadmill as undertake it again. Bonny, of course, will be curious to see the Lake, as this is his first visit.

Called Selim Bey and his officers to the Barzah house, and delivered to him my message to the revolted officers at Wadelai.

SALAAMS!

The officers, Selim Bey and others, having requested Mr. Stanley to await the arrival of their friends from Wadelai, Mr. Stanley causes his answer to be written down in order to prevent misunderstanding.

Mr. Stanley and his officers having been specially sent by the Khedive as guides to show the road to such people as desired to leave the Equatorial Province for Cairo, cannot do otherwise than consent to give such reasonable time as may be required for the assembling of all people willing to depart with him.

It must, however, be positively understood that all men proposing to depart with Mr. Stanley must provide their own means of carriage for themselves, their families and baggage. No exception can be made except for the Pasha, Captain Casati, and the Greek merchant named Marco, the two last being strangers and not in the Egyptian service.

Therefore all officers and men proposing to depart from this country with Mr. Stanley will be careful to provide such animals and porters as they may need for the transport of their children and goods.

They will also be careful not to burden themselves with superfluous articles; arms, clothing, ammunition, cooking-pots, and provisions being the only necessities needed.

The reserve ammunition, which has been brought from Egypt for the service of the Pasha and his people, is of course at the disposition of the Pasha only, according to the orders of His Highness the Khedive.

Mr. Stanley wishes it to be distinctly understood that he is responsible only for finding the right road, and for provisioning all the people according to the nature of the country.

Mr. Stanley, however, holds himself in honour bound to do all in his power for the comfort, safety, and welfare of Emin Pasha and his people, and to assist his friends in all things to the best of his ability.

On the arrival of this answer before the officers at Wadelai, the officers responsible for the direction of the people will do well to hold a general council, and consider this answer before moving. Such people as believe in their hearts that they have the courage and means to depart from the Equatorial Province will prepare to proceed to this camp as directed by the Pasha. Such people as are doubtful of their power and ability to move, will act as the superiors of the party will decide.

Mr. Stanley, in the meanwhile, will form an advance camp to make ready for the reception of such people as are going out.

At Kavalli's,
February 19th, 1889.

HENRY M. STANLEY,
Commanding the Relief Expedition.

February 21st.—Chief Katonza on the Lake shore has been sending messengers to the Lake Camp to inform Captain Casati that Kabba Rega, King of Unyoro, had seized his cattle on the 19th inst., and that his next objective was Casati's camp.

What followed may be gleaned from the following note just received from Mr. W. Bonny:—

"At the wish of Signor Casati I send you this note. He is writing his own views to the Pasha. He states that Kabba Rega's general has a strong force somewhere near, and wishes me to remain another day that you may reinforce me. I have agreed to send a messenger, but decline to remain. I have pointed

out to him, that if there is danger, I cannot risk my men unnecessarily. My men will leave with the loads this morning. I have endeavoured to persuade Casati that if he wishes to avoid danger, he can march under our escort to the Plateau. If Kabba Rega's people meet me on the road I hope to make them learn that they have met some of Stanley's men.

"Yours, &c.,

"W. BONNY."

The native courier arrived with this news at 2 P.M. The Pasha and officers started immediately for the Lake Camp with sixty rifles and sixty natives of the plateau. I do not think there will be any irruption of the Wanyoro into territory protected by us, but it is better to be on the safe side.

February 22nd.—The Greek merchant Signor Marco, a fine manly-looking man much browned by tropic heat, arrived to-day, escorted by Mr. Bonny. Marco has an eye to comfort, I see. In his train are domestics bearing parrots, pigeons, bedsteads for himself and harem, heavy Persian carpets, ox-hide mats and enormous baskets, and, oh horror! he has actually brought three hundredweight of stone to serve as grinding-stones to reduce his grain to flour, as though the natives here could not lend us any number of grinding-stones. He has brought, besides, ten-gallon pots to make beer, and to use as water-vessels. If all the refugees are similarly encumbered, we shall, I fear, be employed here for months. That was a rash promise of mine to convey all their property. I will wait a little to note if all the officers, clerks, and soldiers expect me to regard stone as baggage.

Feb. 23rd.—One of our Zanzibaris named Mrima, impatient at the slow progress towards recovery from a large and painful ulcer, shot himself with a Remington rifle to-day. Poor fellow! I remember him as a cheery, willing, and quick boy.

The Pasha writes me that all is well at the Lake Camp.

Feb. 24th.—Sent twenty-five rifles, under headman Wadi Khamis, to escort fifty of Mpinga's natives as carriers.

I have notified all the chiefs of the various tribes on the plateau that they must supply carriers varying from fifty to one hundred each, according to their strength, to assist me in the transport of the baggage of our guests. Eleven have consented to proceed to the Lake in rotation, provided I protect their people from the brutality of the strangers, who, they say, have been beating their people in the most cruel manner, and making them carry "stones" of too heavy a weight for a man. This is the first time I have heard of this, and will make inquiries immediately.

Feb. 25th.—Captain Nelson, who escorted the Pasha to the Lake the other day, brought in sixty loads of baggage, mostly belonging to the Pasha. I observe an immense number of articles that must necessarily be thrown away. There is an old Saratoga trunk, which was borne by two men. I tried to lift one end of it, and from its weight I should say it contains stones or treasure. What a story that old trunk could tell since it left Cairo! How many poor natives has it killed? How much anguish has it caused? The Zanzibaris smile grimly at the preposterously large size of the boxes they have to carry. They declare there are thousands of such cumbrous articles yet, and that they will be kept here for ten years. The square is littered with sea-chests and clumsy coffin-like

coffers, the ten-gallon jars increase in number, and the baskets look bigger and ominously heavy.

One man, an Egyptian, named Aehmet Effendi, who came up, is about fifty-five years old, bent, thin, feeble, and sick. He is unable to ride a donkey without assistance.

I foresee a terrible mortality, if only sick and feeble men and women propose to undertake the 1,400 miles' journey to the sea. Already a large number of small children, from one to eight years old, have arrived. These will have to be carried. By whom?

A Soudanese woman gave birth to a child on the road. Another child is so ill that it cannot survive long.

Lieut. Stairs was despatched with Chief Mwité to stir up his refractory people, who for the last four days have sent us no food.

We have formed a confederacy on the plateau, embracing all the region from the Ituri River to the Nyanza. For protection granted them against marauding Balegga of the mountains and the Warasura of Kabba Rega, the chiefs agree to supply us with contributions of grain and cattle, and to surrender the government of the country into my hands, to raise fighting-men whenever ordered, and to assist me in invading Unyoro should retaliation for invasion of their soil by the Warasura render it necessary.

Feb. 26th.—An ally of Kabba Rega was attacked this morning, and 125 head of cattle were captured. Much mischief has been done by this man, and already he occupies the country between here and the Pasha's province, and Kabba Rega relied on him for assistance when the grand struggle between him and the Pasha should begin. Communication is made across the Lake in canoes, and Kabba Rega is well informed of our movements. When we retire from here we shall have to reckon with Kabba Rega. He possesses 1,500 guns, mostly rifles and double-barrelled shot-guns, Jocelyn and Starr, Sharp, Henry-Martini, and Snider rifles, and carbines. Having undertaken the serious work of protecting these hundreds of refugees to the sea, I shall enter on the affair with a clear conscience. We will not seek a struggle; the opposing forces are not matched, but there is only one road, and that runs through a portion of Unyoro.

Feb. 27th.—Our cattle were driven to pasture this morning, but the calves were most intractable, and created great fun and not a little trouble. We have milk and meat for our sick now.

I hear that Selim Bey and the Egyptian officers departed on the 26th inst. by the steamers *Khedive* and *Nyanza*, which brought to the Lake Camp from Mswa a large cargo of baggage and several score of fresh refugees.

Emin Pasha reached camp this morning from the Lakk. He was accompanied by his daughter, a little girl of six years old, named Ferida, the offspring of an Abyssinian woman. She is extremely pretty, with large, beautiful black eyes.

104 carriers conveyed the Pasha's luggage and stores of flour, millet, sesamum, honey, and salt.

The headman, Wadi Khamis, who escorted this caravan, reports that one of Selim Bey's officers stole a Remington rifle and took it with him. This is odd. If these people meditate returning here they should be aware that theft of arms is severely punished.

The Pasha informs me that another mail arrived from Wadelai on the 25th, and that an official letter was handed to Selim Bey from the rebel officers headed by Fadl-el-Mulla, announcing to him that he was deposed from his position as Chief Commander of the Troops, and that he, the Pasha and Casati, were sentenced to death by court-martial. Captain Fadl-el-Mulla has promoted himself on assuming authority to the rank of Bey or Colonel. This is quite in Jack Cade's style. We must now call him Fadl-el-Mulla Bey.

Feb. 28th.—Sent fifty rifles and seventy-two natives of the Wabiaasi and Ruguji tribes under Lieut. Stairs to the Lake Camp to escort another contingent of refugees and convey baggage up to the plateau.

March 1st.—The Pasha, with his own consent, and indeed on his own proposal, has been appointed naturalist and meteorologist to the Expedition. He has accordingly received one aneroid, one max. and min. thermometer, one Bath thermometer, one standard thermometer, two boiling-point thermometers, which, added to his own instruments, equip him completely. No expedition could be so well served as ours will be. He is the most industrious and exact observer that I know.*

The Pasha is in his proper element as naturalist and meteorologist. He is of the school of Schweinfurth and Holub. His love of science borders on fanaticism. I have attempted to discover during our daily chats whether he was Christian or Moslem, Jew or Pagan, and I rather suspect that he is nothing more than a Materialist. Who can say why votaries of science, though eminently kindly in their social relations, are so angular of character? In my analysis of the scientific nature I am constrained to associate with it, as compared with that of men who are more Christians than scientists, a certain hardness, or rather indelicacy of feeling. They strike me as being somewhat unsympathetic, and capable of only cold friendship, coolly indifferent to the warmer human feelings. I may best express what I mean by saying that I think they are more apt to feel an affection for one's bleached skull and frame of unsightly bones, than for what is divine within a man. If one talks about the inner beauty, which to some of us is the only beauty worth anything, they are apt to yawn, and to return an apologetic and compassionate smile. They seem to wish you to infer that they have explored the body through and through, and that it is waste of time to discuss what only exists in the imagination.

Sent seventy-two natives of Mpigwa's tribe under twelve Zanzibaris to Lake Camp for baggage.

Up to date 514 loads of baggage have been conveyed from the Lake shore to our camp on the plateau.

March 2nd.—Dr. Vita Hassan, of Tunis, has arrived in charge of Lieut. Stairs, with 122 carriers.

March 3rd.—Mr. Bonny descended to the Nyanza to day with fifty-two Zanzibaris and forty natives of the tribe of Malai and Mabisé.

I went over the camp on an inspection. I find that we have here representatives of Germany, Greece, Tunis, England, Ireland, Italy, America, Egypt, Nubia, Madi-land, Monbuttu, Langgo, Bari, Shuli, Zanzibar, Usagara, Useguhha, Udoé, Unyamwezi, Uganda, Unyoro, Bavira, Wahuma, Marungu, Manyuema, Basoko, Usongora, Congo, Arabia, Johanna, Comoro, Madagascar, Somali, Circassia, Turkey !!! besides pigmics from the Great Forest, and giants from the Blue Nile.

* The Pasha has, however, severely refrained from communicating anything.

The camp is rapidly spreading out into a town. Order is maintained without any trouble. Eighty gallons of milk are served out daily to the sick, and six pounds of beef per week per man, besides flour, sweet potatoes, peas, beans, and bananas with liberal measure.

There must be a fearful consumption of food in the Soudanese camp if one may judge from the quantity of flour that is being ground. From the early morning until late in the afternoon the sound of the grinding-stones and the sweet voices of the grinders are heard.

The tribe of Mpigwa arrived with seventy loads from the Lake shore. These came up with Capt. Casati, to whom the baggage belongs.

March 5th.—Mr. Bonny appeared this morning with ninety-four loads of luggage from below. He was accompanied by the Major of the 2nd Battalion, Awash Effendi. I am told all this monstrous pile belongs to him alone. Ninety-four loads represent a weight of $2\frac{1}{2}$ tons.

Mr. Mounteney Jephson started for the Nyanza this morning with forty-two Zanzibaris and Manyuma.

During the six weeks we have been here three men and a baby have died.

This Expedition possesses the rarest doctor in the world. No country in Europe can produce his equal in my opinion. There may be many more learned perhaps, more skilful, older, or younger, as the case may be, but the best of them have something to learn from our doctor. He is such a combination of sweetness and simplicity. So unostentatious, so genuinely unobtrusive. We are all bound to him with cords of love. We have seen him do so much out of pure love for his "cases," that human nature becomes ennobled by this gem. He is tenderness itself. He has saved many lives by his devoted nursing. We see him each day at 8 A.M. and 5 P.M. with his selectest circle of "sick" around him. None with tender stomach dare approach it. He sits in the centre as though it were a rare perfume. The sloughing ulcers are exposed to view, some fearful to behold, and presenting a spectacle of horror. The doctor smiles and sweetly sniffs the tainted air, handles the swollen limbs, cleanses them from impurity, pours the soothing lotion, cheers the sufferers, binds up the painful wounds, and sends the patient away with a hopeful and gratified look. May the kindly angels record this nobleness and obliterate all else! I greatly honour what is divine in man. This gift of gentleness and exquisite sensibility appeals to the dullest. At Abu-Klea our doctor was great; the wounded had cause to bless him; on the green sward of Kavalli, daily ministering to these suffering blacks, unknowing and unheeding whether any regarded him, our doctor was greater still.

March 6th.—Some chimpanzees have been discovered in a grove which fills a deep hollow in the Baregga Hills. The Pasha has shown me a carefully prepared skull of one which he procured near Mswa. It exactly resembles one I picked up at Addiguhha, a village between two branches of the Ihuru River. The chimpanzee is the "soko" of Livingstone, though he grows to an unusual size in the Congo forest.

During the few days we have been here the Pasha has been indefatigable in adding to his collection of birds, larks, thrushes, finches, bee-eaters, plantain-eaters, sunbirds, &c., &c.

The Pasha appears to be extraordinarily happy in this vocation of "collecting." I have ordered the Zanzibaris to carry every strange

insect, bird, and reptile to him. Even vermin do not appear amiss to him. We are rewarded by seeing him happy.

Each morning his clerk Rajab roams around to murder every winged fowl of the air, and every victim of his aim he brings to his master, and then after lovingly patting the dead object he coolly gives the order to skin it. By night we see it suspended, with a stuffing of cotton within, to be in a day or two packed up as a treasure for the British Museum!

These "collectors" strike me as being a rare racc. Schweinfurth boiled the heads of the slain in Monbuttu once to prepare the skulls for a Berlin museum. Emin Pasha proposes to do the same should we have a brush with the Wanyoro. I suggested to him that the idea was shocking; that possibly the Zanzibaris might object to it. He smiled: "All for science."

This trait in the scientific man casts some light upon a mystery. I have been attempting to discover the reasons why we two, he and I, differ in our judgments of his men. We have some dwarfs in the camp. The Pasha wished to measure their skulls; I devoted my observations to their inner nature. He proceeded to fold his tape round the circumference of the chest; I wished to study the face. The Pasha wondered at the feel of the body; I marvelled at the quick play of the feelings as revealed in lightning movements of the facial muscles. The Pasha admired the breadth of the frontal bone; * I studied the tones of the voice, and watched how beautifully a slight flash of the eye coincided with the slightest twitch of a lip. The Pasha might know to a grain what the body of the pigmy weighed, but I only cared to know what the inner capacity was.

And this is the reason the Pasha and I differ about the characters of his men. He knows their names, their families, their tribes, their customs; and little as I have been with them, I think I know their natures. The Pasha says they are faithful; I declare they are false. He believes that the day he leaves Kavalli they will all follow him to a man; I imagine he will be woefully deceived. He argues that he has known them for

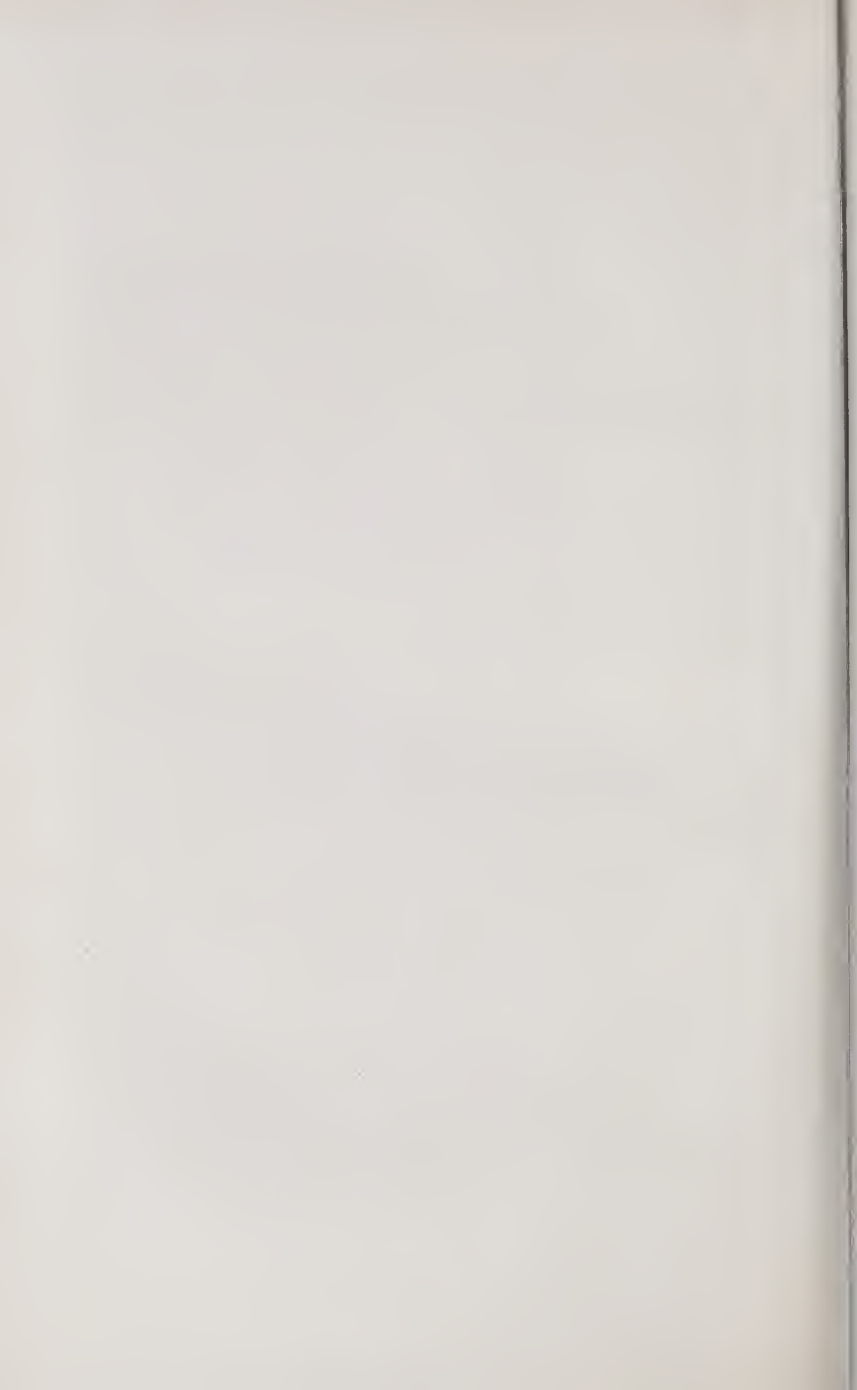
* LIST OF MEASUREMENTS TAKEN ON WAMBUTTI PIGMIES BELONGING TO MR. STANLEY'S EXPEDITION.

Name of the Individuum .. {	Tokbali. P. 20	A girl. 1 H. P. 15	A woman. P. 35	A boy. P. 15
Height from vortex to the earth	1·360 m.	1·240 m.	1·365 m.	1·280 m.
Height from shoulder ..	1·116 m.	1·021 m.	1·110 m.	1·090 m.
Height from navel	0·835 m.	0·725 m.	0·785 m.	0·970 m.
Length of arm from shoulder to tip of middle finger ..	0·707 m.	0·571 m.	0·580 m.	0·540 m.
Breadth from shoulder to shoulder	0·320 m.	0·304 m.	0·295 m.	0·260 m.
Circumference below nipples	0·710 m.	0·660 m.	0·710 m.	0·640 m.
Circumference under arm- pit	0·720 m.	0·660 m.	0·710 m.	0·630 m.
Greatest longitudinal dia- meter of head	200 mm.	176 mm.	180 mm.	175 mm.
Smallest transversal dia- meter of head	147 mm.	150 mm.	145 mm.	140 mm.
Breadth of the nose	60 mm.	60·5 mm.	65 mm.	65 mm.
Circumference of skull ..	530 mm.	535 mm.	510 mm.	510 mm.
Length of foot	220·5 mm.	190 mm.	212 mm.	190 mm.

Bodies covered with stiffish, grey, short hair.—DR. EMIN.



THE FIGURES UNDER THE LENS, AS COMPARED TO CAPTAIN CASATI'S SERVANT, OKILI.
(From a Photograph taken on the Albert Nyanza.)



thirteen years, and he ought to know better than I who have not known them as many weeks. Very well, let it be so. Time will decide. Nevertheless, these discussions make the days at Kavalli pass smoothly, for the Pasha is an accomplished conversationalist.

March 7th.—Mr. Mounteney Jephson arrived from the Lake shore with Mohammed Emin and family, an Egyptian widow, and four orphan children.

Surgeon Parke was permitted a holiday, to be devoted to leading to the Nyanza fifty-two Zanzibaris, thirty natives, and nineteen Manyema for conveyance of luggage here.

March 8th.—Uledi, the hero of old days, was despatched with twenty-one carriers to carry loads from the Lake to this camp.

March 9th.—Surgeon Parke has returned with his caravan. "Well, doctor," said I, "how did you like your holiday?" He smiled. "It may be agreeable as a change, but it is fearful work. I see that the best men are pulled down by that steep long climb up the plateau slope. I hear a great deal of grumbling."

"I am aware," I replied, "of what is going on. But what can we do? These people are our guests. We are bound to help them as much as possible. We indeed came here for that purpose. I wish, however, they would leave those stones behind, for even the carriers laugh at the absurd idea of carrying an 80 lb. rock such a fearful height. However, when the Zanzibaris are tired of it, they will let me know in some way. Meantime, let us see to how far a point they will push our patience."

March 10th.—This morning, as the Zanzibaris mustered for the detail to be picked out for the usual caravan to the Nyanza, they demanded to speak to me. The speaker was applauded every few minutes by the companies as they stood under their respective officers.

"Sir," said he, "we are tired of this work of carrying rocks, and great double-load boxes, and wooden bedsteads. If we did not think it were a waste of labour we would not speak. Whither can they take the rubbish we have been obliged to carry up here? Will any one man undertake to carry one of those huge coffins a day's march through the bush? The strongest man in the world would be killed under it. For whom are we doing it? For a set of thankless, heartless people, who profess God with their lips, and know nothing of Him or of the prophet Mohammed—blessed be his name! Besides, what do they think of us? They call us *abid*—slaves. They think that any one of them can lick ten of us. They say that some day they will take our rifles from us, and make us their slaves. We know enough Arabic to know what they mean, bad as their slang Arabic is. We have come to ask you how long this is to last? If you mean to kill us, who were saved out of the forest, with this ungrateful work, please tell us. We are your servants, and we must do your bidding."

"It is well," I replied, "I have heard your speech. I knew you would come to this. But you must have some faith in me. Trust to me. Go on to the Nyanza to-day, and when you return, I will explain further."

Captain Nelson was appointed leader of the caravan of 81 Zanzibaris, Soudanese, and Manyema, and marched away with them.

I observed that the people declined their rations for the journey, and that they were unmistakably discontented and in an evil mood. Fearing

trouble, I sent messengers after Captain Nelson to send me the two who seemed to be the principals under guard back to camp. The Captain on receipt of the order commanded the Soudanese to take them, upon which the fifty Zanzibaris set up a loud yell of defiance, and some cried, "Shoot them all, and let us go to Mazamboni."

The Captain, however, was firm, and insisted on sending them to me, whereupon they said they would all return to camp to protect their friends.

Seeing the caravan return, the signal to muster under arms was given, and the companies were drawn up in position to prevent any sudden manœuvre.

The malcontents were formed in line in the centre, and on looking at them I saw that little was needed to provoke strife. I sympathised with them secretly, but could not overlook such a serious breach of discipline.

"Now, my men," I said, "obey me at once, and to the letter. He who hesitates is lost. Open your ears and be sharp. "Ground arms!" It was done promptly. "Retire four paces to the rear!" They withdrew quietly. "Now, Captain Stairs, march your company to the front, and take possession of the rifles," which was done.

Captain Nelson was then ordered to make his report as to the cause of the caravan's return. He pointed out the ringleaders concerned in the outbreak, and those who had cried "Shoot them all, and let us run to Mazamboni." These were at once seized and punished. The ringleaders were tied to the flag-staff. The caravan was again entrusted to Captain Nelson, but without arms, and was marched away to its duty.

Near sunset, Hassan Bakari having absented himself without permission, was lightly punished with a cane by the captain of his company. On being released, he rushed in a furious temper to his hut, vowing he would shoot himself. He was caught in the act of preparing his rifle for the deed. Five men were required to restrain him. Hearing the news, I proceeded to the scene, and gently asked the reason of this outburst. He declaimed against the shame which had been put on him, as he was a free-man of good family and was not accustomed to be struck like a slave. Remarks appropriate to his wounded feelings were addressed to him, to which he gratefully responded. His rifle was restored to him with a smile. He did not use it.

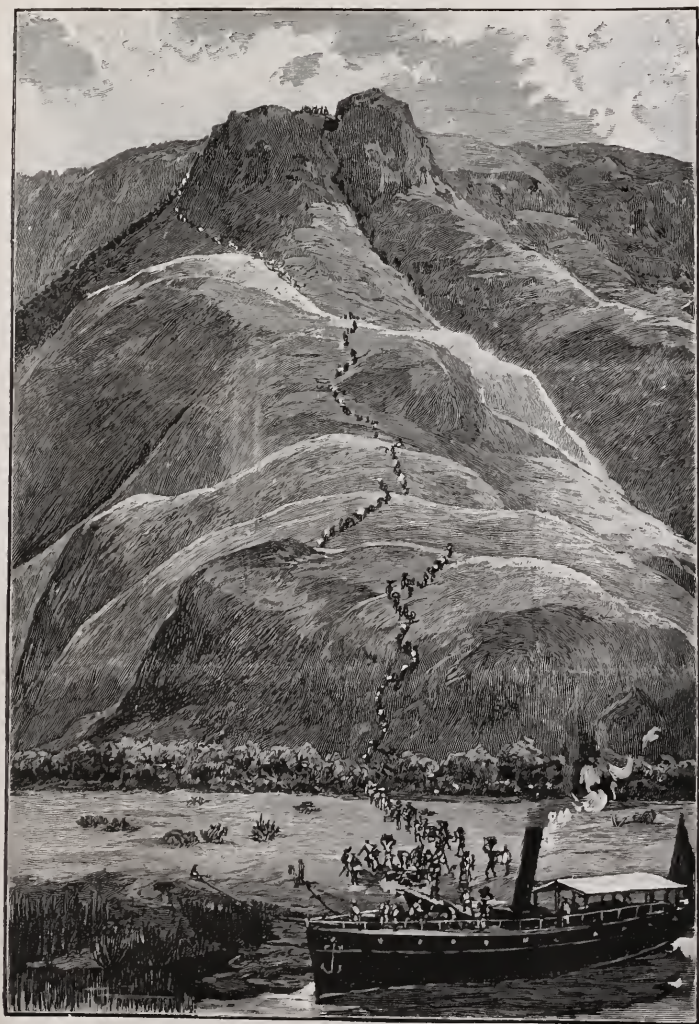
March 11th.—Forty-one natives descended to the Nyanza to-day for more baggage. These make a total of 928 men sent down for the same purpose up to date.

March 12th.—"Three o'Clock," the hunter, took a caravan to the Nyanza, consisting of thirty-four Zanzibaris and twenty-five natives.

March 13th.—Lieut. Stairs, R.E., took down to the Lake sixty-three Zanzibaris and Manyuema.

The forty-one natives who left on the 11th inst. returned to-day, bringing with them absolute rubbish—wooden bedsteads, twenty-gallon copper pots, and some more flat rocks, which the Soudanese call grinding-stones. They complained that when they objected to carry these heavy useless weights they were cruelly beaten.

As I have informed the Pasha several times that I cannot allow such rubbish to be carried, and as the Pasha has written to that effect to Osman Latif Effendi, the commander of the Lake Shore Camp, and his orders are not obeyed, I shall presently have to stop this cruel work.



CLIMBING THE PLATEAU SLOPES.

March 14th.—Twenty-one of the Balegga have offered their services, and have been sent down to the Lake to carry baggage. Total loads up to date, 1,037.

I consider this carrier work, to which I have subjected myself, officers, and men, as an essential part of my duty to my guests. They may not be deserving of this sacrifice on our part, but that makes no difference. What I regret is that such severe labour should be incurred uselessly. If any one of them were to express a concern that we were put to so much



SHUKRI AGHA, COMMANDANT OF MWSA STATION.

trouble, most of us would regard it as some compensation. But I have heard nothing which would lead me to believe that they regard this assistance as anything more than their due.

I see the Egyptian officers congregating in special and select groups each day, seated on their mats, smoking cigarettes, and discussing our absolute slavishness. They have an idea that any one of them is better than ten Zanzibaris, but I have not seen any ten of them that could be so useful in Africa as one Zanzibari.

March 15th.—Lieut. Stairs appeared with his caravan to-day. He reports that there are 100] people still at the Nyanza Camp, with an

immense pile of baggage of the usual useless kind just arrived from Mswa Station.

Shukri Agha, commandant of Mswa, has also arrived. At an interview with him, in the presence of the Pasha, I informed him in plain terms that if he expected to retire to the coast he would have to set about it immediately. I told him that I had been amazed at many things since my arrival the third time at the Lake, but the most wonderful thing of all was the utter disregard to instructions and orders manifested by everybody. In May last, ten months ago, they had all been informed of the cause of our coming. They had promised to be ready, and now he, Shukri Agha, had come to us to ask us for instructions, just as though he had never heard anything of the matter. If he, a commandant of a station, and commander of troops, appeared to be so slow to comprehend, how ever was it possible to convey it into the sense of the Soudanese soldier? All I had to say now was, that unless he, Shukri Agha, paid attention to what I said, he would be left behind to take the consequences.

"Ah," says Shukri, "I will go back to Mswa, and the very next day I shall embark the women and children on the steamers, and I shall march with our cattle through Melindwa overland, and we shall all be here in seven days."

"I shall expect you on the tenth day from this, with your families, soldiers, and cattle."

The Pasha said to me in the evening, "Shukri Agha has given me his solemn promise that he will obey the orders I have given him to depart from Mswa at once."

"Did you write them firmly, Pasha, in such a manner that there can be no doubt?"

"Surely, I did so."

"Do you think he will obey them?"

"Most certainly. What, Shukri Agha! He will be here in ten days without fail, and all his soldiers with him."

March 16th.—Shukri Agha descended to the Nyanza to-day; also 108 carriers, natives, for baggage.

March 17th.—Twenty-nine natives of Malai's tribe, and sixteen natives of Bugombi, have been sent to the Nyanza Camp. Total 1,190 carriers up to date.

The Pasha proceeded this morning to the Baregga Hills for a picnic, and to increase his ornithological and entomological collections. A goat was taken up also to be slaughtered for the lunch. Lieut. Stairs, Mr. Jephson, Captain Nelson, Surgeon Parke, and Mr. Bonny have gone up with quite a following, to encourage him to do his best and keep him company.

Yesterday Jephson and I had examined the summits of the hills, and in one of the hollows we had discovered tree ferns, standing eight feet high, with stalks eight inches in diameter. We also brought with us a few purple flowering heliotropes, aloes, and rock ferns for the Pasha. All this has inspired him with a desire to investigate the flora for himself.

These hills have an altitude varying from 5,400 to 5,600 feet above the sea. The folds and hollows between these hills are here and there somewhat picturesque, though on account of late grass burnings they are not at their best just now. Each of the hollows has its own clear water-rillet, and along their courses are bamboos, tree ferns, small palms,

and bush, much of which is in flower. From the lively singing of the birds I heard yesterday, it was thought likely this insatiable collector might be able to add to his store of stuffed giant-larks, thrushes, bee-eaters, sun-birds, large pigeons, &c. Only four specimens were obtained, and the Pasha is not happy.

In a bowl-like basin, rimmed around by rugged and bare rocks, I saw a level terrace a mile and a half long by a mile wide, green as a tennis lawn. Round about the foot of this terrace ran a clear rivulet, through a thick bank of woods, the tops of which just came to the level of the terrace. It has been the nicest site for a mission or a community of white men that I have seen for a long time. The altitude was 5,500 feet above the sea. From the crest of the rocky hills encircling it we may obtain a view covering 3,000 square miles of one of the most gloriously beautiful lands in the world. Pisgah, sixty miles westward, dominates all eminences and ridges in the direction of the forest world; Ruwenzori, 18,000 to 19,000, white with perpetual snow, eighty miles off, bounds the view south; to the east the eye looks far over the country of Unyoro; and north-east lies the length of the Albert Nyanza. On the terrace the picnic was held.

March 18th.—The redoubtable Rudimi, chief of Usiri, has at last joined our confederacy. Besides seven head of cattle, seven goats, and an ample store of millet flour and sweet potatoes, he brought me thirty-one carriers. They were immediately sent to the Lake Shore Camp.

We can now trust these natives to handle any property unguarded. Altogether fifteen chiefs have submitted to our stipulation that they shall cease fighting with one another; that they shall submit all causes of complaint to us, and agree to our decisions. The result is that the Wavira shake hands with the Wasiri, the Balegga, and the Wahuma. The cases are frequently very trivial, but so far our decisions have given satisfaction.

The camp now consists of 339 huts and five tents, exclusive of Kavalli's village, on the southern side of which our town has grown. There are sometimes as many as 2,000 people in it.

March 21st.—The natives of Melindwa, having made a descent upon Ruguji's, one of our Wahuma allies, and captured forty head of his cattle, Lieut. Stairs and Mr. Jephson were despatched with Companies 1 and 2, and returned with 310 head of cattle. Ruguji recognized his cattle and received them. The Wahuma are all herdsmen and shepherds. The Wavira devote themselves to agriculture.

March 22nd.—The Pasha, with Mr. Mareo, paid a visit to Mpigwa, chief of Nyamsassi, and were well received, returning with large gifts of food.

March 23rd.—Contributions of provisions have come in from many chiefs to-day as an expression of gratitude for the retaliatory raid on Melindwa.

March 26th.—Yesterday afternoon the steamer *Nyanza* came in with the mails from Wadelai, and carriers came in this morning with them.

Selim Bey writes from Wadelai to the Pasha that he is sure all the rebels will follow him, and that they may be expected at our camp. The Pasha, beaming with joy, came to me and imparted this news, and said, "What did I tell you? You see I was right! I was sure they would all come."

Let us see what this good news amounts to.

Selim Bey left our camp on the 26th of February with a promise that I should wait "a reasonable time." Though the distance is only five days, we will give him eight days. He arrives at Wadelai on the 4th of March. He promised solemnly to begin embarking as soon as possible. We will grant him five days for this, considering that such people have no idea of time, and eight days for the voyage from Wadelai to our Lake camp. He should then have arrived on the 17th instant. He has not appeared yet, and in his letters to the Pasha he only states that his intentions are what they were on the 26th of February last, viz., to start.

On the 14th of March Shukri Agha, commandant of Mswa, appeared to obtain instructions from the Pasha, and on the 17th Shukri Agha was back again at Mswa Station, having received an order to abandon that station and to be here on the 27th. We are now told that Shukri Agha is still at Mswa, and Selim Bey still at Wadclai, and that every order issued by the Pasha has been disregarded, and every promise broken.

I replied to the Pasha that I was only aware of our folly in relying on any promise made by such people, that neither Selim Bey nor probably Shukri Agha had any intention of accompanying us anywhere. Days had passed into weeks, and weeks had grown into months, and years would doubtless elapse before we should leave Africa.

"I must beg leave, Pasha, to impress on you that, besides my duty to you and to your people, I have a duty to perform to the Relief Committee. Every month I stay in Africa costs about £400. I have a duty to perform to my officers. They have their careers in the army to think of—their leave of absence has long ago expired. Then we must think of the Zanzibaris. They will want to return to their homes; they are already waxing impatient. If we had only some proof that Selim Bey and his men had any real intention of leaving Africa, and would furnish this proof by sending a couple of companies of soldiers, and I could see that the soldiers were under control, there would be no difficulty in staying some months more. But if you think that from the 1st of May, 1888, to the end of March, 1889, are eleven months, and that we have been only able to get about forty officers and clerks and their families, and that the baggage of these has required all the carriers on this plateau one month to carry it two days' march, you will perceive that I have no reason to share in your joy.

"I pray you also to remember that I have been at great pains to get at the correct state of mind which those officers at Wadelai are in. I have been told most curious things. Major Awash Effendi, of the 2nd Battalion, Osman Latif Effendi, Mohamed the engineer, have told me secretly that neither Selim Bey nor Fadl-el-Mulla Bey will leave for Egypt. The former may perhaps come as far as here and settle in this district. But whatever the Wadelai officers may profess to be desirous of doing, I have been warned that I must be on my guard. Nobody places any faith in them except yourself. While believing that you may perhaps be right after all, you must admit that I have the best of reasons for doubting their good intentions. They have revolted three times against you. They captured Mr. Jephson, and in menacing him with rifles they insulted me. They have made it known widely enough that they intended to capture me on my return here. But, Pasha, let me tell you this much: it is not in the power of all the troops of the Province to

capture me, and before they arrive within rifle-shot of this camp, every officer will be in my power."

"But what answer shall I give them?" asked the Pasha.

"You had better hear it from the officers yourself. Come, without saying a word to them. I will call them here and ask them in your presence, because they are involved in the question as much as I am myself."

"Very well," he replied.

A messenger was sent to summon the officers, Stairs, Nelson, Jephson, and Parke, and when they were seated I addressed them:—

"GENTLEMEN,—Before giving me the benefit of your advice at this important period, let me sum up some facts as they have transpired.

"Emin Pasha has received a mail from Wadelai. Selim Bey, who left the post below here on the 26th of February last, with a promise that he would hurry up such people as wished to go to Egypt, writes from Wadelai that the steamers are engaged in transporting some people from Dufflé to Wadelai, that the work of transport between Wadelai and Tunguru will be resumed upon the accomplishment of the other task. When he went away from here, we were informed that he was deposed, and that Emin Pasha and he were sentenced to death by the rebel officers. We now learn that the rebel officers, ten in number, and all their faction, are desirous of proceeding to Egypt; we may suppose, therefore, that Selim Bey's party is in the ascendant again.

"Shukri Agha, the chief of the Mswa Station—the station nearest to us—paid us a visit there in the middle of March. He was informed on the 16th of March, the day that he departed, that our departure for Zanzibar would positively begin on the 10th of April. He took with him urgent letters for Selim Bey, announcing that fact in unmistakable terms.

"Eight days later we hear that Shukri Agha is still at Mswa, having only sent a few women and children to the Nyanza Camp; yet he and his people might have been here by this if they intended to accompany us.

"Thirty days ago Selim Bey left us with a promise of a reasonable time. The Pasha thought once that twenty days would be a reasonable time. However, we have extended it to forty-four days. Judging by the length of time Selim Bey has already taken, only reaching Tunguru with one-sixteenth of the expected force, I personally am quite prepared to give the Pasha my decision. For you must know, gentlemen, that the Pasha having heard from Selim Bey 'intelligence so encouraging,' wishes to know my decision, but I have preferred to call you to answer for me.

"You are aware that our instructions were to carry relief to Emin Pasha, and to escort such as were willing to accompany us to Egypt. We arrived at the Nyanza, and met Emin Pasha in the latter part of April 1888, just twelve months ago. We handed him his letters from the Khedive and his Government, and also the first instalment of relief, and asked him whether we were to have the pleasure of his company to Zanzibar. He replied that his decision depended on that of his people.

"This was the first adverse news that we received. Instead of meeting with a number of people only too anxious to leave Africa, it was questionable whether there would be any except a few Egyptian clerks. With Major Barttelot so far distant in the rear, we could not wait at the Nyanza for his decision, as that might possibly require months; it would be more profitable to seek and assist the Rear Column, and by the time we arrived here again, those willing to go to Egypt would be probably impatient to start. We, therefore, leaving Mr. Jephson to convey our message to the Pasha's troops, returned to the forest region for the Rear Column, and in nine months were back again on the Nyanza. But instead of discovering a camp of people anxious and ready to depart from Africa, we

found no camp at all, but hear that both the Pasha and Mr. Jephson are prisoners, that the Pasha has been in imminent danger of his life from the rebels, and at another time is in danger of being bound on his bedstead and taken to the interior of Makkaraka country. It has been current talk in the Province that we were only a party of conspirators and adventurers, that the letters of the Khedive and Nubar Pasha were forgeries, concocted by the vile Christians, Stanley and Casati, assisted by Mohammed Emiu Pasha. So elated have the rebels been by their bloodless victory over the Pasha and Mr. Jephson, that they have confidently boasted of their purpose to entrap me by cajoling words, and strip our Expedition of every article belonging to it, and send us adrift into the wilds to perish. We need not dwell on the ingratitude of these men, or on their intense ignorance and evil natures, but you must bear in mind the facts to guide you to a clear decision.

"We believed when we volunteered for this work that we should be met with open arms. We were received with indifference, until we were led to doubt whether any people wished to depart. My representative was made a prisoner, menaced with rifles; threats were freely used. The Pasha was deposed, and for three months was a close prisoner. I am told this is the third revolt in the Province. Well, in the face of all this, we have waited nearly twelve months to obtain the few hundreds of unarmed men, women, and children in this camp. As I promised Selim Bey and his officers that I would give a reasonable time, Selim Bey and his officers repeatedly promised to us there should be no delay. The Pasha has already fixed April 10th, which extended their time to forty-four days, sufficient for three round voyages for each steamer. The news brought to-day is not that Selim Bey is close to here, but that he has not started from Wadelai yet.

"In addition to his own friends, who are said to be loyal and obedient to him, he brings the ten rebel officers, and some six hundred or seven hundred soldiers, their faction.

"Remembering the three revolts which these same officers have inspired, their pronounced intentions against this Expedition, their plots and counterplots, the life of conspiracy and smiling treachery they have led, we may well pause to consider what object principally animates them now—that from being ungovernably rebellious against all constituted authority, they have suddenly become obedient and loyal soldiers of the Khedive and his 'Great Government.' You must be aware that, exclusive of the thirty-one boxes of ammunition delivered to the Pasha by us in May 1888, the rebels possess ammunition of the Provincial Government equal to twenty of our cases. We are bound to credit them with intelligence enough to perceive that such a small supply would be fired in an hour's fighting among so many rifles, and that only a show of submission and apparent loyalty will ensure a further supply from us. Though the Pasha brightens up each time he obtains a plausible letter from these people, strangers like we are may also be forgiven for not readily trusting those men whom they have such good cause to mistrust. Could we have some guarantee of good faith, there could be no objection to delivering to them all they required: that is, with the permission of the Pasha. Can we be certain, however, that if we admit them into this camp as good friends and loyal soldiers of Egypt, they will not rise up some night and possess themselves of all the ammunition, and so deprive us of the power of returning to Zanzibar? It would be a very easy matter for them to do so, after they had acquired the knowledge of the rules of the camp. With our minds filled with Mr. Jephson's extraordinary revelations of what has been going on in the Province since the closing of the Nile route, beholding the Pasha here before my very eyes, who was lately supposed to have several thousands of people under him, but now without any important following, and bearing in mind the 'cajoling' and 'wiles' by which we were to be entrapped, I ask you, would we be wise in extending the time of delay beyond the date fixed, that is, the 10th of April?"

The officers one after another replied in the negative.

"There, Pasha," I said, "you have your answer. We march on the 10th of April."

The Pasha then asked if we could "in our conscience acquit him of having abandoned his people," supposing they had not arrived by the 10th of April. We replied, "Most certainly."

March 27th—The couriers have left to embark for Wadelai.

They bore the following :

Notice to SELIM BEY and the Rebel Officers.

Camp at Kavalli,

March 26th, 1889.

"SALAAMS !—The Commander of the Relief Expedition having promised to grant a reasonable time for the arrival of such people at this camp as were desirous to quit the country, notifies Selim Bey and his brother officers that this is the 30th day since they departed from the Nyanza Camp for Wadelai to assemble their people.

"The 'reasonable time' promised to them has expired to-day.

"However, as the Pasha has requested an extension of time, it is hereby notified to all concerned that the Expedition will make a further halt at this camp of fourteen days from this date, or, in other words, that the Expedition will positively commence the march towards Zanzibar on the morning of the TENTH of APRIL next. All those people not arriving by that date must abide the consequences of their absence on the day of our departure.

"HENRY M. STANLEY."

Notice to SHUKRI AGHA, Commanding Mswa.

"The Commander of the Relief Expedition hereby announces to the good and loyal officer Shukri Agha, that in order to allow him sufficient time to reach this camp, the Expedition will make a further halt of fourteen days from this date, at this camp, but that on the morning of the TENTH day of APRIL next, no matter who or who may not be ready to march on that date, positively no further delay will be granted.

"The Commander of the Expedition, out of sincere affection for Shukri Agha, begs that he will take this last notice into his earnest consideration, and act accordingly.

"HENRY M. STANLEY."

CHAPTER XXVI.

WE START HOMEWARD FOR ZANZIBAR.

March 27th.—I heard to-day that strangers, supposed to be Zanzibaris, had arrived at Mazamboni's. I accordingly despatched Jephson with forty-three rifles to ascertain the truth of this report, for it may be Jameson, accompanied by Salim bin Mohamed and people.

March 29th.—Mr. Jephson returned from Undussuma, bringing fifty-six native carriers. There were no strangers. It was a false report. Alas! for Jameson. We all wonder what course he adopted upon receiving my letters.

March 31st.—Captain Nelson arrived in camp from Lake shore, bringing

132 loads. These bring up the total of loads carried from the Lake shore to this camp to 1,355. I am told there is nothing left except some large ivories, weighing about 150 pounds each, which we cannot carry. The Pasha brought with him sixty-five tusks, forty-five of which I proposed paying to the Manyema for their services, but they have declined taking it, as they would prefer the monthly pay paid in goods to them on arriving at the C.M.S. Mission at Msalala.

Osman Latif Effendi, the Lieut.-Governor of the Equatorial Province, came to me this afternoon, and gave me his opinions on the Wadelai officers. He says: "Selim Bey may join us. He is not a bad man. He is fond of beer and indolent. If he comes, he will have about 350 soldiers and officers with him, who form his party. Fadl-el-Mulla Bey is chief of the opposite party. Since they received news that Khartoum had fallen they have cast off all allegiance to the Pasha. That was just before Dr. Junker left. Believing that perhaps they would change their minds upon hearing of you, Emin Pasha proceeded to see them with Mr. Jephson, and both were immediately arrested. Fadl-el-Mulla Bey and his clerk are Mahdists. They hoped to get great honour from the Khalifa for delivering the Pasha up to them. They have had an idea of getting you to visit them, and by sweet words and promising everything, to catch you and send you to Khartoum. If Fadl-el-Mulla Bey comes here with his party, all I can say is that you must be very careful. I am tired of the land and wish to go to Cairo. I want nothing to do with them."

"What do you think of the people here, Osman Latif?"

"Awash Effendi would not dare to be left behind. As the Major of the 2nd Battalion he was said to be very severe. They hate him, and would kill him; almost all the others, if Selim Bey came here, and advised them to stop, would prefer living here to going with the Pasha. I and Awash Effendi will follow you. If we died on the road that is the end of it. We should be sure to die here if we stayed."

"Why do they dislike the Pasha?"

"I do not know, except that Shaitan (the Devil) instigates them. He has been very just, and good to them all, but the more he allows them to do as they please the further their hearts are from him. They say, 'Oh, let him go on collecting beetles and birds. We don't want him.' The Pasha is very happy when he travels, and is able to collect things, and does not trouble himself about the men."

"Do you think they would have liked him better if he had hanged a few?"

"Perhaps. God knows."

"Do you think you would have liked him better if he had been severe to you?"

"No, but I should have been more afraid of him."

"Ah! Yes, of course."

"But please don't tell the Pasha I said anything, otherwise he would not forgive me."

"Have no fear. If you hear what is going on in the camp, let me know."

"Myself and my son are at your service. We shall hear all that goes on, and will let you know."

I saw Osman Latif proceed soon after to the Pasha's quarters, and kiss his hands, and bend reverently before him, and immediately I followed,

curious to observe. The Pasha sat gravely on his chair, and delivered his orders to Osman Latif with the air of power, and Osman Latif bowed obsequiously after hearing each order, and an innocent stranger might have imagined that one embodied kingly authority and the other slavish obedience. Soon after I departed, absorbed in my own thoughts.

Sali, my boy, is the cleverest spy in the camp. How he obtains his information I do not know. But he appears to know a great deal more than Osman Latif or Awash Effendi, or any of the young Egyptians. He is in the councils of the captains. He is intimate with Mohammed, the



SALI, HEAD BOY.

engineer. He is apparently adored by Capt. Ibrahim Effendi Elham, and his father-in-law, Ali Effendi. Of course he has many subordinate informers to assist. The Zanzibaris are inveterate traders: they always possess something to bargain with. During the preliminaries they shuffle the affairs of the camp, and as they are detailed the traders piece this and that together and pass it over when well digested to Sali, after which I receive the benefit of it. Much naturally is pure gossip, but on the whole it amounts to a sum of solid and valuable information.

I discover that there is a plot to break away completely from the Pasha's

authority. The number of those actually faithful to-day in camp is nine. I am told that they know the Pasha is so unsuspecting that they have but to kiss his hand, and plead forgiveness, and he becomes pliant to any schemer.

When a man becomes the jest of such rogues authority is weak indeed.

Dr. Vita Hassan and Mohammed the engineer say that the Pasha pays great respect to Captain Casati's opinion. I consider it is a very natural thing that he should respect the opinion of the only European who has been with him between Dr. Junker's departure and our arrival. When Casati is inclined to presume upon kindness, Mr. Jephson reports that the Pasha knows exactly when to assume the governor.

The Pasha appeared this morning at my tent and informed me that Captain Casati was not well pleased with his departure from the Equatorial Province; that he thought it was his duty to stay.

"Where, Pasha?"

"With my people."

"What people, please?"

"Why, with my soldiers."

"Well now, really, I was under the impression that you wrote me some time ago, with your own hand, besides endorsing Mr. Jephson's letter, that you were a prisoner to your own soldiers, that they had deposed you, that they had threatened to take you in irons, strapped on your bedstead, to Khartoum, and I am sure you know as well as I do what that means."

"That is true. But you must not think that I am about to change my mind. As I said to you, I leave with you on the 10th of April next. That is settled. I wish, however, you would see Casati about this, and talk to him."

"I should be most happy to do so, but my French is wretched, and his is still worse."

"Oh, if you will send a boy to call me, I will come in and be your interpreter."

What we have gleaned of Casati's character is generally regarded as a reflection of the Pasha himself. He has not been averse to declaring that he would prefer Africa to Europe. There is some reason in the Pasha seeking an excuse to remain here, but I can find none for Casati, though he has a right to express his preference. But what good purpose can influence either to stay here now I fail to see. When the Pasha possessed force, he declined the salary of £1,500 a year and £12,000 annual subsidy for the government of his Province: he deferred accepting a somewhat similar post under British auspices until it was too late. The proposal to return home was so displeasing to him that he elected to leave it unanswered until he could learn the wishes of his troops, in the attempt to ascertain which he was deposed and imprisoned, and is now—let us speak the truth—a fugitive from their power.

But when these two men get together for a social chat, the result is that the Pasha feels depressed, and vexes himself unnecessarily with fears that he may be charged by his rebellious troops with deserting them. Casati feels elated somewhat at having caused these doubts. What Casati's object is, more than to secure a companion in misery, is to me unknown.

I proceeded to Captain Casati's quarters, and presently, after an ineffectual effort to be intelligible to him, sent a boy to request the Pasha's good offices. At once Casati commenced to lecture the Pasha in the name

of honour and duty, and to persuade him that he was *moralement* wrong in abandoning his troops, referring of course to the Pasha's declared intention of leaving with us on the 10th of April.

"But the Pasha, Captain Casati," I said, "never had an intention of abandoning his troops, as no person knows better than you. It is these troops who have deposed him, and made him a prisoner from August 18th to February 8th, or thereabouts, nearly six months. They have three times revolted, they have said repeatedly they do not want him, nor will obey him, and they have threatened to kill him. They would probably have sent him to Khartoum before this, had not the mad Donaglas shown what little mercy would have been shown to them."

"The governor of a fort should never surrender his charge," replied Casati.

"I quite agree with you in that, if his troops remain faithful to him; but if his troops arrest him, haul down the flag, and open the gates, what can the poor governor do?"

"A captain of a war-ship should fight his guns to the last."

"Quite so, but if the crew seize the captain, and put him into the hold in irons, and haul down the flag, what then?"

"No, I do not agree with you," said the Captain, with emphasis. "The Pasha should remain with his people."

"But where are his people? The rebels refuse to have anything to do with him except as a prisoner to them. Do you mean to say that the Pasha should return as a prisoner, and be content with that humiliating position?"

"No, certainly not."

"Perhaps you think that they would relent, and elevate him again to the post of Governor?"

"I cannot say."

"Do you think they would?"

"It may be."

"Would you advise the Pasha to trust himself into the power of Fadl-el-Mulla Bey and his officers again?"

"No."

"Now, here are your servants. Supposing they laid hold of you one night, and were going to kill you, and you were only saved because your cries attracted your deliverers to the scene. Would you trust your life in their hands again?"

"No."

"Supposing your servants came to you this afternoon and told you they would not obey you in the future, and if you insisted on their obedience would shoot you, would you consider yourself as morally bound to command them?"

"No."

"Then, my dear Casati, you have answered the Pasha, and what you would not do, the Pasha is not bound to do. Emin Pasha had two duties to perform, one to the Khedive and one to his soldiers. It is because he performed his duty nobly and patiently towards the Khedive that I and my young friends volunteered to help him. The Khedive commands him to abandon the Province, and forwards assistance to him for that purpose. He appeals to his troops and requests them to express their views, whereupon they seize him, menace him with death, and

finally imprison him for six months. His answer is given him, which is, 'For the last time, we have nothing to do with you.' "

Casati was not convinced, and I see that the Pasha is much troubled in mind. They will meet again to-night, and argue the moral aspect of the case again. God knows what their intentions will be to-morrow! Neither of them realise the true state of affairs. I am convinced that their minds are in a bewildered state, as their position would be desperate if we left them to themselves for a few days.

Before retiring for the night the Pasha came to my tent and assured me that he would leave on the 10th of April; that he is certain all the Egyptians in this camp, numbering with their followers about 600, will leave with him. But reports from other quarters prove to me that the Pasha is grossly mistaken. How they will undeceive him I do not know. So far I have not exchanged many words with any of the party, and I have certainly not pretended to have any authority over them. I consider the Pasha as my guest, and the Egyptians as his followers. I supply the whole party with meat and grain, and Surgeon Parke attends to the sick each morning and afternoon.

April 1st.—The first move homeward has been made to-day. Lieut. Stairs has been despatched with his company, sixty-one effective rifles, to form advance camp at Mazamboni's, to store contributions, &c., ready for the huge column that will leave here on the 10th instant.

Accompanying him were Major Awash Effendi, Rushti Effendi, and two or three other Egyptians and their followers; also fifty-seven of Mazamboni's, twenty-nine of Usiri's, and thirty of Mpinga's natives. Besides loads of No. 2 Company, these carriers took eighty-eight loads of ammunition, Remington, Winchester, and gunpowder.

Here is a curious table for medical men :

	WEIGHTS OF OFFICERS AT			
	Banana Point, 1887.	Fort Bodo in, the Forest, 1888.	Kavalli's Camp, 1889.	After sickness, 1889.*
Stanley	168 lbs.	135 lbs.	145 lbs.	132 lbs.
Jephson	168 "	132 "	150½ "	132 "
Dr. Parke	162 "	148 "	170 "	
Major Barttelot	144 "	— "	— "	
Lieut. Stairs	164 "	143 "	— "	
Capt. Nelson	176 "	140 "	146 "	
Emin Pasha	—	—	130 "	

April 2nd.—Ruwenzori has been visible the last three days. That snow-covered range has been a most attractive and beautiful sight—pure, dazzling, varying in colours with the hours, with infinite depth of opaline blue all round it, until the sun set and dark night covered the earth. The natives declared it could not be seen because the south hill of the Baregga obstructed the view, but by our levels and triangulations we knew it ought to be seen; and it has been seen. We pointed it out to the natives. They turned and asked, "How did you know it could be seen from here?"

April 3rd.—The Pasha is slowly opening his eyes. He came to me this afternoon and related that he had assembled his household of fifty-one

* This is added to make the table more complete.

souls—servants, guards, orderlies, who have hitherto been attached to him—and had asked them who were willing to accompany him on the 10th of April. All but four declined. The rest say they will wait for their “brethren.”

One of these four faithfuls is one who bluntly stated that he only followed to seize a little girl whom Captain Casati was detaining by force from him, and that after getting possession of her he would return to Kavalli to await his “brethren.”

Upon asking the Pasha what claims Casati had upon the girl—who is intensely black and about five years old—he said that Casati a few years ago had applied to him for a female cook. She had accompanied him to Unyoro while he had represented him in that country. During her service with Casati the female cook gave birth to this child, who was the offspring of a Soudanese soldier. For three years the child was reared by Casati in his house. She became a pet, and with her artless prattle and childish ways she relieved the solitary man’s tedious life. On his expulsion from Unyoro by Kabba Rega and return to the Province, the woman was claimed by her husband, and likewise the child, but at the same time he disclaimed paternity. Casati refused to deliver the child up, and has obstinately refused to do so to this day.

The Pasha thinks it possible that the soldier has some sinister intentions respecting Casati, and deplores Casati’s morbid attachment to his servants, male and female. He is disinclined to exercise his authority on Casati, who has been his guest and true friend for many years, but he regrets that his friend will not be advised by him. This conversation occurred between 5.30 to 6.30 P.M.

One hour later, while taking a short stroll before my tent in the moonlight, I heard a fierce brawling voice uttering in Arabic guttural imprecations. Amid the loud, strenuous, and voluble abuse, I distinguished my name and the Pasha’s frequently, with determined splutterings of “Enough—enough—enough!” I heard other voices coaxingly crying, “For the Prophet’s sake.” “Have a little patience.” “Ease your wrath,” and such like, and presently the Pasha’s voice rang out deep and strong, “What is the matter there? Peace, I charge you; peace, then,—Well, go and tell Mr. Stanley; his tent is not far off. Go!”

Presently, one Mohammed Effendi, the engineer, a light-skinned and not unprepossessing Egyptian, thus challenged, rushed up to me, followed by a large crowd, and poured—that is the term—a story strongly coloured by jealousy and bitter with angry denunciations. His wife, he said, to whom he had been lawfully married at Khartoum, had been allowed by him, on the death of the Abyssinian mother of Ferida, to become nurse to the child. This was thirty months ago. At first his wife could find time not only to perform duty by the child, but also to him, but during the last six months she had become estranged from him, and abused him violently upon every occasion they met. During the last twenty-four hours he had sent over a score of messages to her, each of which she had rejected with increasing scorn. Was this right? Was there no justice for him?

“Really, my friend Mohammed,” I replied, “I have no authority to settle such delicate questions. Have you been to the Pasha? Have you asked him to try and exercise his authority? Seeing that she is a nurse in his household, he is the person you should apply to; not me.”

“Go to him! Why should I go to him? Nay, then, if you will not do

me justice, I will either kill myself, or my wife, or the Pasha. I will do one thing sure."

He departed, storming loudly, so that the entire camp heard his threats.

I had scarcely ceased wondering what all this meant when a white-robed figure stole up rapidly towards my tent, evidently a female by her dress.

"Who is this?" I asked.

"The wife of Mohammed Effendi."

"In the name of God why do you choose to come here?"

"You must listen to my story, having heard that of Mohammed," she answered.

"Have you the Pasha's permission to visit me?"

The permission being granted, the woman was shown into my tent by Mr. Jephson and Dr. Parke.

"Well speak; my ears are opened."

The fair one crouched down, and made a mass of white in the darkest corner of the tent, lit as it was by a single candle. A subtle fragrance of Shiraz, or Stamboul oil filled the tent, and a perfectly pure and delightful voice uttered such clear-cut Arabic that I imagined I understood every word. A fortnight's experience with such a voice would make me an Arabic scholar.

The fair one's story was to the effect that she disliked her husband most heartily—yea, hated him altogether. He was simply a heathen brute. He was too low to be worthy of her regard. He had robbed, torn her clothes, beaten her, had half split her head one time. No; she would never, never—no, never, &c., &c., have anything to do with him in future.

"Have you finished your story?"

"Yes."

"Serur! Take her back to the Pasha's house."

A few seconds elapsed, and the Pasha advanced to the tent and craved an interview. He related that the woman with the husband's consent had become nurse to his little daughter, for which she received a liberal wage in cloth, which was no sooner paid to her than her husband snatched it away, and shamefully beat her. At her entreaties she obtained the Pasha's protection even against the husband. He had heard no objections made, and knew nothing of this fury of jealousy until this evening when he heard the wrathful voice of Mohammed denouncing him, and threatening to shoot him. Thereupon he was obliged to ask for my protection as the fellow might in a fit of madness kill somebody."

"Do you leave this affair in my hands, Pasha?"

"Certainly."

"Very well. I will ask you to retire to your quarters, guards will be placed at every entrance leading to them, and I will guarantee the safety of all within. I will call Mohammed and hear his story patiently, and will let you know what arrangements have been made before you sleep."

The Pasha retired and Mohammed was called.

His story was that having given his wife permission to be nurse to little Ferida, he had no intention of depriving the little girl of her services; he simply wished that his wife should visit him occasionally and prove herself amenable to marital duty.

"If you will conform to a few simple conditions, I will do my best to

bring your wife to her senses, but it is necessary you should meet me at the Pasha's house to-morrow morning and apologise to him for your shocking violence to night. Now, don't interrupt me," I said; "you have been urged to this rude behaviour by your friends, Dr. Vita Hassan, Bassili Effendi, and others to make a scene. Go to your house quietly and beware you utter no more words to night. To-morrow morning we shall meet again."

This evening a mail has arrived from Wadelai, and the letters announce the utmost disorder and the most extraordinary confusion at that station.

April 4th.—At 8 A.M. I preceeded to the Pasha's house and informed him that I desired to call Mohammed to his presence. He consented, and the man made a most submissive apology, though his angry features belied his professions of penitence. He was then told to state to the Pasha before me upon what conditions he was willing to let the woman continue as nurse. He said he wished his wife to attend on Ferida until she was put to sleep, from the first hour of the morning, that was all, to which the Pasha expressed himself agreeable.

"On the following conditions only, Mohammed, do I agree :—

"1st. Your wife shall attend on Ferida during the day-time.

"2nd. Your wife shall return to your house after sun-set.

"3rd. Your wife is not to be beaten or bruised.

"4th. Your wife's personal property shall remain with the Pasha.

"5th. You shall assist, protect, and watch over your wife while on the march, and allow her on reaching camp to serve Ferida.

"6th. You shall not trouble your wife and distract her with your demands during the day—except in case of your illness.

"7th. The Pasha, in consideration of your wife's service, shall feed and clothe her, and see that she is carried on the march."

Both the Pasha and Mohammed agreed.

The woman was then called, and the Pasha translated word for word the above conditions. As she heard them she swept the white muslin from her face, and in the absence of any superior attraction she appeared to me to possess considerable beauty, with splendid large black eyes—a distinctively fine Cairene face. The hut was filled with perfume from her spotless white muslin robe. Under this overdress she wore a scarlet dress. In the wilds of Africa I never met anything approaching her.

After the conditions had been translated, she interjected a vigorous "Never, never, no, never!" coupled with a free abuse of Mohammed, who stood looking ridiculously angry and jealous. He appealed to me to listen to her.

"Take her to you, Mohammed."

The man gave the order to her to proceed to his house, which order she contemptuously disregarded.

"She must go to your house now," I said.

Again Mohammed extended his hand towards her, which she angrily pushed aside. "Never, never, no, never!" she cried fiercely, with flashes of anger from her beautiful gazelle eyes.

"Please to command her departure, Pasha."

The Pasha delivered the order in his usual deep voice. She remained immovable.

"You see she refuses to go," said the Pasha. "What can be done?"

"My dear Pasha, we were prepared for a scene. This is exactly what we both knew would happen. Despite her obstinacy, she must—she absolutely must depart with her husband, and we must forbear, whatever happens, unless the man strikes her. Please to command once more, Pasha, that she accompany her own proper husband, or she shall be carried bodily to her home."

The Pasha did so, and after a second's hesitation, during which it was clear that she was measuring the strength of two wills, she walked out, taking the sweet fragrance and loveliness of her presence with her.

"After her, Mohammed! but if you strike her with even a feather, she shall become as a stranger to you until you reach Cairo. Let her scold on, man, even until she faints with weariness. Does a man like you fear wind? Be considerate with her for three or four days. She will come round, never fear."

Ten minutes later Mohammed again made his appearance, and anxiously cried out that she was possessed of a devil and unmanageable, tearing her robes, and pulling at her face as though she would destroy its beauty for ever, &c., &c.

"Quite so, quite so, Mohammed; just what we expected she would do. Go tie her up by the wrists, her hands behind her back, Mohammed. Do it with a smile of confidence, and with soothing words, Mohammed. I know no law to prevent you, Mohammed. She is your own lawful wife, Mohammed. But beware of striking her, for if you do it you are a beast!"

The man went, and, in a matter-of-fact way, tied up the shrewish beauty. Then she shrieked and wailed for half an hour, and the neighbours' wives came in to comfort her, and begged her to be submissive to her lord, and promised her that her husband would become at once tender and kind if she but showed due obedience. "It is the excess of his love for you," they said, "that makes him so fierce and angry. If you were only wise, he would become the most docile slave." Wise wives!

But their combined advice, and the cunning suggestions thrown in, had not so much influence in subduing that raging temper, in my opinion, as her bouds, which made the proud woman appear absurdly helpless before the sneering husband.

At 3 P.M. she sent a pitiful message to me that I would cause her release, but she was sternly told that her voice had no power, nor her beauty any charms for me; that she must appeal to her husband. Accordingly she turned to Mohammed, and meekly implored her lord to go and plead for her, that her bonds pained her, and that she would in future obey him devotedly.

Then Mohammed came, with his face radiant with triumphant emotions, and relieved of those jealous wrinkles which had so disfigured it, and interceded for her release. This was granted, with an advice not to let his fondness become folly; to be commanding in tone, and austere distant for a few days, otherwise she would regain her lost advantages.

She was permitted to resume her duties in the Pasha's household. At night she meekly returned to her husband's house of her own accord. Let us hope that peace will spread her wings over the disturbed family for the future. Amen!

April 5th.—This morning Serour, a boy of Monbuttu-land, belonging to the Pasha's household, informed me that only two of the Pasha's

servants intended to follow him out of this camp. He stated that after the Pasha had questioned his servants, the day before yesterday, they had gone apart and consulted among themselves, and that they had finally resolved to let him depart without them—orderlies, guards, clerks, and servants, all except Bilal and he, Serour.

"But are you sure that you will go with him?"

"I don't know. If all my friends remain behind, what shall I do alone?"

"Well, then, only Bilal is certain of going?"

"Yes."

At 10.30, after the usual morning muster, Sali reported to me that the Zanzibaris were talking of several attempts having been made, in various parts of the camp, to steal rifles from their huts, but that on each occasion the attempt was thwarted by the prompt wakefulness of the people. I was glad to hear that at last the Zanzibaris had learned the importance of securing their rifles close by them at night. There is a general feeling in the camp that something is about to happen. The whispering circles observed each day, the care they take that no outsiders approach too near them, the discovery that the Pasha's servants had actually informed the Pasha plainly that they would not accompany him, the huge packets of letters that were despatched by the Egyptians to the ever-dilatory Egyptians at Wadelai, the heavy mails that came from Wadelai in return, the insidious warnings of others not to trust in the Egyptians, coupled with the former theft of a rifle by the returning officers, and these bold attempts to steal a few more rifles, all conspired to prove conclusively that between this date and the 10th of April some daring scheme is about to be tried.

Up to this date I have regarded the Pasha and the people as our guests, to be treated with all politeness and consideration, and myself as host and guide merely, except when any matter was thrust and put into my management. For the Pasha personally all of us entertained great respect and sympathy. Not a day has passed without an exhibition of this feeling from myself and officers, but we have been none the less aware that the Pasha's method fails utterly to constrain obedience. There has not been a single order of any importance obeyed, nor any request regarded. As often as we have observed this we have chafed and regretted that each time we have been emboldened to speak to him he has believed himself infallible in his judgment, from his thirteen years' experience of them. But now that the Egyptians had begun, from our quiet inoffensive manner, to conceive that the whites were similar to their Pasha, and proposed to accomplish some project involving our rights and liberties, the time was come to act.

I proceeded to the Pasha's house.

The Pasha, who was putting the final touches to some birds just stuffed by his secretary, pulled himself up with his usual dignity, and gravely prepared himself to listen.

"Emin Pasha," I said, "last evening couriers arrived from Wadelai and Mswa. They brought a large packet of letters from Selim Bey, Egyptian clerks, and others, and each letter which you received described disorder and distress. There are now half-a-dozen factions there, each arrayed against the other. One Coptic clerk wrote you that no one seemed to know what he was about, that the soldiers broke into the Government

magazines and took out whatever pleased them, that the officers were unable to restrain them, and that Wadelai was like a settlement consisting wholly of madmen; that Selim Bey had not begun to embark his own family yet, that he had but few followers, and that these were altogether unruly.

"Your people here also received many letters from their brethren, and, as though in accordance with this fact, there was an attempt made last night to appropriate our arms. Three separate times they entered the Zanzibari huts and tried to abstract the rifles; but, acting after my instructions, the Zanzibaris tied their rifles to their waists, and when they were pulled, they were wakened, and the intending thieves decamped. While you have been engaged with your collections and studies, I have been observing.

"They have yet five nights before our departure on the 10th inst. The attempt to rob us of our arms of defence failed last night. They will try again, and perhaps succeed, for I credit them with being clever enough, and it is quite clear that they have a design of some kind. Of course, if they succeed in appropriating even one rifle, the punishment will be summary, for I shall then forget what is due to them as your people and my guests. But this is what I wish to avoid. I should be loth to shed their blood, and create scenes of violence, when a better way of safeguarding our arms and ammunition, and effecting a quiet and peaceable departure from here, can be found.

"I propose to you one of two things. Sound the signal to muster all the Arabs and Soudanese with you, and then find out gently who is willing to leave with you. Those who are not willing, I shall order to leave the camp. If they do not obey, then it will be for me to employ compulsion. But as these people despise our Zanzibaris, they may very probably attempt resistance. Well, in a land where there is no appeal but to our fire-arms, it will certainly end violently, and we shall both regret it afterwards.

"The other proposal is much more effective and more bloodless. Do you order your baggage to be packed up quietly, and at dawn my people shall all be ready to escort you to a camp about three miles from here. From that camp we shall issue a request that those who intend following you shall come in and be welcome, but no other person shall approach without permission on pain of death."

"Hum! May I inform Casati of this?" demanded the Pasha.

"No, sir. Casati is in no danger; they will not hurt him, because he is not their Governor or officer. He is only a traveller. He can come the next day, or whenever he is inclined. If he is detained, I will attack the rebel camp and rescue Casati quickly enough."

The Pasha, while I spoke, shook his head in that melancholy, resigned manner peculiar to him, which has always seemed to me to betray pitiable irresolution.

"You do not like either plan, Pasha, I see. Will you, then, suggest some plan by which I can avoid coming into conflict with these wretched, misguided people, for as certain as daylight, it is impending? In my camp indiscipline and unruliness shall not prevail."

The Pasha, after a while, replied, "Your plan is not bad, but there is not sufficient time."

"Why, Pasha, you have told me you have been packing up for the last

fifteen days. Do you mean to say that between now and to-morrow morning you cannot finish packing your baggage? In thirty minutes our Expedition can start. If you cannot be awakened to the danger of bloodshed, and you will not accept my plan, nor suggest anything that will relieve us of the necessity of destroying one another, I must at once take measures for the general safety; and should a single drop of blood be spilled, it must be upon your head that the guilt of it will lie. *Adieu.*"

I rose and sounded the signal for general muster under arms. Myself and officers armed, and the Zanzibaris, Manyema, Soudanese, and natives, seeing us assume our weapons, knew that the case was urgent, and hastened to the square with wonderful celerity. The natives of Kavalli passed the alarm, and some hundreds came rushing up to take their share in what they believed was a coming struggle.

Within five minutes the companies were under arms, and stood attentive along three sides of the great square. The Pasha, seeing that I was in earnest, came out, and begged me to listen to one word.

"Certainly; what is it?" I asked.

"Only tell me what I have to do now."

"It is too late, Pasha, to adopt the pacific course I suggested to you. The alarm is general now, and therefore I propose to discover for myself this danger, and face it here. Sound the signal, please, for muster of your Arabs before me."

"Very good," replied the Pasha, and gave the order to his trumpeter.

We waited ten minutes in silence. Then, perceiving that not much attention was paid to the signal, I requested Mr. Jephson to take No. 1 Company, arm the men with clubs and sticks, and drive every Arab, Egyptian, and Soudanese into the square, without regard to rank, to search every house, and drag out every male found within.

The Zanzibaris were deployed across the camp, and, advancing on the run, began to shower blows upon every laggard and dawdler they came across, until the most sceptical was constrained to admit that, when commanded, the Zanzibaris were fit for something better than working as a hamal for a lazy Egyptian and his slave.

For the first time the Egyptians and Soudanese formed a decent line. Not until they had formed it with military exactitude and precision was a word said to them. It was most amusing to see an ordinary Zanzibari carrier straighten with his staff—which he flourished with a grim face—the line of majors, Vakeels, captains, lieutenants, clerks, and storekeepers.

When the line was satisfactory, I stepped up to them and informed them that I heard they wished to fight, that they were eager to try what kind of men the Zanzibaris were. They had seen how well they could work; it would be a pity if they were not able to see how well they could fight."

The Vakeel—Lieutenant-Governor—replied, "But we don't wish to fight."

"Then what is this I hear, that one of you is as good as ten of my men, of rifles being stolen, of plots and counterplots each day that you have been here, of your resolve not to follow the Pasha after making us build your houses and collect food for you, and carrying hundreds of loads the last two months up this mountain from the Lake, and last night three of our houses were entered, and you laid your hands upon our arms? Speak, and say what it all means."

"Ah, Pasha, no one of us wishes to fight, and let the thieves, if found, die."

"If found! Will any thief confess his theft and deliver himself to be shot. Will you, who are all of one mind, betray one another, and submit yourselves to punishment? Do you intend to follow your Pasha?"

"We all do," they answered.

"Stay. Those who intend following the Pasha form rank on that other side, like soldiers, each in his place."

At once there was a general and quick movement in regular order; they then turned about and faced me again.

"So! Is there none desirous of staying in this fair land with Selim Bey, where you will be able to make these natives do your work for you, cook, and feed you?"

"None, not one. *La il Allah il Allah!*"

"Why, Pasha, you have been misinformed, surely? These people vow they are all faithful. There is not a traitor here."

"I do not see my servants and orderlies here," replied the Pasha.

"Ah, Lieutenant Stairs, please take a party and roust every man out. On the least resistance you know what to do."

"Right, sir."

Lieutenant Stairs took his company, gave his orders, and in a few minutes the Pasha's servants were brought into the square; they were deprived of their rifles and accoutrements.

"Now, Pasha, please ask them severally before me what they intend doing."

Upon the Pasha asking them, they all replied they were willing to follow their master to the end of the world, excepting one, Seroor.

The Pasha, pointing out Seroor, said, "That is the chief conspirator in my household."

"Oh, it will only take one cartridge to settle his business."

"But I hope, for God's sake, that you will try him first, and not take my word for it."

"Undoubtedly, my dear Pasha. We invariably give such people a fair trial."

Seroor was placed under guard with three others whom the Pasha pointed out.

"Now, Pasha, this business having been satisfactorily ended, will you be good enough to tell these officers that the tricks of Wadelai must absolutely cease here, and that in future they are under my command. If I discover any treacherous tricks I shall be compelled to exterminate them utterly. No Mahdist, Arabist, or rebel can breathe in my camp. Those who behave themselves and are obedient to orders will suffer no harm from their fellows or from us. My duty is to lead them to Egypt, and until they arrive in Cairo I will not leave them. Whatever I can do to make them comfortable I will do, but for sedition, and theft of arms, there is only death."

The Pasha translated, and the Arabs bowed their assent, and through the Vakeel and two captains, vowed that they would obey their father religiously.

"Good," I replied; "and now that I assume command, I want to have a list of your names and exact number of your families, and carriers will be allotted to you according to your number, and on the fifth day we leave."

MUSTER OF EMIN PASHA'S FOLLOWERS, APRIL 5TH, 1889.

NAME.	Leads.	Wives.	Children.	Men.	Women.	Infants.	Total of People.
Emin Pasha, Governor	51	..	1	16	15	9	42
Captain Casati, traveller	10	3	8	1	13
Signor Marco, merchant	13	5	4	5	5	3	23
Vita Hassan, apothecary	11	..	2	7	7	2	19
Osman Effendi Latif, Vakeel							
His mother							
" Abdul Rahman, his son, 17 years	11	2	4	3	5	1	17
" Achmed " 10 "							
" Rejab " 5 "							
" Sadi-eddeen " 4 "							
Ayoub Effendi (absent) clerk	4	1	1
Achmet Effendi Ibrahim, captain	9	3	..	3	5	2	14
Abdul Wahid Effendi, captain	8	1	..	4	3	1	10
Ibrahim Effendi	1
Assinaka, clerk	7	3	7	..	11
Ali Agha Shamruk, captain	6	1	..	2	1	..	5
Rushdi Effendi, clerk	5	2	1	3	4	..	11
Ibrahim Effendi Telbass, lieutenant	9	2	4	..	7
Abu Zehr Achmed	5	2	1	4
Ali Effendi, captain							
Mohammed, his son, 14 years							
Ibrahim " 11 "	20	1	3	9	9	..	23
Abdul Hamed " 6 "							
Mohammed Mutlook, soldier	3	1	..	2
Awash Effendi, major	17	4	9	1	15
Hamdam, soldier	2	..	1	2
Mohammed el Arabi, soldier	4	3	..	4
Suliman Effendi, 1st lieutenant	12	..	3	5	5	2	16
Faratch Ago, lieutenant	20	4	5	5	12	..	27
Mohammed Suliman, soldier	3	1	2
Bakheet, soldier	2	1	1	3
Azra Effendi, clerk	8	3	2	2	4	..	13
His mother							
Rafael Effendi, clerk	5	2	1	..	1	..	5
Wasuf Effendi, clerk	6	2	..	1	2	2	8
Michael Effendi (deceased)							
His children—							
Awab boy, 6 years							
Bushara " 4 "							
Girghis " 2 "							
Fullah girl, 7 "	10	..	8	4	8	..	20
Mustafia " 10 "							
Mush tara " 4 "							
Hamma " 2 "							
Beheri " 4 "							
Abrian Effendi, clerk	9	3	2	7	8	1	22
Awad Effendi, clerk	10	4	5	2	3	..	15
Abdul Fettah (deceased)	5	1	3	..	1	..	6
Mohammed Kher, clerk	5	6	3	2	5	..	17
Ibrahim Effendi, lieutenant	5	1	1	3
Mohammed Effendi Emin, soldier	8	4	3	8
Hamid Mohammed, soldier	3	1	1	2	5
Yusuf Effendi							
Mohammed, his son, 12 years							
Khalil " 11 "	12	4	4	10	12	..	32
Ibrahim, his brother							

MUSTER OF EMIN PASHA'S FOLLOWERS, APRIL 5TH, 1889—*continued.*

NAME.	Loads.	Wives.	Children.	Men.	Women.	Infants.	Total of People.
Rajab Effendi, Pasha's secretary	7	2	2	2	3	..	10
Arif Effendi, Pasha's clerk	5	12	..	2	3	..	8
Mabu, soldier	2	1	1	3
Merjan, soldier	1	1
Children of Mohammed Osman—							
Ismail, son, 12 years	4	3	3	2	2	..	10
Bukra, girl, 13 „							
Fatima „ 10 „							
Kur, sergeant	2	2	2	..	5
Feruzi, trumpeter	2	1	2
Seeroor Adam, soldier	5	3	2	3	3	..	12
Ahmed Effendi Reif, storekeeper	3	1	1	..	3
Ahmed Effendi Ibrahim, clerk	4	1	1	..	1	..	4
Abu Scherag, soldier	4	1	..	1	3
Basili Effendi three Coptic brothers,	11	7	10	..	22
Tomo Effendi clerks							
Daoud Effendi and two sisters, captains							
Awari, soldier	3	2	2	5
Farag Hashin, soldier	3	1	1	3
Fathel Mullah, soldier	2	1	2
Ibrahim, soldier	3	1
Shukri Aga (absent), captain	15	6	4	4	7	3	24
His children—							
Achmed, his son, 13 years							
Juma „ 12 „							
Adam „ 14 „	3	4	1	1	7
Matyera, interpreter							
	397	82	69	126	182	36	551*

Poor Pasha! It was clear as the noonday sun why 10,000 followers had dwindled in number to Bilal, the solitary ONE! After a patient and scrupulous analysis of the why and wherefore of these events, the result is manifest, and we see the utter unfitness of the scientific student and the man of unsuspecting heart to oppose these fawning, crafty rogues, who have made fraud and perfidy their profession. At the same time, it is not so clear that, had he penetrated their dissimulating wiles, and grappled with these evil men boldly, and crushed the heads of these veterans in falsehood and craft, that his position would have been safer than it was. Each man, however, follows his own nature, and must abide the consequences of his judgment and acts. But all must admit, that what is so far written does infinite credit to his heart.

April 6th.—Sixty-five natives have arrived here, sent by the chief Mazamboni as carriers, to be ready for the 10th instant.

Osman Latif Effendi, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, was

* This list is not complete, inasmuch as Moslems have a strong disinclination to permit their women to appear in public, others affected not to understand the necessity of the muster.

once much addicted to inebriety, but of late years he has become a rigid abstainer, and such an absorbed reader of the Koran that not long ago his clothes were aflame before he was aware of it.

During the sudden muster of the day before yesterday, and the fierce declaration of my intentions, he became energetic himself, and I found that energy, as well as disease, becomes contagious. He had prepared for an immediate start after us. His mother, an old lady, seventy-five years old, with a million of wrinkles in her ghastly white face, was not very fortunate in her introduction to me, for, while almost at white-heat, she threw herself before me in the middle of the square, jabbering in Arabic to me, upon which, with an impatient wave of the hand, I cried, "Get out of this; this is not the place for old women." She lifted her hands and eyes up skyward, gave a little shriek, and cried, "O Allah!" in such



AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN LADY.

tragic tones that almost destroyed my character. Every one in the square witnessed the limp and shrunk figure, and laughed loudly at the poor old thing as she beat a hasty retreat.

While arranging his eleven loads, consisting of baskets of provisions, carpets, and cooking-pots and family bedding, Osman Latif Effendi held the Koran between thumb and finger and alternately appealed to the Arabic lines, and to the Arab lares and penates in the baskets.

Among the people yesterday I found forty-nine young fellows without arms. As they drew up in line they preferred a request to be armed with rifles. Not knowing their character, I sent to the Pasha to be good enough to give me a list of the most deserving, that they might assist in the defence of the column while on the march, but he begged to be excused, as he did not feel well enough. Poor Casati is not on speaking terms with the Pasha, because of his judgment against him in the matter of the little

black girl of the other day, and I suppose the Pasha will not be on speaking terms with me, because of the shock of yesterday.

The march will do them all good. When the Pasha is in presence of Ruwenzori—the Mountains of the Moon—he will recover tone.

April 7th.—The Egyptians are now earnestly preparing for the march. I have ordered every family to have a reserve of at least six days' provisions on hand at all times, irrespective of the plenty that may be in the vicinity. The Zanzibaris have become at last impressed with the necessity of this, though it required eighteen months' most woeful experience and constant instruction to teach them this secret of African travel.

April 8th.—Mazamboni's natives, who have been gathering here ready for our departure, danced nearly the whole day. The women of the Bavira turned out *en masse* to exhibit a farewell performance. My vanity induces me to publish the fact that the songs were merely extemporaneous effusions in our honour for having, as they say, "fixed the country in order."

This afternoon Omar, sergeant of our Soudanese, created a scene because of some supposed insult to his wife by the Zanzibaris. As the affair waxed serious, the intending combatants were brought to the square and requested, if they would not disperse, to fight the matter out before me as umpire. Now Omar is a splendid specimen of manhood, an excellent soldier and officer, but both he and the cantankerous Zanzibaris were elated above reason by native beer. Omar and his Zanzibari antagonists loudly clamoured for a fight. "With fists or clubs?" "Clubs for men," shouted the Zanzibaris—a very unfortunate choice for them, as it turned out.

Omar stood like a Colossus with his coat-sleeve rolled up. A Zanzibari sprang to the front calling out, "I am Asmani, of Muscati; behold how I will lay low this Nubian!" They made two passes, and Asmani was struck to the ground senseless. He was taken up and placed in charge of Dr. Parke.

"Next of ye who feel aggrieved by Omar." Hajji, a tall Zanzibari, responded, flourishing his club, struck deftly one side, but the blow was cleverly caught by Omar, and before he could recover his guard Hajji had measured his length on the greensward. The applause was terrific. There were some 900 people present. Hajji was dragged away like the gored horse in the Plaza de Toros, and sent to the Doctor to be cured of his skull-crack.

"Next!" and at the call bounded a sturdy, active little fellow named Ulaiya—or England. "Ho, my lads, I am England—this Turki soldier shall die!" In his brave confidence he flung his turban away, and exposed his bare head. One, two, three! and, alas, for Ulaiya, the baton of Omar came down on his unprotected cranium with a blow which would have killed a white man, but only caused him to collapse and become too confused for further effort. The sight of the blood streaming down his face infuriated his comrades, and a general rush was made upon Omar, who, before he was rescued, received an extremely sore back from the multitude of blows showered on him, so that victor and vanquished had received adequate punishment, and declared themselves perfectly satisfied that each of their honours had been gratified by the display. After their wounds, they were, however, taken to the guard-house.

April 9th.—This morning the combatants of yesterday were brought

before me at muster. Sergeant Omar was informed that, whereas he, being an officer, had allowed himself to indulge in drink, his sentence was that he should carry a box of ammunition while on the march until the Zanzibaris' heads were healed, and during their retirement from the active list, he being in the meanwhile disgraced. Three other Soudanese were sentenced to do porter's duty for a similar period for having drawn steel weapons during the fight, with intent to do deadly injury, and one Soudanese received a dozen for putting a cartridge with intent to shoot. Serour, the Monbuttu servant of the Pasha, with his master's permission, received two dozen for employing a shovel to strike the combatants, having been inspired by malice for the events of the 5th instant.

Notice was also given that the march towards Zanzibar would commence next morning, which announcement was received with "frantic applause."

Mpinga, Msiri, Mwité, Malai, Wabiassi, Mazamboni, and Balegga have furnished 350 carriers. They are assembled this evening, dancing, singing, and feasting.

Shukri Agha, Commandant of Mswa, has not arrived yet, though he has sent his children and women.

April 10th.—March from Kavalli's to Mpinga's, four hours.

At 7.30 A.M. the column streamed out of camp, led by No. 1 Company, then followed the Pasha and his people, with their allotted number of carriers.

Roughly the number was as follows—

Expedition	230
Manyuema	130
Plateau natives	350
Kavallis	200
Pasha and people	600
<hr/>	
Total	1,510
<hr/>	

There was no disorder or disturbance. The column kept as close order as though it was composed of veterans. The ridges and swells of land were lined with women and children, who sang their farewells to us. Every one was animated and happy.

Captain Nelson, in charge of the rear guard, set fire to the straw town which had seen so many anxious weeks of our life. The fire was splendid; the fearful flames seemed to lick the very sky from where we stood, and the great cloud of black smoke announced to the country round about, even as far as Pisgah, that the Expedition was homeward bound.

April 11th.—Halt.

April 12th.—March to Mazamboni's, four and a half hours.

Continued our journey to the territory of our good friend Mazamboni, but the compact order was much broken. The Pasha's people straggled over many miles of the road. This will have to be corrected to avoid wholesale casualties. There is no fear in this country, for this is our own, and the natives are in a fair way of becoming civilized.

Lieutenant Stairs was discovered, having made ample provision for the wants of the column, and had nothing but grateful news to deliver to us.

April 13th.—Halt. I write this in bed, am in great pain; Dr. Parke informs me I suffer from sub-acute gastritis, which I judge to be something of an inflammation of the stomach; am under the influence of morphia. Last night about 2 A.M. the first symptoms attacked me. A halt has been ordered, which I fear will be a long one. This compulsory pause will be a forced extension of time to those misguided people of the Equatorial Province who may hear of our departure from Kavilli, and who may take this halt as a further grace offered to them.

Now followed, one day after another, days of excessive pain and almost utter weariness of life. The body pined for want of the nourishment that the excoriated stomach invariably rejected. Nothing but milk and water could be taken, and the agony caused by the digestion had to be eased by hypodermic injections of morphia. For the first few days the devoted surgeon enabled me to hope that, through his skilful nursing, I might soon recover, and my mind became active in planning the homeward march, and conceiving every unhappy circumstance attending it, and the necessary measures that should be taken. I supposed Kabba Rega was aware of the retreat of the Pasha and his people, and would do his utmost to oppose our progress; conceded to him in imagination hundreds of rifles, and thousands of spearmen with his allies, who use the long bows of the Wahuma, and fancied that after him we should meet the brave and warlike Wasongora, of whom I had heard in 1875, and then the Wanyankori, with their king named the "Lion," persecuting the column night and day, and victim after victim dropping from among our living ranks; and then the passage of the Alexandra Nile amid a rain of arrows, to encounter the no less hostile people of Karagwé, assisted by the Waganda, and the column daily decreasing in strength and numbers, until some day, a few, after infinite struggles, would reach Msalala, and tell Mackay, the missionary, the horrible scenes of disaster that had dogged us and finally destroyed us; and lying helpless on my bed, with the murmur of the great camp round about me, all these difficulties, arrayed by the vividness of my imagination, had to be struggled against in some way, and forthwith I lost myself in imaginary scenes of endless fights and strategies along the base of the snowy range, seizing every point of vantage, rushing into a palisaded village, and answering every shot with two of most deadly aim; climbing a hill slope and repelling the enemy with such spleen that they would be glad to cease the persecution. Or at crossing of broad rivers, after a troublous search for the means, the ambuscades protecting the ferry, or forming zeribas with frantic energy, every man and woman assisting, the sharpshooters' rifles keeping up the incessant and venomous fire; Stairs, Nelson, Jephson, Parke hallooing their men with cheering voice, and every one aflame with desire to defend the people entrusted to our charge. Or scenes of combat in the underwood of the tropic forest, utterly heedless of the divine beauty of tropic flowering, cool shades and merry streamlets, and absorbed only in the sanguinary necessities of the moment. I sometimes worked myself into such a pitch of exaltation that a fever came and clouded all, and caused me to babble confusedly, and the Doctor, gently shaking his head, would have to administer an opiate.

Nor were these the only bugbears raised in my dazed mind. Morning after morning came the reports as usual of plots, and seditious circles of men drawing new nets of craft to gain something I knew not what, and pleasing their cruel hearts with foretelling the most ominous events.

Many a rumour seemed to be afloat that the rebels were advancing with a soldiery bent on destruction, and the number of those deserting the camp by night grew greater and greater, until I had counted eighty. And then it was told me that some one was most active in disseminating falsehoods and inventions of terrible scenes of starvation wherein nothing but grass would be eaten, and that there was a grand effort to be made, because the effect of these tales was so widespread that something like a panic had seized the people.

The Pasha discovered one of his men as being most industrious at this evil work, and had him tried and convicted, and sent for a detail of men to shoot him as an example. "No detail of Zanzibaris can be sent," I managed to whisper to Stairs. "Let the Pasha shoot his guilty man with his own people. If he needs a guard for protection, let him have the men, but we came to save life, not to destroy it." And as his own people could not be trusted to execute such an order, the man's life was spared.

Then it was told me that one of the Lieutenant-Governor's men had shot a friendly native through the head, because the poor fellow had not been quick enough in collecting fuel to please the hard-hearted slave. "Put him in chains," I said, "but do not kill him. Feed him and fatten him ready for the march. He will do to carry a reserve of ammunition."

"In a few days there will be few officers left," said Nelson. "They are all going fast, and our labour has been in vain." "Let them go," I replied. "If they do not wish to follow their Pasha, let them alone."

Then came a report that Rehan had taken with him twenty-two people, with several rifles belonging to us.

"Ah, well, Stairs, my dear fellow, pick out forty good men, march to the Nyanza. You will find the rendezvous of these fellows at the Lake Shore Camp. Be very wary, and let your capture of them be sudden and thorough, and bring them back. By taking our rifles they have made themselves liable."

On the fourth day later Lieutenant Stairs returned, having made an excellent haul of carefully guarded prisoners, among whom was Rehan, the ringleader.

A court of officers was convened, the witnesses were summoned, and from their evidence it was ascertained that his flight was to precede by two days a general exodus of the Soudanese men, women, and children; that it was a part of a deliberate plan to arm themselves at our expense, so that, on the arrival of Selim Bey, who was daily expected, we should be unable to make any prolonged defence. It was proved that he had commenced his seditious practices soon after it was known that I was seriously ill; that he had begun his intrigues by publishing the most audacious statements respecting our cruelties when on the march; how every officer and Soudanese would be laden with crushing loads on their heads, that food would be denied them, and they would be told to feed on grass. The final fall of the Equatorial Government resulted from the scandalous falsehoods of an Egyptian clerk and lieutenant. Officers and soldiers of the Pasha were summoned to bear witness to what they had heard emanating from this man, and a mass of evidence, complete and conclusive, was furnished to prove that Rehan had been guilty of most atrocious practices, subversive of all discipline, and endangering the safety of the Expedition and its charge. It was also proved that Rehan had appropriated several rifles from the Expedition, with the intention of joining Selim Bey, and

finally employing our weapons and ammunition against people who had done naught but good and kindness to him and his friends. Thirdly, he was convicted of absconding with several women belonging to the harems of the Egyptian officers. Fourthly, of desertion; and fifthly, of having shot some friendly natives between our camp and the Nyanza, after his flight from camp. The Court resolved that on each specification the man Rehan deserved death.

To my suggestion, that possibly a milder sentence, such as chaining him, or putting him in a forked pole, with a box of ammunition on his head, would be preferable, the Court was immovable; and, reviewing the case carefully, I concurred in the sentence, and ordered that all should assemble to hear the charges, the finding, and the sentence.

I was borne out of my bed into the presence of the people, and though to all present I seemed to be fast drifting into that dark and unknown world whence none return who enter, I found strength to address the doomed man.

"Rehan, we are both before God; but it is written in the book of Fate that you shall precede me to the grave. You are a wicked man, unfit to breathe the air among men. I found you the slave of Awash Effendi, and I made you a freeman, and the equal of any soldier here. I remember when, in the forest, our friends were dying daily from weakness and hunger, I asked you to assist in carrying the ammunition for your Pasha; you freely consented to do so for wages. When the men recovered their strength you were relieved of your load. When you were ill, I looked after you, and supplied you with that which made you well. You knew that all our sufferings were undergone while carrying ammunition for you and your friends. When the work was done, your heart became black, and you have daily sought to do us harm. You have wished to rob us of the means of returning home; you have tried your best, in the malice of your heart, to wrong us; you have vilified us; you have entered the houses of the Egyptians and stolen their women, and you have murdered our native friends who have given us food gratuitously for the last three months; for all of which you deserve death by suspension from that tree. A number of men, who were your friends at one time, have tried your case patiently and fairly, and they answer me with one voice that you shall die.

"Now, I will give you one more chance for life. Look around on these men with whom you have eaten and drunk. If there is any one of them who will plead for you, your life is yours.

"What say you, Soudanese and Zanzibaris? Shall this man have life or death?"

"Death!" came from every voice unanimously.

"Then *Yallah rabuna!* Depart to God!"

The Soudanese with whom he had gossiped and fraternally lived in the forest briskly stepped forward and seized him, and the Zanzibaris flung the fatal noose around his neck. A man climbed the tree, and tossed the rope to a hundred pair of willing hands, and at the signal they marched away, and Rehan was a silent figure hanging between earth and heaven.

"Pass the word, Mr. Stairs, throughout the camp among the Pasha's people, and bid them come and look at the dead Rehan, that they may think of this serious scene, and, please God, mend their ways."

I had a relapse that night, and for days afterwards it appeared to me

that little hope was left for me. Then my good doctor was stricken sorely with a pernicious type of fever which has so often proved fatal on the African seaboard of the Atlantic. For many a day he was also an object of anxiety, and the Pasha, being a medical practitioner in past times, most kindly bestirred himself to assist his friend. Then Mr. Mounteney Jephson fell so seriously ill that one night his life was despaired of. He was said to be in a state of collapse, and our priceless doctor rose from his sick-bed and hastened with his men supporting him to the side of his sick comrade, and applied restoratives, and relieved our intense anxieties, and before retiring, he called upon me to relieve my spasms. Thus passed these dreadful days.

On the 29th of April I was able to sit up in bed, and from this date to the 7th of May there was a steady but sure improvement, though the tongue, which indicated the inflammation of the mucous membrane of the stomach, appeared to be obstinately unpromising.

May 3rd.—Two packets of letters were brought to me by natives in the neighbourhood of the Lake shore, and as they were in Arabic I sent them to the Pasha. Presently the Pasha appeared and demanded an interview. When he was seated he informed me that there had been a mistake, for one of the packets was a mail for Wadelai despatched some days ago from our camp, while the other packet was the mail from Wadelai.

As I was not aware of any mail having been sent away since we had arrived at Mazamboni's, such a packet must have been sent secretly, and most probably with sinister intentions to us. "Therefore, Pasha, as we are evidently in a state of war with your evil-minded people, I beg you will be good enough to open the packet and read a few of those letters to me, for you know everything is fair in war."

The first letter was from Shukri Agha, and was a kindly letter to his friend Selim Bey. There was not a syllable in it that was otherwise than sterling honesty, and honest hopes of an early meeting.

The second was from Ibrahim Effendi Elham, a captain who was in the camp. It said, "I hope you will send us fifty soldiers as soon as you receive this letter. We have started, and are now waiting for a few days here. *I pray you, in the name of God, not to delay sending these men, because if we have them to help us, we can delay the march of the Expedition in many ways, but if you came yourself with 200 soldiers we could obtain all you and I wish.* Our friends are anxiously expecting news from you every day. The necessity is urgent."

"That is a discovery, Pasha! Now are you satisfied that these people are incorrigible traitors?"

"Well, I should not have expected this of Ibrahim Effendi Elham. I have been constantly kind to him. As for Selim Bey, I cannot see what he can want."

"It is this, Pasha. In reality few of these men wish to go to Egypt. Even Selim Bey, despite all his promises, never intended to proceed to Egypt. They were willing to accompany you until they reached some promising land, where there was abundance of food and cattle, and removed from all fear of the Mahdists; they then would tell you that they were tired of the march, that they would die if they proceeded any farther, and you, after conferring with me, would grant them ammunition, and promise to send some more to them by-and-by. But this ammunition would not be sufficient in their eyes, however liberal you were. Their

rifles would be too few, nothing would satisfy them but all the rifles and ammunition and everything we possessed. Wait a moment, Pasha, and I will reveal the whole plot to you.

"After Mr. Jephson received my order last January, of course the news soon spread as far north as your farthest station that I had arrived with all my people and stores. They knew, though they affected to disbelieve it, that the Khedive had sent ammunition to you. But they were clever enough to perceive that they could get nothing from me without an order from you. But as Jephson had fled and conveyed the news of your deposition and imprisonment to me, even an order would scarcely suffice. They therefore, knowing your forgiving disposition, come to you, a deputation of them, to profess regret and penitence; they kiss your hand and promise greatly, which you accept, and as a sign of amity and forgiveness of the past accompany them, and introduce them to me. You ask for a reasonable time for them, and it is granted. But so strong was the temptation, they could not resist stealing a rifle. If they intend to go with us, what do they wish to do with this rifle while steaming on the Lake? Is it not a useless inuimbrance to them? I suppose that the varying strength and influence of the factions have delayed them longer than they thought, and we have been saved from proceeding to extremes by their dissensions.

"Since I have heard Mr. Jephson's story, and your own account which differs but little from his, and the different versions of Awash Effendi, Osman Latif Effendi, and the Zanzibaris, I have long ago made up my mind what to do. These people are not those to whom you may preach and reason with effect, their heads are too dense, and their hearts are too hardened with lying. They can understand only what they feel, and to make such as these feel they must receive hard knocks. When I had thoroughly sounded the depths of their natures, my mind began to discover by what method I could master these men. There were half-a-dozen methods apparently feasible, but at the end of each there was an obstacle in my way.

"You could not guess what that obstacle was, Pasha?"

"No, I cannot."

"This obstacle that presented itself constantly, at the end of every well-digested method, was yourself."

"I! How was that?"

"On the 5th of April you ceased to be so, but until then, I could not carry any scheme into execution without reference to you. You were in our eyes the Pasha still. You were the Governor and Commander of these people. I could not propose to you to fight them. You believed in them constantly. Each day you said, 'They will come,' but it never came across your mind to ask yourself, 'What will they do after they do come, if they find they outnumber us three to one?' Had they come before the 5th of April, my plan was to separate from you and leave you with them, and form camp, with every detail of defence considered, seven or eight miles from you. All communications were to be by letter, and guides were to be furnished after we had gone in the advance a day's march, to show you the road to our last camp. No force of any magnitude would be permitted to approach my camp without a fight.

"But after the 5th of April this method was altered. I should have been wrong were I to separate from you, because I had a proof sufficient

for myself and officers that you had no people, neither soldiers nor servants; that you were alone. I proposed then as I propose now; should Selim Bey reach us, not to allow Selim Bey, or one single soldier of his force, to approach my camp with arms. Long before they approach us we shall be in position along the track, and if they do not ground arms at command—why, then the consequences will be on their heads. Thus you see that since the 5th of April I have been rather wishing that they would come. I should like nothing better than to bring this unruly mob to the same state of order and discipline they were in before they became infatuated with Arabi, Mahdism, and chronic rebellion. But if they come here they must first be disarmed; their rifles will be packed up into loads, and carried by us. Their camp shall be at least 500 yards from us. Each march that removes them further from Wadelai will assist us in bringing them into a proper frame of mind, and by-and-by their arms will be restored to them, and they will be useful to themselves as well as to us.”

The day following our arrival at Mazamboni's, Shukri Agha, Commandant of Mswa, had at length appeared. He had started from his station with twenty soldiers. Arriving at Kavalli on the plateau, he had but ten left; on reaching our camp he had but two, his trumpeter and flag-bearer. All the rest had deserted their captain. It is needless to comment on it.

It is now the 7th of May. I hear this evening that there is quite a force at Lake Shore Camp. Preparations for departure have been made during the last four days. We will start to-morrow. We have been in this country since the 18th of January—110 days. If this force proposes to follow us, they can easily overtake such a column as ours, and if they impress me that they are really desirous of accompanying us, we will not be averse to granting them some more time.

On the 7th of May I requested Lieutenant Stairs to bury twenty-five cases of ammunition in the ground-floor of his house, in order that if the rebel officers appeared and expressed earnest penitence, and begged to be permitted to stay at Mazamboni's, they might have means of defence. Mr. Stairs performed this duty thoroughly and secretly.

May 8th.—As I was too weak to walk more than fifty yards, I was placed in a hammock, and was borne to the front to guide the column. We advanced westward a few miles; then, abandoning our old route to the forest, turned southwards by a well-trodden track, and travelled along the base of the western slope of the group of hills known as Undussuma. We were presently amongst the luxuriant fields, plantain and banana plantations of the village of Bundegunda. The Indian corn and beans were very flourishing, and these extended far into the fields and hollows of the hills, a perfect marvel of exuberant plenty. It made a great and favourable impression upon the Egyptians and their followers, and we even wondered at the prodigious fertility of the soil and the happy condition of the district. One reason for all this extraordinary abundance was the protection and shelter from the cold winds blowing from the Lake.

An hour's march beyond the limits of the cultivation of Bundegunda, through other fields of equal fertility and productiveness, we formed camp, or rather located ourselves, in the village of Bunyambiri, which Mazamboni had caused to be abandoned for our necessities.

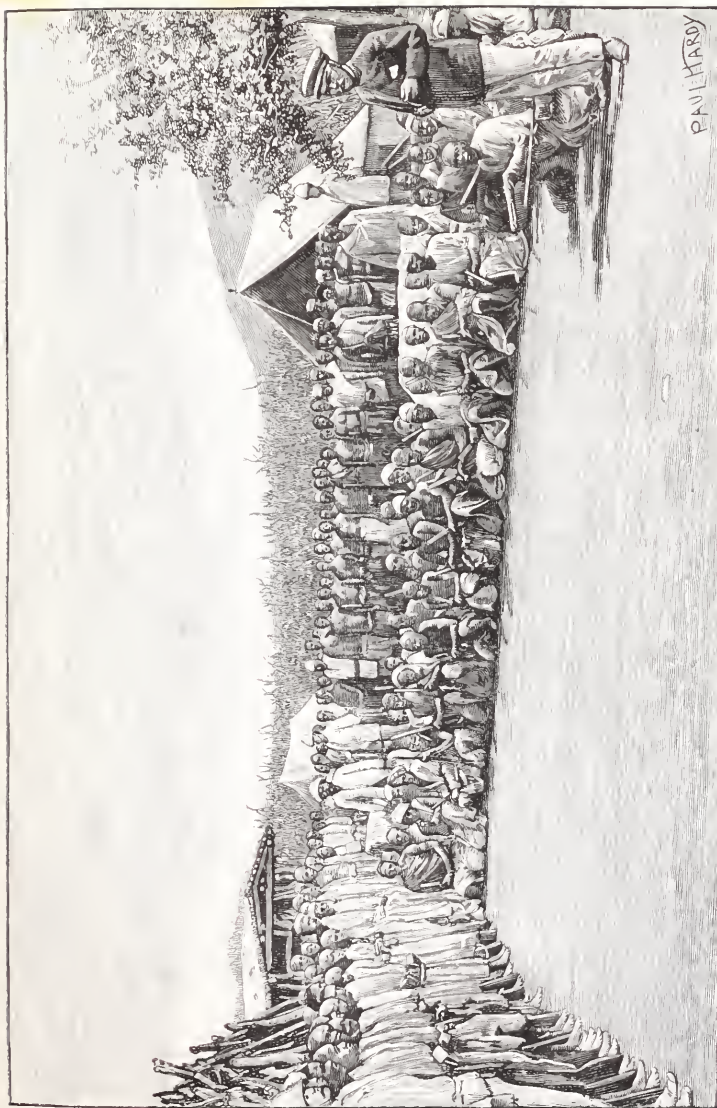
As Mazamboni escorted us with 300 of his own men, and was with us in person, free permission was given to each member of the column to range at will among the plantations and fields. The people thus literally

feasted on the ripe fruit of the banana, and the new beans, yams, sweet potatoes, colocassia, &c. In return for his services and hospitality, Mazamboni received forty head of cattle and sixteen tusks of ivory, averaging 52lbs. each. To my shame, however, the chief complained that his people were being detained as slaves, and Lieutenant Stairs and his brother officers had to escort him round the villages, to discover and restore them to him. This was so very Egyptian, however, to consider every service performed as their due, for some virtues and graces which, though possibly innate in them, remained hidden so long.

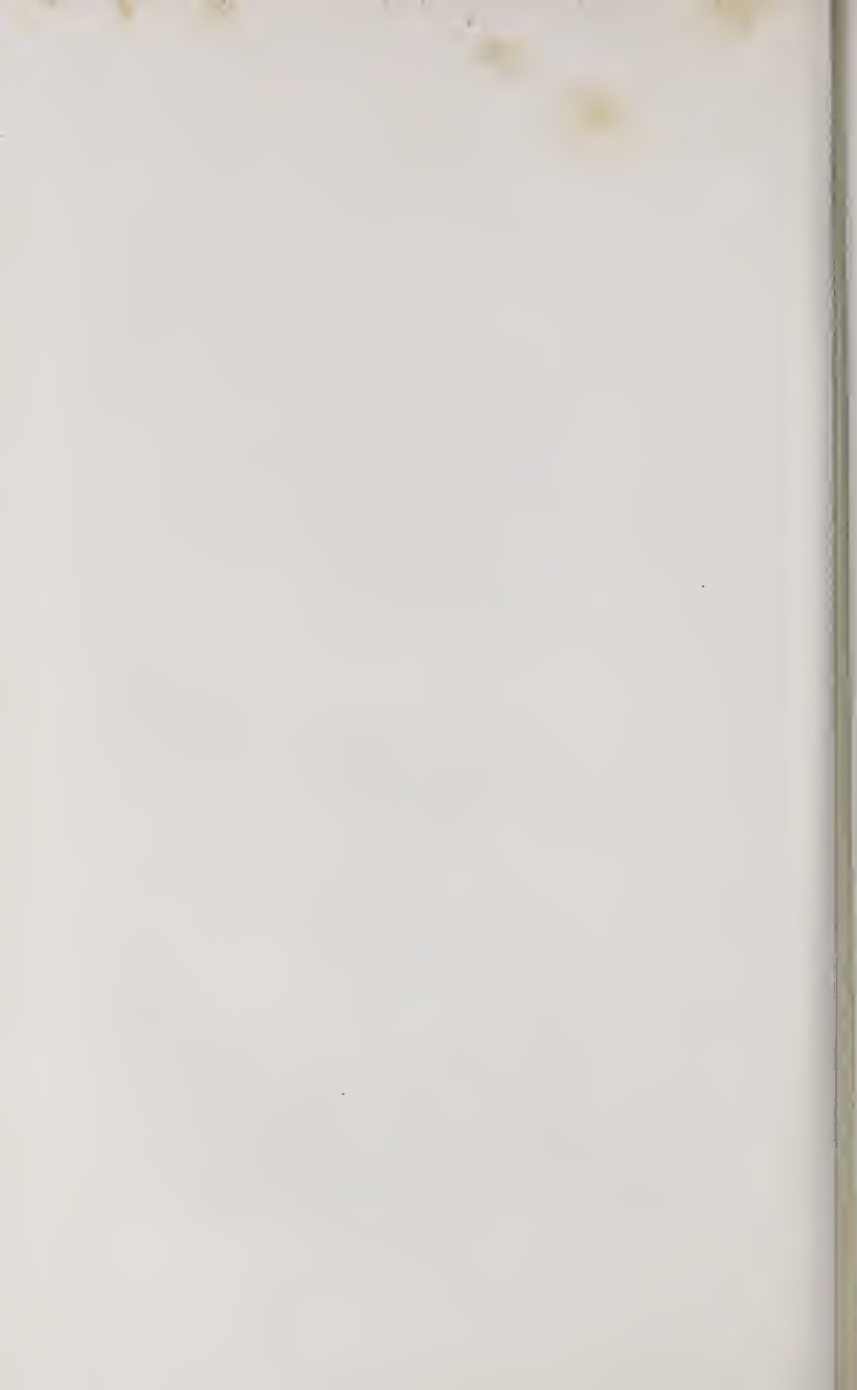
In the afternoon three soldiers, accompanied by Ayoub Effendi, an Egyptian clerk, made their appearance with letters from Selim Bey. They bring an extraordinary budget of news, which will bear being related, as it is only one more final proof of how utterly lost to all sense and reason were the officers and soldiers of the Equatorial Province, and how utterly incapable they were to appreciate the nature of their late Pasha and Governor.

They say that Fadl el Mulla Bey and his party appeared for a time to be consenting to all orders received from Emin Pasha and myself through Selim Bey Mator, and apparently busied themselves with the preparations for departure. Selim Bey had transported all the garrison of Dufflé to Wadelai by the steamers *Khedive* and *Nyanza*, in doing which he had broken his promise to us, and disregarded the orders to which, when delivered to him, he swore obedience to the letter. It will be remembered that he had been instructed to begin the transport of the people from Wadelai to our Lake Shore Camp, that we might assist the people with the luggage to the plateau, while the transport on the Lake by steamers would continue, and at the same time the garrisons of the northernmost stations could march with their families and concentrate at Wadelai. Thus we had idly waited from the 25th of February until the 8th of May in the neighbourhood of the Lake, a period of ninety-two days, for the appearance of some of them, as a proof that they were really in earnest in their wish to depart with us.

While Selim Bey was thus carrying the troops and their families from the lower stations to Wadelai, he was unwittingly strengthening the force of the opposite faction, that of Fadl el Mulla Bey, and they had no sooner joined their numbers to him than he resolved to throw off the mask. In the dead of night he marched his troops to the magazines, and, possessing himself of all the ammunition stored there, left Wadelai and proceeded north-west to the country of the Makkaraka. When Selim Bey woke next morning, he found his following to consist of 200 officers, soldiers, and clerks, the magazines empty, and no ammunition remaining but the forty rounds per head which had been distributed to his soldiers a few days previously. Bitterly cursing his fate and his misfortune, he commenced embarking his people on board the steamers, and then departed for Mswa, where he arrived on the 22nd of April, to remove south as far as possible from all danger of the Mahdists. He had still abundance of time, if his crass mind could only realise his position. In an hour he could have obtained fuel sufficient from the abandoned station, and might easily have arrived at our Lake Shore Camp in nine hours' steaming. On the 7th of May he bethinks himself of our Expedition and of his Pasha, and dictates one letter to us, which, when read by us, only provokes a smile.



RESCUED EGYPTIANS AND THEIR FAMILIES.



It says, "We wish to know why you convert Egyptian officers and soldiers into beasts of burden. It has been reported to us that you have cruelly laden all with baggage, and that you convert the soldiers into porters. This is most shameful, and we shall strictly inquire into it."

Another letter was of very different tenor. It related the treachery of Faal el Mulla, by whom he had been duped and abandoned, and begging us to wait for him and his people, as absolute ruin stared them in the face. They had but forty cartridges each, and if Kabba Rega attacked them, they must be inevitably destroyed.

The soldiers were called, and they gave us the details. Twenty soldiers had arrived at Mazamboni's, but only these three had volunteered to follow us. They also pleaded most abjectly for a further delay. The Pasha and I exchanged looks.

"But, my friends," I asked, "how can we be sure that Selim Bey intends coming after all?"

"He will be sure to do so this time."

"But why is he waiting at Mswa? Why not have come himself with his steamer to the Lake Shore Camp? It is only nine hours' journey."

"He heard through some deserters that you had gone on."

"It might have been easy for him to have overtaken such a big caravan as this, with the few people whom he leads."

"But everything is going wrong. There are too many counsellors with Selim Bey, and the Egyptian clerks fill his ears with all kinds of stories. He is honest in his wishes to leave the land, but the others bewilder us all with their falsehoods."

"Well, we cannot stay here to await Selim Bey. I will go on slowly—a couple of hours a day. I must keep these people marching, otherwise the Pasha will be left alone. When we have crossed the Semliki River we will choose a place on the other side a few days, and then move slowly again for a day or two, and halt. If Selim Bey is serious in his intentions, he will soon overhaul us; and, besides, when we reach the river we will send him a guide that will enable him to travel in four days what will take us twelve days. You will carry a letter from the Pasha to him, explaining all this. But you must take care to be kind to the natives, otherwise they will not help you."

Among our Egyptians there was one called Ali Effendi, a captain, who complained of heart disease. He had been ailing for months. He had nine men and nine women servants, and, in addition to these, twelve carriers were allotted to him. His baggage numbered twenty loads. He could not travel 100 yards; he had also a child of six years that was too small to walk. He required six carriers more, and there was not one to be obtained, unless I authorized levying carriers by force from the natives, an act that would have to be repeated day by day. We persuaded this man to return, as a few days' march would finish him. As he would not return without his family of fifteen persons, we consigned them to the charge of the couriers of Selim Bey, who would escort him back to their chief.

The guides promised to this dilatory and obtuse Soudanese colonel were despatched, according to promise, with a letter from the Pasha; and though we loitered, and halted, and made short journeys of between one and three hours' march for a month longer, this was the last communication we had with Selim Bey. What became of him we never discovered,

and it is useless to try to conjecture. He was one of those men with whom it was impossible to reason, and upon whose understanding sense has no effect. He was not wicked nor designing, but so stupid that he could only comprehend an order when followed by a menace and weighted with force; but to a man of his rank and native courage, no such order could be given. He was therefore abandoned as a man whom it was impossible to persuade, and still less compel.

CHAPTER XXVII.

EMIN PASHA.—A STUDY.

Now that we have actually turned our backs to the Equatoria, and are "homeward bound" with Emin Pasha, Captain Casati, and a few hundreds of fugitives in company, let us look back upon the late events, and try to discover the causes of them, and in what light we may truthfully regard the late Governor.

When I was commissioned, while yet a very young man, for the relief of David Livingstone, the missionary, I had no very fixed idea as to what manner of man he was. The newspapers described him as worthy of the Christian world's best regard; privately men whispered strange things of him. One, that he had married an African princess, and was comfortably domiciled in Africa; another, that he was something of a misanthrope, and would take care to maintain a discreet distance from any European who might be tempted to visit him. Not knowing whom to believe, I proceeded to him with indifference, ready to take umbrage, but I parted from him in tears. The newspapers were right in his case.

In the instance of Emin Pasha, the newspapers, inspired by travellers who were supposed to know him, described a hero, a second Gordon, a tall, military-looking figure austere in manners, an amateur in many sciences, who, despite the universal misfortune hovering over a large part of North-Central Africa, maintained evenness of mind, tranquillity of soul, and governed men and things so well that he was able to keep the Mahdi and his furious hordes at bay; that he had defeated his generals several times, but that so severe and desperate had been his resistance that he had almost exhausted his means. Like my personal friends, who so generously subscribed the money for this Expedition, it filled me with pity to hear all this, as it filled the hearts of such men as Stairs, Jephson, Nelson, Parke, Barttelot, Jameson, and many hundreds of eager applicants for membership. Junker said his danger was imminent; that the Pasha must yield before the overwhelming forces arrayed against him, if not soon relieved. We seemed to feel that it was true. On board the steamer while at sea, and during our journey up the Congo, within the camp at Yambuya, while pressing on through the sullen shades of the endless forest, until we stood on the verge of the plateau—nay, until we stood on the shore of the Nyanza, the one fear that had possessed us was that, notwithstanding every effort, we should be also too late. Then only, when the natives on the Lake side averred, to our eager and insistent inquiries, that they knew of no white man or steamer being on the Lake, were we tempted to

utter our suspicions. But it was yet too early to declaim; the overland couriers from Zanzibar might have been delayed, the steamer may have foundered soon after Junker's departure, and Emin may have been unable to reach the south-west end of the Lake.

After an absence of nearly four months we were again on the Lake shore. There were letters awaiting us from him. He had heard a rumour by accident of our arrival, and had steamed down to the south-west end of the Lake to verify it. It was only nine hours distant from his southernmost station, and this had been his first visit. The effect was excellent, but it was a great pity that he had not conformed to the request sent by couriers at so much expense from Zanzibar. For the mere number of lives saved it would have been better; we will say nothing of the fatigue and suffering endured by us during the four months, for we were vowed to that, and to the uttermost that he would demand and our mission would exact. Still we said nothing.

We were twenty-six days together after the meeting. During this period we discovered that on some few points we had been misinformed. The Pasha was not a tall military figure, nor was he by any means a Gordon. He was simply Emin Pasha, with a greatness peculiar to himself. He was like unto none that we had met before, but he was like unto some, perhaps, that we had read of.

We knew nothing positively detracting from our high conception of him. What we saw was entirely in his favour. We witnessed what we conceived to be a high state of discipline among the troops; we saw the steamers, and the admirable state they were in; we thought we saw evidences of a strong civilizing and ruling influence; we obtained specimens of the cloth his people had manufactured out of cotton grown by themselves; we had a plentiful supply of liquor distilled from fermented millet; he was exquisitely clean in person; prim, precise, withal courteous in manner; he was extremely kind and affable, accomplished in literature, an entertaining conversationalist, a devoted physician, an altogether gentle man, whom to know was to admire. Had we parted with him at this time we should have come away from his presence simply charmed with him. No, decidedly he was not a Gordon; he differed greatly from Gordon in some things—as, for example, in his devotion to science, in his careful attention to details, in his liberal and charitable views of men and things, in his high desire to elevate and instruct men in practical usefulness, and his noble hopefulness of the land which was the scene of his efforts.

But while we admired him, a suspicion fixed itself in our minds that there was something inexplicable about him. He sent a clerk and an Egyptian lieutenant to speak with me. To my amazement they roundly abused him. Each word they uttered they emphasized with hate and indescribable scorn.

Then a Soudanese captain related to me the story of a revolt of the 1st Battalion which had taken place soon after Dr. Junker had parted from him. He had fled from their neighbourhood, and had never been near them since. But the 2nd Battalion, 650 rifles, was faithful to him, it was said, so were the irregulars, 3,000 in number. These formed a very respectable force. So long as the 2nd Battalion and the irregulars were loyal his position was still firm.

Then the major and several captains of the 2nd Battalion were intro-

duced by him to me. After a while he said to the major, "Now, promise me, before Mr. Stanley, that you will grant me forty men for this little station that Mr. Stanley advises us ought to be built." That is curious, too, for a Governor, I thought, and, try how I might to avoid reflecting upon it as a trifle, its strangeness reverted often to my mind. But, in the absence of frank information, it remained inexplicable.

Then, again, it struck us all that an extreme indecision marked the Pasha's conduct. Of course, as we were unable to explain it, our sympathies undoubtedly were with him. We did not consider the 1st Battalion, but if the 2nd Battalion and the irregulars were all loyal to him, and were yet firm in their resolution to remain in the country, it would have required a heart of stone to have abandoned them. That the few Egyptians who were involved in restless intrigue against him wished to go home was of no importance. The Pasha led us to believe that he would be glad of their departure. But if the majority of the troops were loyal, and preferred Equatoria to Egypt, and he loved his work, where then was the cause of indecision?

If Egypt intended to cast him off, what matter need it be to him? Here was this offer of £12,000 annual subsidy, and £1,500 salary to reimplace Egypt.

Or if Egypt only was objectionable, and another portion of Equatoria under English auspices would be preferable, there was the alternative with superior advantages of regular communication and certain support.

When speaking of the troops—the 2nd Battalion and irregulars—Emin Pasha was confident in their loyalty, and always stout in his declarations that they would follow him if he elected to serve under English auspices in Equatoria. He also said that it was by far the most preferable offer made to him. Well, then, admitting that the troops are loyal to him, that they would follow him anywhere, and that the offer is agreeable to himself—why this indecision?

We were compelled to retrace that weary journey to Banalya, and returning to Fort Bodo to make double marches thence to the Ituri, and arriving at the Nyanza for the third time, after an absence of eight and a half months, we discovered that the object of our solicitude was a prisoner, and that all the troops reputed loyal, and in whom he had such implicit faith, were rebels, and had deposed him! This news was a painful shock and a grievous surprise to us. But was it a surprise to him?

When we come to glance over his letters, and study them with the knowledge we now have, it transpires that in many of them he hints at troubles and dissensions among his troops, but led by his sanguine optimistic nature they were regarded too slightly by us. People at home believed that they were but temporary ebullitions of discontent. We in Africa knew only that the 1st Battalion were implicated. Dr. Junker had not even deemed them of sufficient importance to mention—he only expressed a doubt that Emin would abandon his civilizing mission and relegate himself to a useless life in Egypt as a retired Pasha, hence the doubt implied in the Khedive's letter: "You may take advantage of Mr. Stanley's escort, if you please; if you decline doing so, you remain in Africa on your own responsibility." But Mr. Jephson, who is associated with Emin during our absence, no sooner finds himself within the military circles of the Province than it strikes him that the Pasha has kept us in ignorance of the "true state of affairs." The dissatisfaction of Mr. Jephson

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eliminates when he finds himself a prisoner, and finds leisure to ponder upon the unhappy prospect of being paraded through the streets of Khartoum as the Khalifa's syce, or slave, and my own may be forgiven when I find by indisputable proofs that this might have been averted by the exercise of a little frankness and less reticence on the Pasha's part.

For had the Pasha informed me that he could not lead his troops to Egypt, nor accept the subsidy and pay offered him, nor accept the position under English auspices, because his troops had long ago cast off all allegiance and had become chronically disloyal, and that he really could not depend upon any one company of them, something else might have been proposed. It could not have been a difficult matter to have attacked every station in detail and reduced one after another to a wholesome dread of authority. It needed only firmness and resolution on the part of the Pasha. Had we begun at Mswa we should have found sixty soldiers led by Shukri Agha, who has as yet not been implicated in any disloyal act. These could have been embarked with our 300 on board the steamer, and we could have advanced upon Tunguru. In thirty minutes that station might have been settled, the disobedient shot, and, marching with the prestige of authority and victory, Wadelai would have succumbed without the loss of a man except the ringleaders; and the other stations, hearing of these successive measures, would soon have been so terrified that we should have heard of nothing but capitulation everywhere. The Mahdi's troops being at one end of the line of stations and a resolute column advancing from the other end, these rebels would have had no other option than surrender to one or the other.

But supposing that such a course had been adopted, of what avail, we may well ask, would all this have been? Emin Pasha has been reinstalled in his power and we must of necessity retire. What, then? In a few months he is again in terrible straits for want of resources, and another call for £30,000 and a new Expedition is made, to be repeated year after year, at immense cost of life and immense sacrifices; for a land so distant from the sea, and surrounded by warlike peoples and other disadvantages, that were its soil of silver dust it would scarcely pay the transport. Yet if Emin Pasha had expressed his desire to embark upon such an enterprise, and been firm in his resolution, it was not for us to question the wisdom of his proceeding, but to lend the right hand and act with good-will.

Was it a delusion on the Pasha's part, or was it his intention to mislead us? I believe it was the former, caused by his extraordinary optimism and his ready faith in the external show or affectation of obedience. Even the crafty Egyptians had become penetrated with a high sense of their power by the facility with which they gained pardon for offences by ostentatious and obsequious penitence. Is this too harshly worded? Then let me say in plain Anglo-Saxon, that I think his good-nature was too prone to forgive, whenever his inordinate self-esteem was gratified. The cunning people knew they had but to express sorrow and grief to make him relent, and to kiss his hands to cause him to forget every wrong. There was therefore too little punishing and too much forgiving. This amiability was extremely susceptible and tender, and the Egyptians made the most of it. The Yakeel had cause to bless it. Awash Effendi, major of the 2nd Battalion, suggested to the rebels, by a letter which I believe the Pasha still possesses, that he should be made the Mudir instead of Emin, yet the Pasha never even reproached him. Azra Effendi declared the Khedive's

letter to be a forgery, but never a rebuke passed the lips of the Pasha, and Azra was conducted to the sea safely.

The virtues and noble desires for which we must in strict justice commend the man are as great and as creditable to him as those which we cannot attribute to him. Any man striving for the sake of goodness to do what in him lies to deserve the sweet approval of conscience becomes armoured with a happy indifference of all else, and herein lies the Pasha's merit, and which made his company so grateful to us when the necessity for violent action ceased to vex him. We learned more of his character from his manner than from words. That melancholy shake of the head, the uplifted hand, the composed, calm gravity of features, the upturning eyes, and the little shrug, seemed to say to us, "What is the use? You see I am resigned. I am adverse to violence; let it be. Why force them? They surely ought to have seen during these many years that I sought only their welfare. If they reject me, ought I to impose myself and my ideas on them against their will?" He never admitted so much, but we are free to construe these symptoms according to our lights.

It is probable that his steady and loving devotion to certain pursuits tending to increase of knowledge, and the injured eyesight, unfitted him for the exercise of those sterner duties which, it appeared to us, the circumstances of his sphere demanded. But then we cannot blame him because he loved scientific studies more than the duties of government, or because his tastes led him to value the title of M.D. higher than the rank of Pasha, or because he was in danger through a cataract of losing his eyesight altogether. If the page of a book had to be brought within two inches of his face, it was physically impossible for him to observe the moods on a man's face, or to judge whether the eyes flashed scorn or illumined loyalty.

Whatever may have been our own views of what ought to have been done, we have always a high respect for him. We cannot, at a moment when his own fate lies trembling on the balance, but admire him when we see him availing himself of every opportunity to increase his store of lacustrine shells, or tropic plants, eager for the possession of a strange bird without regard to its colour or beauty, as ready to examine with interest a new species of rat as he is in the measurements of a human skull. If a great hawk-moth, or a strange longicorn, or a tyblops be brought to him, he forthwith forgets the court-martial that is to decide his sentence, and seems to be indifferent whether he is to be summoned to be shot by his soldiery, or to be strapped on his *angarep* to be deported as a prize to the Khalifa at Khartoum. When we learn all this about him, and begin to understand him, though wondering at these strange vagaries of human nature, we are only conscious that the man is worth every sacrifice on our part.

We cannot proceed by force to save him from himself, and rudely awake him out of his dream, without his permission. His position forbids it—our commission does not require it. To us he is only an honoured guest expectant, to whom rudeness is out of place. Without request for help, we are helpless.

From our point of view we observe the Pasha, serene and tranquil, encircled by wrangling rebels, and yet all along apparently unconscious of the atmosphere of perfidy in which he lives—at least more inclined to resignation than resistance. We feel that were we in his place, we would

speedily upset every combination against us, and are confident that only one short resolute struggle is necessary to gain freedom and power. But regarding him absorbed in his delusion that the fawning obsequiousness of his perfidious followers and troops means devotion, and seeing him enmeshed by treachery and fraud, and yet so credulous as to believe this to be fidelity, we are struck dumb with amazement, and can but turn our eyes towards one another, questioning and wondering. For it was our misfortune that, say what we would, we could not inspire in him a sense of our conviction that his case was hopeless, and that his people had cast him off utterly. We could not tell him that his men looked down on him with contempt as a "bird collector," that they thought he showed more interest in beetles than in men; that they only paid him the externals of homage because they thought he was pleased and satisfied. We could not tell him all this; but Nelson, who hated deceit, would tell him in plain, blunt terms, that he was wrong in his beliefs, and Parke would discourage them; and Jephson would argue with him, and Stairs would give him open proof. But as often as these energetic young Englishmen, out of pure friendship and pity, would attempt to warn him, the Pasha was prompt to extenuate their offences, and excuse the malice exhibited by his officers, and discouraged the efforts of his friends. What each felt on returning from one of these profitless interviews had better be left unwritten.

He would say, "But I know my people better than you can possibly know them. I have thirteen years' acquaintance with them, against as many weeks as you have."

The retort which we might have given to him was crushed under a silent fuming, for he was still the Pasha! We might have said, "Aye; but, Pasha, you know, you find more interest in insects than in men. You are interested in the anatomy of a man, we in the soul. You know something of his skull, but we can feel the pulse, and we are certain that your faith in these men is misplaced, and that in the excess of this faith lies folly."

Yet in the fervour of his belief in their imaginary fidelity, and the warmth of his manner, there was a certain nobility which deterred us from argument. His unvarying trustfulness was not convincing; but it deepened our regard for him, and it may be that he imbued us with a hope that, though invisible to us, there remained some good in them.

We dare not treat these features of a trustful, loving nature like that of Emin Pasha with an insolent levity. He is a man, as I have said, eminently lovable, and were it only for the pleasure we have oftentimes received in his society, he deserves that what may be said of him shall be delivered with charity at least. For the high though impossible hopes entertained by him, and for the strenuous industry with which he endeavoured to realize them, he deserves the greatest honour and respect.

If we will only consider the accident which brought him to Khartoum, and the rank and position he then filled, and the manner he rose from doctor to storekeeper at Lado to that of Governor of African Equatoria, we need not wonder that his nature and taste remained unchanged. The story of Gordon's trouble in the Soudan has never been written, and it never will be. Gordon is a name that English people do not care to examine and define too closely. Otherwise, I should like to know why there were so few English officers with him. I should be curious to

discover why such as had an opportunity of working with him did not care to protract their stay in the Soudan. I am inclined to believe by my own troubles on the Congo that his must have been great—perhaps greater—that not one of the least of his troubles must have been the difficulty of finding good, fit, serviceable, and willing men. In Emin Pasha he meets with a man who, though a German and a doctor of medicine, is industrious, civil, ready, and obliging. Had I met Emin on the Congo, those qualities would have endeared him to me as they must have been appreciated by Gordon. Those qualities are much rarer than editors of newspapers imagine. Out of three hundred officers on the Congo, I can only count ten who possessed them, who by mere request would seize on their duties with goodwill, and perform them. How many did Gordon have? Emin was one of the best and truest.

Now Emin loved botanizing, ornithology, entomology, studied geology, made notes upon ethnology, and meteorology, and filled note-book after note-book with his observations, and at the same time did not neglect his correspondence. I know the courtesy with which he would write to the Governor-General. I can imagine how the latter would be pleased with receiving these letters—precise, careful, methodical, and polite. Therefore Emin is pushed on in his African career from storekeeper to chief of station, then envoy to Uganda, then offered a secretaryship, then envoy of Gordon, then vice-king to the astute and subtle Kabba Rega, and finally Governor of Equatoria.

In the course of his promotions Emin shows he is ambitious. He wants seeds for the fields; he applies to Gordon for them, and his reply is, "I don't want you for a gardener; I sent you to govern. If you don't like it, come away." A proud young Englishman would have taken him at his word, descended the Nile, and parted with Gordon sulkily. Emin sent an apology, and wrote, "Very good, sir." Later, Emin sent for a photograph apparatus, and receives, "I sent you to the Equatorial Provinces as Governor, not as photographer." Emin says in reply, "Very well, sir. I thank you, sir. I will do my duty." Nor does he bother the Governor-General with complaints that he never gets his mails in due time, or of the provisions sent there to him. What a valuable man he was! He showed consideration and patience, and Gordon appreciated all this.

By-and-by came trouble. After 1883 he is left to his own resources. The people obey the Governor mechanically, and stations are building, and a quiet progress is evident. They do not know yet how soon that Cromwell at Khartoum may not ascend the Nile to Lado, and examine into the state of affairs with his own eyes. Emin Bey, their Governor, is a very mild ruler; that other one at Khartoum is in the habit of shooting mutineers. Therefore, though there are many Arabists, and many inclined to that new prophet, the Mahdi, among the troops of Emin, they are quiet. But presently news leak out that Khartoum is fallen, and Gordon slain, and all power and stern authority prostrate; then comes the upheaval—the revolt of the First Battalion and the flight of Emin to his more faithful irregulars and the Second Battalion, and finally universal dissolution of the government. But Emin's tastes and nature remain unchanged.

There are some things, however, I have wondered at in Emin. I have already observed that he was earnest and industrious in making

observations upon plants, insects, birds, manners and customs, so that he was well equipped for geographical exploration; but I was somewhat staggered when I learned that he had not explored Lake Albert. He possessed two steamers and two life-boats, and one station at the north-west end of the Lake called Tunguru, and another called Mswa, half-way up the west side; and yet he had never visited the southern end of the Lake, examined the affluent at the south side, sounded the Lake from the north to south and east to west; never visited the Ituri River, which was only two days' good marching from Mswa. Had he done so he would probably have seen the snowy range and left very little for us to discover in that district. He had been to Monbuttu Land on business of his Province, where he had vast stores of ivory treasured; he had sent soldiers to the edge of Turkan territory; he had been twice to Uganda and once to Unyoro; but he had never stepped on board his steamer for a visit to the south end of the Lake until March 1888, when he came to inquire into a report concerning our arrival, and then he had steamed back again to his stations.

The Emperor Hadrian wrote of the Egyptians that he found them "frivolous and untrustworthy, fluttering at every wave of rumour, and were the most revolutionary, excitable and criminal race in existence."

Had he been present in our camp during our tedious sojourn at Kavalli's could he have written differently? The revolutionary character disclosed to us compels us to endorse this description as perfect truth. "Frivolous" we know them to be to our cost. "Untrustworthy:" were ever men so faithless as these? "Fluttering at every wave of rumour:" our camp bred rumours as the ground bred flies; there were as many as the chirpings of an aviary; the least trifle caused them to flutter like a brood from under the mother-bird. A mail from Wadelai caused them to run gadding from one circle to another, from hut to hut, from the highest to the lowest, emulating the cackle of many hens. "Revolutionary:"—"Up with Arabi!" "Vive le Mahdi!" "Hurrah for Fadl el Mullah Bey!" "More power to the elbow of Selim Bey Mator!" and "Down with all Governments!" And thus they proved themselves an excitable, frivolous, untrustworthy, and criminal race which required government by stern force, not by sentiment and love.

But relieved from the dread of due penalty and the coercive arm of the law by the fall of Khartoum and the death of the Governor-General, and recognizing that their isolation from Egypt gave them scope to follow their vain imaginings, they were not long before they disclosed their true characters, and revolted against every semblance of authority. Happy was the Pasha, then, that the good record he had won in the memories of his soldiers pleaded against the excesses to which their unprincipled chiefs were inclined, which generally follows the ruin of Government.

These were the people—practised in dissimulation, adepts in deceit, and pastured in vice—which this mild-mannered man, this student of science, governed for several years all alone, before any outbreak among them occurred. During this portion of his career as Governor of Equatoria only unqualified praise can be given. The troops were not all seized with the mania prevalent in the Soudan, to uproot every vestige of authority.

To the north, west, and east gathered the Mahdists, barring all escape by the Nile and cutting off all communication with Khartoum. On the 7th of May, 1883, the first disaster occurs. Seventy soldiers are mas-

sacred at El-del Station, who have been sent to reinforce the beleaguered garrison, which, in its turn, is totally destroyed. On the 27th of February, 1884, Lupton, the Governor of Bahr-el-Ghazal, informs him that the rest of the inhabitants had rebelled, and on the 28th of the following month he receives the news of the destruction of General Hicks's army. On the 8th of April the news is brought that the tribes of Waddiafen, Elyat, Eofen, Euknah, Kanel, and Fakam were in open rebellion. On the 30th of May he is informed by Lupton Bey, Governor of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, that the Mahdi is within six hours of his headquarters, and had summoned him to surrender his authority and Province, and warning him to take immediate steps for his defence. Four days later, Karamalla—who in the meantime had been appointed Governor of Equatoria by the Mahdi to fill his place—wrote to him to deliver up his Province to him. Lupton Bey had already been vanquished. A committee of six officers having debated this serious matter, came to the conclusion that Emin had no other option open to him than to surrender. In order to gain time he expressed his willingness to conform with their decision, and despatched the judge of their Province with some other officers with the declaration of his readiness to yield.*

But on the departure of the Commission, he set about fortifying the stations in his charge, and prepared for resistance against Karamalla, then fresh from the conquest of the Bahr-el-Ghazal. He concentrated troops from the petty stations in the vicinity at Amadi Station, and strengthened that place against the expected attack of that proud chief, and also gathered at headquarters a formidable force. At this critical period he was able to weed out the most forward in their desire for submission to the Mahdi, and to separate the loyal from the disloyal, and vigorous orders were issued that traitors would meet with no mercy at his hands if found communicating with the enemy. Arbcek, Ayak, and Wafi Stations are abandoned, and the troops are gathered at Amadi. The month following witnesses the struggle proceeding. Some of the principal stations are so well defended that the Mahdists suffer repeated losses of chiefs and men, while many of the Government officers have basely abandoned their posts, and take service with Karamalla; but on the 27th of February, 1885, a month after the fall of Khartoum, the enemy has surrounded Amadi on all sides, and a brisk siege is maintained. On the 1st of April, after extraordinary efforts, the fall of Amadi is announced, with great loss of life, ammunition, cannon, small arms, and rockets. After hearing of this disaster, measures are taken for the concentration of the force of the Province along the Nile, in order to secure means of communication with Egypt *viâ* Zanzibar, and Birri, Kirri, Bedden and Rejaf Stations are founded, and out of the soldiers who have managed to escape with life from the many skirmishes and fights in which they were engaged, during 1883, and 1884, to this date (April 1885) eight companies of eighty men each are formed, and called the First Battalion, under the command of Major Rehan Agba Ibrahim. On the 1st of June, after the small outlying stations have been abandoned, a sufficient number of officers have been collected to form a Second Battalion, under the command of Major Awash Effendi Montazir, to whom was given the command of the southern

* Several of the officers informed me that Emin was alone responsible for the offer to the Mahdi of the surrender of the Province. He certainly signed the document, but I am inclined to believe that he did it for the purpose of deceiving Karamalla, and his subsequent acts seem to prove this.

stations. In his despatch of September 1st, 1885, to the Government of Egypt, we observe near the close of it the first note of discontent with the Major of the First Battalion. He says:

"The other thing that this Major has done is his sending 200 soldiers when it was too late and when everything was finished, which thing he did from want of decision and without asking my permission to do so; for if the rebels were strong at first before their capture of guns and ammunition, how much more so were they after that. *But these disobediences have become a nature to these persons, &c., &c.* But by the help of our merciful and great God, and by the influence of our Government, and by the name of our honourable Sovereign his Highness the Khedive, we were able to preserve the honour of our Government flag up to this date."

Yes, the honour of the Egyptian flag has been maintained, after the shedding of "rivers of blood," after the exhibition of noble stout-heartedness, unabated courage, and a prudent Fabian generalship, which dispirited the enemy and animated his troops; he has been able to align his troops in stations well fenced and fortified, so that the struggle may be prolonged until he can hear the wishes of his Highness the Khedive, and sound his plaint in the ears of Europe *viâ* Zanzibar. It is the story of this brave struggle that enlisted the sympathy of myself and companions, and caused us to press on by the back door of Africa to lend a helping hand, to rescue him if necessary, or to supply him with the means of defence if needed.

In April 1885 he learns "from the poor slave of God, Mohammed El Mahdi, the son of Abdallah," in a letter to his friend and Governor Karamalla, the son of Sheik Mohammed. to whom may God grant, &c., of the death of "that enemy to God—Gordon," and of the assault and capture of Khartoum, and that all the Soudan from Lado down to Abu Hamad Cataract is in the hands of the Mahdists, and that from the north no hope of relief may be expected. He examines his prospects and position to the south, east, and west. To the east is Kabba Rega, the King of Unyoro, and his tributary chiefs. To him he sends Captain Casati as his representative or ambassador. It is the policy of Kabba Rega to be kind to the Governor. He knew him in past years as an officer of that active vice-king at Khartoum, and was hospitable and friendly to him. He knows not as yet of the wonderful changes that have come over that region of Africa, and is ignorant of the ruin that had overtaken that proud Government which had dictated laws to him. His African mind is too dense to grasp the meaning of this new movement abreast of his territory, and therefore, fearing to displease the Governor, he receives Captain Casati generously and with a grand display of hospitality. By-and-by deserters approach him, cunning Egyptians and treacherous Soudanese, with their arms and ammunition, and bit by bit he discovers the meaning of that fierce struggle, and begins to understand that the Government which he dreaded was a wreck.

On the 2nd of January, 1886, Dr. Junker is taken across the Albert Lake to Kibiro, a port of Unyoro. He is on his way home after years of travel in Monbuttu and the Welle basin. He succeeds in reaching Uganda, and because of his poverty is permitted to embark in a mission boat and proceeds to Usambiro, at the south end of Lake Victoria, and thence to Zanzibar, taking with him the despatches of Emin. It is through this traveller we first learn the real straits that the Pasha is in, and the distresses in prospect for him.

Kabba Rega meanwhile is patient, like an heir-expectant. He knows that eventually he must win. Day by day, week by week, he sits waiting. He affects generosity to the Governor, permits letters to pass and repass between Zanzibar and Equatoria, treats the Ambassador with due consideration, and ostensibly he is a firm friend; so much so, that Emin has "nothing but hearty praises of Kabba Rega." But about the 13th of February, 1888, Kabba Rega wakes up. He hears of an Expedition close to the Nyanza, and native exaggeration has magnified its means and numbers. On or about the same date that the Relief Expedition is looking up and down the waters of the Nyanza for evidences of a white man's presence in the region, Captain Casati is seized, his house robbed, and himself expelled with every mark of ignominy and almost naked, and from this time forth Kabba Rega is a declared enemy, having first sealed his enmity in the blood of Mohammed Biri, who had been a trusted messenger between Emin and the C.M.S. Mission in Uganda.

To the west there is a great broad white blank, extending from his Province to the Congo, of which absolutely nothing is known. To the south there is a region marked on the map by the same white emptiness, and turn which way he will, with a people unequal to the task of cutting their way out and dreading the unknown, he has no other option than waiting to see the effect of the disclosures of Junker and his own despatches.

But in the meantime he is not idle. By the defeat of the rebels and Mahdists in Makkaraka he has compelled a truce, and is left undisturbed by Karamalla. Beyond Wadelai he has established Tunguru and Mswa Stations, and though the First Battalion has long ago cast off his authority, the Second Battalion and the Native Irregulars acknowledge, after their way, his authority. He superintends agriculture, the planting, raising, and manufacture of cotton, travels between station and station, establishes friendship with the surrounding tribes, and by his tact maintains the semblance of good government.

There are some things, however, he cannot do: he cannot undo the evil already done; he cannot eradicate the evil dispositions of his men, nor can he, by only the exercise of temperate justice, appease the evil passions roused by the revolution in the Soudan. He can only postpone the hour of revolt. For against his sole influence are arrayed the influences of the officers of the First Battalion, of the hundreds of Egyptian employés scattered over the whole length of the Province, who, by their insidious counsels, reverse the effect of every measure taken by the Pasha, and palsy every effort made by him. He cannot inaugurate, by the expression of his wish, a new system of dealing with the natives. The system has been established throughout the Soudan of exacting from the natives every species of contribution—herds, flocks, grain, and servants; or, whenever there is scarcity, of proceeding by force of arms and taking what they need from the aborigines. And this need, unfortunately, is insatiable; it has no limit. The officers cannot be limited to a certain number; each has three or four wives, besides concubines, and these require domestic servants for their households. Fadl el Mulla Bey's household requires a hundred slaves—men, women, boys, and girls. The soldiers require wives, and these also must have servants; and with the growth of the boys into manhood there grows new needs, which the natives must satisfy with their women and children of both sexes.

There are 650 men and officers in the First Battalion, and as many in

the Second Battalion. There are about 3,000 Irregulars; there is a little army of clerks, storekeepers, artisans, engineers, captains, and sailors. These must be wived, concubined, and fed by the natives, and in return there is nothing given to them. We hear of 8,000 head of cattle being collected on a raid; the Pasha admitted that 1,600 beeves and cows was the greatest number during his government. But these raids are frequent; each station must have herds of its own, and there are fourteen stations. Shukri Agha, Commandant of Mswa, was indefatigable in making these raids. Of course the Pasha found this state of things in his Province. It was an old-established custom, a custom that weighs with all the weight of fearful oppression on the natives; and, embarrassed as he was by the advance of Karamalla and the disease of rebellion that raged like an epidemic in the hearts of his own subjects, he was powerless to restrain them. But we can understand why the natives, who had been for so many years under Egyptian government, hailed the appearance of the Mahdists, and joined them to exterminate the panic-stricken fugitives from the captured forts of the Province. When the Congo State forgets its duties to its subjects, and sanctions rapine and raiding, we may rest assured that its fall will be as sudden and as certain as that of the Egyptian Government in the Soudan.

I am not concerned in writing the history of this unhappy region, which has been given up for years to be the prey of the vilest passions that human nature is capable of feeling, but by these allusions to what I personally know I am able to interest the reader in the true position of Emin Pasha. This solitary man was engaged in as impossible a task as was that of Gordon when he undertook and set out for Khartoum, in 1884, to rescue the garrisons of the Soudan. He did brave things, but the bravest portion of his story is when this earnest-minded man lives among these lost people, and has to endure seeing his subjects robbed and despoiled whenever any officer apprehends scarcity and resolves upon a raiding expedition. He knows exactly what will happen; he knows there will be indiscriminate shooting and looting, he knows there will be destruction of villages and decimation of the owners; that with the captive herds there will be long files of captive women and children, and a distribution of the spoil; and yet he dares do nothing to thwart these cruel and hard proceedings. How can he? He has no cloth or money to buy food for all his people. What answer can he make when they demand of him what they must do to live? Though the soil is gracious and repays labour, it is useless for him to point to it. They will grow cotton to clothe themselves, and cultivate gardens for kitchen vegetables, because no native understands these things; but grain for bread, and cattle for beef, the natives must yield to people nobler than themselves. He is the only man who can think of this work as a wrong, and as he has no force to compel men to think otherwise, he must needs endure this evil as he endures many others. Good government was therefore impossible. It was founded on blood and spoliation from the very beginning, and, like all other governments which preceded it, that were created with similar views, it was decreed that it should perish utterly.

As a fitting conclusion to this chapter, I append the following documents received from Sir Francis Grenfell, the Sirdar of Egypt. Those who love to trace effects to causes may find in these documents criminating proofs of that intercourse with the enemy which was maintained by the rebel

officers. They explain what I have asserted. They prove conclusively that their object in proceeding to the Pasha at Tunguru, and imploring his forgiveness, and promising to reinstate him in power, and begging him to introduce them to me, was for the purpose of consummating the vile plot of betraying us into the hands of the Mahdists. Thanks to Jephson, who was "a chiel takin' notes," and to the clumsiness of their acts, Omar Saleh did not have the satisfaction of conveying that "other traveller who had come to Emin," and whom he was so anxious to catch, for exhibition at Khartoum—which he may possibly regret more than I.

LETTER FROM OSMAN DIGNA TO THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, SUAKIM.

"In the name of the Great God, &c.

"This is from Osman Digna to the Christian who is Governor of Suakim. Let me inform you that some time ago Rundle sent me a letter asking me of the man who was Governor in the Equatorial Provinces. On the arrival of the said letter in our hands I sent it at once to the Khalifa, on whom be peace, &c. The Khalifa has sent me the answer, and has informed me that the said Governor of the Equator has fallen into our hands, and is now one of the followers of the Mahdi. The Khalifa sent steamers to the Equator, commanded by one of our chiefs, named Omar Saleh. They reached Lado, and on their arrival they found that the troops of the said Governor, who were composed of military men and officers, had seized the Governor, with a traveller who was with him. They put them in chains and delivered them into the hands of our chief. Now all the Province is in our hands, and the inhabitants have submitted to the Mahdi. We have taken the arms and ammunition which were there; we also brought the officers and chief clerk to the Khalifa, who received them kindly, and now they are staying with him. They have handed to him all their banners.

"Therefore, as Rundle wishes to know what has become of this Governor, you tell him of this message.

"I enclose a copy of the letter which our chief in the Equator sent to the Khalifa, and also a copy of that which Tewfik had sent to the said Governor.

"I also send you a dozen rounds of the ammunition, which were brought from the Equator. I praise God for the defeat of the unbelievers, and defeat of the infidels.

"Sealed."

"The ammunition sent was Snider ammunition, marked 1869, and is in very good condition. Two letters were enclosed. The first of these is recognized by his Excellency the Sirdar as being the one given to Mr. Stanley by his Highness the Khedive on his departure from Cairo."

The second is a copy of a letter of Omar Saleh to the Khalifa, dated 15th October, 1888, and is as follows:—

"We proceeded with the steamers and army, and reached the town of Lado, where Emin, the Mudir of the Equator, is staying, on the 5th Safar, 1306 (10th October, 1888). We must thank the officers and men who made this conquest easy, for they had seized Emin and a traveller who was staying with him, and put them both in chains, refusing to go to Egypt with the Turks.

"Tewfik had sent to Emin one of the travellers; his name is Mr. Stanley. This Mr. Stanley brought with him a letter from Tewfik to Emin, dated 8th Gamad Awal (the date of the Khedive's letter), telling him to come with Mr. Stanley, and give the rest of the force the option of coming with him or remaining here, as they please.

"The force refused the Turkish orders, and received us gladly. I have found a great deal of ivory and feathers. I am sending with this the officers and Chief Clerk on board the *Bordein*, commanded by Mohammed Kheir. I am also sending

the letter which came from Tewfik to Emin, together with the banners we took from the Turks.

"I have heard that there is another traveller who came to Emin. I am looking out for him, and if he returns I am sure to catch him.

"All the chiefs of the Province, with the inhabitants, are delighted to see us. I have taken all the arms and ammunition. When you have seen the officers and Chief Clerk, and given them the necessary instructions, please send them back, as they will be of great use to me."

True copy.

W. O.

15/1/90.

(Sd.) T. R. WINGATE.

Ka'im.

A. A. G. Intell.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TO THE ALBERT EDWARD NYANZA.

THE road to the south, which we now pursued on moving from Bundegunda on the 9th of May, skirted the western base of that great bulk of mountain-land inhabited by the Balegga, and the Bandussuma of Mazamboni. It crosses cultivated tracts devoted to beans and luxuriant sweet potatoes, yams, colocassia, and sugar-cane; it is hedged thickly with glorious plantains; it is flanked by humble villages, with cone roofs; it is buried under miniature wildernesses of reedy cane; it dips down to clear, limpid rillels, just escaped from the bosom of the tall mountains soaring above; it winds in snaky curves over rich flats of pasture; it runs close to the foot of steep slopes, and then starts off along smoothly-descending spurs. About five miles off to the westward, or on our right hand, the forest, black as night, keeps company with us. We are seldom out of sight of the advancing capes and receding bays of the dark, eternal mass. On our left, in intimate neighbourhood, rise the mighty slopes, steeply receding upward into the greyish blue of an uncertain sky, and far away, in solemn lines, like a colossal battalion of mountains, is ranged the series between each of which are deep ravines, narrow and far-reaching recessions, formed by ceaselessly-murmuring streams.

On the morning of this day Ruwenzori came out from its mantle of clouds and vapours, and showed its groups of peaks and spiny ridges resplendent with shining white snow; the blue beyond was as that of ocean—a purified and spotless translucence. Far to the west, like huge double epaulettes, rose the twin peaks which I had seen in December 1887, and from the sunk ridge below the easternmost rose sharply the dominating and unsurpassed heights of Ruwenzori proper, a congregation of hoary heads, brilliant in white raiment; and away to the east extended a roughened ridge, like a great vertebra—peak and saddle, isolated mount and hollow, until it passed out of sight behind the distant extremities of the range we were then skirting. And while in constant view of it, as I sat up in the hide hammock suspended between two men, my plan of our future route was sketched. For to the west of the twin peaks, Ruwenzori range either dropped suddenly into a plain or sheered away S.S.W. What I saw was either an angle of a mass or the western extremity. We would aim for the base of the twin peaks, and pursue our course southerly

to lands unknown, along the base-line. The guides—for we had many now—pointed with their spears vaguely, and cried out “Ukonju” and (giving a little dab into the air with their spear-points) “Usongora,” meaning that Ukonju was what we saw, and beyond it lay Usongora, invisible.

After halting at Ujungwa we rose next day to march to Utinda, seven miles off. The valley between the Balegga Mountains and the forest seemed to narrow, and the path threatened to take us into troublous depths of spear-grass brakes and fens nourishing reed-cane, when, after crossing the Chai and Aturo streams and several gusbing rivulets, it ran up a lengthy spur of the Balegga Mountains, and took us to a height of 500 feet above the valley.

From this altitude we observed that we had narrowly escaped being buried in the forest again, for it had advanced behind the spur right across the valley, and occupied every inch of lowland. Within its sombre depths the Chai and Aturo rivers and other streams united their currents to form a respectable tributary of the Ituri River.

A little to our left, as we looked south, was a deep basin parted into numerous small arable plots, appertaining to the district of Utinda. Every ravine and hollow seemed choked by long, straggling plantations of plantain and banana. The beans and Indian corn were late, for they were not more than five inches high, while at Bundegunda the crops were quite four feet high and in flower.

The Egyptians reached camp four hours after the advance guard, and the officer in charge of the rear complained bitterly of the abuse that he had received from the Pasha's officers, some of them jeering at him, making mouths, and daring him to drive them along, which compelled me to issue the following order:—

“Whereas the Expedition must necessarily proceed slowly, and shorten its marches, owing to the promise that we have given Selim Bey, and to the fact that the Egyptians, the Soudanese and their followers are as yet unaccustomed to hard travel and fatigue, and to the fact that I, their guide, am physically too weak to endure more than two or three hours' exertion of any kind, the officers will please exercise the greatest patience and forbearance, but they must on no account forget the duties peculiar to the rear guard. They will permit no straggling by the wayside, no looting of villages, no indiscriminate pillaging of plantations, no marauding upon any excuse; and upon any insolence, whether from Egyptian officer, private soldier, or follower, the officer in charge will call his guard and bind the offender, and bring him to me for punishment. If any violence is offered it must be met by such violence as will instantly crush it.”

From the basin of Utinda we ascended past a few cones dominating a ridge which enclosed it on the south and south-east, and, after surmounting two other ridges separated by well-watered valleys, we arrived on the airy upland of grassy Uhobo, 4,900 feet above sea-level. A little later Kaibuga entered into our camp. This chief was of the Wahuma settled among the Balegga, whose grounds overlooked the plain of Kavalli and the south end of the Nyanza, and whose territory extended to the débouchure of the Semliki. He urged active hostilities, as Uhobo belonged to Kabba Rega. Naturally we smiled at this, as we had not seen the semblance of a single enemy, though it is true that the Uhobo natives had disappeared from view at our approach. At this instant a piequet signalled



RUWENZORI: FROM KAVALLI'S.



the advance of a column of Kabba Rega's people armed with guns, and two companies of Zanzibaris were mustered by Lieutenant Stairs and Captain Nelson, the latter of whom had so improved by the dict of Kavalli and Mazamboni that he was fit for any work.

After proceeding about two miles they met the small party of the Pasha's people carrying the dead body of Captain Casati's faithful servant Okili, for whom Casati entertained deep affection. He had been shot through the forehead by a rifle-ball. It appears that while the Soudanese had been bathing in a stream south of Uhobo, the column of the Wara Sura happened to be observed marching in a pretty disciplined manner with two flags towards them, and a few minutes later would have surprised them, but the whole party hastily dressed, and, snatching their rifles, opened fire on them. Three of the enemy fell dead, and Okili was shot by the fire that was returned. On the approach of the Zanzibaris the Wara Sura fled, and were pursued for three miles, but no further casualties occurred.

A severe rainstorm, lasting seven hours, fell during the night, and in the morning when marching to Mboga we were involved in cloud and mist. As the day advanced, however, Ruwenzori thrust its immense body into view far above the vapours rising from the low Semliki Valley, and even now and then the topmost cones gathered the cloudy fleeces and veiled their white heads from view. As we advanced nearer each day to the range we were surprised that we were not able to discover so much snow as we had seen at Kavalli, but on reflection it became evident that the line of snow became obscured from view by an advanced ridge, which the nearer we approached impeded the view the more. We observed also that the lofty mountain range assumed the form of a crescent; Ajif Mountain forming the northern end, and the Twin Peak shoulder to the west the other end; and further, that beyond Ajif, which I estimated at about 6,000 feet above the sea, there was a steady and perceptible rise to the snow-line, and then a sudden uplift to the proud height of from 2,000 to 5,000 feet higher, most of which was under snow.

This place of Mboga, were it in any other country than under the Equator in Mid Africa, would afford a splendid view of this unique range. From the Twin Peak angle and up to thirty miles N.N.E. of Ajif the whole of it ought to be in sight in any other clime, but the mist escapes in continuous series or strata from the valley beneath, and floats in fleeting evanescent masses, quite obscuring every other minute the entire outlines. Between this point and the Ruwenzori range lies the deep sunken valley of the Semliki, from twelve to twenty-five miles wide. From a point abreast of Mboga to the edge of the Lake the first glance of it suggests a lake. Indeed, the officers supposed it to be the Albert Lake, and the Soudanese women were immoderately joyous at the sight, and relieved their feelings by shrill lu-lu-lus; but a binocular revealed pale-brown grass in its sere, with tiny bushes dotting the plain. To our right, as we looked down the depth of 2,500 feet, there was a dark tongue of acacia bushes deepening into blackness as the forest, which we had left near the Chai River, usurped the entire breadth of the valley.

Mr. Jephson was still an invalid, with a fever which varied from 102° to 105° temperature, ever since the 23rd of April, and at this time he was in rather an anxious state of mind. Like myself, he was much shrunk, and we both looked ill. We halted on the 13th to give rest to invalids and the little children.

To Kiryama, on the 14th, a village situated near the mouth of a deep and narrow valley, and which in old times, when Lake Albert covered the glassy plain, must have been a somewhat picturesque inlet, we made a continuous descent by declining spurs. The soil of the valley was extremely rich, and a copious stream coursed through it to the Semliki. We obtained, at brief intervals, glimpses of Ruwenzori; but had the mist not been so tantalising it would not have been deemed an unwelcome view that we should have had of the magnificent and imposing altitude of 15,500 feet above us.

In the camp of the immense caravan a little boy about eleven years old, named Tukabi, was found. He was what is termed "a stowaway." While we were at Mazamboni, his father, a subject of Kavalli, had come to appeal for help to recover him. He had attached himself to some Zanzibaris. The boy was delivered up, and his father was charged to observe the young truant carefully. He had disguised himself with some cloth to cover his face, but as he passed my tent I recognized him. He was asked why he deserted his father to join strangers who might be unkind to him. "Because," he answered, "I prefer my friend to my father." "Does your father beat you?" "No, but I wish to see the place where these guns come from, and where the thunder medicine (gunpowder) is made." It was the first time in my experience that an African boy of such a tender age was known to voluntarily abandon his parents. He was a singularly bright little fellow, with very intelligent eyes, and belonged to the Wahuma race.

Captain Nelson was despatched to proceed to the Semliki River with 80 rifles, to examine what opportunities there might be for crossing the river. He returned after a brilliant march, and reported that the Semliki at the ferry was about eighty or ninety yards wide, swift and deep, with steep banks of from ten to twenty feet high, much subject to undermining by the river; and the canoes had all been removed by Ravidongo, the General of Kabba Rega, who was said to have gathered a large force to oppose our crossing, and also that all the natives of Uhobo, Mboga, and Kiryama districts were collected across the Semliki River with him, and that it was clear a stout resistance would be made, as the opposite banks were carefully watched; that while they were examining the river a volley had been fired at them, which was fortunately harmless.

After a two days' rest at Kiryama we marched south across the glassy plain to another ferry, led by Kaibuga. That which some of us had assumed to be a lake was very firm alluvium and lacustrine deposit, growing a thin crop of innutritious grass, about 18 inches high. As we advanced up the river it sensibly improved; and at the third hour from Kiryama an acacia-tree was seen; a little later there were five, then a dozen, wide apart and stunted. At the fourth hour it was quite a thin forest on the left side of the Semliki, while to the right it was a thick impervious and umbrageous tropic forest, and suddenly we were on the bank of the Semliki. At the point we touched the river it was sixty yards wide, with between a four-and-five-knot current. A little below it widened into 100 yards, a fine, deep, and promising river. Up and down, and opposite, there were broad signs of recent land-falls. Its banks consisted of sediment and gravelly debris which could offer no resistance to the strong current when it surged against the base. It washed away great masses from underneath. There was a continual falling of dissolving

lumps, as though it was so much snow; then a sudden fall of a two-ton fragment of the superincumbent bank. It was a loopy, and twisting, crooked stream, forming a wide-stretching S in every mile of its course, and its water was of a whity-brown colour, and weighted with sediment. Out of a tumblerful of the liquid, a fourth of an inch of fine earth would be deposited.

By a good aneroid the altitude of the bank, which was about twenty feet above the river, was 2,388 feet above the sea. Lake Albert by the same aneroid was 2,350 feet. There was a difference indicated of 38 feet. I estimated that we were about thirty English miles from the Lake.

As we arrived at the river a canoe was observed floating down rapidly. The alarm had been given, probably, by some natives who had heard our voices, and in their hurry to escape had either purposely cast off their canoe, or had feared to be detained through the necessity of securing it. The village of the Awamba, whence it had floated adrift, was in sight. Men were sent up and down the banks to discover a canoe, and Uledi—always Uledi—sent up soon the good news that he had found one. The caravan proceeded in his direction, and camped in a large but abandoned banana plantation. The canoe was across the river in a small creek, opposite the camping-place. By some method it was necessary to obtain it, as one canoe at this time was priceless. The men with the bill-hooks were ordered up to clear twenty yards of bush, and to leave a thin screen between the sharpshooters and the river. Then three or four volleys scoured the position around the canoe, and in the meantime the bold Uledi and Saat Tato, the hunter, swam across, and when near the vessel the firing ceased. In a few seconds they had cut the canoe loose, and were in it, paddling across to our side with all energy. They had gained the centre of the river when the archers rose up and shot the hunter, and at the same time the rifles blazed across. But the canoe was obtained, and Saat Tato, streaming with blood, was attended by Dr. Parke. Fortunately, the broad-bladed arrow had struck the shoulder-blade, which saved the vitals. Both the brave fellows were rewarded with \$20 worth of cloth on the spot.

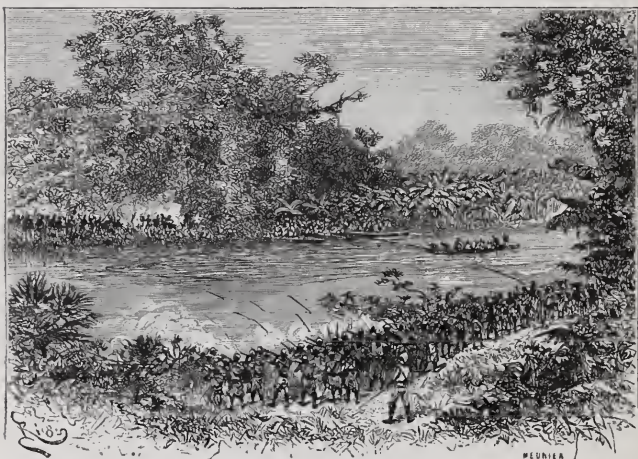
At 5 P.M. Mr. Bonny performed signal service. He accepted the mission of leading five Soudanese across the Semliki as the vanguard of the Expedition. By sunset there were fifty rifles across the river.

On the 18th the ferriage was resumed at dawn. By noon two more canoes had been discovered by scouts. Stairs and Jephson were both very ill of fever, and I was a prematurely old man of ninety in strength and appearance, and just able to walk at this time about one hundred yards. Captain Nelson and Surgeon Parke therefore superintended the work of transporting the Expedition across the Semliki. At two o'clock in the afternoon, while the ferrying was briskly proceeding, a body of fifty of the Wara Sura stole up to within 250 yards of the ferry, and fired a volley at the canoes while in mid-river. Iron slugs and lead bullets screamed over the heads of the passengers, and flew along the face of the water, but fortunately there was no harm done. Notwithstanding our admiration at their impudent audacity, a second volley might be more effective, but Captain Nelson sprang from the river-side, and a hundred rifles gathered around him and a chase began. We heard a good deal of volleying, but the chase and retreat were so hot that not a bullet found its purposed billet. However, the Wara Sura discovered that, whatever our intentions

might be, we were in strong force, and we understood that they were capable of contriving mischief. In their hurried flight they dropped several as well-made cartridges as could be prepared at Woolwich; and here was a proof also what a nest of traitors there was in the Equatorial Province, for all these articles were of course furnished by the scores of deserters.

By night of the 18th, 669 people had been ferried across. At 3 o'clock of the 19th, 1,168 men, women and children, 610 loads of baggage, 3 canoe loads of sheep and goats, and 235 head of cattle had been taken across. The only loss sustained was a calf, which was drowned. It may be imagined how pleased I was at the brilliant services, activity and care shown by Captain Nelson and Dr. Parke.

A few hours later one of the Pasha's followers was taken to the surgeon with a fatal arrow-wound. It reminded me of the anxious times I suffered



ATTACK BY THE WANYORO AT SEMLIKI FERRY.

during the first eighteen months' experiences with the equally thoughtless Zanzibaris.

On the 20th the Expedition moved through the thick forest, along an extremely sloughy path to a little village removed one and a half hours from the river. We arrived just as the intolerable pests of gnats were at their liveliest. They swarmed into the eyes, nostrils, and ears, in myriads. We thought the uninhabited forest was preferable, but at 9 o'clock the minute tribes retired to rest, and ceased to vex us. There was an odour of stale banana wine and ripe banana refuse, and these probably had attracted the gnats. Two large troughs—equal in size to small canoes—were stationed in the village, in which the natives pressed the ripe fruit and manufactured their wine.

For the first time we discovered that the Awamba, whose territory we were now in, understood the art of drying bananas over wooden gratings, for the purpose of making flour. We had often wondered, during our life

in the forest region, that natives did not appear to have discovered what invaluable, nourishing, and easily digestible food they possessed in the plantain and banana. All banana lands—Cuba, Brazil, West Indies—seem to me to have been specially remiss on this point. If only the virtues of the flour were publicly known, it is not to be doubted but it would be largely consumed in Europe. For infants, persons of delicate digestion, dyspeptics, and those suffering from temporary derangements of the stomach, the flour, properly prepared, would be of universal demand. During my two attacks of gastritis, a light gruel of this, mixed with milk, was the only matter that could be digested.

On the 22nd we were obliged to march for six hours through quagmire and reeking mud before we were enabled to find a resting-place. The dense forest, while as purely tropical in its luxuriance as any we had travelled, was more discomfiting owing to its greater heat and overabundant moisture. The excessive humidity revealed itself in a thin, opaque, damp haze just above us. In the tree-tops it had already gathered into a mist; above them it was a cloud; so that between us and sunshine we had clouds several miles in thickness, the thick, dark, matted foliage of the forest, then thickening layers of mist, and finally a haze of warm vapour. We therefore picked our way through shallow pool and gluey black mud, under a perpetual dropping of condensed vapour, and by a leaden light that would encourage thoughts of suicide, while bodily distress was evinced by trickling rillets of perspiration.

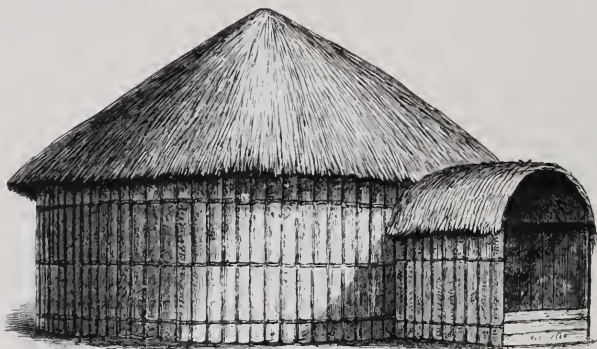
Emerging into a ruined village, the result of some late raid of the Wara Sura, we threw looks towards Ruwenzori, but the old mountain had disappeared under blue-black clouds that reminded one of brooding tempests. The heights of Mboga were dimly visible, though they were further from us than the stupendous mass behind which the thunder muttered, and whence rain seemed imminent. We began to realize that we were in the centre of a great fermenting vat, and that the exhalations growing out of it concentrated themselves into clouds, and that the latter hung in ever-thickening folds until they floated against the face of Ruwenzori; that they languidly ascended the slants and elung to the summits, until a draught of wind over the snow-crests blew them away and cleared the view.

We passed through an extremely populous district the next day, and travelled only two and a quarter hours to reach Baki Kundi. Flanking the path were familiar features, such as several camps of pigmies, who were here called Watwa.

The distance from the Semliki to these villages wherein we were now encamped is $15\frac{1}{2}$ English miles, which we had taken three days to travel, and two days' halt in consequence. But slow as this was, and supplied as was the caravan with running streams of good water and unlimited quantities of meat and grain, potatoes, plantains, and ripe fruit, the misery of African travel had been realized to its depths. Mothers had left their little children on the road, and one Egyptian soldier, named Hamdan, had lain down by the wayside and stubbornly refused to move, unwilling to pursue the journey of life further. He had no load to carry, he was not sick, but he—what can be said? He belonged to the donkey breed of humanity; he could not travel, but he could die, and the rear guard were obliged to leave him. This started a rumour through the camp that the commander of the rear guard had quietly despatched him.

The 24th of May was a halt, and we availed ourselves of it to despatch two companies to trace the paths, that I might obtain a general idea which would best suit our purposes. One company took a road leading slightly east of south, and suddenly came across a few Baundwe, whom we knew for real forest aborigines. This was in itself a discovery, for we had supposed we were still in Utuku, as the east side of the Semliki is called, and which is under Kabba Rega's rule. The language of the Baundwe was new, but they understood a little Kinyoro, and by this means we learned that Ruwenzori was known to them as Bugombowa, and that the Watwa pigmies and the Wara Sura were their worst enemies, and that the former were scattered through the woods to the W.S.W.

The other company travelled in a S. by W. direction, reached the thin line of open country that divided the immediate base-line of Ruwenzori from the forest. They spoke in raptures of the abundance of food, but stated that the people were hostile and warlike. The arms of the men



HOUSES ON THE EDGE OF THE FOREST.

were similar to those of other forest people, but the women were distinguished for iron collars, to which were suspended small phial-shaped pendants of hollow iron, besides those ending in fine spiral coils at the extremities.

Another short march of two and a quarter hours brought us to a village of thirty-nine round, conical huts, which possessed elaborate doorways, here and there ornamented with triangles painted red and black. The *Elais guineensis* palm was very numerous near the village.

On the next day we emerged out of the forest, and camped in the strip of grass-land in the village of Ugarama, in N. Lat. $0^{\circ} 45' 49''$ and E. Long. $30^{\circ} 14' 45''$. The path had led along the crests of a narrow, wooded spur, with ravines 200 feet deep on either hand, buried by giant trees. The grass-land here did not produce that short nutritive quality which made Kavalli so pleasant, but was of gigantic spear-grasses, from 6 to 15 feet high.

The Egyptian Hamdan made his reappearance at this camp. Left to himself he had probably discovered it hard to die alone in the lonely

woods, and had repented of his folly. By this time we had become fully sensible of the difficulty we should meet each day while these people were under our charge. Low as was my estimation of them before, it had descended far below zero now. Words availed nothing, reason could not penetrate their dense heads. Their custom was to rush at early dawn along the path, and after an hour's spurt sit down, dawdle, light a fire, and cook, and smoke, and gossip; then, when the rear guard came up to urge them along, assume sour and discontented looks, and mutter to themselves of the cruelty of the infidels. Almost every day complaints reached me from them respecting Captain Nelson and Lieutenant Stairs. Either one or the other was reported for being exacting and too



EGYPTIAN WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

peremptory. It was tedious work to get them to comprehend that they were obeying orders; that their sole anxiety was to save them from being killed by the natives, or from losing their way; that the earlier they reached camp the better for everybody; that marches of two or three hours would not kill a child even; that while it was our duty to be careful of their lives, it was also our duty to have some regard for the Zanzibaris, who, instead of being two or three hours on the road, were obliged to be ten hours, with boxes on their heads; that it was my duty also to see that the white officers were not worn out by being exposed to the rain, and mud, and shivering damp, waiting on people who would not see the benefit of walking four or five miles quickly to camp to enjoy twenty to twenty-one hours' rest out of the twenty-four. These whining

people, who were unable to walk empty-handed two and a half or three hours per day, were yellow Egyptians; a man with a little black pigment in his skin seldom complained, the extreme black and the extreme white never.

The Egyptians and their followers had such a number of infants and young children that when the camp space was at all limited, as on a narrow spur, sleep was scarcely possible. These wee creatures must have possessed irascible natures, for such obstinate and persistent caterwauling never tormented me before. The tiny blacks and sallow yellows rivalled one another with force of lung until long past midnight, then about 3 or 4 A.M. started afresh, woke every one from slumber, while grunts of discontent at the meeawing chorus would be heard from every quarter.

Our Zanzibaris concluded that though the people of Equatoria might be excellent breeders, they were very poor soldiers. The Egyptians had been so long accustomed to overawe the natives of the Province by their numbers and superior arms, that now their number was somewhat reduced and overmatched by natives, they appeared to be doubtful of reaching peaceful countries; but they were so undisciplined, and yet so imperious, that they would speedily convert the most peaceful natives to rancorous foes.

With the Pasha I had a conversation on this date, and I became fully aware that, though polite, he yet smarted under resentment for the explosion of April 5th. But the truth is that the explosion was necessary and unavoidable. Our natures were diametrically opposed. So long as there was no imperative action in prospect we should have been both capable of fully enjoying one another's society. He was learned and industrious and a gentleman, and I could admire and appreciate his merits. But the conditions of our existence prohibited a too prolonged indulgence in these pleasures. We had not been commissioned to pass our days in Equatoria in scientific talk, nor to hold a protracted conversazione on Lake Albert. The time had come, as appointed, to begin a forward movement. It was not effected without that episode in the square at Kavalli. Now that we were on the journey I discovered to my regret that there were other causes for friction. The Pasha was devoured with a desire to augment his bird collections, and thought that, having come so far to help him, we might "take it easy." "But we are taking it easy for manifold reasons. The little children, the large number of women burdened with infants, the incapable Egyptians, the hope that Selim Bey will overtake us, the feeble condition of Jephson and myself, and Stairs is far from strong." "Well, then, take it more easy." "We have done so; a mile and a half per day is surely easy going." "Then be easier still." "Heavens, Pasha! do you wish us to stay here altogether? Then let us make our wills, and resign ourselves to die with our work undone." The thunder was muttering again, as behind the dark clouds on Ruwenzori, and another explosion was imminent.

I knew he was an ardent collector of birds and reptiles and insects, but I did not know that it was a mania with him. He would slay every bird in Africa; he would collect ugly reptiles, and every hideous insect; he would gather every skull until we should become a travelling museum and cemetery, if only carriers could be obtained. But then his people were already developing those rabid ulcers, syphilis had weakened their constitutions, a puncture of a thorn in the face grew into a horrid and

sloughy sore ; they had pastured on vice and were reaping the consequences. The camps soon became so filthy that they would breed a pestilence, and we should soon become a moving sight to gods and men. Carriers were dying—they were not well treated—and then, why then, we could not move at all by-and-by. He was in Heaven when his secretary, Rajab Effendi, brought him new species; he looked grateful when there was to be a two days' rest, sad when he heard we should march; and when we should reach a nice place near Ruwenzori, we should stay a week, oh, splendid!

Now, all this made me feel as if we were engaged in a most ungrateful task. As long as life lasts, he will hold me in aversion, and his friends, the Felkins, the Junkers, and Schweinfurths will listen to querulous complaints, but they will never reflect that work in this world must not consist entirely of the storage in museums of skulls, and birds, and insects; that the continent of Africa was never meant by the all-bounteous Creator to be merely a botanical reserve, or an entomological museum.

Every man I saw, giant or dwarf, only deepened the belief that Africa had other claims on man, and every feature of the glorious land only impressed me the more that there was a crying need for immediate relief and assistance from civilization; that first of all, roads of iron must be built, and that fire and water were essential agencies for transport, more especially on this long-troubled continent than on any other.

Alas! alas! With this grand mountain range within a stone's throw of our camp—not yet outlined on my map—that other lake we heard so much about from Kaibuga, our Mhuma chief, not yet discovered; the Semliki Valley, with its treasures of woods and vegetable productions, not yet explored; and the Semliki River, which was said to connect the upper with the lower lake, not yet traced. To hear about wonderful salt lakes that might supply the world with salt: of large-bodied Wazongora, and numbers of amiable tribes; of the mysterious Wanyavingi, who were said to be descended from white men; to be in the neighbourhood of colossal mountains topped with snow, which I believed to be the lost Mountains of the Moon; to be in a land which could boast of possessing the fabulous fountains *de la lune*, a veritable land of marvel and mystery, a land of pigmies and tall men reported from of old, and not feel a glad desire to search into the truth of these sayings. He—the Maker who raised those eternal mountains and tapestried their slopes with the mosses, and lichens, and tender herbs, and divided them by myriads of watercourses for the melted snow to run into the fruitful valley, and caused that mighty, limitless forest to clothe it, and its foliage to shine with unfading lustre—surely intended that it should be reserved until the fulness of time for something higher than a nursery for birds and a store-place for reptiles.

The abundance of food in this region was one of the most remarkable features in it. Ten battalions would have needed no commissary to provide their provisions. We had but to pluck and eat. Our scouts reported that on every hand lay plantations abounding in the heaviest clusters of fruit. The native granaries were full of red millet, the huts were stored with Indian corn; in the neighbouring garden-plots were yams, sweet potatoes, colocassia, tobaceo.

From the spur of Ugarama, where we halted on the 27th, we could see that up to 8,000 feet of the slopes they were dotted with several scores of cultivated plots, and that the crooked lines of ravines were green with

lengthy banana groves, and that upland and lowland teemed with population and food, and other products. Through a glass we were able to note that a thick forest covered the upper slopes and ridges, with an elevation of 9,000 up to 12,000 feet; and that where there was no cultivation the woods continued down to the base. The wild banana was seen flourishing up to a lofty limit, and graced the slopes denuded of trees, and towered over the tallest grass. The Ruwenzori peaks appeared shrouded by leaden clouds, and the lower mountain ranges played at hide-and-seek, under the drifting and shifting masses of white vapour. By aneroid. Ugarama is 2,994 feet; and by boiling-point, 2,942 feet above the sea. The immediate range, under whose lee the spur ran out to Ugarama village, was, by triangulation, discovered to be of an altitude of 9,147 feet.

Two women—light-complexioned and very pleasing—who were found in the woods near the village, were able to speak the Kinyoro language. It was from them we learned that we were in Ugarama, in the country of Awamba; that Utuku was a name given to the open country up to the Mississi River and the Lake; that the next district we should reach southerly was Bukoko, where the principal Chief, Sibaliki, of the Awamba, lived; and beyond Bukoko was Butama. That from Ugarama to the north extremity of Bukonju or Ukonju was one day's march; that two days thence would take us to Toro, but we should have to cross the mountains; that the king of N. Ukonju was called Ruhandika; that the Wakonju formerly owned vast herds of cattle, but the Wara Sura had swept the herds away. We were also told that if we followed the base-line of the big mountains, three days' march would enable us to reach a country of short grass, wherein goats and sheep were plentiful, and wherein there were a few herds of cattle; but the Wara Sura had raided so many times there that cattle could not be kept. The enemies of the Awamba, who cut down the woods and tilled the ground, were the vicious Watwa pigmies, who made their lives miserable by robbing their plantations, and destroying small parties while at work, or proceeding to market in adjoining districts, while the Wara Sura devastated far and near, and they were in the service of Kabba Rega.

When asked if they ever enjoyed days of sunshine and the snow mountains could be seen clear and bright for three or four days, or a week, or a month, they replied that they had never witnessed so much rain as at this time; and they believed that we had purposely caused this in order the more easily to detect people by the tracks along the paths. They also said that at first they had taken us for Wara Sura; but the large herd of cattle with us disproved that we had taken them from the Awamba, for they possessed none. When we informed them that we had seized them from people who acknowledged Kabba Rega as their chief, they said: "Oh, if our people but knew that, they would bring you everything." "Well, then, you shall go and tell them that we are friends to every one who will not close the road. We are going to a far country, and, as we cannot fly, we must use the path; but we never hurt those who do not raise the spear and draw the bow."

On the 28th we advanced five miles over a series of spurs, and across deep ravines, continuous descents of 200 feet to ravines a few yards across, and opposite ascensions, to a similar height. They were so steep that we were either sliding, or climbing by means of the trees and creepers depending from them; and all this under an unceasing drizzly rain.

The rotting banana stalks and refuse of the fruit created a sickening stench.

The next day's march of four miles enabled us to reach Butama, after an experience as opposite to the sloughs, mud, rock, descents and ascents of the day before, as a fine path, broad enough for an European's wide-stepping feet, could well be in Africa. The sandy loam quickly absorbed the rain; the rank reed-grass, except at rare intervals, afforded a sufficient space between, and troops of elephants had tramped the ground hard.

An old man, with white hair, and too feeble to flee, had awaited his fate at Butama. On being questioned, he replied that the name of the snow mountains that now were immediately above us at an appalling height, was "Avirika, Aviruka, Avrika, Avruka, Avirika, and Avuruka!" so he rang the changes by pressure of eager questions which he had excited by its relation to Afrika. Upon the Watwa pigmies he was most severe. He charged them with being exceedingly treacherous; that they were in the habit of making friends with chiefs of rich districts by fraudulent arts and false professions, and, despite blood-brotherhood and plighted faith, of suddenly turning upon them and destroying them.

On the 30th we reached Bukoko in four hours' easy travel, for we marched over a smooth graduated terrace formed by the débris rolled down the slopes of the snow mountains, and scoured by repeated falls of rain to a gentle slope, luxuriant with reed-grass, and wonderfully prolific in edibles where cultivated. Here and there cropped out a monster boulder half imbedded in the loam and gravelly soil, which had rolled and thundered wildly down when displaced by some landslip, or detached from its resting-place by a torrential shower.

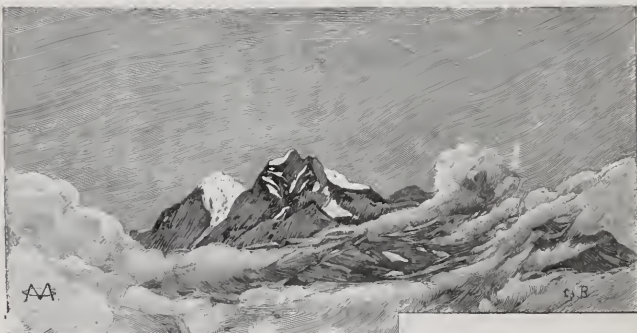
Bukoko was a large and powerful settlement and an important cluster of villages: but it struck us as we entered it that it had been for several days abandoned, probably as long ago as a month. Its groves seemed endless and most thriving, and weighted with fruit, and tomatoes grew in prodigious plenty.

The scouts, as usual, soon after stacking goods and arranging camp, set out to explore, and in a short time met some people in cotton dresses who were armed with guns, and who fired upon them. We heard the loud boom of percussion muskets, and the sharper crack of rifles, and then there was quiet. Presently the scouts returned to report, and they brought me an Enfield rifle which had been thrown away by the defeated band; two of the men were supposed to be fatally wounded, one was said to be dead. They also brought with them a woman and a boy, who were evidently natives of the country, and could say nothing intelligible.

A company of seventy rifles was immediately despatched to reconnoitre further, and in ten minutes there was quite a sustained fusillade, deep booming of muskets against sharp volleys of Remingtons and Winchesters. Soon after two of our men were carried to camp wounded, who reported that the enemy were Wara Sura. The rifles appeared to have pressed the strangers hard; the firing was getting more distant, but in an hour's time we had two more wounded, and a Zanzibari youth and a Manyuema youth killed, and almost immediately, as I thought of preparing a strong reinforcement, Uledi and the rifles walked into camp accompanied by the chiefs of the enemy, who turned out to be Manyuema raiders, the followers of Kilonga-Longa!

Their story was that a band of fifty gunmen, accompanied by about

100 spearmen, had crossed the Ituri River, and pushing east had arrived about twenty days ago near the edge of the forest, having crossed the Semliki River, and had, with their usual tactics, commenced raiding, when they caught sight of some men with guns whom they guessed to be Wara Sura, and had fired upon them. The strangers had fired in return and killed one of them, wounded another mortally, and four others severely. The rest had fled to their settlement, crying out, "We are finished," whereupon they had then sent men to be in ambush along the route, while the community at the settlement was repairing its defences. On seeing the head of the party coming along the road, they had fired, killing two and wounding four slightly, but when their friends began to rain bullets on them, they cried out "Who are you?" and were answered that they were Stanley's men, and firing at once ceased, and an acquaintance ever disastrous to us was then renewed. Though we should have wished to have had a legitimate excuse for annihilating one band of the unconscionable raiders, we could not but accept their apologies for what had clearly been an accident, and gifts were exchanged.



THE TALLEST PEAK OF RUWENZORI, FROM AWAMBA FOREST.

We were told that they had met gangs of the Wara Sura, but had met "bad luck," and only one small tusk of ivory rewarded their efforts. Ipoto, according to them, was twenty days' march through the forest from Bukoko.

Ruwenzori was now known as Virika by the Awamba of this district.

Since emerging from the Awamba forest near Ugarama, we had journeyed along a narrow strip, covered with prodigious growth of cane-grass reaching as high as fifteen feet. From eminences it appears to be from three to eight miles wide, separating the deep, dark forest. From the immediate vicinity of the mountain, notwithstanding that the grass was of the height and thickness of bamboo, the path was infinitely better, and we had but to cross one or two ravines and watercourses during a march. A feature of it was the parachute-shaped acacia, which in the neighbourhood of the Nyanza was the only tree visible. Near the forest-line this tree disappears, and the vegetation, riotously luxuriant and purely tropical, occupied the rest of the valley.

The streams we had lately crossed were cold mountain torrents with fairly wide beds, showing gravel, sand, cobble stones, specimens of the

rocks above, gneiss, porphyry, hornblende, sandstone, steatite, hematite, and granite, with several pumice lumps. Three of the principal rivers, called the Rami, Rubutu, and Singiri, were respectively of the temperatures 68°, 62°, and 65° Fahrenheit.

After a halt of two days at Bukoko we marched a distance of eight miles to the village of Banzombé, situate on a narrow, level-topped spur between two deep ravines, on the edge of the forest, which here had crept up to the base-line of the snow mountains. As usual, Ruwenzori was invisible, and I feared we should have little chance of photographing it, or employing any of its lofty peaks to take bearings.

The vapours issuing from the Semliki Valley appeared to be weighed down by pressure from above, judging by the long time required for a mass of ascending vapour to reach the summit. The smoke of the camp hung over us like a fog until we were nearly blinded and suffocated.

Our cattle showed signs of fagging out. We now possessed 104 head, and 30 sheep and goats.

On the 3rd of June we reached the little village of Bakokoro, in N. Lat. 0° 37', and here a Copt, one of four brothers, breathed his last. Three considerable streams had been traversed during the short march of three miles. The temperature of one was 62° Fahrenheit.

Unable to trace a path beyond Bakokoro, trending in the direction we required, we halted on the 4th. Jephson was in a high fever; temperature 105°. Mr. Bonny was also suffering; Stairs had recovered. Captain Nelson was robust and strong, and during these days was doing double duty to endeavour to make up for the long months he had been invalided, from October, 1887, to October, 1888.

Some plantains measured here were seventeen and a half inches in length, and as thick as the forearm.

After a short march of two and a half hours we arrived at Mtarega, situated near the deep gorge of the Rami-Lulu River, as it issued from a deep chasm in the mountains.

We had all we desired to possess at this camp. We were within 200 yards from the foot of the Ruwenzori range. Paths were seen leading up the steep slopes; a fine cool river was 200 feet below, rushing through the gorge fresh from the snow tops, 61° Fahrenheit temperature. Bananas, plantains, and yams, and corn and sugar-cane were in the plantations and fields, 200 yards away. Now was the period of exploration, and to make botanical collections. Accordingly I sounded the note to prepare to win immortal renown by scaling the heights of the famous Mountains of the Moon. My strength was so far recovered that I could walk 200 yards. Mr. Jephson regretted to say that the fever had conquered and subdued his sanguine spirit; Captain Nelson was sorry, but really, if there was any practical use in climbing such ruthlessly tall mountains—and he took a solemn look at them, and said, "No, thanks!" Surgeon Parke's line was amid suffering humanity; Mr. Bonny was in bad luck—an obstinate fever had gripped him, and reduced his limbs to mere sticks. Captain Casati smiled mournfully, and seemed to say, "Look at me, and imagine how far I could go." But the Pasha's honour was at stake; he had at all times expressed rapture at the very thought, and this was the critical period in the march of the Expedition, and Stairs took a sly glance at the grim, unconquered heights, and said, "I'll go, like a shot." It only remained for me to advise him, to furnish him

with instruments, to compare his aneroids with a standard one in camp, and supply the men with many anxious counsels to avoid the cold, and to beware of chills after an ascent.

The night was an agreeable one. The altitude of the camp above the sea was 3,860 feet, and a gentle cool wind blew all night from the gap of the Rami-Lulu River. In the morning Stairs departed, and the Pasha accompanied him. But, alas! the Pasha had to yield after a thousand feet, and returned to camp, while Stairs held on his way. The following is the report of his experiences:—

Expedition Camp,
June 8th, 1889.

SIR,

Early on the morning of the 6th of June, accompanied by some forty Zanzibaris, we made a start from the Expedition Camp at the foot-hills of the range, crossed the stream close to a camp, and commenced the ascent of the mountain.

With me I had two aneroids, which together we had previously noted and compared with a standard aneroid remaining in camp under your immediate observation; also a Fahrenheit thermometer.

For the first 900 feet above camp the climbing was fairly good, and our progress was greatly aided by a native track which led up to some huts in the hills. These huts we found to be of the ordinary circular type so common on the plain, but with the difference that bamboo was largely used in their interior construction. Here we found the food of the natives to be maize, bananas, and colocassia roots. On moving away from these huts, we soon left behind us the long rank grass, and entered a patch of low scrubby bush, intermixed with bracken and thorns, making the journey more difficult.

At 8.30 A.M. we came upon some more huts of the same type, and found that the natives had decamped from them some days previously. Here the barometer read 23.58 and 22.85; the thermometer 75° F. On all sides of us we could see *Dracænas*, and here and there an occasional tree-fern and palm; and, tangled in all shapes on either side of the track, were masses of long bracken. The natives now appeared at different hill-tops and points near by, and did their best to frighten us back down the mountain, by shouting and blowing horns. We, however, kept on our way up the slope, and in a short time they disappeared and gave us very little further trouble.

Of the forest plains, stretching far away below us, we could see nothing, owing to the thick haze; we were thus prevented from seeing the hills to the west and north-west.

At 10.30 A.M., after some sharp climbing, we reached the last settlement of the natives, the cultivation consisting of beans and colocassias, but no bananas. Here the barometer read 22.36; thermometer 84° F. Beyond this settlement was a rough track leading up the spur to the forest; this we followed, but in many places, to get along at all, we had to crawl on our hands and knees, so steep were the slopes.

At 11 A.M. we reached this forest, and found it to be one of bamboos, at first open, and then getting denser as we ascended. We had noticed a complete and sudden change in the air from that we had just passed through. It became much cooler and more pure and refreshing, and all went along at a faster rate and with lighter hearts. Now that the Zanzibaris had come so far, they all appeared anxious to ascend as high as possible, and began to chaff each other as to who should bring down the biggest load of the "white stuff" on the top of the mountain. At 12.40 P.M. we emerged from the bamboos and sat down on a grassy spot to eat our lunch. Barometers, 21.10 and 27.⁸⁵/₁₀₀. Thermometer, 70° F. Ahead of us, and rising in one even slope, stood a peak, in altitude 1,200 feet higher than we were. This we now started to climb, and after going up it

a short distance, came upon the tree-heaths. Some of these bushes must have been 20 feet high, and, as we had to cut our way foot by foot through them, our progress was necessarily slow and very fatiguing to those ahead.

At 3.15 P.M. we halted among the heaths for a few moments to regain our breath. Here and there were patches of inferior bamboos, almost every stem having holes in it, made by some boring insect and quite destroying its usefulness. Under foot was a thick spongy carpet of wet moss, and the heaths on all sides of us, we noticed, were covered with "old man's beard" (*Usnea*). We found great numbers of blue violets and lichens, and from this spot I brought away some specimens of plants for the Pasha to classify. A general feeling of cold dampness prevailed: in spite of our exertions in climbing we all felt the cold mist very much. It is this continual mist clinging to the hill-tops that no doubt causes all the vegetation to be so heavily charged with moisture and makes the ground under foot somewhat slippery.



S.W. TWIN CONES OF RUWENZORI, BY LIEUT. STAIRS.

Shortly after 4 P.M. we halted among some high heaths for camp. Breaking down the largest bushes, we made rough shelters for ourselves, collected what firewood we could find, and in other ways made ready for the night. Firewood however, was scarce, owing to the wood being so wet that it would not burn. In consequence of this, the lightly-clad Zanzibaris felt the cold very much, though the altitude was only about 8,500 feet. On turning in the thermometer registered 60° F. From camp I got a view of the peaks ahead, and it was now that I began to fear that we should not be able to reach the snow. Ahead of us, lying directly in our path, were three enormous ravines; at the bottom of at least two of these there was dense bush. Over these we should have to travel and cut our way through the bush. It would then resolve itself into a question of time as to whether we could reach the summit or not. I determined to go on in the morning, and see exactly what difficulties lay before us, and if these could be surmounted in a reasonable time, to go on as far as we possibly could.

On the morning of the 7th, selecting some of the best men, and sending the others down the mountain, we started off again upwards, the climbing being similar to that we experienced yesterday afternoon. The night had been bitterly cold, and some of the men complained of fever, but all were in good spirits, and quite ready to go on. About 10 A.M. we were stopped by the first of the ravines mentioned above. On looking at this, I saw that it would take a long time to cross, and there were ahead of it still two others. We now got our first glimpse of a snow peak, distance about two and a half miles, and I judged it would take us still a day and a half to reach this, the nearest snow. To attempt it, therefore, would only end disastrously, unprovided as we were with food and some better clothing for two of the men. I therefore decided to return, trusting all the time that at some future camp a better opportunity of making an ascent would present itself and the summit be reached. Across this ravine was a bare rocky peak, very clearly defined, and known to us as the south-west of the "Twin Cones." The upper part of this was devoid of vegetation, the steep beds of rock only allowing a few grasses and heaths in one or two spots to exist.

The greatest altitude reached by us, after being worked out and all corrections applied, was about 10,677 feet above the sea. The altitude of the snow peak above this would probably be about 6,000 feet, making the mountain, say, 16,600 feet high. This, though, is not the highest peak in the Ruwenzori cluster. With the aid of a field-glass I could make out the form of the mountain-top perfectly. The extreme top of the peak is crowned with an irregular mass of jagged and precipitous rock, and has a distinct crater-like form. I could see through a gap in the near side a corresponding rim or edge on the farther of the same formation and altitude. From this crown of rock, the big peak slopes to the eastward at a slope of about 25° until shut out from view by an intervening peak; but to the west the slope is much steeper. Of the snow, the greater mass lay on that slope directly nearest us, covering the slope wherever its inclination was not too great. The largest bed of snow would cover a space measuring about 600 by 300 feet, and of such a depth that in only two spots did the black rock crop out above its surface. Smaller patches of snow extended well down into the ravine; the height from the lowest snow to the summit of the peak would be about 1,200 feet or 1,000 feet. To the E.N.E. our horizon was bounded by the spur which, standing directly behind our main camp, and mounting abruptly, takes a curve in a horizontal plane and centres on to the snow-peak. Again that spur which lay south of us also radiated from the two highest peaks. This would seem to be the general form of the mountain, namely, that the large spurs radiate from the snow-peaks as a centre, and spread out to the plains below. This formation on the west side of the mountain would cause the streams to flow from the centre, and flow on, gradually separating from each other until they reached the plains below. Thence they turn to W.N.W., or trace their courses along the bottom spurs of the range and run into the Semliki River, and on to the Albert Nyanza. Of the second snow-peak, which we have seen on former occasions, I could see nothing, owing to the "Twin Cones" intervening. This peak is merely the termination, I should think, of the snowy range we saw when at Kavalli, and has a greater elevation, if so, than the peak we endeavoured to ascend. Many things go to show that the existence of these peaks is due to volcanic causes. The greatest proof that this is so lies in the numbers of conical peaks clustering round the central mass on the western side. These minor cones have been formed by the central volcano getting blocked in its crater, owing to the pressure of its gases not being sufficient to throw out the rock and lava from its interior; and consequently the gases, seeking for weak spots, have burst through the earth's crust and thus been the means of forming these minor cones that now exist. Of animal life on the mountain we saw almost nothing. That game of some sort exists is plain from the number of pitfalls we saw on the road-sides, and from the

fact of our finding small nooses in the natives' huts, such as those used for taking ground game.

We heard the cries of an ape in a ravine, and saw several dull, greyish-brown birds like stone-chats, but beyond these nothing.

We found blueberries and blackberries at an altitude of 10,000 feet and over, and I have been able to hand over to the Pasha some specimens for his collections, the generic names of which he has kindly given me, and which are attached below. That I could not manage to reach the snow and bring back some as evidence of our work, I regret very much; but to have proceeded onwards to the mountain under the conditions in which we were situated, I felt would be worse than useless, and though all of us were keen and ready to go on, I gave the order to return. I then read off the large aneroid, and found the hand stood at 19·90. I set the index-pin directly opposite to the hand, and we started down hill. At 3 P.M. on the 7th, I reached you, it having taken four and a half hours of marching from the "Twin Cones."

I have the honour to be, &c.,

(Signed) W. G. STAIRS, Lieut. R.E.

P.S.—The following are the generic names of the plants collected by me, as named by the Pasha:—

1. Clematis.	14. Sonchus.	27. Asplenium.
2. Viola.	15. Erica arborea.	28. Aspidium.
3. Hibiscus.	16. Landolphia.	29. Polypodium.
4. Impatiens.	17. Heliotropium.	30. Lycopodium.
5. Tephrosia.	18. Lantana.	31. Selaginella.
6. Elycina (?).	19. Mochosma.	32. Marchantia.
7. Rubus.	20. Lissochilus.	33. Parmelia.
8. Vaccinium.	21. Luzula.	34. Dracena.
9. Begonia.	22. Carex.	35. Usnea.
10. Pencedanum.	23. Anthistiria.	36. Tree fern
11. Gnaphalium.	24. Adiantum.	37. One fern
12. Helichrysum.	25. Pellia.	38. One polypo-
13. Senecio.	26. Pteris aquilina.	dium

} unknown.

Might we have been able to obtain a view over the Semliki Valley, we should have enjoyed one of exceeding interest. But we were unable to see more through the thick sluggish mist than that, wide as it may be, it is covered with a deep forest. The mist soared over the whole in irregular streams or in one heavy mass, which gave it the aspect of an inverted sky. Sometimes for a brief period a faint image of endless woods loomed out, but the mist streamed upward through the foliage as though a multitude of great geysers emitted vapours of hot steam. In the immediate foreground it was not difficult to distinguish elevations and depressions, or round basin-like hollows filled with the light-green forests of banana groves.

One of the Twin Cones was visible a few hundred yards from camp, and after a careful measurement with alta-azimuth it was found to be 12,070 feet.

After a halt of three days we struck camp, descended the precipitous walls of the gorge of the Rami-Lulu, and, traversing the narrow level, shortly ascended up the equally wall-like slope on the other side, discovering a fact which, but for the ascent and descent, we might not have thought of, namely, that the Rami-Lulu had channelled this deep ditch through a terrace formed of the washings and scourings of soil off

the slopes. It was a *débris*, consisting of earth, rock, boulders, and gravel, which had been washed down the gap and accompanied by landslips of so great a magnitude as to have choked up the course of the river and formed quite an extensive and elevated tract, but the Rami-Lulu had eventually furrowed and grooved itself deeply through, and so the great bank of material lies cut in two, to the depth of 200 feet, sufficiently instructive.

At early dawn a Madi chief was speared by a bold native. About a mile from Mtarega the grassy strip to which we had clung in preference was ended, the forest had marched across the breadth of the Semliki Valley, and had absorbed the Ruwenzori slopes to a height of seven thousand feet above us, and whether we would or no, we had to enter the doleful shades again. But then the perfection of a tropical forest was around us. It even eclipsed the Ituri Valley in the variety of plants and general sappiness. There were clumps of palms, there were giant tree-ferns, there were wild bananas, and tall, stately trees all coated with thick green moss from top to root, impenetrable thickets of broad-leaved plants, and beads of moisture everywhere, besides tiny rillets oozing out every few yards from under the matted tangle of vivid green and bedewed undergrowth. It was the best specimen of a tropical conservatory I had ever seen. It could not be excelled if art had lent its aid to improve nature. In every tree-fork and along the great horizontal branches grew the loveliest ferns and lichens; the elephant-ear by the dozen, the orchids in close fellowship, and the bright green moss had formed soft circular cushions about them, and on almost every fibre there trembled a clear water-drop, and everything was bathed by a most humid atmosphere. The reason of all this was not far to seek; there were three hot-water springs, the temperature of which was 102°. This tract of forest was also in the cosiest fold of the snow mountains, and whatever heat a hot sun furnished on this place was long retained.

We camped in a dry spot in this forest, and the next day, after marching a distance of six and a quarter miles, we emerged out of it into the superb clearing of Ulegga, and sought shelter in a straggling village within a bow-shot reach of the mountains. Banana groves clothed the slopes and ran up the ravines, and were ranged along the base line, and extended out in deep frondiose groves far into the Semliki Valley. There were bananas everywhere; and there was no lack of tobacco, or of Indian corn, or of two kinds of beans, or of yams and colocassia.

We entered into this district suspicious and suspecting; the death of the Madi chief had impressed us that we should not be too confident, and that vigilance was necessary day and night. At the first village the advance guard encountered men who unhesitatingly resented their intrusion, and began hostilities, and this had created an impression that an important effort would be made. Wherever we looked there were villages, and if courage aided numbers, the people were capable of an obstinate resistance. So we pressed bands of armed men up to the mountains, and the skirmishing was brisk; but at 4 P.M. Matyera, a Bari interpreter among the Pasha's followers, managed to get speech of a few natives, and succeeded in inducing the chief to consent to peace. He came in and said that he had come to throw himself at our feet to be slain or saved. The trumpeters sounded to cease firing, and within two minutes there was a dead silence.



RUWENZORI : FROM MTSORA

This chief and his friends were the first representatives of Ukonju we had seen, and the devoted mission of the chief instantly won our sympathy and admiration. I was rather disappointed in their appearance, however, though needlessly upon reflection. There is no reason, save a fancy, why I should have expected those mountaineers familiar with mountain altitudes to be lighter in complexion than the people in the Semliki and Ituri Valley forests; but the truth is, they are much darker than even the Zanzibaris. Supposing a people dwelt around a base-line of the Swiss Alps, and an irresistible army of Scandinavians swept up to them, the aboriginal inhabitants would naturally take refuge up the mountains, and in the same manner these dark-complexioned people of the true negroid type found themselves unable to resist the invasions of the Indo-African Wachwezi and the coppery-faced tribes of the forest, and sought shelter in the hills and recesses of the Equatorial Alps, and round about them ebbed and flowed the paler tribes, and so the Wakonju were confined to their mountains.

During our march to Mtsora on the next day we crossed five streams, which, descending from the mountains, flowed to the Semliki. One of these was of considerable volume and called the Butahu River, the temperature of which was 57° Fahrenheit.

At Mtsora we received in a short time a good local knowledge from the Wakonju, who were now our friends. I learned the following items of interest.

We were told that a few miles north of here was an arm of the upper lake which we had heard so much about, and which I discovered in January 1876. They call it the Ingezi, which in Kiuyoro means river, swamp, or small lake. The Ruweru, or lake, was two days' march south.

They also called it the Nyanza; and when I asked its name, they replied, Muta-Nzige, and some of them knew of three Muta-Nziges—the "Muta-Nzige" of Unyoro, the "Muta-Nzige" of Usongora, the "Muta-Nzige" of Uganda.

As for Nyanzas, the number became perplexing. There is the Nyanza of Unyoro, the Nyanza of Usongora; the Nyanza of Unyampaka; the Nyanza of Toro; the Nyanza Semliki; the Nyanza Unyavingi; the Nyanza of Karagwé; and the Nyanza of Uganda. So that a river of any importance feeding a lake becomes a Nyanza, a large bay becomes a Nyanza; a small lake, or a greater, is known as a Nyanza, or Ruweru.

Those semi-Ethiopic peoples who were known to us at Kavalli, as the Wahuma, Waima, Wawitu, Wachwezi, were now called Waiyana, Wanyavingi, Wasongora, and Wanyankori.

Ruvenzori, called already Bugombowa, Avirika, and Viruka, by the forest tribes, became now known as the Ruwenzu-ru-ru, or Ruwenjura, according as a native might be able to articulate.

The Butahu River separates Ulegga from Uringa.

The Wara-Sura were gathered under Rukara, a general of Kabba Rega, King of Unyoro. Some of these ferocious raiders were said to be stationed at the ferry of Waiyana, a few miles north of here. The Wakonju offered to assist us to drive them out of the land.

We were told that Rukara's headquarters were at Katwé, a town near the Salt Lakes, which are somewhat to the south.

That on the western bank of the Semliki are the tribes Wakovi and Wasoki, and that there are also Watwa pigmies.

We were informed that Usongora and Toro had submitted to Kabba Rega; but the inhabitants of the lake islands refused to promise allegiance, and it was said Kakuri, the chief, had applied to the Wanyavingi and Wauyankori for assistance against Kabba Rega. We were promised the submission of all the Wakonju and Wasangora if we entered into treaty or agreement with them, and I accepted the offer.

The Wakonju people are round-headed, broad-faced, and of medium size. They affect circlets manufactured of calamus fibre, very slender, and covering the ankles by hundreds. They also wear a large number on the upper arm. The chiefs also are distinguished by heavy copper or brass wristlets. The women's neck-decorations consist of heavy iron rings coiled spirally at the ends. On the slopes of the mountain, I am told, is found much fine crystal quartz.

At the entrance of almost every village in Ukonju may be seen a miniature tent, with a very small doorway, before which the natives place a banana or an egg. A tradition exists that Mikonju, the founder of the tribe who first cleared the forest, and planted bananas, initiated this custom to prevent theft. It is a tithe offered to the fetish or spirit to remind it that they wish their banana groves, or the eggs whence issue fowls, protected.

On the 12th of June I despatched Lieutenant Stairs, with sixty rifles and a number of Wakonju guides, to proceed to the Semliki, and satisfy all doubts about it; and on the next day he returned, having been favourably received by the natives, who tendered their submission, and accompanied our officer to the river, explaining to him every matter of interest. He found it forty-two yards wide, and ten feet deep, sunk between banks of fifty and sixty feet high, and with a current of three miles per hour. After tasting and looking at it, and questioning all the natives who could impart information, he concluded that:—I. Because of the unbroken appearance of the range westward, which has faced the Ruwenzori range ever since leaving the Albert; II. Because of the peculiar grey, muddy colour; III. Because of the peculiar flavour, which is slightly saline, and “unsatisfying,” like that of the Albert Lake; IV. Because of the unanimous statement of the natives that it flows a little west of north, then north, then north-easterly to the Lake of Unyoro, which is the Albert; V. Because of the positive assurance of one native traveller, who is acquainted with the river along its course, from its exit out of one lake to its entering into the other; the Semliki River leaves the upper lake, takes a winding course, with a strong inclination to the western range, when, after turning to the north-east, it gradually draws nearer the Ruwenzori range, flows through Awamba forest and Utuku into the Albert Nyanza.

From an anthill near Mtsora I observed that from W.N.W., a mile away, commenced a plain, which was a duplicate of that which had so deceived the Egyptians, and caused them to hail it as their lake, and that it extended southerly, and appeared as though it were the bed of a lake from which the waters had recently receded. The Semliki, which had drained it dry, was now from 50 to 60 feet below the crest of its banks. The slopes, consisting of lacustrine deposits, grey loam, and sand, could offer no resistance to a three-mile current, and if it were not for certain reefs, formed by the bed-rock under the surface of the lacustrine deposit, it is not to be doubted that such a river would soon drain the upper lake. The forest ran across from side to side of the valley, a dark barrier, in very

opposite contrast to the bleached grass which the nitrous old bed of the lake nourished.

We had a magnificent view of Ruwenzori just before sunset one evening during our halt in Mtsora. A large field of snow, and snow-peaks beyond the foremost line, appeared in view. During the whole day our eyes had rested on a long line of dark and solemn spurs, their summits buried in leaden mist; but soon after 5 p.m. the upper extremities of those spurs loomed up one after another, and a great line of mountain shoulders stood out; then peak after peak struggled from behind night-black clouds into sight, until at last the snowy range, immense and beautiful, a perfect picture of beautiful and majestic desolateness, drew all eyes and riveted attention, while every face seemed awed. The natives told us that the meaning of the word Ruwenzori means the Rain-Maker, or Cloud-King.

On the 14th of June, escorted by a large following of Wakonju, we marched four and a half hours, and entered Muhamba, in Usongora. Soon after leaving Mtsora we had descended into the grassy plains, which had been within a calculable period a portion of the bed of the lake we were now approaching. About half way we passed a respectable tributary of the Semliki, called the Rwimi, which separates Ukonju from Usongora. One of the streams we crossed soon after issued from a hot-spring.

The next day, an hour's march from Muhamba, we left the plain and commenced the ascent of the mountains, as the range declining towards the south forms a lengthened hilly promontory, dividing Usongora into western and eastern divisions, lying on either side of it, and both being in past times covered by the lake. After an ascent of about 1,500 feet, a world of hills rose before us, and a view worthy of memory would have been obtained but for the eternal mist covering the grander ranges. Still, it was a fascinating sight and one that in the time to come will be often painted and sketched and described. It reminded me greatly of the lower Alps, as viewed from Berne, though these successive ranges of African Alps are much higher; but the white-headed mountain kings rose far above these even, and at this time were hidden in the murky clouds. Having crossed the promontory, we descended 300 feet, and, crossing a profound and narrow valley, camped at Karimi.

At 5.15 p.m. the mists and fogs were blown away from the crowns of Ruwenzori, and for once we enjoyed the best view obtained yet, a description of which must be referred to in another chapter. The photographic apparatus was up in a short time, to perpetuate one of the rarest sights in the world, of one of the grandest views that Africa can furnish.

On the 16th of June, after a long march of four and three-quarter hours, we arrived at the zeriba of Rusessé. We descended from Karimi about 700 feet to the plain of Eastern Usongora, and an hour later we came to Raverahi River, 40 feet wide, and a foot deep; an ice-cold stream, clear as crystal and fresh from the snows. Ruwenzori was all the morning in sight, a bright vision of mountain beauty and glory. As we approached Rusessé a Msongora herdsman, in the employ of Rukara, the General of the Wara-Sura, came across the plain, and informed us that he could direct us to one of Rukara's herds. We availed ourselves of his kind offices, which he was performing as a patriot son of the soil tyrannised over and devastated by Rukara; and fifty rifles were sent with him, and in fifteen minutes we were in possession of a fine herd of twenty-five fat cattle, which we drove without incident with our one hundred head to the zeriba of Rusessé. From a

bank of cattle-dung, so high as to be like a great earthenwork round about the village, we gained our first view of the Albert Edward Nyanza, at a distance of three miles.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE SOURCES OF THE NILE—THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON, AND THE FOUNTAINS OF THE NILE.

EVERY reader of this chapter will agree with Père Jerome Lobo, of the Company of Jesus, who wrote in the 16th century, that "it is not difficult, after having found the sources of the Nile, and of the rivers that run into it, to resolve the question as to its origin—a question that has caused so much anxiety to ancient and modern authors, because they were looking for that which could not be discovered in their heads, by which they were lost in vain thoughts and reasonings."

For the complacent satisfaction of those who have not undergone the harassing anxieties attending the exploration of the countries in the region of the Nile sources, and who would prefer to content themselves with reading about them at home before a sparkling fire and under the light of the parlour lamp, I beg to present them with a few copies of ancient maps, from Homer's time, forty centuries ago, down to those whence we derived instruction in African geography. They will observe with pleasure that we have not much to boast of; that the ancient travellers, geographers, and authors had a very fair idea whence the Nile issued, that they had heard of the *Lunæ Montes*, and the triple lakes, and of the springs which gave birth to the famous river of Egypt. We only claim to have barred for a time the periodic flights of these interesting features of Africa, from 10° north latitude to as far as 20° south latitude, and from east to west Africa, and to have located with reasonable precision the grand old Mountains of the Moon, and the Albertine and Victorine sources of the Nile. And for a time only! For "what profit hath a man of all his labour, which he taketh under the sun? One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh. The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun. Is there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new? it hath been already of old time, which was before us. There is no remembrance of former things; neither shall there be any remembrance of things that are to come with those that shall come after."

What the cartographers of Homer's time illustrated of geographical knowledge succeeding cartographers effaced, and what they in their turn sketched was expunged by those who came after them. In vain explorers sweated under the burning sun, and endured the fatigues and privations of arduous travel: in vain did they endeavour to give form to their discoveries, for in a few years the ruthless map-maker obliterated all away. Cast your eyes over these series of small maps, and witness for yourselves what this tribe has done to destroy every discovery, and to render labour and knowledge vain. There is a cartographer living, the chiefest sinner alive. In 1875, I found a bay at the north-east end of



RUWENZORI : FROM KARIMI. (*From a Photograph.*)



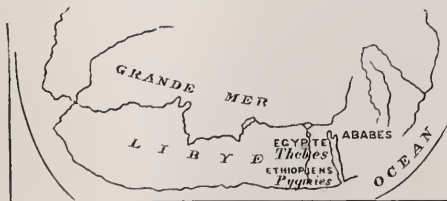
Lake Victoria. A large and mountainous island, capacious enough to supply 20,000 people with its products of food, blocked the entrance from the lake into it, but there is a winding strait at either end of sufficient depth and width to enable an Atlantic liner to steam in boldly. The bay has been wiped out, the great island has been shifted elsewhere, and the picturesque channels are not in existence on his latest maps, and they will not be restored until some other traveller, years hence, replaces them as they stood in 1875. And young travellers are known to chuckle with malicious pleasure at all this, forgetful of what old Solomon said in the olden time: "There is no remembrance of former things; neither shall there be any remembrance of things that are to come with those that shall come after."

So, though it is some satisfaction to be able to vindicate the more ancient geographers to some extent, I publish at the end of the series of



AFRICA IN HOMER'S WORLD .

old maps the small chart which illustrates what we have verified during our late travels. I do it with the painful consciousness that some stupid English or German map-maker within the next ten years may, from spleen and ignorance, shift the basin 300 or 400 miles farther east or west,



AFRICA IN MAP OF HEKATÆUS.

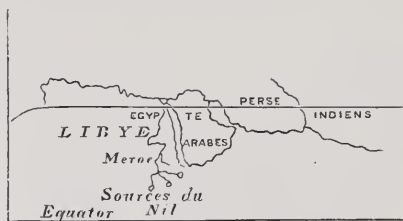
north or south, and entirely expunge our labours. However, I am comforted that on some shelf of the British Museum will be found a copy of 'In Darkest Africa,' which shall contain these maps, and that I have a chance of being brought forth as an honest witness of the truth, in the

same manner as I cite the learned geographers of the olden time to the confusion of the map-makers of the nineteenth century.

In the little sketch of 'Homer's World,' which I have taken the liberty of copying, with a few others, from Judge Daly's* learned and valuable contribution to the knowledge of ancient geography, it will be seen that the Nile is traced up to an immense range of mountains, beyond which are located the pigmies.

Five centuries later a celebrated traveller called Hekataeus illustrates his ideas of Africa in a map given in the preceding page. Though he had visited Egypt, it is quite clear that not many new discoveries had been made. According to him the great Egyptian river takes its rise at the southern extremity of Africa, where the pigmies live.

The next map of Africa that I wish to introduce for inspection is by the "greatest astronomer of antiquity," Hipparchus, who lived 100 years



HIPPARCHUS

100. B.C.

B.C. His sketch contains three distinct lakes, but situate far north of the equator.

Here follows the great Ptolemy, the Ravenstein or Justus Perthes of his



PTOLEMYS MAP A.D. 150

period. Some new light has been thrown by his predecessors, and he has revised and embellished what was known. He has removed the sources

* Judge Charles P. Daly, President of the American Geographical Society, New York.

of the Nile, with scientific confidence, far south of the equator, and given to the easternmost lake the name of Coloe Palus.

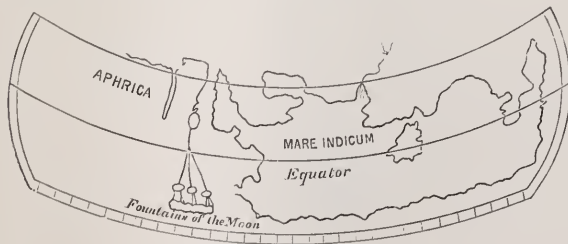
A thousand years elapse, and bring us to Edrisi, an Arab geographer, 1154 A.D. Some little information has been gained in the meanwhile of the Dark Interior. The Mountains of the Moon are prominent now, but several degrees south of the equator. Two of the lakes discharge their



CENTRAL AFRICA
according to
EDRI. 1154 A.D.

surplus waters to a third lake, which is north, whence the Nile issues, flowing northward towards Egypt. We see in it the results of geographical conferences, and many inquiries from ivory traders.

Four centuries later we see, by the following map, that the lakes have changed their position. Ambitious chartographers have been eliciting



MAP OF THE MARGARITA PHILOSOPICA
A.D. 1503

information from the latest traveller. They do not seem to be so well acquainted with the distant region around the Nile sources as those ancients preceding Edrisi. Nevertheless, the latest travellers must know best.

But in the short space of five years new light has been thrown again, or is it the mere vagary of a chartographer? Lo! the "Mountains of the

Moon" are restored many degrees below the equator, but there are only two lakes south of the equator, while the third has travelled to an immense distance north of the line.



JOHN RUYSCH

A.D. 1508.

Within three years Africa seems to have been battered out of shape somewhat. The three lakes have been attracted to one another; between two of the lakes the Mountains of the Moon begin to take form and rank.



SYLVANNUS' MAP

A.D. 1511

The Mons Lunæ are evidently increasing in height and length. As Topsy might have said, "spees they have grown some."

In the next page we see a reproduction of Sebastian Cabot's map in the sixteenth century. I have omitted the pictures of elephants and crocodiles, great emperors and dwarfs, which are freely scattered over the

map with somewhat odd taste. The three lakes have arranged themselves in line again, and the Mountains of the Moon are picturesquely



**HIERONIMUS DE VERRAZANO
1529**

banked at the top head of all the streams, but the continent evidently suggests unsteadiness generally, judging from the form of it.

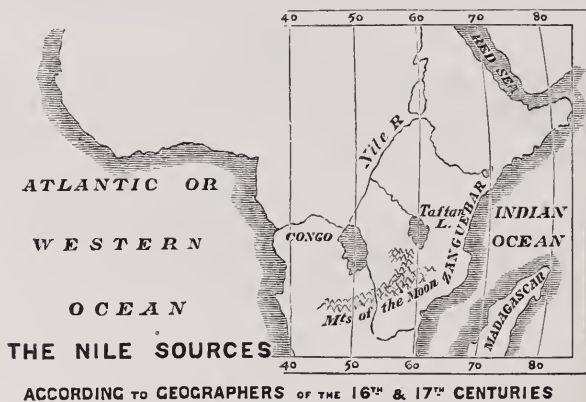


**SEBASTIAN CABOT'S MAP OF THE WORLD
16th Century**

That from the sixteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century very little further knowledge respecting the sources of the Nile was known may

be proved by the map of my school-days, which follows. There is a distinct retrogression by the determined stupidity of the map-maker. All that we had gathered since the days of old Homer down to the seventeenth century—all the lakes are swept away—the Mountains of the Moon run from about 5° to about 10° north of the equator, and extend from Long. 20° to the Gulf of Aden. We simply owe our ignorance to the map-makers. We no sooner discover some natural feature than it is removed in a next issue.

The arbitrariness of the modern map-maker is as bad as that of his predecessors. In a late German map, for instance, considered to be the best in Germany, there is a large bay removed altogether from the Victoria Nyanza, and a straight line, drawn by pure caprice, usurps the place of a very interesting and much indented coast-line, explored by me in 1875. Speke's Lake Urigi is jostled to the east, shunted to the north; Ukerewé is utterly out of order, and the Tanganika has a great bay named after a person who had followed in the steps of six preceding investigators. Lake Leopold II. narrowly escaped being sponged out



because two Germans, Kund (?) and Tappenbeck, had lost their way, and could not find it; but in the meantime an English missionary visited it and it was left in peace. English map-makers are quite as capricious.

This map, for instance, which has made such cruel and wicked changes of Homer, Hipparchus, Ptolemy, and others, was published by Constable in 1819, in a fit of aggravated biliousness, no doubt.

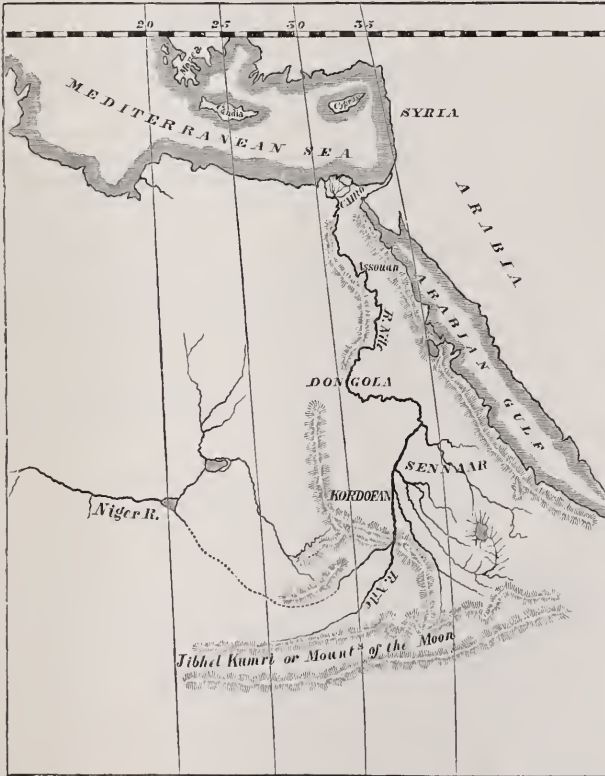
Hugh Murray, a compiler of African travels, published in London, 1818, a book called an 'Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in Africa,' and as he has been an industrious collator of testimony which the best authors of twenty centuries could furnish, I avail myself of his assistance. He says:

"Herodotus shows himself to have known the course of the Nile higher probably than it has been traced by any modern European.

"From Elephantine at the southern extremity of Egypt (Assouan) to Meroe, the capital of Ethiopia, was a journey of fifty-two days, and from thence an equal

distance to the country of *Automolos*, or exiles,* making in all a hundred and four days' journey. The regions deeper in the interior were known to him only by the very short narrative of the 'Excursion of the Nassamones.' The river to which the travellers were carried flowing to the eastward is believed to have been the Niger, though Herodotus conceived it to be the Nile. As it was proved by this data to proceed from the west, it appeared natural that this river was one of the main branches.

"Eratosthenes compared Africa to a trapezium, of which the Mediterranean



MAP OF THE NILE BASIN. 1819.A.D.

coast formed one side, the Nile another, the southern coast the longest side, and the western coast the shortest side. So little were the ancients aware of its extent that Pliny pronounced it to be the least of the continents, and inferior to Europe. Upon the Nile, therefore, they measured the habitable world of Africa, and fixed its limits at the highest known point to which that river had been ascended. This is assigned about three thousand stadia (three or four hundred miles) beyond

* It was devoted to the same uses down to the time of Emin Pasha.

Meroe. They seem to have been fully aware of two great rivers rising from lakes and called the Astaboras and Astapus, of which the latter (White Nile) flows from the lake to the south, is swelled to a great height by summer rains and forms then almost the main body of the Nile.

"Equal in fame with the Geographical School of Eratosthenes was that of Ptolemy. This school displays an increase of actual knowledge which was not, however, always accompanied by sounder views respecting undiscovered regions. Ptolemy appears to have been the first who formed a correct idea of the whole course of the Nile, and assigns to its fountains a place in the vast range of the Mountains of the Moon. But he places his Ethiopia interior much further south beyond the equator, nearly in the latitude of Raptum" (Kilwa?).

The Prior of Neuville les Dames et de Preussin, who published extracts from Father Lobo, the Portuguese Jesuit, launches into a fine dissertation on the Nile, some portions of which are as follows:—

"The greatest men of antiquity have passionately endeavoured to discover the sources of the Nile, imagining, after a career of conquest, that this discovery was only needed to consummate their glory. Cambyses lost many people and much time in this search."

"When Alexander the Great consulted the oracle of Jupiter of Ammon the first thing he desired to know was whence the Nile sprang, and having camped on the Indus he believed that he had at last succeeded."

"Ptolemy Philadelphus waged war on Ethiopia with a view to ascend the Nile. He took the town of Axum, as may be seen by the inscriptions that Cosmo Indoplustes has preserved, which he copied during the reign of Emperor Justin I."

"Lucan makes Cæsar say in his 'Pharsalia,' that he would readily abandon the design of warring against his country could he be happy enough to see the primal fountains of the Nile:

"Nihil est quod noscere malim,
Quam fluvii causas per sæcula tanta latentes,
Ignotumque caput: spes sit mihi certa videndi
Nilivæ fontes; bellum civile relinquam."

"Nero was animated by the same thirst for glory, for he despatched armies to make this discovery, but the report submitted to him removed all hope of success."

"The ancients therefore, searching in vain for the sources of the Nile, attempted to conceal their ignorance by mysteries, and they related them in fables. Even the interpreters of Holy Scripture were not exempt from this defect, as they knew no other lands on Ethiopia than that of Africa; they thought that Gihon, mentioned in Genesis, was the Nile, not being able to go against the Scriptures, where it is said that the Gihon has its spring in the terrestrial paradise, and it waters the land of Chus; it passes through under the seas and under the earth to reappear in Ethiopia. How many clever men have endeavoured to clear up these fables? and how many different systems were got up? The Bishop of Avranches supports, in his 'Treatise of the Terrestrial Paradise,' that the Gihon is an easterly branch of the Euphrates, which flows from the country of Eden and passes along the country of Chus, now the Cheezeslam. He adds that Homer makes out that it descends from Jupiter, and calls it Διηταιη; this is what has caused Plautus to say, in speaking of a river which he does not name, that it has its source in heaven and under the throne of Jupiter. The Egyptians, Ethiopians, Abyssinians, Gymnosophists, after making out this river to be a divinity, have thought themselves obliged to maintain the old errors—even the most absurd ones. Therefore we should not be astonished, after the poets having attributed a heavenly origin

to the Nile, if the Egyptians, who owe the fertility of their country to it, have built temples, have erected altars, have established festivals in its honour, finally, if they have adored it under the name of Osiris."

"The Jews and the Mohammedans, who are far from each other in idolatry, have thought that the waters of the Nile were holy and blessed, and the Agaus, who live in the environs of the sources of this river, although instructed in the Christian religion, still offer sacrifices; so that obstinacy and vanity support the superstitions and the idolatries that ignorance has introduced."

"The Nile has changed its name, according to the times and places: 'Nec ante Nilus, quam se totum aquis concordibus rursus junxit. Sic quoque etiamnum Siris, ut ante, nominatus per aliquos in totum Homero Ægyptus, alisque Triton.' Pliny does not say, as some others have said, that it was the Nile which at first had the name of 'Egypt,' but it has given it to the countries it watered while running into the sea, or it is called so after the name of the country, as rivers are ordinarily called after the name of the countries they pass through. Hesychius pretends that the Nile was at first called Egypt, and that it is this river which has given its name to the country: *Ἀίγυπτος, ὁ Νεῖλος ὁ ποταμὸς ἀχ' οὐδ καὶ ἡ χάρὰ ὑπὸ τοῦ νεωτεροῦς Ἀίγυπτος ἐπωνομασμένος* (Ægyptus, Nilus fluvius à quo regio à recentioribus Ægyptus est appellata). Egypt, nevertheless, is not the first name under which it was known; before it was called Oceanus, afterwards Aetus or Aquila, then Ægyptus, and from thence it was called Triton, on account of these three names; finally, it is known now by the Greeks as well as the Latins by the name of Nile. According to Pliny it takes the name of Syris by passing through the country of Syene. The Egyptians, who think themselves indebted to it for the fecundity of their country and for all its products, have called it the Saviour, the Sun, the God, sometimes the Father. In the Ethiopian language, as used by the learned, it is called GEJON, and he believes that it may have been called so after the name of Gihon, of which Moses speaks in his description of the terrestrial paradise, where he says, 'Et nomen fluvii fecundi Gihon: ipse qui circumit omnem terram Æthiopiæ.' Vatable, in explaining the word Kuseh or Æthiopia, says that this must mean the Eastern Ethiopia, 'de Æthiopia Orientali intelligit.' The Nile or the Gejon do not environ the whole of Ethiopia or the whole of Abyssinia, but merely a portion, which is the kingdom of Goyam."

"It will easily be seen shortly how many false hypotheses, how many false reasonings, have been made on the subject; however, there are still people so obstinate of the antiquity, that they will not put faith in those who have been on the spot, and who, having witnessed with their own eyes, could efface what the ancients had written about them. It was difficult and even impossible in following the course of the Nile to go up to its source; those who undertook it were always stopped by the cataracts, and despairing that neither they themselves or others could succeed, they invented a thousand stories. Let us add that neither the Greeks nor the Romans, who are the only ones from whom we have borrowed all our knowledge, have ever carried their arms to that side; who have not even heard spoken of so many barbarous nations who live along this great river; that the land where the Nile springs from, and all those in its environs, are only inhabited by savage and barbarous people; that to arrive there terrible mountains will have to be crossed, impenetrable forests, deserts full of wild beasts, who hardly find there anything to live on. If, however, those who have made so many attempts to discover the source of the Nile had gone through the Red Sea they might with less trouble and expense have found what they were looking for."

After hearing what the ancients said and thought of the sources of the Nile, let us see what we are able to gather from the Arabs.

The following are extracts from part of a manuscript, in the possession of H.E. Ali Pasha Moubarek, the present Minister of Public Instruction, Egypt. The name of the compiler is not given; only the date, 1098 A.H.

= 1686 A.D. They are translated by Mr. Vandyck, teacher of English in the Government Schools, Cairo.

"Abu el Fadel, son of Kadama, says in his book, 'that all rivers in inhabited countries are 228 in number. Some flow like the Nile, from south to north, some flow from east to west, and some flow from north to south, and some flow in more than one of these directions, like the Euphrates and the Gihon.' He further says, 'As for the Nile, it starts from the Mountains of Gumn (Kamar) beyond the equator, from a source from which flow ten rivers, every five of these flowing into a separate lake, then from each one of these two lakes two rivers flow out; then all four of these rivers flow into one great lake in the first zone, and from this great lake flows out the Nile.'

"The author of the book called 'The Explorer's Desire,' says that 'this lake is called the Lake of Likuri,* from the name of a tribe in the Soudan who live around the lake, and are very barbarous, and cannibals. From this lake flows out the river Garna, and the Abyssinian river. After leaving this lake, the Nile traverses the country of Likuri, then the country of Mennan—another Soudanese tribe—between Khartoum and Nubia.'

"On reaching Dongola, the metropolis of Nubia, it goes to the west, and then reaches the second zone. Here the banks are inhabited by the Nuba, and the river has many large cultivated islands with cities and villages, and the boats of the Nuba reach to this point coming downward, whilst the boats of Upper Egypt reach that far going upwards. There are there rugged rocks which prevent the ships from passing except at high Nile. It then flows northward, and passes east of Assouan, in Upper Egypt. It then passes between two mountain chains which border Egyptian territory, east and west, until it reaches Fostat; thence it flows a day's journey, and then divides into two branches, the one emptying into the Mediterranean at Damietta, and is called the eastern river, and the other, which is the main Nile, passes on, and empties into the Mediterranean at Rosetta, and is called the western branch.

"The length of the Nile from its source is 3,748 parasangs. It is said that it flows through uninhabited country for four months, and through the Soudanese territory two months, and through Moslem territory one month. No other river goes on increasing while the other rivers are at their lowest, except the Nile, for it rises in the dry season, when the sun is in the constellation Cancer, Leo and Ceres.

"It is said that this river has tributaries. Some say that its rise is caused by snows melted in summer, and according to the quantity of snowfall will be the greater or lesser rise. Others say that the rise is caused by the different direction of the winds; that is to say, that when the north wind blows strongly, it stirs up the Mediterranean, and pushes the waters thereof backwards so that it overflows the land; and when the south wind blows the Mediterranean ceases to storm, and the waters that were dammed up flow away again.

"Others say that the rise is caused by fountains upon its banks, that have been seen by travellers who have reached to the highest point.

"Others say that the Nile flows from snowy mountains, and they are the mountains called Kaf. That it passes through the Green Sea, and over gold and silver and emerald and ruby mines, flowing on *ad infinitum* until it reaches the lake of the Zingh (Zanzibar), and they say were it not to enter into the salt sea and be mixed up with the waters thereof, it could not be drunk for great sweetness.

* Victoria Nyanza, Lake of Likuri, so called after a tribe named the Wakuri, or Wakori, on the north shore of Lake Victoria, who still exist there. See 'Life of Bishop Hannington.' This tribe of Wakuri may be the remnant of what was once a powerful nation.

"There is a difference of opinion as to the derivation of the word 'Gumr.' Some say it ought to be pronounced 'Kamar,' which means the moon, but the traveller, Ti Tarshi, says that it was called by that name because 'the eye is dazzled by the great brightness.' This mountain, the Gumr, extends eastward and westward into uninhabited territory on both sides. Indeed, this whole chain is uninhabited on the southern slope. This chain has peaks rising up into the air, and other peaks lower. Some have said that certain people have reached these mountains, and ascended them and looked over to the other side, where they saw a sea with troubled waters, dark as night, this sea being traversed by a white stream, bright as day, which enters the mountains from the north, and passes by the grave of the Great Hermes, and Hermes is the prophet Idrisi (Enoch).

"It is said that Idrisi there built a dome. Some say that people have ascended the mountain, and one of them began to laugh and clap his hands,* and threw himself down on the further side of the mountain. The others were afraid of being seized with the same fit, and so came back. It is said that those who saw it, saw bright snows like white silver glistening with light.† Whoever looked at them became attracted, and stuck to them until they died, and this science is called 'Human Magnetism.'

"It is said that a certain king sent an expedition to discover the Nile sources, and they reached copper mountains, and when the sun rose, the rays reflected were so strong that they were burnt. Others say that these people arrived at bright mountains like crystal, and when the rays of the sun were reflected they burnt them. Others say that Mount Gumr is a mountain on an island which is called by this same name. Opposite to it is the land of Serendib,‡ four months' journey in length and twenty days' journey in breadth, and that from this mountain comes the bird called gumre.

"The author of the book called the 'Mirror of Ages,' says, 'Hameed, son of Biktari, has stated that the fountain which is the first of all the fountains is in Mount Gumr. From this fountain start ten rivers, one of which is the Nile. They say that the Nile traverses the first zone, then passes into the second zone, and that the length of it from the source to the Mediterranean is 3,000 parasangs. Some have thought that these fountains are the cause of the rise, whereas others say—and this is the most probable—that the cause is the abundance of rain and torrents in Abyssinia and Nubia, and that the delay in the rise reaching Egypt is on account of the great distance. All other rivers flow to the south, whereas it flows northward, and like it, Orontes in North Syria near Hamath.'

"Ti Farshi says that 'some astronomers state that the Nile comes from beyond the equator $11\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, and then flows on to Damietta and Alexandria at 30° Lat. N. They say from its source to its mouth are $142\frac{1}{3}^{\circ}$ nearly, hence the length would be $8614\frac{1}{3}$ miles with all its meanderings. It meanders eastward and westward greatly.'

"Achmed, son of Ti Farshi, in his book of the description of the Nile, says, 'historians relate that Adam bequeathed the Nile unto Seth his son, and it remained in the possession of these children of prophecy and of religion, and they came down to Egypt (or Cairo) and it was then called Lul, so they came and dwelt upon the mountains. After them came a son Kinaan, then his son Mahaleel, and then his son Yaoud, and then his son Hamu and his son Hermes—that is Idrisi the prophet.§ Idrisi began to reduce the land to law and order. The Nile used to

* I have not learned that Lieutenant Stairs in his ascent was guilty of such extravagance.

† Extremely like the description of what was to be seen on Ruwenzori, according to the Wahuma herdsmen.

‡ Madagascar.

§ Enoch.

come flowing down upon them, and they would escape from it to the high mountains and to elevated land until the river fell, then they would plant whatever country was left bare. Idrisi gathered the people of Egypt and went with them to the first stream of the Nile,* and there adjusted the levelling of the land and of the water by lowering the high land and raising the low land and other things according to the science of astronomy and surveying. Idrisi was the first person who spoke and wrote books upon these sciences. He then went to the land of Abyssinia and Nubia, and gathered the people, and extended the distance of the flow of the Nile, or reduced it according to the swiftness or sluggishness of the stream. He even calculated the volume of the water and the rate of flow. He is the first man who regulated the flow of the Nile to Egypt. It is said that in the days of Am Kaam, one of the Kings of Egypt, Idrisi was taken up to Heaven, and he prophesied the coming of the flood, so he remained the other side of the equator and there built a palace on the slopes of Mount Gumn.† He built it of copper, and made eighty-five statues of copper, the waters of the Nile flowing out through the mouths of these statues and then flowing into a great lake and thence to Egypt.‡

"Idyar el Wadi says, 'the length of the Nile is two months' journey in Moslem territory, and four months' journey in uninhabited country. That its source is from Mount Gumn beyond the equator, and that it flows to the light coming out of the river of darkness, and flows by the base of Mount Gumn.'

"Mohammed, the Prophet of God, says:—

"The Nile comes out of the Garden of Paradise, and if you were to examine it when it comes out, you would find in it leaves of Paradise.'

"King Am Kaam, mentioned above, is Hermes I. The devils carried him to this mountain, which is called Gumn, and there he saw how the Nile flows out of the Black Sea and enters into the mountain of Gumn. King Am Kaam built on the slopes of the mountain a palace having eighty-five statues, to which he collected all the water that flows from this mountain, conducting it in vaulted conduits until the water reaches the statues and flows out of their mouths in measured quantities and calculated cubic contents. It thence flows in many rivers until it reaches the Great Central Lake.§ Round this lake is the country of the Soudan and their great city Garma. In this great lake is a mountain which traverses it, going out of the lake and extending north-west.¶ From this mountain the Nile flows on a month's journey and then it divides in the land of Nubia, one division going to the far west, and in this branch is the greater part of the country called the Soudan—whilst the other is the branch which flows down to the land of Egypt, and beyond Assouan it divides into four branches and thus flows into the sea at Damietta and Alexandria. It is said that three of these branches flow into the Mediterranean, whereas the fourth branch flows into the Salt Lake and thence to Alexandria.

"It is said that the rivers Sihon, Gihon, the Nile and the Euphrates, all start from a green jasper dome, from a mountain, and that this mountain is near the Dark Sea.¶ That the waters are sweeter than honey, and more fragrant than musk, but that the waters are changed in the course of the flow.

"Sheikh Izz Edin, son of Ibn Gamar, says in his book on medicine (and I have copied from the autograph manuscript), that the source of the Nile is from Mount Gumn beyond the equator by 11° and 20'. From this mountain start ten rivers

* I wonder if this renowned Idrisi is the same as the patriarch Kintu in the legend of the Waganda. See 'Through the Dark Continent.'

† It is exceedingly like the legend of Kintu, only it possesses more details.

‡ Lake Albert.

§ Mount Ajif (?) if the lake was 50 feet higher—Ajif might be so described.

¶ Lake Albert Edward (?).

from various sources, each five of which flow into a great round lake, which is distant from the extreme uninhabited country of the west by 57° , and from the equator 7° and $31'$ to the south, and these two lakes are equal, the diameter of each being 5° . Out of each one of these two lakes flow two rivers which empty into one great lake in the first zone. It is distant from the uninhabited country of the west by 53° and $30'$. It is distant north of the equator 2° . Each one of these four rivers empties itself separately into this great lake, and from it comes out one single river, and this is the Nile. It passes through the country to Nubia, and joins another river, whose source is from another part near the equator, from a great round lake whose diameter is 3° , and which is distant from the confines of inhabited country on the west of 71° .

"After it has passed the city of Cairo, it reaches a town called Shatanuf, where it divides into two rivers, both of which flow into the salt sea, one of these branches being called the Rosetta River, and the other the Damietta River. This river reaches to Mansoura, and there branches off from it the river called Ashmun, which empties into a lake there, and the remainder flows into the salt sea near Damietta, and here I give a plan of Mount Gurn [see next page].

"The historian El Gazez, in his description of countries, says that 'the source of the river of Sindh* and the river Nile is from one place, and that he came to this conclusion because 'the two rivers rise at the same time, and because the crocodile is found in them both,' and that 'the kind of land-cultivation upon both is the same.' The historian Mashi, in his 'History of Egypt,' says that in the country of Tegala is a Soudanese tribe of the same name in whose land gold crops up, and that in their land the Nile splits and becomes two rivers, the one branch being the Nile of Egypt, and the other being green, which flows eastward and traverses the salt sea to the landing of Sindh, and this is the river called Meharaam.

"The lake into which the water flows is called Biliha.† Part of the Nile flows to the Soudan country, then passes to the east of Kused, and then flows along one of the mountains of this country and comes out at the equator. Then it passes out from a lake there, and continues going westward to the country of Lakanur, and thence northwards until it flows into the great ocean. Then it flows to the country of Abyssinia, and thence to the country of the Soudan, and then to the east of Dongola, until it comes upon the cataracts of Assouan, thence it flows into the Mediterranean.

"Makrisi says, 'There is no difference of opinion. The Nile comes from Mount Gurn. Makrisi also says that 'Merka-Eel, the son of Doobar-Eel, the son of Garabat, the son of Asfusan, the son of Adam, on coming to Egypt with a number of the tribe of Arabat, settled in Egypt and there built the city of Assus and other cities, and they dug the Nile until they led the water down to them, because, before that time, it did not flow regularly, but used to spread out over the land unto the country of King Mekronsé of Nuba. They regulated the course of the Nile and drew from it various streams to their different cities which they had built. They also led one stream to the city of Susan, then after the world came out of the flood, and when time rolled on until the days of Berdashir, the son of Bzar, the son of Ham, the son of Noah, the flow of the Nile was again regulated a second time, after it had been completely ruined by the flood.' But the historian Ibu Wasifsha says, 'when Berdashir ruled—and he is the first who became a priest and who practised magic and used to render himself invisible—he sent the Prince Hermes to the great Lake,‡ whence the waters of the Nile flow. It is also said that he regulated the stream, because formerly it used to overflow in some places and not in others.'

* Perhaps he means Zing, or Eastern littoral called Zingiber, Zanzibar—Zanzibar.

† Batwa (?), from the pigmies.

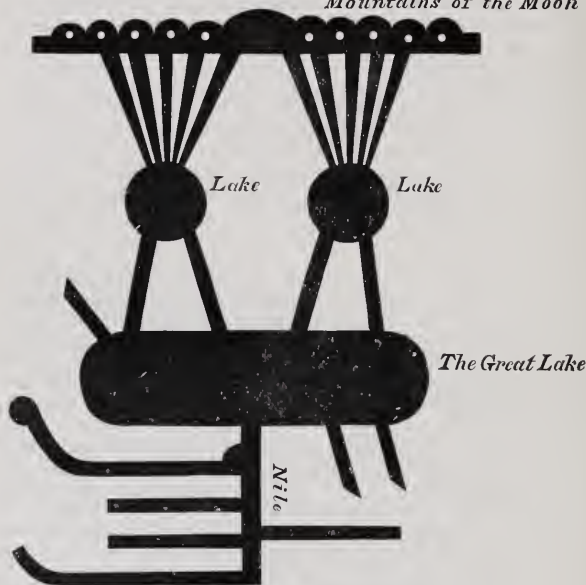
‡ Lake Albert.

"As for the place where are the copper statues, it contains fifty-eight figures, and Hermes collected to these figures the water that flows out of the Nile, conducting the water to them by vaulted conduits and aqueducts, so that the water would flow to the figures and then come out from Mount Gumar, and thence flow from under the wall, and then pass out through the mouths of these figures. He regulated and measured the quantity of water flowing out, so as to allow to flow out that amount which is required for the land of Egypt, viz., that it should rise only to eighteen cubits, each cubit having thirty-two digits. Were it not for this the Nile would swamp all the countries that it passes through.

"El Welid, the son of Romah the Amalekite, was enabled to go to discover the sources of the Nile. He occupied three years in preparing for his expedition, and

JEBEL GUMR, OR KAMMAR

Mountains of the Moon



MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON.—MASSOUDI, 11TH CENTURY.

then started with a large army, destroying every tribe he came upon. He passed through the tribes of the Soudan, and through the gold country, and there he saw golden sticks sprouting out. He continued journeying until he reached the great Lake,* unto which the Nile flows, coming from the rivers which flow out from under Mount Gumar. He went on until he reached the Temple of the Sun, and passed it until he reached Mount Gumar or Kamar, which is a high mountain. He says that it is called Mount Gumar because the moon does not shine except upon it because it is outside of the equator.† He saw the Nile flowing out from under Mount Gumar and coming down from the rivers of Mount Kaf. After the river

* Albert Nyanza.

† Because of the mist?

traverses the equator it is joined by waters from a stream coming from the region of Tekraan * in India, and this fountain starts from under Mount Gumn and flows in that direction. It is said that the river Tekraan is like the Nile. It rises and falls at the same time, and has in it crocodiles and fishes resembling those in the Nile.

"Some people have said that when they were there they saw neither sun nor moon, but the only light was the light of the most merciful God like the light of the sun.

"Other explorers have said that the four rivers, Gihon, Sihon, the Enphrates, and the Nile arise from one source—from a dome in the gold country, which is beyond the dark sea, and that that country is a part of the regions of Paradise, and that the dome is of jasper. They also say that Hyad, one of the children of Ees, prayed God to show him the extreme end of the Nile. God gave him power to do this, and he traversed the dark river, walking upon it with his feet over the water which did not stick to his feet, until he entered that dome. This legend I have taken from El Makrisi's book."

The best description that I have been able to discover is by Scheabeddin, an Arab geographer who wrote about 1400 A.D. He says:—

"The Isle of Mogreb (Africa) is in the midst of the seas which water it on all sides. To the east it is bounded by the sea of Kulzum (Red Sea); to the south and west by the ocean of which God only knows the extent and limits; to the north it has for limits the sea of Kharz, which is that by which the Franks came into the Holy Land, by landing on the coast of Syria.

"In the midst of the Isle of Mogreb are the deserts of the negroes, which separate the country of the negroes from that of the Berbers. In this isle is also the source of that great river which has not its equal upon the earth. It comes from the mountain of the moon which lies beyond the equator. Many sources come from this mountain and unite in a great lake. From this lake comes the Nile, the greatest and most beautiful of the rivers of all the earth. Many rivers derived from this great river water Nubia, and the country of the Djenawa. This river enters horizontally the equator, traverses Abyssinia, the country of Kuku, comes to Syene, enters Egypt throughout its whole length and throws itself into the sea between Tunis and Damietta."

Abdul Hassan Ali, ibu el Hasseyne, ibu Ali el Massoudé, born at Baghdad, and who came to Egypt 955 A.D., where he closed his accounts with the world, and brought his many travels to an end, writes:—

"I have seen in a geography a plan of the Nile flowing from the Mountains of the Moon—Jebel Kurn.

"The waters burst forth from twelve springs and flow into two lakes like unto the ponds of Bussora. After leaving these lakes, the waters reunite, and flow down through a sandy and mountainous country.

"The course of the Nile is through that part of the Soudan near the country of the Zenj (Zanzibar)."

As I finished the transcription of these interesting old legends, I said in my heart: "As it happened unto the ancient authors, so it will happen unto me. Why was I then more wise? I considered all travail, and every right work—that for this a man is envied of his neighbour. Therefore I hated life, because the work that is done under the sun is grievous unto me—for all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

* Turkan?



The following was kindly translated by His Excellency Count de Landburg, the Consul-General at Cairo for Sweden and Norway.

"Chams ed-din Abu Abd Allah Mohammed ed Dimachgê (born 1256 A.D., Dec. 1336 (31)), in his geography, *Mukhtab ed-dahr fê Ajâib al-barr val-bahr*, edited by Professor Mehren, St. Petersburg, 1866, says (p. 88), in the chapter dealing with the four rivers of Paradise:—

"The scholars say about this, that the Egyptian river called the Nile is the river of Nubia. Its springs are in the Mountains of the Moon, which divide the inhabited land to the south of the equator, and that on the outside from the southern unknown countries, whereof there is no information. The number of its springs are ten rivers, running with haste in ten valleys between high trees and compact sands. The distance between the longest off situated occidental is about fifteen days, and they all together flow into two large lakes, the distance between these being four days. The extension of the oriental lake with all its islands and mountains is rather four days to him that passes around it, and the extension of the occidental is about five days to him that passes around it, and in both these lakes, and in the land that lies between the streams above mentioned, are the wild Sudan tribes, whose nature resembles to that of the beasts. They do eat whosoever they assault, and he that catches anybody of another tribe kills him and eats him, as the game is eaten. The situation of these lakes is from 50-56° longitude from the springs of the river, and from 6-7° latitude on the south of

MAP OF NILE BASIN TO-DAY, FROM MEDITERRANEAN TO S. LAT. 4°.

the equator. The oriental lake is called *Kúkû* and *Tamim es-Sudanese*, and the occidental *Damâdim* and *Galjûr* and *Hajami*. Farther issue from each of these two lakes four rivers, running through populated valleys, where the Sudanese have their settlements. These rivers are flowing near the equator, until 7° latitude, and flow all together into one long and large lake, which is called *Jawas* and *el Jamia* (Arab: 'the Collector'), and which is called also *Kûri** of the *Sudanese*. Its circuit is about six days with the islands *Jawas* and *Kûri*, inhabited by the Sudanese. From this lake issue three big rivers. The one flows towards the west, and is called *Rhâna*; another, turning to the south, flows to the east, and is called *ed Damadim*, or the *Majid Shu of the Negroes*; and the third is the river of Nubia, and is called *the Nile*. Its course is to the north until it flows into the Mediterranean, as the river *Damâdim* flows into the Southern Sea, and the *Rhâna River* into the Western Ocean."

CHAPTER XXX.

RUWENZORI: THE CLOUD-KING.

AFTER the stories of the days of old, let us proceed to depict the Ruwenzori range—which is the modern African term among the principal tribes of the Lake regions for what was called *Montes Lunæ* or *Mons Lune* by the classical and European geographers, and by the Arab compilers of travels as *Jebel Kumr—Gumr*, or *Kammar—the Mountains of the Moon*—as it was seen by us. Several centuries have passed away since it was last seen by any one capable of communicating an intelligent account of his travels, and it may be many years will elapse before it is again seen by any English-speaking explorer. The Nile route is closed for many a day to come: the advance of the Manyema, already spreading out far along the West like an immense line of skirmishers, destroying and slaying as they march eastward and northward, renders it very doubtful whether subsistence would be found for an Expedition from the west; the ferocity and number of the *Wara Sura*, and the treacherous character of the *Wanyoro*, make it very certain that only a powerful force can ever be able to pass through *Toro*; and the shifting events transpiring in *Uganda*, which influence *Uddu* and *Ankori*, suggest a doubt whether, in defiance of *Uganda*, the south-east route would be practicable; and the eastern route also presents serious difficulties. For these, as well as for other reasons, such as the failure of so many modern travellers—*Sir Samuel* and *Lady Baker*, *Gessi Pasha*, *Mason Bey* in 1877, our own Expedition in 1887, and *Emin Pasha* in 1888—to see what ought to have been seen, it is quite necessary that a more detailed description should be given of this range.

It is quite a mysterious fact that from the localities reached by *Sir Samuel Baker*, *Ruwenzori* ought to have been as visible as *St. Paul's dome* from *Westminster Bridge*. And any person steaming round the *Lake Albert*, as *Gessi Pasha* and *Mason Bey* did, would be within easy view of the snow mountains—provided, of course, that they were not obscured by the dense clouds and depths of mist under which for about 300 days of the year the great mountain range veils its colossal crown.

* From the tribe *Wakuri*, or *Bakuri*, on the north shore of *Lake Victoria*, where it exists to this day.

Then, again, its classical history: the fables that have been woven about it: its relation to the dear old Nile, the time-honoured Nile—the Nile of the Pharaohs, of Joseph, Moses, and the Prophets; its being the source whence so many springs of the Nile issue—its being the creator of the “Sea of Darkness,” Lake Albert Edward, from whose bosom the Semliki—Nile to the West, and the infant Kafur to the East—emerge, to feed the Albert on one hand and the Victoria Nile on the other; the very mountain before whose shrine Alexander and Cæsar would have worshipped—if the poets may be believed; its rare appearance out of the night-black clouds; its sudden and mysterious apparition on a large portion of that “illimitable lake” of a modern traveller; its quaint title—the Mountains of the Moon, so often sought in vain; its massive and rugged grandeur, and immense altitude: all these explain why Ruwenzori demands more than a brief notice. Who that has gazed on the Bernese Oberland for the first time will ever forget the impression? In my twenty-two years of African travel both discovery and spectacle were unique, and its total unexpectedness of appearance, as well as its own interesting character and history, appeal to me to describe as clearly as possible, and with some detail, what we saw.

While proceeding towards Lake Albert, in December 1887, we obtained a view from Pisgah of a long range of mountains, wooded to the summits, which we estimated to be about 7,000 to 8,000 feet in height. It lay from S.E. to S. On returning from the Lake, the same month, two enormous truncate cones suddenly appeared into view, bearing S. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. They might, we believed, be between 10,000 and 12,000 feet high. They were called the Twin Cones, and we thought them remarkable features. The sight of them suggested that in their neighbourhood, or between them and the Gordon Bennett Mountain, would be found an interesting country.

When returning to the Nyanza for the second time in April 1888, the Twin Cones were invisible; but on the 25th of May, 1888, when scarcely two hours' march from the Lake beach, lo! a stupendous snowy mountain appeared, bearing 215° magnetic—an almost square-browed central mass—about thirty miles in length, and quite covered with snow; situate between two great ridges of about 5,000 feet less elevation, which extended to about thirty miles on either side of it. On that day it was visible for hours. On surmounting the table-land, the next day or so, it had disappeared. Not a trace of either Twin Cones or Snowy Mountain was in view.

On returning for the third time to the Nyanza, in January 1889, and during our long stay at Kavalli for two and a half months, it was unseen, until suddenly casting our eyes, as usual, towards that point where it ought to be visible, the entire length of the range burst out of the cloudy darkness, and gratified over a thousand pairs of anxious eyes that fixed their gaze upon the singular and magnificent scene.

The upper part of the range, now divided distinctly into many square-browed peaks, seemed poised aloft in a void of surprising clearness, domed by a dark blue heaven as clear and spotless as crystal, and a broad zone of milk-white mist enfolding it in the middle caused it to resemble a spectral mountain isle sailing in mid-air—to realize a dream of an Isle of the Blest. As the sun descended westerly the misty zone drifted away, and the floating apparition became fixed to nether regions of mountain slopes, and the sharply-cut outlines and broader details might be easily

traced through the binoculars. Though we were nearly eighty miles off, we could even see ridgy fringes and tufted clumps of trees, resting on broad ledges, or on mountain spires, or coping some turret-like crag, which leaned over profound depths below. We even agreed that the colour of the bare rock casques fronting the glare of the sun, and which were aligned against the lucent blue beyond, were of a purplish brown. We saw that the side presented to our view was singularly steep and probably unscaleable, and that though the snowy fields seemed to be mere patches, yet many feathery stretches descended far below the summit of a bare ridge which intervened between the central range and the Balegga Hills, twelve miles from us, over whose summit Ruwenzori, sixty-five miles further, loomed large and grand.

It will then be understood that a transparent atmosphere is very rare in this region, and that had our stay been as short as that of previous travellers, Ruwenzori might have remained longer unknown.

While we were advancing southward along the western flanks of Mazamboni's, and the Balegga Hills, during the month of May 1889, the great snowy range was frequently, almost daily, visible—not in its entirety, but by fits and starts, a peak here, a mountain shoulder there, with sometimes only a dim visage of the crowns, and at other times the lower parts only in view. The snow gleamed white out of a dark and cloudy frame, or the flanks, dark as night, loomed like storm-clouds, boding rain and squalls. At rare periods the whole appeared with a brilliant sharp-cut clearness that was very useful to us to map our future route.

Yet all this time we scarcely understood its character, and not until we had crossed the Semliki River, and had traversed a great portion of the dense and tall woods which thrive in the hothouse atmosphere of the Semliki Valley, had we any intelligent comprehension of it.

The average European reader will perfectly understand the character of the Semliki Valley and the flanking ranges, if I were to say that its average breadth is about the distance from Dover to Calais, and that in length it would cover the distance between Dover and Plymouth, or from Dunkirk to St. Malo in France. For the English side we have the Balegga Hills and rolling plateau from 3,000 to 3,500 feet above the valley. On the opposite side we have heights ranging from 3,000 to 15,500 feet above it. Now, Ruwenzori occupies about ninety miles of the eastern line of mountains, and projects like an enormous bastion of an unconquerable fortress, commanding on the north-east the approaches by the Albert Nyanza and Semliki Valley, and on its southern side the whole basin of the Albert Edward Lake. To a passenger on board one of the Lake Albert steamers proceeding south, this great bastion, on a clear day, would seem to be a range running east and west; to a traveller from the south it would appear as barring all passage north. To one looking at it from the Balegga, or western plateau, it would appear as if the slowly rising table-land of Unyoro was but the glacis of the mountain range. Its western face appears to be so precipitous as to be unscaleable, and its southern side to be a series of traverses and ridges descending one below the other to the Albert Edward Lake. While its eastern face presents a rugged and more broken aspect, lesser bastions project out of the range, and it is further defended by isolated outlying forts like Gordon Bennett Mountain, 14,000 to 15,000 feet high, and the Mackinnon Mountain of similar height. That would be a fair figurative description of Ruwenzori.

The principal drainage of the snowy range is to the west, down into the Semliki River, and south to the Albert Edward Lake. The Katonga flowing into Lake Victoria, and the Kafur into the Victoria Nile, are both fed from the eastern face of Ruwenzori. The Mississi River, emptying into Lake Albert direct, rises from the northern extremity of the mountains.

During our journey southward, through the Semliki Valley and along the shores of the Albert Edward, I counted sixty-two streams which descended from Ruwenzori alone, the most important being the Rami, Rubutu, Singiri, Ramilulu, Butahu, Rusirubi, Rwimi rivers, descending to the Semliki River; and the Ruverahi, Nyamagasani, Unyamwambi, Rukoki, Nsongi and Rusango rivers, pouring into the Albert Edward.

By boiling point the upper lake was ascertained to be at an altitude of 3,307 feet, and Lake Albert at 2,350 feet above the sea; thus making a difference of level of 957 feet for about 150 miles of river. Therefore, besides a strong current which we observed, and rapids, the Semliki River must have a considerable number of great cataracts in its course from lake to lake.

The Semliki Valley is noted for its hot-house character only for some forty miles. That portion of it exposed to the sweep of the gales from Lake Albert seems to have but a sour soil, for the yield of it is an acrid grass, rejected by cattle, and thin forests of acacia; but between this and the portion of exposed lake to the upper end is a soil so rich and so productive that would rival the best soils in the world. The natives have long ago discovered this fact, for they have gathered in multitudes of small tribes to clear the thick forest and plant their banana and plantain stalks. One can scarcely travel a mile in any direction without coming across a luxuriant, heavy-fruited plantain grove. In no part of Africa may be seen such abundance of food, not even in Uganda. Ten such columns as I led might have revelled in abundance. The plantain fruit, when mature, measured from twelve to eighteen inches in length, and thick as the fore-arm of an ordinary man.

It occupied us sixteen days to traverse this rich forest region, generally distinguished by the name of Awamba, after the tribe, and during that time we had ten separate rainfalls, several of them lasting over nine hours, while it thundered daily. Besides this, when we issued out of the forest, and clung to the grassy foot of the range, at a few hundred feet of altitude above it, we observed that, as far as we could see, the forest extended unbroken, except by the numerous banana plantations. There were many lateral depressions, marking the courses of the streams, but few elevations of any importance, but over the whole slowly sailed the snow-white mist in broad, irregular streams; these, in a few moments, became joined into a universal mass, which to us, looking down upon it, resembled an inverted sky. All this was very annoying to us as curious sightseers, anxious to know the strange world we were in; but it furnished suggestions as to the reason why this part was so especially prolific, and why Ruwenzori was so coy. No winds could cool this portion of the valley, or waft the vapours away and clear the atmosphere from an entire corner of the compass, owing to the extent and great height of Ruwenzori. The great mountain intercepted every breeze from east round to south, and prevented the everlasting exhalations of the valley from being blown in that direction, but, on their reaching the intense cold above, distilled them, and re-diffused



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF RUWENZORI, LAKE ALBERT EDWARD AND LAKE ALBERT.



them in copious showers of rain. From north to west the northern range of mountains obstructed the free passage of the winds, and assisted to maintain that equable heat of the valley that was necessary for the fostering of that marvellous vegetation. In every camp of this region the smoke hung over us like a pall, smarting the eyes and half suffocating us. In such a Nature's conservatory as the Semliki Valley, buried under its own perpetual warm exhalations, vegetation, as a matter of course, finding every favourable element therein necessary for its growth and nourishment, grows in riotous profusion. Where the humus is deep we find a tall and stately forest, with an impervious underwood of young trees, bound together, and sometimes altogether hidden by countless climbing vines and robust plants; where the humus is thinner, as near the foot of the range, dense crops of cane-grass, from ten to fifteen feet in height, flourish luxuriant and impenetrable. Every tree-stem has its green robe of soft moss, dripping with dew, and each tree-fern or horizontal branch has its orchids, or broad elephant-eared plant. Every rock is clothed with lichens, and if but the slightest hollow is found in it, there will be seen a multitude of tropic plants crowding every inch. In short, everywhere, except upon the perpendicular face of a late-moved boulder, vegetation thrives of every variety of greenness, form, and character.

About a day before we finally issued out of the forest region we were made still further aware what curious novelties in plants a natural conservatory can produce. Between Mtarega and Ulegga we were astonished at the huge girth of the wild banana plant, some of them being eighteen inches in diameter two feet above the ground. The fronds were gathered at the top of the stalk like an artificial bouquet, but presently spread out, two feet wide and ten feet in length, forming graceful curves and a most cooling shade, the leaves circling the flowers, which were like great rosettes with drooping tassels. There seemed to be no limit to the altitude at which these wild bananas grew, though we observed that their number on the mountain slopes became more limited above 8,000 feet. The tree-ferns, reaching as high as thirty feet from the ground, presented themselves in a series of narrow groves along the moist hollows or near banks of streamlets, while an untold variety of smaller ferns grew in their neighbourhood, as though they were determined to prove their relationship to the giants of the fern family. Then the calamus, climbing from one tall tree to another with resolute grasp, next attracted our attention. In the neighbourhood of such fern-groves the trees were veritable giants, the orchids in their forks were most numerous, and the elephant-eared lichen studded the horizontal branches, while every tree was draped with soft green moss, beaded with dew, and seemed soddened through excess of moisture.

Though the forest region ends as we enter Ulegga, the interval between it and Mtsora is so devoted to cultivation by the natives that it is only at the latter place that we become fully aware that we have entered a new region. Looking towards the W.N.W., we see the commencement of a brown grassy plain, the very duplicate of that extending round the southern end of Lake Albert. In appearance it is as flat as though the level bottom of a lake had just appeared in view and continues thus to the Albert Edward Nyanza.

Between Mtsora and Muhamha we travelled along the edge of the low plain or ancient bed of the northern portion of the Southern Nyanza, but

soon after leaving the last village we began to breast the mountains in order to avoid the circuitous route along the plain round the promontory of Sangwé-Mirembé.

As we journeyed towards the south-west over these hills, we observed that in the same manner as a change had come over the character of the Semliki Valley the slopes of Ruwenzori had also undergone a similar change. Instead of the thick forests which climbed up the lower slopes and covered the ravines, and wild bananas and wonderful ferneries, and general sappiness and luxuriance of the various species of vegetation, pastoral grass waved on every slope and crest, while a healthful cool breeze caused us to bless our fortune in having parted from the close, heated and moist atmosphere of the Semliki.

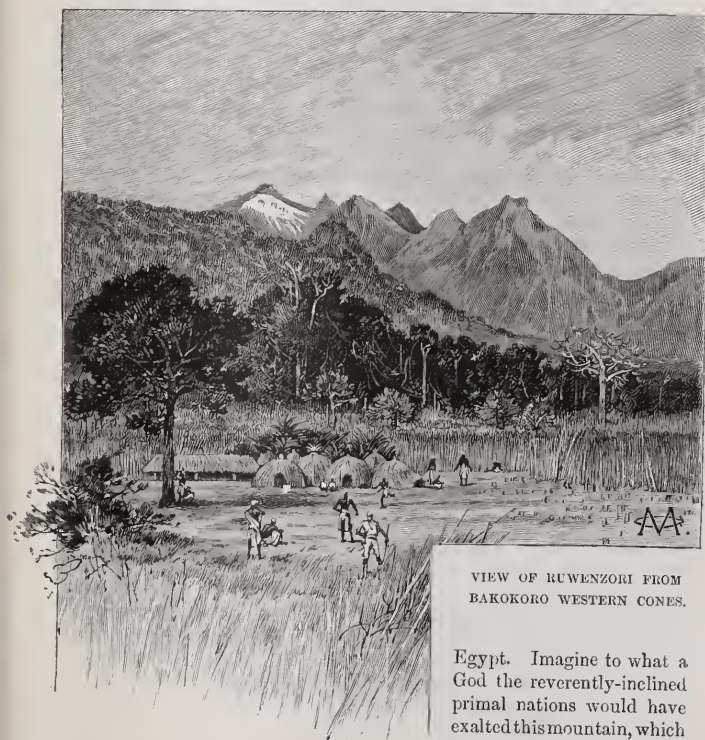
But in two days' march we observed that there was another change. We were in a much drier climate, and the superficial aspect of the country was much as might be expected from a comparatively rainless district—it was that of a worn-out and scorched country. The grass was void of succulency and nutriment. The slopes of the rounded hills presented grooves of a brick-dust colour; here and there grew a stunted tree with wrinkled and distorted branches and ugly olive-green leaves, too surely denoting that the best of the soil had been scoured away or consumed by annual conflagrations, that vegetable life was derived under precarious circumstances despite the copious showers of the rainy season. As these hills, which constitute the southern flank of Ruwenzori, present themselves, the plains below, between their base and Lake Albert Edward, share their meagre, famished, treeless, and uninteresting character. Though the vegetation differs, the gum-trees, such as the acacia, the rigid black euphorbia, the milk-weed, are indications of a lean soil and salt-effusing earth, and in reality such is the character of the bed of the receded Nyanza.

In brief words, the north-west and west sides of Ruwenzori, blessed with almost daily rains and with ever-fresh dews, enjoy perpetual spring and are robed in eternal verdure; the south and south-west sides have their well-defined seasons of rain and drought, and if seen during the dry season, no greater contrast can be imagined than these opposing views of nature's youth and nature's decay.

There are many doubtless, like myself, who, while gazing upon any ancient work, be it an Egyptian Pyramid or Sphinx, be it an Athenian Parthenon, Palmyrene sun-temple, Persepolitan palace, or even an old English castle, will readily confess to feeling a peculiar emotion at the sight. The venerableness of it, which time only can give, its associations with men long ago gathered to their fathers, the builders and inhabitants now quite forgotten, appeal to a certain sympathy in the living. For its history there is a vague yearning; its age awakens something like exultation that we little mortals can build such time-defying structures. But more powerful and higher is that emotion which is roused at the sight of a hoary old mountain like this of Ruwenzori, which we know to be countless thousands of years old. When we think how long it required the melted snow to carve out these ravines, hundreds of fathoms deep, through the rocky cone of the range, or the ages required to spread out the debris from its sides and bosom to cover the Semliki Valley and the Nyanza plains, we are struck dumb at the immeasurableness of the interval between that age when Ruwenzori rose aloft into being; and in reply to

the still small voice which seems to ask—"Where wast thou when the foundations of the earth were laid? Declare if thou hast understanding," we become possessed with a wholesome awe, and can but feel a cheerful faith that it was good for us to have seen it.

Another emotion is that inspired by the thought that in one of the darkest corners of the earth, shrouded by perpetual mist, brooding under the eternal storm-clouds, surrounded by darkness and mystery, there has been hidden to this day a giant among mountains, the melting snow of whose tops has been for some fifty centuries most vital to the peoples of



VIEW OF RUWENZORI FROM
BAKOKORO WESTERN CONES.

Egypt. Imagine to what a God the reverently-inclined primal nations would have exalted this mountain, which from such a far-away region as this contributed so copiously to their beneficent and sacred Nile. And this thought of the beneficent Nile brings on another. In fancy we look down along that crooked silver vein to where it disports and spreads out to infuse new life to Egypt near the Pyramids, some 4,000 miles away, where we beheld populous swarms of men—Arabs, Copts, Fellahs, Negroes, Turks, Greeks, Italians, Frenchmen, English, Germans, and Americans—bustling, jostling, or lounging; and we feel a pardonable pride in being able to inform them for the first time that much of the sweet water they drink,

and whose virtues they so often exalt, issues from the deep and extensive snow-beds of Ruwenzori or Ruwenjura—"the Cloud-King."

Though from the nearest point to the central range we were distant eight English miles in an air-line, during the few brief clear views obtained by us, especially that from Bakokoro, examination through a good binocular informed us of the reason why so much snow was retained on Ruwenzori. As will be seen from the various sketches of the profile, the summit of the range is broken up into many sharp triangular casques or narrow saddle-shaped ridges. Each casque, separately examined, seems to be a miniature copy of the whole range, and dented by the elements, time and weather, wind, rain, frost, and snow, and every side of Ruwenzori appears to represent, though in an acuter degree, the multitudinous irregularities of slopes and crests so characteristic of its mighty neighbours which lie nearest to us, and are fully exposed to the naked eye. Mostly all these triangular casque-like tops of the range are so precipitous that, despite the everlasting snowfalls hardened by the icy winds blowing over their exposed sides and summits, very little snow is seen; but about 300 feet below, as may be estimated, ground more adapted for the retention of the snow is found, which in some parts is so extensive as to represent a vast field. Below this, however, another deep precipice exposes its brown walls, and at the foot of it spreads out another great field of snow, joined here and there by sloping ground, and this explains why the side of the range presented to view is not uniformly covered with snow, and why the fields are broken up by the brown patches. For quite 3,000 feet from the summit, as may be seen most clearly from the view obtained from Karimi, there is illustrated a great snowy continent enclosing numerous brown islands.

Naturally where the crests are so steep and naked, and where the walls of the precipices are so lofty, the rough weather to which they are exposed contributes to their dismantling and ruinous crumbling. Fragments of rock and tons of rocky dust and particles tumble from above on the compressed snow-bed below, which imperceptibly moves through the influence of thawing and undermining of the bed by the trickling water, downwards towards the valley a league below. As it descends the thaw increases, and the movement of the snow-bed is more rapid, until, arriving in the neighbourhood of tropic heat, or buried in a great cloud of tepid vapour from the valley beneath, there is a sudden dissolution of the snow, and the rocky fragments, débris and dust, borne by the snow, are hurled downward, crashing through the ravines and over the slopes, until they are arrested in the valley by some obstruction, and form a bank near the debouchure of a ravine, or are scattered over many an acre below the smooth slope of a hill.

Sometimes these ascending fields of snow, by the velocity of their movements, grinding and dragging power, weight and compactness of their bodies, cause extensive landslips, when tracts of wood and bush are borne sheer down, with all the soil which nourished them, to the bed-rock, from which it will be evident that enormous masses of material, consisting of boulders, rock fragments, pebbles, gravel, sand, trees, plants, and soil, are precipitated from the countless mountain slopes and ravine sides into the valley of the Semliki.

In front of the exit of the Rami-lulu River from the mountain there has been at one time some such disastrous pouring of the ruins of a mountain

side, so sudden that the river was blocked, the tract there covered about six square miles. Since that time the Rami-lulu has ploughed down to the former solid rock-bed, and now flows between two very steep banks 200 feet high, whence we can imagine the thickness of the *débris*.

Between Ugarama and Bukoko we discovered a very fertile tract close to the base of the mountain slope, prodigiously prolific in its melons, pumpkins, sugar-cane, and millet; the subsoil is principally gravel and sand mixed with a rich dark loam, but the immense number of large boulders imbedded and half buried in the earth is a striking feature, and point to glacial influence.

Between Bukoko and the mountains three miles away, and stretching along their base southward for five or six miles, is another great tract consisting of just such *débris* as the side of a mountain would naturally consist in, but being principally of loose matter, it has assumed through a long period of rainfalls a tolerably smooth gradated surface.

If we consider these circumstances as occurring periodically since the upheaval of the great range, and that mighty subsidence which created the wide and deep gulf now embraced by the Albert Edward Nyanza, the Semliki Valley, and Lake Albert, we need not greatly wonder that Ruwenzori now is but the skeleton of what it was originally: "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." Its head has been shorn of much of its glory of amplitude; its shoulders have been worn and abraded, through its side scores of streams have channelled deep, and the ribs of it now stand, not bare and denuded, but marking indisputably what wearing and battering it has experienced since it was born out of fire. Slowly but surely the mountain is retiring to the place whence it came. A few ages hence the Albert Edward Nyanza will be a great plain, and at a later period Lake Albert will share the same fate. Geographers of that far-off epoch will then rub their eyes should they chance to discover the outlines of the two Nyanzas and intervening valley as they were described in 1889.

On most days, the early hours of morning ushered into view a long, solemn, and stupendous mass, dark as night, the summits of which appeared to approach very closely to the cloudless grey sky. But as toward the east the fast-coming day changed the grey to gold, faint bars of white clouds became visible above, and simultaneously along the base of the range there rose stealthily a long line of fleecy mist. This was presently drawn within gaping valleys and fissures in the slopes, wherein it ascended with the upward draught in rolling masses along the slants of their crooked windings, gathering consistency and density as they ascended, yet changing their shapes every instant. Detached portions floated to the right and left, to attract unto them the straying and scattered mists issuing one by one from profound recesses of the chasms. Then, united in a long swaying line, robing the legions of hill shoulders, they issued into view from every flaw and gap in the slope, and ranged in order, it appeared as though the intention was to rally round the immense white range above. As the mist, now dense and deep, began to feel the movement of the air in the higher altitude, its motion became quicker, more sudden in assuming new forms, and out of the upper ravines a host of restless, rolling white companies joined the main line, the foremost surging boldly ahead and leading the way, irresistibly, skyward.

By the time the sun is but a fourth of an hour above the eastern

horizon, and is beginning to expose the beauties that lie hid in snow-beds upon high mountain-tops, and is playfully lavishing rainbow colours around their borders and valances, lo! insensibly, as it were, the mist, now formidably thick and broad, with bold and numerous vanguards, has approached the snow, and rivals it in dazzling whiteness; and presently, receiving full in its front the clear and strong sunshine, excels it in glory of colour and gilding, and soon after rides over the snow and the purple pinnacles of the range in splendid triumph. But as minute after minute adds more mass to the mist, and the fermenting Semliki Valley, with exhaustless power, pours forth army after army, which hasten to join the upper ranks extended motionless along the slopes and over every proud alpine crest, the mist loses its beauty and splendour of colouring, and becomes like a leaden-coloured fog, until finally, so great has been the accumulation, it becomes black and terrible as a tempest cloud, and thus rests during the entire day, and frequently until far into the night. Sometimes, however, a half-hour or so before sunset, the cloud is blown away, and peak after peak, crest after crest, snowy fields and mountain shoulders emerge in full glory into light, and again we have a short but glorious view before night falls and covers Ruwenzori with a still darker mantle.

These brief—too brief—views of the superb Rain-Creator or Cloud-King, as the Wakonji fondly termed their mist-shrouded mountains, fill the gazer with a feeling as though a glimpse of celestial splendour was obtained. While it lasted, I have observed the rapt faces of whites and blacks set fixed and uplifted in speechless wonder towards that upper region of cold brightness and perfect peace, so high above mortal reach, so holily tranquil and restful, of such immaculate and stainless purity, that thought and desire of expression were altogether too deep for utterance. What stranger contrast could there be than our own nether world of torrid temperature, eternally green sappy plants, and never-fading luxuriance and verdure, with its savagery and war-alarms, and deep stains of blood-red sin, to that lofty mountain king, clad in its pure white raiment of snow, surrounded by myriads of dark mountains, low as bending worshippers before the throne of a monarch, on whose cold white face were inscribed “Infinity and Everlasting!” These moments of supreme feeling are memorable for the utter abstraction of the mind from all that is sordid and ignoble, and its utter absorption in the presence of unreachably loftiness, indescribable majesty, and constraining it not only to reverentially admire, but to adore in silence, the image of the Eternal. Never can a man be so fit for Heaven as during such moments, for however scornful and insolent he may have been at other times, he now has become as a little child, filled with wonder and reverence before what he has conceived to be sublime and Divine. We had been strangers for many months to the indulgence of any thought of this character. Our senses, between the hours of sleeping and waking, had been occupied by the imperious and imminent necessities of each hour, which required unrelaxing vigilance and forethought. It is true we had been touched with the view from the mount called Pisgah of that universal extent of forest, spreading out on all sides but one, to many hundreds of miles; we had been elated into hysteria when, after five months’ immurement in the depths of forest wilds, we once again trod upon green grass, and enjoyed open and unlimited views of our surroundings—luxuriant vales, varying

hill-forms on all sides, rolling plains over which the long spring grass seemed to race and leap in gladness before the cooling gale; we had admired the broad sweep and the silvered face of Lake Albert, and enjoyed a period of intense rejoicing when we knew we had reached, after infinite trials, the bourne and limit of our journeyings; but the desire and involuntary act of worship were never provoked, nor the emotions stirred so deeply, as when we suddenly looked up and beheld the skyey crests and snowy breasts of Ruwenzori uplifted into an inaccessible altitude, so like what our conceptions might be of a celestial castle, with dominating battlement, and leagues upon leagues of unscaleable walls.

CHAPTER XXXI.

RUWENZORI AND LAKE ALBERT EDWARD.

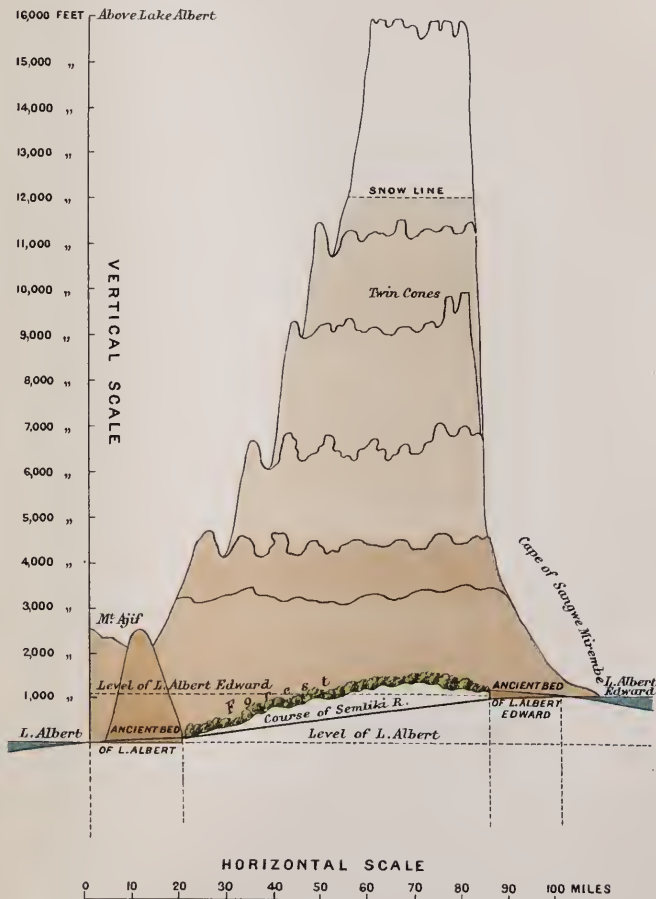
CRITICS are in the habit of omitting almost all mention of maps when attached to books of travels. This is not quite fair. Mine have cost me more labour than the note-taking, literary work, sketching and photographing combined. In the aggregate, the winding of the three chronometers daily for nearly three years, the 300 sets of observations, the calculation of all these observations, the mapping of the positions, tracing of rivers, and shading of mountain ranges, the number of compass-bearings taken, the boiling of the thermometers, the records of the varying of the aneroids, the computing of heights, and the notes of temperature, all of which are necessary for a good map, have cost me no less than 780 hours of honest work, which, say at six hours per day, would make 130 working days. If there were no maps accompanying books of this kind it would scarcely be possible to comprehend what was described, and the narrative would become intolerably dry. I relegate the dryness to the maps, by which I am relieved from tedious description, at the same time that they minister to my desire of being clear, and are beautiful, necessary, and interesting features of the book; and I am firmly convinced that with a glance at the profile map of Ruwenzori, the Semliki Valley, and Lakes Albert Edward and Albert, the reader will know more of the grand physical features of this region than he knew of the surroundings of Lake Michigan.

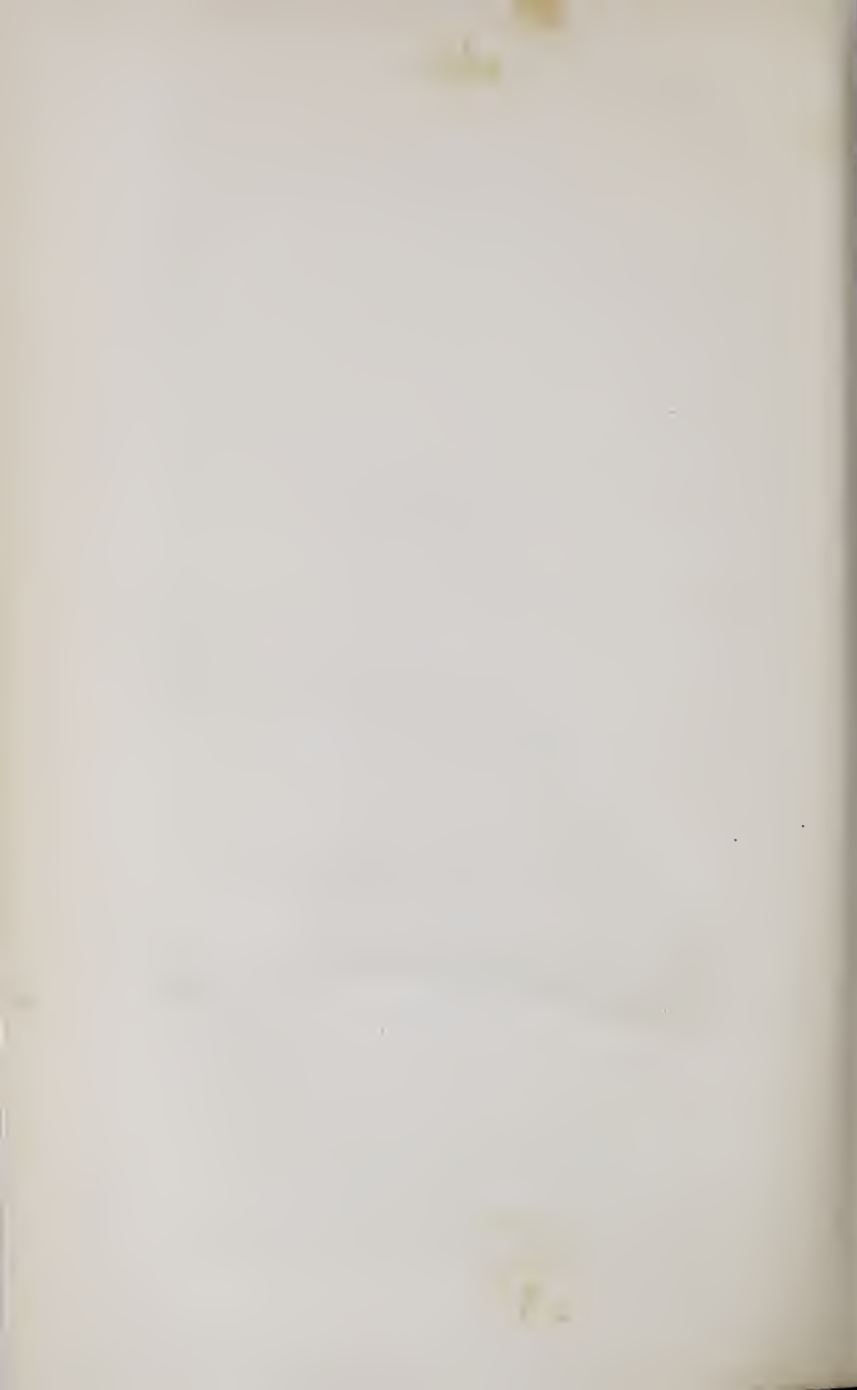
As we descend from Karimi to the basin of the Albert Edward the first thing we become conscious of is that we are treading the dry bed of a lake. We do not require a gifted geologist to tell us that. Five feet of rise to the lake would increase its extent five miles to the north and five miles to the south. Fifty feet of rise would restore the lake to its old time-honoured condition, when its waves rolled over the pebbled beach under the shadows of the forest near Mtsora. We find that we really needed to pay this visit to the shores of the Albert Edward to thoroughly understand the physical changes which have, within the last few hundred years, diminished the former spacious lake to its present circumscribed limits. We should be liable to censure and severe criticism if we attempted to fix a hard-and-fast date to the period when Lake Albert extended to the forest of Awamba from the north, and Lake Albert Edward extended

from the south over the plain of Makara to the southern edge of the forest. But it does not need a clever mathematician to calculate the number of years which have elapsed since the Semliki channelled its bed deep enough to drain the Makara plain. It is easily computable. The nitrous, saline, and acrid properties deposited over the plain by the receding lake have not been thoroughly scoured out yet. The grass is nutritious enough for the hardy cattle; the dark euphorbia, the acacia, and thorn-bush find along the edges of the plain a little thin humus of decayed grass; but nine-tenths of it is grassy plain, and the tropic forest of Awamba cannot advance its borders. The case is the same on the southern plain of the Albert. We find there a stretch of plain twenty miles long devoted to poor grass, fatal to cattle; then we find eight miles crossed with a thin forest of parachute acacias, with here and there an euphorbia, and then we are in the old, old forest.

At every leisure hour my mind reverted to the lessons which I was acquiring in this wonderful region. Time was when Ruwenzori did not exist. It was grassy upland, extending from Unyoro to the Balegga plateau. Then came the upheaval at a remote period; Ruwenzori was raised to the clouds, and a yawning abyss 250 miles long and thirty miles broad lay S.W. and N.E. The tropic rains fell for ages; they filled the abyss to overflowing with water, and in time it found an outlet through what is known under the modern name of Equatoria. The outflowing water washed the earth away along its course, down to the bed-rock, and for countless ages, through every second of time, it has been scouring it away, atom by atom, to form Lower Egypt and fill the Mediterranean, and in the meantime the bottom of the abyss has been silting up with the sediment and débris of Ruwenzori, with the remains of uncountable generations of fish, with unnumbered centuries of dead vegetation, until now, with the wearing away of the dykes of rock and reefs in the course of the White Nile, two lakes have been formed; and other dykes of rock appeared between the lakes, first as clusters of islets, then covered with grass; finally, they caught the soil brought down by glaciers, moraines have connected rock to rock, and have formed a valley marvellous in its growth of tropic forest, and on each side of this forest there are plains undergoing the slow process of crystalline transformation, and on their lake borders you see yet an intermediate stage in the daily increasing mud, and animal and vegetable life add to the height of it, and presently it will be firm dry ground. Now dip a punting-pole into the shallows at the south end of Lake Albert, and the pole drops into five feet of ooze. It is the sediment borne down from the slopes of Ruwenzori by the tributaries into the Semliki, and thence by the Semliki into the still waters of the lake. And if we sound the depths of Lake Albert Edward, the pole drops through four or five feet of grey mud, to which are attached thousands of mica flakes and comminuted scales and pulverized bones of fish, which emit an overpowering stench. And atom by atom the bed-rock between the forest of Awamba and the Lake Albert Edward is being eroded and scoured away, until, by-and-by, the lake will have become dry land, and through the centre of it will meander the Semliki, having gathered the tributaries from Ruwenzori, the Ankori, and Ruanda uplands, to itself; and in the course of time, when the nitrous and acrid properties have been well scoured off the plain, and the humus has thickened, the forest of Awamba will advance by degrees, and its trees will exude oil and

PROFILE SKETCH OF
RUWENZORI
 AND THE VALLEY OF THE
SEMLIKI.





gum, and bear goodly fruit for the uses of man. That is, in brief, what we learn by observation from the Semliki Valley and the basin of the twin lakes, and what will be confirmed during our journey over the tracts of lake-bed between Rusessé and Unyampaka.

Between Rusessé and Katwé is an extensive plain, dipping down in a succession of low terraces to the Nyama-gazani River, and covered with pasture grass. This terraced plain is remarkable for its growth of euphorbia, which have been planted by generations of Wasongora to form zeribas to protect their herds from beasts of prey and for defence against the archers and spearmen of predatory tribes, and which thickly dot the plains everywhere. Many of these euphorbia, that stood in circles round the clustered huts, were venerable patriarchs, quite five centuries old; hence we assume that the Wasongora have been established in this region for a long time, and that they formed a powerful nation until the Waganda and Wanyoro, furnished with guns and rifles by Arabs, came sweeping through the land on their periodic raids. Readers of 'Through the Dark Continent' will remember the story of the Katekero's raid, that must have occurred about eighteen years ago, and of the reported marvels said to have been met by the host, as they travelled through a great plain where there were geysers spouting mud, hot springs, intolerable thirst, immense loss of life, ruthless conflicts between the native tribe and the Waganda, and bad water that killed hundreds. We are now on the land which witnessed the raid of the Waganda, and which was then despoiled of its splendid herds of cattle. Since that time Kabba Rega, with the aid of his musket-armed Wara-Sura, has occupied the land, usurped the government of the country, and has possessed himself of every cow. Captain Casati has informed me that he once witnessed the return of the raiders from Wasongora, and saw the many thousands of cattle which they had taken.

The wide expanses of flats, white with efflorescing natron, teeming with hot springs and muddy geysers, turned out to be pure exaggerations of an imaginative boy, and nothing of all the horrors expected have we seen, except perhaps a dreary monotony of level and uniformity of surface features, grass fallen into the sere through drought, and tufts of rigid euphorbia, so characteristic of poor soil. The silence of the plain is due to the wholesale expatriation of the tribe; thirst, because, as we near the Lake borders, the tributaries lie far apart; sickness, from the habit of people drinking the stagnant liquid found in pits.

The grass of the plain grieved us sorely while travelling through it. The stalks grew to the height of three feet, and its spikelets pierced through the thickest clothing, and clung to every garment as we passed by, and became very irritating and troublesome.

The two best views obtained of Ruwenzori have been those obtained from Karimi, up a long, narrow valley, and from the plain near the Nyama-gazani River. The last was the farewell view, the great mountain having suddenly cast its cloudy garments aside to gratify us once more. In rank above rank the mountainous ridges rose until they culminated in Ruwenzori. From the south it looks like a range of about thirty miles in length, with as many blunt-topped peaks, separated from each other by deep hollows. Up to this time we had estimated the height as about 17,000 feet, but the revelation of the southern face, shrouded with far-descending fields of deep and pure snow, exalted it 1,500 feet higher in

the general opinion. I seized this opportunity to photograph the scene, that other eyes might view the most characteristic image of Ruwenzori. Here and there may be seen, as in the pencil sketches, the dark patches, showing the more precipitous portions of the slopes, which are too steep for the accumulation of snow. The greater exhibition of snow on the southern face is due to the lesser height of the intervening ridges, which on the north side shut out from view the snowy range.

A few miles beyond the Nyama-gazani River, which is forty feet wide and a foot deep, clear as crystal and beautifully cool, we entered the town of Katwé, the headquarters of Rukara, the commanding chief of the Wara-Sura. He and his troops had left the town the night before, and evidently in such haste that he was unable to transport the grain away.

The town of Katwé must have contained a large population, probably 2,000. As the surrounding country was only adapted for the rearing of cattle, the population was supported by the sale of the salt of the two salt lakes near it. It was quite a congeries of zeribas of euphorbia, connected one with another by mazy lanes of cane hedges and inclosures.

It is situated on a narrow grassy ridge between the salt lake of Katwé and a spacious bay of the Albert Edward Nyanza. In length the ridge is about two miles, and in breadth half a mile from the shore of one lake to the other.

By boiling point the Albert Edward Nyanza is 3,307 feet, the crest of the grassy ridge of Katwé is 3,461 feet, and the Salt Lake is 3,265 feet above the sea. So that the summit of the ridge was 154 feet above the Salt Lake and 112 feet higher than the Albert Edward Lake, and the difference of level between the two lakes was 42 feet. The town is situated in $0^{\circ} 8' 15''$ south of the equator.

After seeing to the distribution of corn, I proceeded across the ridge, and descending a stiff slope, almost cliffy in its upper part, after 154 feet of a descent, came to the dark sandy shore of the Salt Lake of Katwé, at a place where there were piles of salt-cakes lying about. The temperature of the water was 78.4° Fahrenheit; a narrow thread of sulphurous water indicated 84° . Its flavour was that of very strong brine.* Where the

* I sent a bottle full of this brine to the Laboratoire Khédivial in Cairo, to be analysed by the Government chemists, and the following report was made:—

LABORATOIRE KHÉDIVIAL.

Le Cairo, 25 Mars, 1890.

The composition of this water is as follows:—

Potash, K_2O	2.667
Soda, Na_2O	13.94
Inhydrous sulphuric acid (combined), 50_3	3.17
„ carbonic „ („), 80_2	2.36
Chlorine („), Cl	11.33
Sulphuretted hydrogen („), SH_202
Lime and magnesia	traces
Silica01
Water	68.77

102.26

Deduct oxygen equivalent to chlorine 2.55

99.71

sand had been scooped out into hollow beds, and the water of the lake had been permitted to flow in, evaporation had left a bed of crystal salt of

Calculating the bases to the oxides, the composition is—

Sodium chloride	18·67
Sodium sulphate	5·63
Sodium carbonate	2·72
Potassium carbonate	3·87
Potassium sulphhydrate	·04
Silica	·01
Lime and magnesia	traces
Water	68·77
	<hr/>
	99·71

The difference between the total found and 100 is probably accounted for by small quantities of organic matter.

The density is 1·2702; using this figure, the results, as expressed in grains per litre, are:—

Sodium chloride	237·15
„ sulphate	61·51
„ carbonate	34·55
Potassium carbonate	49·16
„ sulphhydrate	·51
Silica	·12
	<hr/>

Total salts per litre 383·00 grains.

When received the sample had an odour of sulphuretted hydrogen, due to the sulphides present, and a slight pink colour, caused by matter in suspension. The quantity of the sample was too small to admit of an examination of this or of the organic matter in the water.

This water, consisting as it does of a nearly saturated solution, is a very remarkable one, and a natural water of this composition is very rarely met with. The presence of sulphides is due to the action of reducing organisms on the sulphates. The bottle in which the sample was, was quite full, and securely corked for several months.

A. PAPPE.
H. DROOP RICHMOND. } *Lcs Chémistes.*

“ Snow Hill Buildings, London, E.C.

“ 1st May, 1890.

“ DEAR MR. STANLEY,

“ The following is the result of the quantitative analysis of the natural crystalline salt you submitted to me:—

	Per cent.
Water	·82
Oxide of iron (Fe_2O_3)	·15
Potash (K_2O)	4·56
Soda (Na_2O)	47·68
Carbonic acid (CO_2)	1·02
Sulphurous acid (SO_2)	6·87
Chlorine	50·42
	<hr/>

Less oxygen equivalent to chlorine 111·52
11·36

100·16

rocky hardness, compacted and cemented together like coarse quartz. The appearance of these beds at a distance was like frozen pools. When not disturbed by the salt-gatherers, the shore is ringed around with *Ukindu* palms, scrubby bush, reedy cane, euphorbia, aloetic plants; and at Mkiyo, a small village inhabited by salt-workers, there is a small grove of bananas, and a few fields of Indian corn and Eleusine coracana. Thus, though the lake has a singularly dead and lonely appearance, the narrow belt of verdure below the cliffy walls which encompass it, is a relief. Immediately behind this greenness of plants and bush, the precipitous slopes rise in a series of horizontal beds of grey compacted deposit, whitened at various places by thin incrustations of salt. There are also chalky-looking patches here and there, one of which, on being examined, proved to be of stalagmite. In one of these I found a large tusk of ivory,



THE LITTLE SALT LAKE AT KATWÉ.

bones of small animals, teeth, and shells of about the size of cockles. There were several of these stalagmite beds around the lake.

"It is quite impossible to say with certainty how the bases and acids are combined, but, calculated in the order of their mutual affinities, the following is the arrangement into which they would naturally fall:—

	Per cent.
Potassium sulphate	8.43
Sodium sulphate	5.32
Sodium carbonate	2.46
Sodium chloride	82.71
Oxide of iron15
Water82
	<hr/>
	99.89

"Trusting this may be of service to you,

"I remain yours ever truly,

"HENRY S. WELLCOME.

"To H. M. STANLEY, Esq."

One remarkable peculiarity of the lake was the blood tints of its water, or of some deposit in it. On looking into the water I saw that this deposit floated, like congealed blood, on and below the surface. A man at my request stepped in, and at random; the water was up to his knees, and bending down he soon brought up a solid cake of coarse-grained crystallised salt, and underneath it was a blood-red tinge. This reddish viscous stuff gives the lake, when looked at from the crest of Katwé ridge, a purple appearance, as though a crimson dye had been mixed with it.

Hundreds of dead butterflies of various colours strewed the beach. There was not a fish seen in its waters, though its border seems to be a favourite haunt for herons, storks, pelican, egrets.

The larger Salt Lake of Katwé, sometimes called Lake of Mkiyo, from the village of that name, is about three miles long, and ranges from half to three-quarters of a mile in width, and about three feet deep. The smaller lake is in a round grassy basin about two miles east, and is a round shallow pool half-a-mile across.

Every one acquainted with the above facts will at once perceive that these salt basins are portions of the original lake occupying sunken hollows, which were left isolated by the recession of the waters of the Albert Edward Lake, and that evaporation has reduced the former sweet waters into this strong brine.

Salt is a valuable article, eagerly sought after by the tribes round about. The reputation of this deposit had reached Kavalli, where I first heard of the greater Salt Lake as "Katto." Flotillas of canoes come from Makara, Ukonju, Unyampaka, Ankori and Ruanda, loaded with grain, to barter for this article. Caravans arrive from eastern Ukonju, north Usongora, Toro and Uhaiyana, to trade millet, bark cloth, beans, peas, tullabun or eleusine, sesame, iron tools, weapons, &c., for it. The islanders of Lake Albert Edward freight their little vessels with the commodity, and with dried fish make voyages to the western and southern shores, and find it profitable to carry on this exchange of produce. The possession of Katwé town, which commands the lakes, is a cause of great jealousy. The Wasongora owned it formerly, then Antari or Ankori. Kakuri, the island chief, became heir to it, when finally Kabba Rega heard of the rich deposits, and despatched Rukara to occupy the town.

Our march into Ukonju had instantly caused the Wara-Sura to evacuate the plain of Makara, and our approach to Katwé had caused a speedy flight of Rukara and his army of musketeers and spearmen. Wakonju, to the number of 150 men in our camp, and Wasongora were joining, and supplying us with information gratuitously.

In the afternoon of the first day's arrival at Katwé we saw a flotilla of canoes approaching from an island distant about three miles from the shore. The crews were cautious enough to keep just within hail. We were told that they had been sent by Kakuri to ascertain what strangers were those who had frightened Rukara and his Wara-Sura from the land, for they had done good service to Kakuri and "all the world" by their acts. We replied in a suitable manner, but they professed to disbelieve us. They finally said that if we "burned the town of Katwé, they would accept it as a proof that we were not Wara-Sura." Accordingly, the villages near the shore were fired, and the crews cheered the act loudly.

The speaker said "I believe you to be of the Wanyavingi now. Sleep in peace, and to-morrow Kakuri shall come with gifts to give you welcome."

Then Bevwa, chief of our Wakonju, stood on a canoe which was in the lake, and asked, "Ah, you children of Kakuri, the great chief of the sea, do you remember Kwara-Kwanzi, who lent Kakuri's sons the spears to defend the land from the Wara-Sura robbers? Lo! Kwara-Kwanzi, a true son of the Wanyavingi, is here again. Rejoice, my friends, Rukara and his thieves have fled, and all the land will rise as one man to follow in pursuit of them."

The crews clapped hands, applauding, and half-a-dozen little drums were beaten. Then the principal speaker of the islanders said, "Kakuri is a man who has not had a tooth drawn yet, and he is not going to have one drawn by any Mrasura alive. We have caught a dozen Wara-Sura as they were flying from Makara because of these strangers. Kakuri will see that they die before the sun sets, and to-morrow he will see the chief of the strangers face to face."

When they had paddled away, Bevwa was questioned as to these Wanyavingi. What were they? Were they a tribe?

Then Bevwa looked hard at me and said,--

"Why do you ask? Do you not know that we believe you to be of the Wanyavingi? Who but the Wanyavingi and the Wachwezi are of your colour?"

"What, are they white people like us?"

"They have no clothes like you, nor do they wear anything on their feet like you, but they are tall, big men, with long noses and a pale colour who came, as I heard from our old men, from somewhere beyond Ruwenzori, and you came from that direction; therefore you must be of the Wanyavingi."

"But where do they live?"

"Ruanda, and Ruanda is a great country, stretching round from east of south to S.S.W. Their spears are innumerable, and their bows stand higher than I. The king of Usongora, Nyika, was an Myavingi. There are some men in these parts whom Kabba Rega cannot conquer, and those are in Ruanda; even the king of Uganda will not venture there."

When Kakuri appeared next morning he brought us gifts, several fish, goats, bananas and beans. Some Wasongora chiefs were with him, who offered to accompany us, in the hope that we should fall in with some of the bands, as we journeyed towards Toro and Uhaiyana. The island chief was a physically fine man, but not differing in complexion from the dark Wakonju; while the Wasongora were as like in features to the finest of the Somali types and Wa-galla as though they were of the same race.

Kakuri was requested to bring his canoes in the afternoon, and freight them with salt to deposit on his island, as I would have to continue my journey eastward in a day or two. Therefore all the afternoon about 100 islanders were busy transporting salt to Kakuri Island, and the Wakonju who followed us did a good business by assisting them. They walked into the lake to a distance of 100 yards, the depth being up to their knees, and stooping down, conveyed great cakes of the crystallised salt to the shore, and across the ridge to the canoes in the Albert Edward Lake.

Having found a cumbrous and heavy canoe, but somewhat large, on the 19th, it was manned by twelve men, and I set out to explore. At about 11 A.M. I had got to a distance of eight miles, and halted in front of Kaiyura's settlement, which consisted of eighty-one large huts, and was

rich in goats and sheep. Kaiyura is a Msongora, who so far remained unconquered by the Wara-Sura. The craft that we were voyaging was too clumsy and lop-sided to venture far out into the lake, for with the slightest breeze the water leaped in; but I was quite a mile from the shore during most of the trip, and the lead was cast every few minutes, but the deepest water I obtained was fifteen feet, while it sank over three feet in a soft ooze. About 400 yards from the shore a long sounding-pole was used, and each time it dropped four feet into the ooze, which emitted a most horrible stench, like that of a sewer, when it came out.

In the early part of the day the face of the Lake was as smooth as a mirror, of a grey-green colour. The shore was remarkable for the great number of butterflies, and many floated dead on the surface of the water.

There were two islands standing in the middle of Katwé Bay, and rising about 100 feet above the water. One of them was distinguished for a chalky-coloured cliff. They contained large settlements, and were evidently well populated.

On returning to Katwé I saw a great black leopard about 250 yards off, just retreating from the Lake side, where he had been slaking his thirst. He disappeared before we could paddle the unwieldy craft nearer the shore.

The only advantage I derived from my day's exploration was the complete survey of the bay, and obtaining a view beyond the headland of Kaiyura into the chaotic and formless void. The haze was as thick as a fog, and nothing could be distinguished further than three miles.

On the 20th of June the Expedition marched out from Katwé, and escorted by a large number of Wasongora chiefs and herdsmen, and our Wakonju friends, filed to the eastward, along a path that skirted the greater Salt Lake, and dipped down into the grassy round basin of the lesser briny lake. Surmounting the ridge eastward of the basin, we descended into a great plain, which evidently had but recently been covered with the waters of the Albert Edward. Pools still existed, and narrowed tongues of swamp, until, after a march of eighteen and a half miles, we arrived at Mukungu, in Unyampaka, of Toro, Chief Kassessé, whose name was made familiar to me in January 1876.

Opposite the half-dozen zeribas of Mukungu was the long low island called Irangara. The narrow arm of the Lake, about 150 yards across, wound around it, and between the islands of Katero, Kateribba, and four or five others east of Irangara, with great floating masses of pistia plants. Far across through the mist over the islands loomed the highlands of Uhaiyana, and to the south we had the faintest image of Kitagwenda, Chief Ruigi, and I knew then that we stood west of the arm of the Lake we had called Beatriee Gulf.

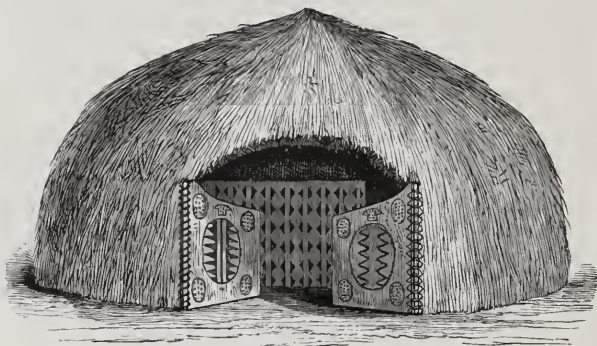
The cattle had been driven across into the island of Irangara, everything of value had been deported away, and a monstrous herd had but lately left Mukungu for Buruli, urged to fast travel by the retreating Rukara and his army. The huts of the chiefs showed that these people of Mukungu were advanced in the arts of ornamental architecture. A house which the Pasha occupied was one of the most ornate I had seen. The hut was twenty feet in height and about twenty-five feet in diameter, with a doorway brilliant in colouring like a rude imitation of the stucco work of primitive Egyptians. The doorway was ample—six feet high and six feet wide, with a neat arched approach. Plastered partitions divided the interiors into segments of circles, in which were sunk triangles and diamond

figures, lines of triangles surmounting lines of diamonds, the whole pointed in red and black. One division before the wide doorway was intended as a hall of audience—behind the gaily-decorated partition was the family bed-chamber; to the right were segments of the circle devoted to the children.

Every zeriba, besides being protected by an impenetrable hedge of thorn-bush, had within a circular dyke of cow-dung, rising five feet high. These great circular heaps of refuse and dung were frequently met in Usongora, and will remain for a century to indicate the site of the settlements, when village and generation after generation have disappeared.

The river-like arms of the Lake, now narrowing and broadening, swarmed with egrets, ducks, geese, ibis, herons, storks, pelicans, snipes, kingfishers, divers, and other water-birds.

The next day we followed the track of Rukara and his army and droves, and made a westerly and then northerly course to round the prolonged arm of the Lake called Beatrice Gulf. A few years ago it must have spread to a great distance. The plain was perfectly flat, and long-reaching, shallow tongues of water projected far inland, which we had to



SECTION OF A HOUSE NEAR LAKE ALBERT NYANZA.

cross. As we advanced north, the hills of Toro appeared in view, and having approached them we turned north-easterly, and after a march of eleven miles, halted at Muhokya, a small village, equidistant from the Lake and Mountain. The scouts, in ranging around the outskirts, captured a deserter from Rukara's army, who informed us that the Wara-Sura were at Buruli.

On the 22nd we continued our march; a plain, level as a billiard-table, lay spread to our right, about forty feet below a terrace, over which we were travelling, and the south-eastern flank of Ruwenzori range lay to our left, projected into capes, terminated mostly by conical hills, with spacious land-bays, reaching far inland, between. We crossed these little streams and two considerable rivers, the Unyamwambi and Rukoki, the first being plentifully strewn with large round cobble-stones, smooth and polished from the powerful rolling they had received by the impetuous torrent.

Arriving near the Rukoki, whose banks were hidden by a tall growth of reedy cane, the vanguard suddenly received a volley from a large

number of musketeers hidden in the thick brake. The Wasongora and Wakonju were, unfortunately, in the van, leading the way, and these fell into a heap in the river, their sharp spears, as they frantically struggled in their fright, more dangerous to us than the concealed enemy. However, the loads were dropped, and in a few minutes we had two full companies charging through the brake with admirable unconcern, just in time to see the rear-guard of the Wara-Sura breaking out of their coverts. Some lively firing followed, but wars with natives require cavalry, for every person seems to be on the perpetual run, either advancing or in retreat. Some of the Wara-Sura fled south, some ran up the mountains to avoid the pellets of our rifles. After seeing them all in full flight, the companies returned, and we lifted our loads and resumed our march to Buruli, whose extensive groves of banana plantations soon appeared in view, and promised a rare supply of food.

Just before reaching the ambushade we had passed a slaughtered goat, that had been laid across the path, around which had been placed a score or so of yellow tomato-like fruit, the product of a very common bush. We all knew that it implied we had better beware of vengeance, but the natives, confident in us, had not hesitated to advance; nevertheless the ambushade was a great shock to them.

In the afternoon the Wara-Sura were pursued by scouts, and ascertained to be joining their scattered parties, and proceeding on an E.N.E. course across the plain. The scouts, unable to contain themselves, sent a few bullets after them, lending an impulsion to their flight. Their baggage was thrown away; the sticks were seen being applied to their prisoners, until several, frantic with fear and pain, threw their loads away, and deserted to the arms of the scouts. Many articles were picked up of great use that were discarded by the fugitives, and among the prisoners was an Mhuma woman, of very pleasing appearance, who gave us much information respecting Rukara and his vast herds of cattle.

Early next morning Captain Nelson was despatched with one hundred rifles, and fifty Wakonju and Wasongora spearmen to follow up the rear guard of Rukara, and if possible overtake the enemy. He followed them for twelve miles, and perceiving no signs of them returned again to Buruli, which we reached well after sunset, after a most brilliant march.

I was told of two hot springs being some miles off, one being near a place called Iwanda, N. by E. from Buruli, the other, "hot enough to cook bananas," N.E. near Luajimba.

We halted two days at Buruli, as we had performed some splendid marching on the plains. The paths were good, broad, clear of thorns, stones, roots, red ants, and all obstructions. At the same time, when abundant food offered, it was unwise to press the people. Before leaving this prosperous settlement, our Wakonju and Wasongora friends begged permission to retire. Each chief and elder received our gifts, and departed to our regret. Bevwa and his Wakonju were now eighty-five miles distant from their homes, and their good-nature, and their willingness and unobtrusiveness, had quite won our hearts.

A march of twelve miles took us on the 25th across a very flat plain, level as a bowling-green, intersected by five streams, and broad tongues of swamp, until about half-way it heaved up in gentle undulations, alternated by breadths of grassy plain. Thick forests of acacia crested these land-swells, and on the edges of the subsident flats grew three

species of euphorbia, stout fan-palms, a few borassus, and *Ukundu* palms. A little after noon we camped in a forest an hour's march from the Nsongi River.

It had evidently been often used as camping-ground by Wara-Sura bands and Toro caravans bound for the Salt Lakes, and as water was far, the tired cooks used the water from some pits that had been excavated by thirsty native travellers. This water created terrible sickness amongst us.

The next day we crossed the Nsongi, a river fifty feet wide and thirty inches deep, and immediately after we began to ascend to the lofty uplands of Uhaiyana, which form, with Eastern Toro, Kitagwenda, and Ankori, the eastern wall of the basin of the Lake Albert Edward. We encamped near noon on a broad plain-like terrace at Kawandaré in Uhaiyana, 3,990 feet above the sea, and about 680 feet above the Lake.

The Wara-Sura were on the alert, and commenced firing from the hill-tops, but as the advance rushed to the attack they decamped, leaving one stout prisoner in our hands, who was captured in the act of throwing a spear by one of the scouts who had crept behind him.

On first reaching the terrace we had passed through Kakonya and its prosperous fields of white millet, sesamum, beans, and sweet potatoes. Karamulli, a most important settlement, lies E. by N. an hour's journey from Kakonya.

Soon after arriving in camp Yusuf Effendi, an Egyptian officer, died from an indurated liver. This, I believe, was the sixth death among the Egyptians. They had led such a fearful life of debauchery and licence in their province that few of them had any stamina remaining, and they broke down under what was only a moderate exercise to the Zanzibaris.

The effects of the water drunk from the pits the day before commenced to be manifested on reaching the camp—that is, in twenty-four hours. Over thirty cases of ague had been developed among the Zanzibaris, two of the European officers were prostrated, and I myself felt approaching symptoms. The Pasha's followers were reeling with sickness, and it was reported that several were missing besides Manyuema.

On the 27th a halt was ordered. Lieutenant Stairs was sent back with his company to endeavour to recover some of the lost people. Some passed him on the road attempting to overtake the column. One woman belonging to one of the Pasha's followers was found speared through the body. He arrived in time to save a Manyuema from sharing the same fate. These utterly reckless people had acquired the art of evading the rear column by throwing themselves into the grass and lying still until the officer and his party had passed.

Altogether the sick cases had increased to 200. Egyptians, blacks of Zanzibar, Soudan, and Manyuema were moaning and sorrowing over their sufferings. The Pasha, Dr. Parke, and Mr. Jephson had also succumbed to severe attacks.

On the 28th, led by one of the Wara-Sura prisoners, we made a short march past the range of Kawandaré. The advance and main body of the column filed through the pass unmolested, but the rear-guard was fiercely attacked, though the enemy turned to flight when the repeating rifles began to respond in earnest, and this proved our last engagement with Kabba Rega's rovers called Wara-Sura.

We reached Chamirikwa the next day, having meantime descended to the level terrace at the foot of the eastern walls of the Albert Edward

basin, and on July 1st arrived at Kasunga-Nyanza in Eastern Unyampaka, a place known to us in January, 1876, when I sent a body of Waganda to search for canoes for the purpose of crossing the Lake then discovered. Bulemo-Ruigi, the king, having heard our praises sounded by the islanders of Kakuri, who had meanwhile crossed the Lake before us, despatched messengers to place his country at our disposal, with free privileges of eating whatever gardens, fields, or plantations offered, only asking that we would be good enough not to cut down banana stalks, to which moderate request we willingly consented.

The Pasha on this day sent me his muster-roll for the beginning of the month, which was as follows:—

44 officers, heads of families, and clerks.
90 married women and concubines.
107 children.
223 guards, soldiers, orderlies, and servants.
91 followers.

555

On the 3rd of July we entered Katari settlement, in Ankori, on the borders of the Lake. At the camp of the 28th of June symptoms of fever developed, and numbered me among those smitten down with the sickness, which raged like a pest through all ranks, regardless of age, colour, or sex, and I remained till the 2nd of July as prostrated with it as any person. Having laid every one low, it then attacked Captain Nelson, who now was the hardest amongst us. It took its course of shivering, nausea, and high fever, irrespective of medicine, and after three or four days of grievous suffering, left us dazed and bewildered. But though nearly every person had suffered, not one fatal case had occurred.

From the camp of the 28th, above which was visible Mt. Edwin Arnold, we skirted the base of the upland, and two days later entered the country of Kitagwenda. By Unyampaka E. is intended the Lake shore of Kitagwenda. The entire distance thence to Katari in Ankori is an almost unbroken line of banana plantations skirting the shore of the Lake, and fields of Indian corn, sugar-cane, cleusine, and holcus, which lie behind them inland, which are the properties of the owners of the half-dozen salt-markets dotting the coast. The mountainous upland looms parallel with the Lake with many a bold headland at the distance, varying from three to six miles.

We have thus travelled along the north, the north-west, and eastern coasts of Lake Albert Edward. We have had abundant opportunities of hearing about the south and western sides; but we have illustrated our information on the carefully-prepared map accompanying these volumes. The south side of the Lake, much of which we have viewed from commanding heights such as Kitété, is of the same character as the flat plains of Usongora, and extends between twenty and thirty miles to the base of the uplands of Mpororo and Usongora. Kakuri's canoe-men have been frequent voyagers to the various ports belonging to Ruanda and to the western countries, and all around the Lake, and they inform me that the shores are very flat, more extensive to the south than even to the north, and more to the west than to the east. No rivers of any great

importance feed the Albert Edward Lake, though there are several which are from twenty to fifty feet wide and two feet deep. The largest is said to be the Mpanga and the Nsongi. This being so, the most important river from the south cannot have a winding course of more than sixty miles, so that the farthest reach of the Albertine sources of the Nile cannot extend further than $1^{\circ} 10'$ south latitude.

Our first view, as well as the last, of Lake Albert Edward, was utterly unlike any view we ever had before of land or water of a new region. For all other virgine scenes were seen through a more or less clear atmosphere, and we saw the various effects of sunshine, and were delighted with the charms which distance lends. On this, however, we gazed through fluffy, slightly waving strata of vapours of unknown depth, and through this thick opaque veil the lake appeared like dusty quicksilver, or a sheet of lustreless silver, bounded by vague shadowy outlines of a tawny-faced land. It was most unsatisfying in every way. We could neither define distance, form, or figure, estimate height of land-crests above the water, or depth of lake; we could ascribe no just limit to the extent of the expanse, nor venture to say whether it was an inland ocean or a shallow pond. The haze, or rather cloud, hung over it like a grey pall. We sighed for rain to clear the atmosphere, and the rain fell; but instead of thickened haze, there came a fog as dark as that which distracts London on a November day.

The natural colour of the lake is of a light sea-green colour, but at a short distance from the shore it is converted by the unfriendly mist into that of pallid grey, or sackcloth. There is neither sunshine nor sparkle, but a dead opacity, struggling through a measureless depth of mist. If we attempted to peer under or through it, to get a peep at the mysterious water, we were struck with the suggestion of chaos at the sight of the pallid surface, brooding under the trembling and seething atmosphere. It realised perfectly the description that "in the beginning the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep." This idea was strengthened when we looked up to examine the composition of this vaporous mist, and to ascertain whether we might call it haze, mist, or fog. The eyes were fascinated with the clouds of fantastic and formless phantasms, the eerie figures, flakes, films, globules, and frayed or wormlike threads, swimming and floating and drifting in such numberless multitudes that one fancied he could catch a handful. In the delirium of fevers I have seen such shapes, like wriggling animalculæ, shifting their forms with the rapidity of thought, and swiftly evolving into strange amorphous figures before the dazed senses. More generally, and speaking plainly, the atmosphere seemed crowded with shadowy, elongated organisms, the most frequent bearing a rough resemblance to squirming tadpoles. While looking at the dim image of an island about three miles from the shore, it was observed that the image deepened, or got more befogged, as a thinner or thicker horizontal stratum of these atmospheric shapes subsided downward or floated upward; and following this with a fixed sight, I could see a vibration of it as clearly as of a stream of sunbeams. From the crest of a grassy ridge and the crown of a tall hill, and the sad grey beach, I tried to resolve what was imaged but three miles away, and to ascertain whether it was tawny land, or grey water, or ashen sky, but all in vain. I needed but to hear the distant strains of a dirge to cause me to imagine that one of Kakuri's canoes out yonder on the windless lake

was a funereal barge, slowly gliding with its freight of dead explorers to the gloomy bourne from whence never an explorer returned.

And oh! what might have been seen had we but known one of those marvellously clear days, with the deep purified azure and that dazzling transparency of ether so common to New York! We might have set some picture before the world from these never-known lands as never painter painted. We might have been able to show the lake, with its tender blue colour, here broadening nobly, there enfolding with its sparkling white arms clusters of tropic isles, or projecting long silvery tongues of blazing water into the spacious meadowy flats, curving everywhere in rounded bays, or extending along flowing shore-lines, under the shadows of impending plateau walls, and flotillas of canoes gliding over its bright bosom to give it life, and broad green bands of marsh grasses, palms, plantains, waving crops of sugar-cane, and umbrageous globes of foliage, to give beauty to its borders. And from point to point round about the compass we could have shown the irregularly circular line of lofty uplands, their proud hill bosses rising high into the clear air, and their mountainous promontories, with their domed crowns projected far into the basin, or receding into deep folds half enclosing fair valleys, and the silver threads of streams shooting in arrowy flights down the cliffy steeps; broad bands of vivid green grass, and spaces of deep green forest, alternating with frowning grey or white precipices, and far northward the horizon bounded by the Alps of Ruwenzori, a league in height above the lake, beautiful in their pure white garments of snow, entrancingly picturesque in their congregation of peaks and battalions of mounted satellites ranged gloriously against the crystalline sky.

But alas! alas! In vain we turned our yearning eyes and longing looks in their direction. The Mountains of the Moon lay ever slumbering in their cloudy tents, and the lake which gave birth to the Albertine Nile remained ever brooding under the impenetrable and loveless mist.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THROUGH ANKORI TO THE ALEXANDRA NILE.

ON the evening of July 3rd the officers of the Expedition were summoned to my friend to assist me in the decision as to which of the following routes we should adopt for our seaward march. They were told thus:—

“Gentlemen,—We are met to decide which route we shall choose to travel to reach the sea. You deserve to have a voice in the decision. I will give you impartially what may be said for or against each.

“I. As to the route *viâ* Uganda along my old road to the mouth of the Katonga. If, as in the old days, the king were friendly, I could take the Expedition to Dumo, on the Victoria Lake, and I would find means to borrow his canoes to transport us to Kavirondo, whence, after preparing live stock and grain, we could start for Kikuyu, and thence to Mombasa. But Mwanga is not Mtesa; the murderer of Bishop Haunington can be no friend of ours. If we proceeded to Uganda, we should have two alternatives before us; to fight, or give up our arms. If we did either, we

should only have undergone all this trouble to uselessly sacrifice those whom we have in our charge.

"II. As to the route southerly direct through Ankori. In 1876 Antari, the king, paid tribute to the King of Uganda. He pays it still, no doubt. Scores of Waganda must be at the capital. They are clever enough to hope that they would win favour of Mwanga if they could get a few hundred rifles and ammunition for him. What they may not be able to effect by fraud they may attempt to do by force. Long before we reached the Alexandra Nile, a force of Waganda and Wanyankori would have arrested our flight, and a decisive struggle would take place. Antari himself is well able to prevent us marching through his territory, for by my estimate he must be able to muster 200,000 spears, in case of an invasion. 10,000 spears would be quite enough to stop our little force. What he will do no one knows. With fifty Zanzibaris I could find my way through the wilderness. With 600 such people as the Pasha has with him attached to us the wilderness is impossible. We must, therefore, be prepared for the worst.

"III. The two first routes lead up those plateau walls that you see close by. The third and last skirts for a day's march the base, and then proceeds south to Ruanda, and through it to Uzigé and the Tanganika, whence we could send messengers to Ujiji, or to Kavalla, to bring canoes or boats to us. We could then proceed homeward from Ujiji *viâ* Unyan-yembé to Zanzibar, or to the south end of the Lake Tanganika, and thence to Nyassa, and so down the Shire and Zambezi to Quilimane. But long before we could reach the Tanganika every art that we know will have been well tested. I know that it is almost a proverb with the Arab that it is easier to get into Ruanda than to get out of it. An Arab caravan went there about eighteen years ago, and never returned. Mohammed, the brother of Tippu-Tib, has tried to penetrate Ruanda with 600 guns, and failed. I do not think there is force enough in Ruanda to stop us, and if there were no other road, of course there would be no debating as to what we should do, but go straight ahead. It is an interesting country, and I should like to see its interesting king and people. But it is a long journey.

"Thus you have the shortest road *viâ* Lake Victoria and Kavirondo, but with the Waganda, with whom we must reckon. You have the next shortest road, *viâ* Ankori and Karagwé, but with Waganda and Ankori combined. You have the longest route through Ruanda."

After an animated discussion it was concluded to refer it to me, upon which the Ankori route was elected.

Accordingly instructions were issued to prepare five days' provisions, that from the free provisions obtained from the Nyanza we might be well into Ankori before beginning the distribution of beads and cloth to about 1,000 people, and also permission to assist themselves gratuitously was withdrawn, and the criers were sent through the camp proclaiming in the several languages that any person detected robbing plantations, or convicted of looting villages, would be made a public example.

On the morning of the 4th we turned our backs to the Albert Edward Nyanza, and followed a road leading east of south over the plain. In about an hour the level flat assumed a rolling character freely sprinkled over with bush clumps and a few trees. An hour's experience of this kind brought us to the base of the first line of hills, thence up one ascent

after another until noon, when we halted at Kitété, having gained a thousand feet of altitude. We were received kindly, and welcomed in the name of the King Antari. Messengers had arrived almost simultaneously from Masakuma, the Governor of the Lake Province of Ankori, that we should be received with all hospitality and honour, and brought by degrees to him. Consequently, such is the power of emissaries from authority, the villagers were ordered out of their houses with cries of "Room for the guests of Antari! Room for the friends of Masakuma! Ha, villains, don't you hear? Out with you, bag and baggage!" and so forth, the messengers every now and then taking sly glances at us to note if we admired the style of the thing. We had not been long in Ankori before we grasped the situation thoroughly. Ankori was the king's property. The people we should have to deal with were only the governors,



A VILLAGE IN ANKORI.

called Wakungu, and the king, his mother, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, &c. Ankori was a copy of Uganda.

From Kitété a considerable portion of the south-east extremity of Lake Albert Edward appeared in view. We were a thousand feet above it. The sun shone strongly, and for once we obtained about a ten-mile view through the mist. From $312\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ to 324° magnetic, the flats below were penetrated with long-reaching inlets of the lake, surrounding numbers of little low islets. To $17\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ magnetic rose Nsinda Mountain, 2,500 feet above the lake; and behind, at the distance of three miles, rose the range of Kinyamagara; and on the eastern side of a deep valley, separating it from the uplands of Ankori, rose the western face, precipitous and grey, the frowning walls of the Denny range.

Our course on the 5th was a steady ascent, E.N.E., to Kibwiga, at the foot of the Denny range, Nsinda Mountain now bearing N.N.W. Opposite to the village was Kinyamagara mountain. In the triangular valley

between these mountains the first herds of the Wanyankori were discovered.



EXPEDITION CLIMBING THE ROCK IN THE VALLEY
OF ANKORI.

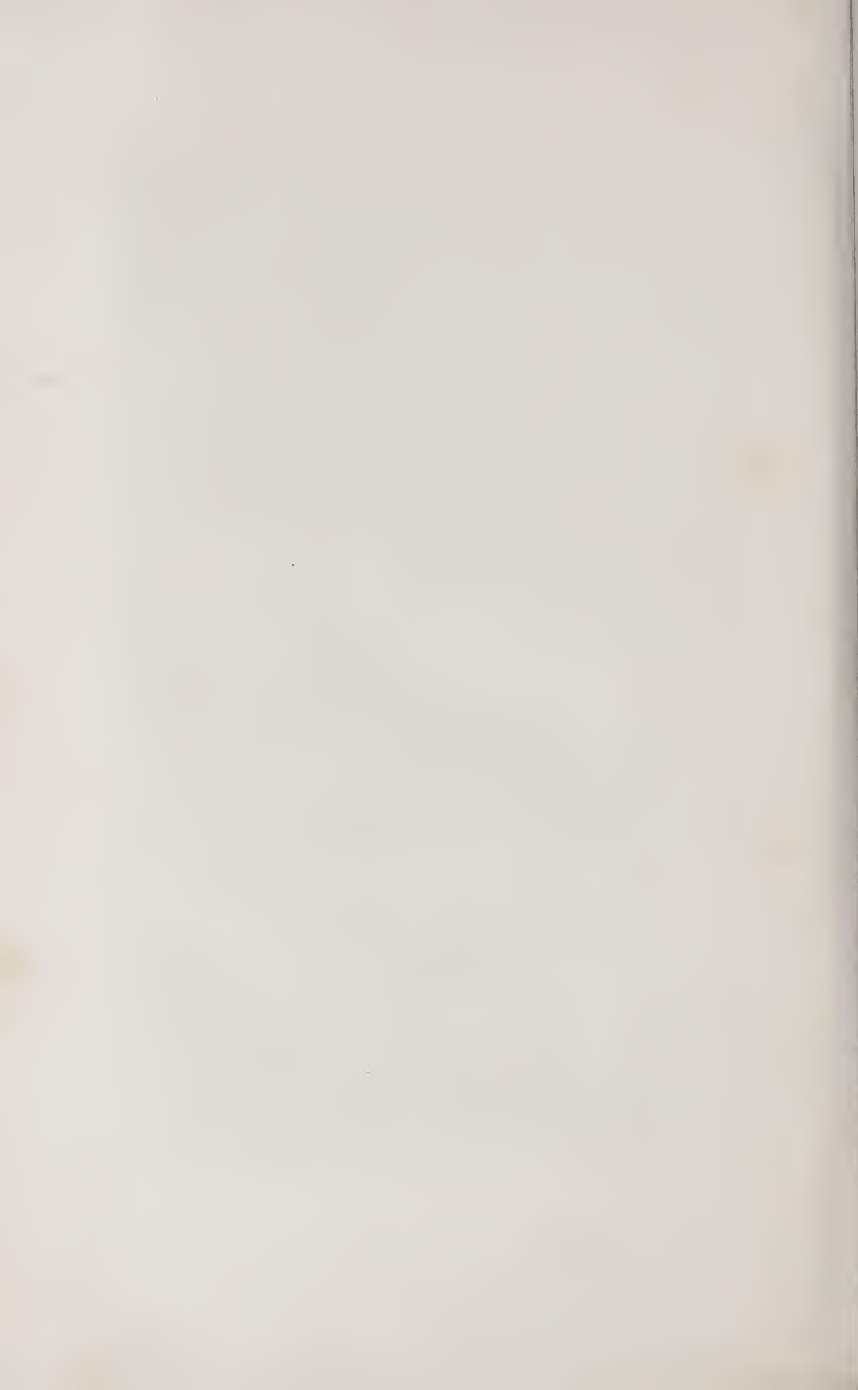
We travelled in very close and compact order on the 7th up the pass between the ranges of Kinyamagara and Denny, and having gained the altitude of 6,160 feet, the summit of Kinyamagara, and felt uncommonly chilled by the cold winds, we descended 800 feet down the eastern slope of the range to the chief village of Masakuma, the Governor of the Lake Province of Ankori.

We found Masakuma to be a genial old fellow. With all our doings with the Wara-Sura he was well acquainted, and at a great and ceremonious meeting in the afternoon he insisted that we should tell our story, that his sub-chiefs and elders might hear how the Wanyoro were beaten at Mboga, Utuku, Awamba, Ukonju, Usongora, and were clean swept from Toro. "There," said he, "that is the way the thieves of Unyoro should be driven from all the lands which they have plundered. Ah, if we had only known what brave work was being done, we should have gone as far as Mruli with you," which sentiment was loudly applauded.

The women of the chief then came out dressed with bead-worked caps and bead tassels, and a thick roll of necklaces and broad breast-ornaments



EXPEDITION WINDING UP THE GORGE OF KARYA MUHORO.



of neat bead-work, and paid us the visit of ceremony. We had to undergo many fine compliments for the good work we had accomplished, and they begged us to accept their expressions of gratitude. "Ankori is your own country in future. No subject of Antari will refuse the right hand of fellowship, for you proved yourselves to be true Wanyavingi."

Then the elders, grey-haired, feeble men, smitten with age, and in their dotage, advanced, and said, with the two hands spread out, palm upward, "We greet you gladly. We see to-day, for the first time, what our fathers never saw, the real Wachwezi, and the true Wanyavingi. Look on them, oh people; they are those who made Kabba Rega run. These are they of whom we heard that the Wara-Sura at the sight of them showed their backs, and fled as though they had wings to their feet."

Little did we anticipate such a reception as this from Ankori when we debated, on the evening of July 3rd, what road we should take. And though the terms Wachwezi and Wanyavingi did not seem to be very euphonious, they were clearly titles of honour, and were accompanied with an admiring regard from the chief Masakuma to the half-nude slave women, who carried water and performed chores all day.

On the following day over 300 bunches of bananas and several pots of banana wine were brought us as our rations during our stay. Deputations from the neighbouring settlements also came, and the story of the chase of the Wara-Sura, and the deliverance of the Salt Lakes were retold them by Masakuma, and we were publicly thanked again for our services. Indeed, considering how many tribes were affected by our interference, we were not surprised at the general joy manifested. The story was the "open sesame" to the riveted attention and affection of the Wanyankori.

Near sunset the runners despatched to the capital reappeared with a message from the king's mother, which, though diplomatic, was well understood by us. It ran as follows:—

"Masakuma will furnish you with guides to show you the road to Karagwé. Food will be given you at every camp so long as you are in Ankori. Goats and cattle will be freely given to you. Travel in peace. The king's mother is ill now, but she hopes she will be well enough to receive you when you again revisit the land. For from to-day the land is yours, and all that is in it. Antari, the king, is absent on a war, and as the king's mother is ill and confined to her bed, there is none worthy to receive you."

It appeared that at the capital our prowess and numbers had been exaggerated, from the reports of Bevva and Kakuri; our long column in single file was also imposing. The terrible Maxim machine-gun also contributed a moral influence, and the fact that the Wanyoro, or Wara-Sura, had been chased out of so many countries, and that Ruigi, King of Kitagwenda, had also spoken in our favour, coupled with the nature of the service which had caused so many canoe cargoes of salt to be disposed of at small cost; and, therefore, though the royal family were disposed to be cordial and kind, they were not wholly without fear that the party which had marched through southern Unyoro might in some manner be a danger to Ankori.

Poor king's mother; had she known how secretly glad I was with the best message that I received in all Africa, she need not have entertained any anxiety respecting the manner in which her message would be received. For though we were tolerably well supplied with native cloth

and beads, we were poor in gifts worthy of royalty of such pretensions as those of Ankori.

The country is said to be infested with lions and leopards, but we had heard nothing of them during the night. A hyæna, however, broke into our camp-fold on the first night at Masakuma's, and dragged away a goat.

Two days' short marches of four and three-quarters and three hours respectively, enabled us to reach Katara on the 11th of July. Our road had led through a long winding valley, the Denny range on our right and the Ivanda on our left. The streamlets we now crossed were the sources of the Rusango, which, flowing north towards the Edwin Arnold Mt., meet the Mpanga flowing south from the Gordon Bennett and Mackinnon Cones. The Mpanga we crossed as we marched parallel with the eastern shore of the Lake Albert Edward.

Soon after arrival in camp two Waganda Christians named Samuel and Zachariah, with an important following, appeared by the permission of Antari. After greeting us, they said they wished to impart some information if I could grant them a quiet hour. Expectant of the usual praises of their king Mwanga, which every loyal Mganda, as I knew him, was very prone to utter, we deferred the interview until evening. They delivered a packet of gunpowder and percussion caps, the property of a Manyuma, to me, which they had picked up on the road. This act was in their favour, and I laid it down near my chair, but within a few minutes it had been abstracted by a light-fingered Moslem.

When evening came Zachariah took upon himself to relate a narrative of astonishing events which had occurred in Uganda the last year. King Mwanga, the son of Mtesa, had proceeded from bad to worse, until the native Mohammedans had united with the Christians, who are called "Amasia," to depose the cruel tyrant because of his ruthless executions. The Christians were induced to join the Mohammedans—proselytes of the Arab traders—unanimously, not only because of Mwanga's butcheries of their co-religionists, but because he had recently meditated a wholesale massacre of them. He had ordered a large number of goats to be carried on an island, and he had invited the Christians to embark in his canoes for their capture. Had they accepted this invitation, his intention had been to withdraw the vessels after the disembarkation, and to allow them to subsist on the goats, and afterwards starve. But one of the pages betrayed his purposes, and warned the Christian chiefs of the king's design. Consequently they declined to be present.

The union of these two parties in the kingdom of Uganda was soon followed by a successful attempt to depose him. Mwanga resisted for a time with such as were faithful to him, but as his capitals, Rubaga and Ulagalla, were taken, he was constrained to leave the country. He departed in canoes to the south of Lake Victoria, and took refuge with Said bin Saif *alias* Kipanda, a trader, and an old acquaintance of mine in 1871, who was settled in Usukuma. Said, the Arab, however, ill-treated the dethroned king, and he secretly fled again, and sought the protection of the French missionaries at Bukumbi. Previous to this it appears that both English and French missionaries had been expelled from Uganda by Mwanga, and deprived of all their property except their underclothing. The French settled themselves at Bukumbi, and the English at Makolo's, in Usambiro, at the extreme south end of Lake Victoria.

After Mwanga's departure from Uganda, the victorious Moslem and

Christian proselytes elected Kiwewa for their king. Matters proceeded smoothly for a time, until it was discovered that the Moslem party were endeavouring to excite hostility against the Christians in the mind of the new king. They were heard to insinuate that, as England was ruled by a queen, that the Christians intended to elevate one of Mtesa's daughters on the throne occupied by Kiwewa. This king then leaned to the Moslems, and abandoned the Christians; but they were pleased to express their doubts of his attachment to them and their faith, and would not be assured of it unless he formally underwent the ceremony of circumcision. The necessity of this Kiwewa affected not to understand, and it was then resolved by the Moslems to operate on him by force, and twelve Watongoli (colonels) were chosen to perform the operation. Among these colonels was my gossip, Sabadu, to whom I was indebted for the traditional history of Uganda. Kiwewa was informed of their purpose, and filled his house with armed men, who, as the colonels entered the house, were seized and speared one by one. The alarm soon spread through the capital, and an assault was instantly made on the palace and its court, and in the strife Kiwewa was taken and slain.

The rebels then elected Karema to be King of Uganda, who was a brother of the slain Kiwewa and the deposed Mwanga, and he was the present occupant of the throne.

The Christians had repeatedly attacked Karema's forces, and had maintained their cause well, sometimes successfully; but at the fourth battle they were sorely defeated, and the survivors had fled to Ankori to seek refuge with Antari, who, it was thought, would not disdain the assistance of such a force of fighting-men in his various troubles with Mpororo and Ruanda. There were now about 2,500 Christians at Ankori's capital, and about 2,000 scattered in Uddu.

Having heard that Mwanga had become a Christian, and been baptised by the French missionaries during his stay with them in Bukumbi, the Christians tendered their allegiance to him, and he came to Uddu to see them, in company with an English trader named Stokes; but, as the means of retaking the throne were small, Mwanga took possession of an island not far from the Murchison Bay, and there he remains with about 250 guns, while Stokes, it is believed, had returned to the coast with ivory to purchase rifles and ammunition at Zanzibar in the cause of Mwanga. Up to this date the mainland of Uganda was under Karema, while the islands recognised Mwanga, and the entire flotilla of Uganda, mustering several hundred canoes, was at the disposition of the latter.

They then informed me that their appearance in my camp was due to the fact that while at the capital they had heard of the arrival of white men, and they had been sent by their compatriots to solicit our assistance to recover the throne of Uganda for Mwanga.

Now, as this king had won an unenviable reputation for his excesses, debaucheries, his executions of Christians in the most vile and barbarous manner, and as he was guilty of causing Luba, of Usoga, to murder Bishop Hannington and massacre over sixty of his poor Zanzibari followers, though the story of Zachariah and Samuel was clear enough, and no doubt true, there were strong reasons why I could not at once place implicit credence in the conversion and penitence of Mwanga, or even accept with perfect faith the revelations of the converts. I had too

intimate a knowledge of the fraudulent duplicity of Waganda, and their remarkable gifts for dissimulation, to rush at this prospective adventure; and even if I were inclined to accept the mission of reinstating Mwanga, the unfulfilled duties of escorting the Pasha, and his friend Casati, and the Egyptians, and their followers to the sea prohibited all thoughts of it. But to African natives it is not so easy to explain why their impulsive wishes cannot be gratified; and if Kiganda nature remained anything similar to what I was acquainted with in 1876, the Waganda were quite capable of intriguing with Antari to interrupt my march. No readers of my chapters on the Waganda in 'Through the Dark Continent' will doubt this statement. I therefore informed Zachariah and Samuel that I should think of the matter, and give them my final answer on reaching some place near the Alexandra Nile, where supplies of food could be found sufficient for the party which I should be obliged to leave behind in the event of my conforming to their wish, and that it would be well for them to go back to the Waganda, ascertain where Mwanga was at that time, and whether there was any news of Mr. Stokes.

At Katara, Mohammed Kher, an Egyptian officer, died. Abdul Wahid Effendi had chosen to remain behind at Kitega, and Ibrahim Telbass and his followers had, after starting from Kitega, vanished into the tall grass, and, it may be presumed, had returned to remain with his sick countryman.

Our people were now recovered somewhat from that epidemic of fevers which had prostrated so many of us. But the Pasha, Captain Casati, Lieutenant Stairs, and Mr. Jephson were the principal sufferers during these days. The night before we had slept at an altitude of 5,750 feet above the sea. The long Denny Range was 700 feet higher, and on this morning I observed that there was hoar frost on the ground, and during this day's march we had discovered blackberries on the road bushes, a fruit I had not seen for two decades.

On a third march up the valley we had followed between Iwanda and Denny Range; we reached its extremity, and, crossing a narrow neck of land, descended into the basin of the Rwizi. By degrees the misty atmosphere of this region was clearing, and we could now see about five miles' distance, and the contour of the pastoral plateau of Ankori. It was not by any means at its best. It was well into the droughty season. The dry season had commenced two months previously. Hilly range, steep cone, hummock, and plain were clothed with grass ripe for fire. The herds were numerous, and all as fat as prize cattle. In the valley between the Denny and Iwanda ranges, we had passed over 4,000 cattle of the long-horned species. The basin of the Rwizi, which we were now in, and which was the heart of Ankori, possessed scores of herds.

We camped at Wamaganga on the 11th. Its inhabitants consist of Watusi herdsmen and Wanyankori agriculturists. They represent the two classes into which the people of Ankori are divided, and, indeed, all the tribes of the pastoral regions, from the Ituri grass-land to Unyanyembe, and from the Western shores of the Victoria Lake to the Tanganika. The Watusi women wore necklaces of copper bells, and to their ankles were attached circlets of small iron bells. The language was that of Unyoro, but there was a slight dialectic difference, and in their vocabulary they had an expressive word for gratitude. "Kasingi" was frequently used in this sense.

One of our men, whom we greatly regretted, died at this place, of illness which ended in paralysis, and another, a Nubian, disappeared into the tall grass and was lost.

On the 12th we marched along the Rwizi, and after an hour and a half crossed the stream, which had now spread into a swamp a mile wide, overgrown with a flourishing jungle of papyrus. Our drove of cattle was lessened by twenty-four head in crossing this swamp. An hour's distance from the terrible swamp we camped in the settlement of Kasari.

The king's mother sent us four head, and the king three head of cattle and a splendid tusk of ivory, with a kindly message that he hoped he and I would become allied by blood-brotherhood. Among the messengers employed was a prince of the blood-royal of Usongora, a son of King Nyika, as pure a specimen of Ethiopic descent as could be wished. The messengers were charged to escort us with all honour, and to provide for our hospitable entertainment on the way.

Though it is very economical to be the guest of a powerful African king, it has its disadvantages, for the subjects become sour and discontented at the great tax on their resources. They contrive to vex us with complaints, some of which are fabricated. Our men also, emboldened by their privileges, assume far more than they deserve, or are entitled to in strict justice. They seized the milk of the Wanyankori, and it is considered to be a great offence for a person who is accustomed to eat vegetables to put his lips to a milk vessel, and a person who cooks his food is regarded as unfit to touch one, as it causes the death of cattle and other ill effects. Seven of our men were charged with these awful crimes, and the herdsmen, who are as litigious as the Aden Somalis, came in a white heat to prefer their complaints. It cost me some inconvenience to judge the people and soothe the wounded feelings provoked by such scandalous practices.

On the 14th we arrived at Nyamatoso, a large and prosperous settlement, situated at the northern base of the Ruampara range, when orders were issued to provide seven days' rations of banana flour, because of the abundance of this fruit in the vicinity.

Mpororo is S.S.W. from this place. A few years ago Antari advanced and invaded it, and after several sanguinary encounters the people and their king became tributary to him. Ruanda begins from a line drawn to the W.S.W., and is ruled over by King Kigeri. Not much information could be gleaned respecting it, excepting that it was a large country, described as equal from Nyamatoso to Kafurro. The people were reported to be numerous and warlike, allowing no strangers to enter, or if they enter they are not allowed to depart.

One of our officers, feeble from many fever attacks, animadverted fiercely against the Wanyankori on this day, and I repeat this incident to illustrate the different views men take of things, and how small events prejudice them against a race. He said, "Yesterday you know the sun was scorchingly hot, and the heat, the long march, and a slight fever, made me feel as if I would give anything for a drink of cool water. I came to that little village on the plain, and I asked a man, who was insolently regarding us, and standing before the door of his hut, to give me a little water to drink. Do you think he did so? He pointed to the swamp, and with his spear to the black ooze, as if to say, 'There you are, help yourself to what you want!' How can you call these people a fine

race? I don't understand where you get your ideas from. Is that fine, to refuse a man a drink of water? If that man had what he deserved—ah, well, it is no use talking."

"My dear good fellow," I answered, "have a little patience, and I will show you another view that might be taken of that man. Have you lost your pocket mirror; if you have, I will lend you mine, and you will see a most ungracious face, garnished with bristles, something like a thin copy of William de la Marck, unshaved, half-starved, and sick. Your eyes appear smaller than ever, and look lustreless and dead. Your lanky body is clothed in rags. When you were in London I was charmed with your appearance. Adonis was nothing to you, but now, alas! excuse me, we have all a most disgraceful appearance; but you, when you have a fever! Well, look in a glass, and examine yourself! Now this native saw such a man, with such an unlovely aspect, coming to him. How did you ask him? Did you give him one of your charming smiles, that would make a buffalo pause in his charge? I doubt it. You were tired, feverish, thirsty—you said imperiously, 'Give me a drink of water,'—and your manner added—'instantly or——.' Why should he, a freeman, before his own doorway, obey such a command? He did not know you from Adam, and probably your appearance suggested it would not be pleasant to cultivate your acquaintance. Are you going to join the clique of travellers who can never recognise the good that is in Africa and the Africans? To your utter confusion, unfortunate man, let me tell you the story of an occurrence that happened yesterday to one of your own personal friends. The man of whom he tells the story was probably a brother or a cousin of this same individual who has incurred your severe displeasure.

"This officer had a bad attack of fever; he was seized with a vertigo, he reeled, and sank in the grass by the wayside. The rear guard commander saw him not, and passed him by, little thinking a sick comrade lay fainting and almost unconscious near him. By-and-by a native warrior came armed with spear, bow, and arrows. He saw there was something in the grass. He went to the spot, and saw one of our officers, helplessly lying before him. If he were a brute, he might have driven that sharp spear of his into him, and we should have lost one of our number. But this man, listen, did nothing of the kind; and though he had never heard the story of the kindly Samaritan, went away, and in half-an-hour returned with a half-gallon gourd filled with fresh and cool milk, and gave it to him to drink, and in a short time our friend rose up strengthened, and marched to camp to tell me the kindly story. No Red Cross official he; to the kindly sentiments of charity and mercy dinned into the ears of the English race for sixteen centuries he was an utter stranger. This is not like that English missionary who refused that Dutch captain, of whom we have heard, the drink of water, and therefore the race that can show one instance of such human kindness deserves to be called a fine race. Do you doubt the story? Here is our friend; ask him yourself.

"Besides, think of the hospitality we receive from them. A thousand men subsisting freely and gratuitously on the produce of their plantations and their fields; plantains, beans, millet, sweet potatoes for food, tobacco to smoke, and a free road, without levy of tax or blackmail! How do you know that that man had not been vexed by many things before you came?

Perhaps some of our men had giped at him in scorn, or looted his house, or threatened his family just before you came. Come, try again. Go into any of these villages about here. Ask kindly and smilingly for anything—milk, butter, or tobacco—and I will guarantee you will not be refused.

“And remember, again, this country has only lately been conquered by Antari. I am told that the king took forty women belonging to the chiefs hereabouts, and distributed them as gifts to his bravest warriors, and that all the principal chiefs were afterwards killed, and I do not wonder that they resent the king laying such a tax upon them as the provisioning of this multitude with us, and if you will observe the conduct of the king’s messengers, you will find that it is very tyrannical and overbearing, and very little calculated to increase their estimation of us.”

The Expedition proceeded up a pass in the pastoral range of mountains called Ruampara, the western end of which, I think, abuts the line of hills that bound the Albert Edward basin, and divides the basin of the Rwizi from the Alexandra Nile, and after crossing several airy mountain tops, descended into the bowl-like valley of Rusussu, whence rises the stream Namianja. Here we halted three days to refresh the people.

Under date the 20th of July I find the following note in my diary:—

“This morning the fever that laid me low passed away. I have been a little premature in saying that we were recovering from the ill effects of that Usongora pit-water. No sooner is one of us well than another is prostrated. The Pasha and I have been now three times down with severe fever at the same time. Stairs’ fever left him yesterday. Bonny’s temperature has been normal the last two days. Casati fell ill on the 17th, was abed all day on the 18th, and was up on the 19th. This is the way we exist now. There are constant relapses into fever, with two or three days of insecure health in the interval. Khamis Wadi Nassib has also died of paralysis; and a Nubian has disappeared.

“Four Egyptian officers have begged me, on account of their increasing ulcers, to be permitted to stay in Ankori. As we are already loaded with sick whites and other Egyptians, feeble old women and children, I am obliged to yield to their entreaties, and they and their families will therefore stay here. As I expect the Heir-apparent of Ankori daily to go through the process of blood-brotherhood, I will be able to provide for their comfort.

“It is a peculiar climate, this of Ankori. The cold gusty winds sweeping from E. to S.E., and then N.E., create chest affections; there is universal coughing, catarrhs, headaches; the great variation between maximum and minimum temperature makes us all unusually feverish. Yet I remember, in Jan. 1876, my followers and myself were healthy and vigorous while crossing North Ankori, and my private journals contain no notes like these I jot down daily. Perhaps this excessive sickness is owing to the season, or to that deadly pit-water, or it may be our cooks employ the black water of the Rwizi, which drains a putrefying compost. It is the winter season now, whereas January is spring.

“Dangers have less charms for the ear than distance creates for the eye. The former is too often exaggerated out of all proportion to the reality by the unrestrained tongue, while the latter, though often hiding the hideousness of ravines, and the inaccessibility of mountains or abysmal depths, glazes the whole with grace, flowing contours, and smooth lines. We have frequently found it to be so on this Expedition, and I fear the Egyptians who have disappeared from the column, un-recommended by us, will find the dangers far more real than they imagined would be the case as we repeated our frequent warnings.”

On the 21st we resumed our march, and proceeded to follow a road that ran down the valley parallel with the Namianja. Thistles of unusual

size, some sunflowers, and blackberry bushes lined the path. The stream has three sources, a tiny thread of sweet water rising from a ferny recess, a pool of nitrous and sulphurous water, and a little pond of strong alkaline water. At the end of three hours' march the stream was 5 feet wide, but its flavour was not much improved. Banana plantations alternated with cattle-folds along the path.

The next day we started at dawn to continue our journey down the Namianja Valley, which is narrow and winding, with spacious plats in the crooked lines of mountains. In an hour we turned sharply from E. by N. to S.E. by S. down another valley. Herd after herd of the finest and fattest cattle met us as they were driven from their zeribas to graze on the rich hay-like grass, which was green in moist places. After a short time the course deflected more eastward, until we gained the entrance of a defile, which we entered, to ascend in half an hour the bare breast of a rocky hill. Surmounting the naked hill, we crossed its narrow summit, and descended at once its southerly side into a basin prosperous with banana plantations, pasture, and herds, and took refuge from the glaring and scorching sun in Viaruha village.

The rear guard were disconcerted on leaving Namianja Valley by the hitherto peaceful natives turning out suddenly *en masse* with war-cries, and with very menacing gestures. They advanced to the attack twice, without, however, doing more than levelling their spears and threatening to launch them. On the third advance, conceiving that the guard must be terribly frightened by their numbers, they shot some eight or ten arrows, at which the Commander ordered a few harmless shots to be fired, and this sufficed to send them scampering with loud cries up the hills.

Close behind the rear guard, but unknown to them, were advancing Uchunku, the Prince Royal of Ankori, and his escort of musketeers and spearmen, and a second deputation from the Waganda Christians. The Prince, in obedience to his father, was on his way to our camp to exchange blood and form a treaty with me. The Prince, hearing the shots, demanded to know the reason, and some of the Wahuma herdsmen, who had been spectators of the hostile play, explained, upon which the musketeers were sent in chase, killed two of the Wanyankori, and disarmed twenty of them.

At 2 p.m. Prince Uchunku and escort reached Viaruha, and instantly requested an interview. He was a sweet-faced, gentle-looking boy of about thirteen or fourteen years old, a true Mhuma with the Abyssinian features. He was accompanied by his governor, or guardian, an officer in command of the spearmen and carbine-armed guards of the Prince. He gave us two large steers; one had such massive and long horns, that made it but a poor traveller, and had to be slaughtered for beef. The usual friendly speeches were exchanged, and after he had fairly satisfied his curiosity with viewing the strange sights in camp, it was arranged that the ceremony should take place on the next day.

On the 23rd the ceremony passed off with considerable *éclat*. The Zanzibaris, Soudanese, and Manyemas were all under arms ready to salute the Prince with a few discharges from their rifles, at the face of the hill, about 400 yards away. The Maxim was also in order to assist with its automatic action.

The rite of blood brotherhood began with the laying of a Persian carpet, upon which the Prince and I took our seats cross-legged, with left

hands clasped across the knees. The Professors of the Art advanced, and made an incision in each left arm, and then each Professor took a small portion of butter, and two leaflets, which served as platters, mixed it with our blood, and then exchanging the leaves, our foreheads were rubbed with the mixture. The ceremony was thus relieved of the repulsiveness which accompanies it when performed among the Congo tribes. Then the Prince, who was now my young brother, took me by the hand into my hut to smile and to look pleased. His young heart was made glad with some choice Cairene cloths, a necklace contributed by the Egyptian women and the Pasha, of fine large beads, which captured his affection by storm. His governor received a cow, and the guardsmen received an ox to feast themselves with beef; and the Prince had, in his turn, to give a fine goat to our Professor, for these offices, even in Congo-land, are in high honour, and must receive handsome fees.

The rifles then fired five rounds each, to the boy's great admiration, but the showers of the Maxim, and the cloud of dust raised by the bullets on the face of the opposite hill, simply sent him into ecstasies, and to prevent him crying his soul out in rapture, he laid his hand firmly over his mouth. Opinions differed as to the reason of his covering his mouth, and even in jest it is not good to be untruthful, but some said that he feared his fine teeth would be snapped in pieces by excessive chattering in terror; but I firmly maintain that it was from childlike wonder and pleasure.

At any rate, I was publicly recognised as a son of Ankori, to be hereafter permitted to range at will throughout the dominions of Antari, with right of residence, and free access to every plantation in the kingdom. Furthermore, the Prince swore in his father's name—for so he was commanded—that all white men entering Ankori must have a recommendation from me, and then such kindness would be shown to them as would be shown to me personally. Only the cattle, goats, and weapons were exempted as private property, over which the king even has no right except when they belong to criminals.

With the Prince of Ankori was a second deputation from the Waganda Christians. The result of my long cross-examination of them I embodied in the following entry in my journal:—

“I feared when I first heard of the expulsion of the missionaries from Uganda that they had been inconsiderate, and impulsive, and acted regardless of consequences; that though their conduct was strictly upright and according to their code, their narrowness and want of sympathy had caused them to commit errors of judgment; but the Christian converts gave them an excellent character, and repeated much of the good advice Mr. Mackay had bestowed on them, which were undoubted proofs that though the yoke of Mwanga was exceedingly heavy to them, the missionaries had in this abstained from meddling in the politics of the country. Something like £50,000 must have been expended on this mission since it was established. Were the story of it truthfully written it would contain in itself all that is needed to guide those interested in it. The tragic deaths of Smith, O'Neil, Penrose, and Bishop Hannington, the mortal diseases which cut off Dr. Smith, and, as Zachariah tells me, two more, one of whom is called Bishop, the almost fruitless residence in Uganda of Messrs. Wilson, Pearson, and Felkin, the splendid successes of Mackay, and the industry and devotion of Ashe and Gordon. The history of these gentlemen's labours, successes, and failures could not be penned without immediate comprehensiveness of the causes which led some to triumph, where wisdom was exhibited, and rashness failed.

“No man having put his hand to the plough and looking back is fit for the

kingdom of heaven. No man having accepted trust can in honour do otherwise than continue in that trust until victory is assured. I suppose, as the note of retreat had been sounded before I left Africa, the council of the Christian Mission Society will order Mr. Mackay to withdraw now. I hope not. The expulsion of the missionaries and the dispersion of their Christian flocks would strike anyone else, looking at it from a layman's point of view, as the dawn of the day of victory. The shouts of triumph uttered by the Mohammedans now in power should not dishearten, but should inspire them to nobler and wiser efforts, to persevere patiently and unremittingly. No great cause, no great work, or great enterprise was ever successful without perfect faith that it was worthy of unwearying effort and strenuous striving.

"Out of the 4,000 or 5,000 converts reported by Zachariah and Samuel now in Ankori and Uddu, let us assume 2,000 as being due to the labours of Mackay and his worthy associates. At £50,000, each convert would appear to have cost £25. I am not one of those who would always appeal to the State for help in such a crisis as this, but to those able to spare out of great wealth, and who yet answer that they must attend to those at home first, I would give the reply of the wise Gentile woman—'True, Lord, but the dogs pick up crumbs that fall from their master's table.'

"The success of the mission to Nyanza is proved by the sacrifices of the converts, by their determined resistance to the tyrant, by their successful deposition of him. I have read somewhere that the recognition of belligerents is not permissible until it is proved that they can hold their own. If this be so the Waganda converts have proved that the mission was a success, and a most remarkable success. The missionaries were compelled to bore deep down, and after that the element sprang up spontaneously. After years of baffling and unpromising work the converts flocked spontaneously to the new church of Equatorial Africa. Princes and peasants, chiefs and warriors, came forward to be instructed in the Christian religion, and to be taught the arts of reading and writing, and to be the proud possessors of printed books in their own language, treating of the Author of salvation and His sufferings on behalf of humanity.

"The progress of this religion became alarming to the Mohammedans and their native sympathisers, but it was not until the death of the politic Mtesa that they could venture upon any plan to thwart its growth. The accession of a boy-prince to the throne, and the vices, banghi-smoking, drunkenness, and licentiousness, disclosed the means whereby the Christians might be suppressed, and the Moslems, with a low, mean craftiness, and charged with concentrated malice, were not slow to avail themselves of their opportunities. The young king, despite the reputable character the whites had won from all classes of the people, now regarded them with thoughts foully perverted by unmeasured slander. To his distorted view the missionaries were men banded together for the undermining of his authority, for sapping the affections and loyalty of his subjects, and for presently occupying the whole of Uganda. These various expeditions, which as every one knew were roaming over the country, now in Masai-land, presently in Usoga, then again in Usukuma and Unyamwezi, the quarrels on the coast between Seyyid Barghash and the Germans, the presence of war-ships at Zanzibar, the little colonies of Germans studding the coast-lands—what else could all these movements aim at but the forcible conquest of Africa? Hence an era of persecution was initiated by the order to burn and slay; hence the *auto-da-fé* in Uganda, the murder of Bishop Hannington, and the massacre of his caravan in Usogo, the doom that ever seemed to be imminent over the head of the faithful and patient Mackay, and the menaced suspension of mission work. When the Christians had scattered into their hiding-places, and the jealousy of the Moslems had cooled, the young king merged into an intolerable despot, and murdered indiscriminately. Many an eminent person in the land fell a victim to his suspicions, and was ordered to be either clubbed to death or strangled. It was then the Mohammedans, fearing for their own lives,

solicited the aid of the Christians, and the tyrant was compelled to flee the kingdom, to find leisure to repent during his Lake voyages, and finally to submit to be baptised." *

Zachariah and Samuel were now informed that, owing to the impossibility of leaving my charge, they had better trust to Mr. Stokes and Mr. Mackay, and that if I could explain matters to their English friends I would surely do so. Then, seeing that I was resolved on departure, five of the Christians begged to be permitted to accompany me to the sea, which permission was readily granted.

On the 24th, after winding in and out of several valleys, between various pastoral ranges, which were black from recent fires, as the grass everywhere was white with age and drought, we entered the valley of Mavona, to descend gradually amid a thin forest of acacia sprinkled with euphorbia, milk-weed, thistles, and tall aloetic plants. The settlement of Mavona produced abundantly quite a variety of garden produce, such as peas, beans, tomatoes, potatoes, manioc, cucumbers, banigalls, bananas, and plantains.

The next day, continuing down the Mavona valley for four and a half hours, we suddenly came in sight of the Alexandra valley, and found that the long line of hills which winded S.S.E. was on the Karagwé side of the river. At this season the features of the land on both sides are very forbidding, and unrelieved by any patch of cultivation, and rendered more so by the fires, which have transformed every valley and hill into wastes of black ashes and desolateness.

During the 26th and 27th we were ferried across the river in four double sets of most uncouth canoes, and then the Ankori escort, the Waganda converts, were dismissed, having satisfied Antari and each of our friends with such gifts as won their professions of gratitude.

The Alexandra Nile at this place was about 125 yards wide, of an average depth of nine feet, and flowing three knots per hour in the centre.

* By a letter dated November 21st, 1889, written from Bukumbi, south end of Lake Victoria, I learn from Mr. C. Stokes that he reached Mwanga's island safely. On his arrival he found that, though in a tolerably favourable position, food was scarce, and sickness was troubling the camp. He resolved to make a bold advance to the capital, and for this purpose requested the chief of the Christians in Uddu to advance by land. On reaching within one day's march of the capital the Christians were attacked and in great danger, but Mr. Stokes, Mwanga, and his faithful followers hurried to their aid, and Karema and the Mohammedan party were defeated. On the 4th of October another battle took place close to the capital Rubaga, whereat Karema and his Arab confederates were completely routed, and on the 5th, Mwanga and his white friend entered the capital. Karema and his Arab auxiliaries attempted to take refuge in Unyoro, but Kabba Rega, the King of Unyoro, refused to admit him unless he parted from his Arab friends. He was therefore compelled to seize a position near the northern frontier of Uganda, where he remained at last accounts with 500 guns. So ends this romantic history for the time. Mwanga is again on his throne, and the English and French missionaries are again established in Uganda.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE TRIBES OF THE GRASS-LAND.

THE Wahuma are the most interesting people, next to the Pigmies, in all Central Africa. Some philological *nidders* have classed them under the generic name-Bantu, and every traveller ambitious of being comprehended among the scientific, adds his testimony and influence to perpetuate this most unscientific term. *Bantu* is an Inner African word of which the translation is Men. We are therefore asked seriously to accept it as a solemn fact, upon scientific authority, that the Wahuma, like the Pigmies, are men.

The Wahuma are the exact opposite of the dwarfs. The latter are under-sized nomads, adapted by their habits to forest life; the former are tall, finely-formed men, with almost European features, adapted from immemorial custom and second nature to life in pastoral lands only. Reverse their localities, and they pine and die. Take the Pigmies out of their aboreal recesses and perpetual twilight, and from their vegetable diet, and plant them on a grass-land open to the winds and the sunshine, feed them on beef and grain and milk as you may, and they shrink with the cold and exposure, refuse their meat, and droop to death. On the other hand, deport the Wahuma into the woods, and supply them with the finest vegetables, and always with plenty of food, and the result is, that they get depressed, their fine brown-black colour changes into ashen grey, the proud haughty carriage is lost, they contract an aspect of misery, and die in despair and weariness. Yet these two opposites of humanity are called Bantu, or men, a term which is perfectly meaningless, and yet as old as the story of the Creation. In North America we see to-day Esquimaux, English, Irish, German, French and Spanish Americans, and Indians, and after the scientific manner we should call them Bantu. Interest in the various human families is not roused by comprehending them under such unphilosophical terms.

The Wahuma are true descendants of the Semitic tribes, or communities, which emigrated from Asia across the Red Sea and settled on the coast and in the uplands of Abyssinia, once known as Ethiopia. From this great centre more than a third of the inhabitants of Inner Africa have had their origin. As they pressed southward and conquered the negro tribes miscegenation produced a mixture of races; the Semitic became tainted with negro blood, the half-caste tribes intermarried again with the primitive race, and became still more degraded in feature and form, and in the course of ages lost almost all traces of their extraction from the Asiatic peoples. If a traveller only bears this fact in mind, and commences his researches from the Cape of Good Hope, he will be able easily, as he marches northward, to separate the less adulterated tribes from those who are so nearly allied to the true negro type as to bear classification as negroid. The kinky, woolly hair is common to all; but even in this there are shades of difference, from that which is coarse almost as horse-hair, to that which rivals silken floss for fineness. The study of the hair may, however, be left; the great and engrossing study being the Caucasian faces under the negro hair. From among the Kafirs, Zulus, Matabeles, Basutos, Bechuanas, or any other of the fierce South African tribes, select an ordinary specimen of

those splendidly-formed tribes so ruthlessly denominated as negroes, and plant him near a West African, or Congoese, or Gabonese type, and place a Hindu between them, and having been once started on the right trail of discovery, you will at once perceive that the features of the Kafir are a subtle amalgamation of the Hindu and West African types; but if we take a Mhuina of mature age, the relation to the Hindu will still more readily appear. Advancing across the Zambesi towards the watershed of the Congo and Loangwa, we observe among the tribes a confusion of types, which may be classed indifferently as being an intermediate family between the West African and the Kafir; an improvement on the former but not quite up to the standard of the latter. If we extend our travels east or west we will find this to be a far-spreading type. It embraces the Babisa, Barua, Balunda, and the tribes of the entire Congo basin; and to the eastward, Wachunga, Wafipa, Wakawendi, Wakonongo, Wanyamwezi, and Wasukuma. Among them, every now and then, we will be struck with the close resemblance of minor tribal communities to the finest Zulus, and near the eastern littoral we will see negroid West Africans reproduced in the Waiau, Wasagara, Wangindo, and the blacks of Zanzibar. When we return from the East Coast to the uplands bordering the Tanganika, and advance north as far as Ujiji, we will see the stature and facial type much improved. Through Ujiji we enter Urundi, and there is again a visible improvement. If we go east a few days we enter Uhiha, and we are in the presence of twin-brothers of Zululand—tall, warlike creatures, with Caucasian heads and faces, but dyed darkly with the sable pigment. If we go east a little further, among those mixtures of pure negroes, with Kafir type of ancient Ukalaganza, now called Usumbwa, we see a tall, graceful-looking herdsman with European features, but dark in colour. If we ask him what he is, he will tell us his occupation is herding cattle, and that he is a Mtusi, of the Watusi tribe. "Is there any country, then, called Utusi?" and he will answer "No; but he came from the north." We advance to the north, and we find ourselves travelling along the spine of pastoral upland. We are in the Nilotic basin. Every streamlet trends easterly to a great inland sea called now the Victoria Nyanza, or westerly to the Albert Edward Nyanza. This upland embraces Ruanda, Karagwé, Mpororo, Ankori, Ihangiro, Uhaiya, and Uzongora, and all these tribes inhabiting those countries possess cattle; but the people are not all herds-men. Many among them are devoted to agriculture. After journeying hither and thither, we are impressed with the fact that all those occupied with tending cattle are similar to that graceful Mtusi whom we met in Usumbwa, and who vaguely pointed to the north as his original home, and that all the agriculturists are as negroid in feature as any thick-lipped West Coast African. By dwelling among them, we also learn that the herdsmen regard those who till the soil with as much contempt as a London banking clerk would view the farm-labourer. Still advancing to the north we behold an immense snowy range. It is an impassable barrier; we deflect our march to the west, and find this Mtusi type numerous, and stretching up to the foot of the mountains, and to dense, impenetrable forests unfit for the herding of cattle; and at once the Caucasian type ceases, and the negroid features, either coppery, black, or mixed complexion—the flat nose, the sunken ridge, and the projecting of the lower part of the face—are dumb witnesses that here the wave of superior races was arrested. We retrace our steps, ascend to the upland, and skirt the

snowy range eastward, and over a splendid grazing country called Toro, Uhaiyana, and Unyoro, we see the fine-featured herdsmen again in numbers attending their vast herds, and the dark flat-nosed negroid tilling the land with hoes, as we saw them further south. After passing the snowy range on its northern extremity, we proceed west across the flat grassy valley of the Semliki to other grassy uplands parallel with Unyoro, but separated from it by the Albert Nyanza; and over this pastoral region are living together, but each strictly adhering to his own pursuits, the herdsmen and the tillers of the soil. During our travels from Usumbwa the herdsmen have changed their names from Watusi to Wanyambu, Wahuma, Waima, Wawitu, and Wachwezi. That is, they have accepted these titles in the main from the agricultural class, but whether in Ankori, or among the Balegga and Bavira, or dwelling with the Waganda or in Unyoro, they call themselves Watusi, Wahuma, or Wachwezi. In Karagwé, Ankori, or Usongora, they are the dominating classes. Their descendants sit in the seat of power in Ihangiro, Uhaiya, Uganda, and Unyoro; but the people of these countries are an admixture of the Zulu and West African tribes, and therefore they are more devoted to agriculture. When, as, for instance, tribes such as Waganda, Wasoga, and Wakuri have been left to grow up and increase in power and prosperity, we have but to look at the sea-like expanse of the Victoria Nyanza, and we see the reason of it. No further progress was possible, and the wave of migration passed westward and eastward, and overlapped these tribes, and in their progress southward dropped a few members by the way, to become absorbed by the members of the agricultural class, and to lose their distinctive characteristics.

As the traditions of Unyoro report that the Wachwezi came from the eastern bank of the Victoria Nile, we will cross that river, and we find that between us and Abyssinia there are no grand physical features such as great lakes or continuous ranges to bar the migration to the south of barbarous multitudes; that the soil is poor and the climate dry, and pasture unpromising, and that all the tribes are devoted to the rearing of cattle; that the indigenous races, such as we see in the Congo basin and near the littoral of East Africa, disparted by the waves of migrating peoples on their course south, have been so thoroughly extinguished by the superior Indo-African race that the vast area of the upland from the Victoria Nile to the Gulf of Aden simply repeats its long-established types, which we may call Galla, Abyssinian, Ethiopic, or Indo-African.* This too brief outline will serve to prepare the reader for knowing something more of the Wahuma, the true descendants of these Ethiopians, who

* It therefore appears necessary, when speaking of the coloured races of Inner Africa, to bear in mind that they are now developed into five distinct types, which may be called Pigmy, Negro, Semi-Ethiopic, Ethiopic, and Berberine or Mauresque, and that among these types there are found a number modified by amalgamation of one with another, such as Pigmy with Negro—producing tribes whose adult males have an average height of 5 feet 2 inches; Negro with Omani Arabs, as on the Eastern sea-board; Ethiopic with Arab, as along the littoral in the neighbourhood of the Jub; Berberine with Negro, as in Darfour, Kordofani, the herdsmen of the Upper Nile, and east of Sierra Leone.

I regret that time does not permit me to illustrate what has been stated above by a map, by which every reader would understand at a glance what has been effected during fifty centuries by long successive waves of migration from Asia into Africa.

have for fifty centuries been pouring over the continent of Africa east and west of the Victoria Nyanza in search of pasture, and while doing so have formed superior tribes and nations along their course, from the Gulf of Aden to the Cape of Good Hope—a vast improvement on the old primitive races of Africa.

I propose to illustrate the *Wahuma* by our experiences with those who recognised *Kavalli* as chief.

Looking westward from *Kavalli's* we had a prospect of over 1,000 square miles. Though fairly populous in parts, the view was so immense that it suggested little of human presence except in the immediate foreground. Compared to the mountainous ridges and great swells of land, what were a few clusters of straw-coloured cotes, with generous spaces between showing the small arable plots of the *Bavira* soil-tillers? During the earlier days of our residence at *Kavalli* we enjoyed the free, uninterrupted, limitless view of pasture-land, swelling ridge, bold mountain, isolated hill, subsiding valleys, and extending levels. Undisturbed by anxiety from want of food, and satisfied with our diet of grass-land esculents and nourishing meat, it was exhilarating to the nerves to watch the countless grass blades stoop in broad waves before the gusty winds from the *Nyanza*, and see them roll and swerve in currents of varying green, after our long forest life.

Kavalli's *zeriba*, wherein he herded his cattle and flocks every night, was in the centre of a gentle slope of turfy green. Constant browsing by the swarming herds of himself and *Wahuma* neighbours kept the grass short, and gave us unobstructed views and walks over delicious pasture. Even the tiny chicklings attendant on the mother hen might be numbered at a bowshot's distance. Every few yards or so there rose an ant-hill from 3 to 12 feet high. They served happily enough for the herdsmen to keep watch over their herds and flocks of sheep and goats, and those near the kraals were the resort of the elders and gossips to discuss the events of the period. There at such times, in low converse with *Kavalli* and his aged men, I gained large insight into the local histories of the villages and tribes about him. Indeed, no more suitable spot could be found, for before us were mapped out nearly threescore districts.

Far to the west rose *Pisgah*, throned high above a hundred leagues of dark forest-land, and every yard of its contour distinct in delineation against the reddening sky. Lifted in lone majesty, a sombre mass, it attracted the attention in every pause of the conversation. From *Pisgah*, which to *Kavalli* was the end of the world, all beyond being fable and night, he would direct our gaze to *Kimberri's* cones, a day's march N.N.W. to the lofty peak of *Kuka* seen just behind, and then to the massy square-browed mount of *Duki*, and the flats below occupied by the *Balungwa*, of whose numerous herds he had much to say; and to *Kavalli*, be it remembered, there was no subject so worthy of talk as cattle. To the south of west a range of grassy mountains rose in *Mazamboni's* country, and extending in a seemingly unbroken line to the verge of the gulf occupied by the *Albert Lake*, and its bordering plains, valleys, and terraces. The westerly portion is governed by *Mazamboni*, the easterly by Chief *Komubi*. The plain extending from the mountains as far as *Kavalli* is called *Uzanza*, and is occupied by the agricultural *Bavira*, who came originally from behind *Duki*, in the neighbourhood of *Kuka Peak*. Between *Kavalli* and *Kimberri* a great cantle of the plain is owned by warlike *Musiri* and his people.

Having dealt with the main feature of the land, Kavalli proceeds to unbosom himself. He is in danger of his life from Kadongo, who is an ally of Kaoba-Rega, and he has an enemy in Katonza. Some years ago Kavalli possessed a village near the Nyanza, where his fishermen lived. Kadongo envied him the fine possession, and with Katonza and some raiders of Unyoro set upon Kavalli, burned his village, slew many of his people, and despoiled him of all his cattle in one night. Kavalli fled to Melindwa, and after awhile he returned to live with the Bavira, and by scraping a bit here and there, and making good bargains, he can show about eighty head of cattle to-day. He has received warning, however, that Kadongo will attack him again.

No sooner has Kavalli ceased his graphic recital of wrongs endured, than Katto and Kalengé—Mazamboni's brother and cousin—begin to detail the wrongs inflicted on them by Musiri. A brother and a sister, several relatives, and many friends have been slaughtered by relentless Musiri. The stories are given circumstantially, with expressive action, and heighten the atrocious conduct of Musiri.

Then Gavira begins to relate how the Balegga of Mutundu, and Musiri, have illtreated him. According to him, what few herds escaped the rapacious Wara-Sura during their periodic raids have been often thinned by the nocturnal cattle-lifters of Mutundu and Musiri, who steal alternately from him. "Ah," says Gavira, "to-day it is the Wara-Sura, to-morrow it is Musiri, the day after Mutundu: we are continually flying to the hills from somebody."

Yet, gazing on the wonderfully pleasant scene of green grass-land before us, with not a cloud in the sky, and a drowsy restfulness everywhere, who could have supposed this Areadia-like land was disturbed by contentions, enmities, and wars?

Most of the Wahuma now west of the Albert came from Unyoro, as they fled from the avaricious tyranny and avarice of its kings.

Old Ruguji, for instance, who is next neighbour to Kavalli, and whose forty head of cattle we rescued for him from Melindwa, was born in Unyoro, and remembers his great-grandfather, who must have been born about 1750 A.D. When he was ten years old (1829) Ruguji remembered Chowambi, father of Kamrasi, the father of Kabba-Rega, sending to his great-grandfather for cattle. "At that time the Semliki River flowed into a large lagoon, called Katera, on the south-east side of the Lake. The Waganda were often prevented from crossing over to the Balegga countries because of those lagoons, but since the lagoons have been filled with mud, and the Semliki falls into the Lake, and as Kamrasi wanted cattle continually, and one day he took all, I took my women and children, when I was a young man, and came over here."

"Have you had peace here, Ruguji?"

"See my scars; I have things to remind me of the Balegga and Melindwa, Musiri and the Wara-Sura. The Bavira also came from Kuka-land, and they asked our permission while we were feeding our herds to come and live with us, but they have the big head also, and some day there will be trouble with them."

The pasture-land lying between Lake Albert and the forest was subjected to much denudation by rain. Though the bosses of hills, ridges, dykes bear an approximately uniform level, the intermediate ground varies greatly—it is highest of course as it approaches the Albert, and lowest

towards the Ituri river, which drains nearly the whole of the area. It would be difficult, however, to find an absolutely level tract of any respectable extent, though a cursory view of it might decide otherwise. It is a complicated system of slope and counter-slope, supplying scores of tributary rivulets, brooks, and streams, belonging to some main feeder of the Ituri.

The nature of the soil, being a loose sandy loam—loosened still more by hosts of burrowing beetles, which do the office of moles and earthworms—offers no resistance to the perpetual denuding of the surface by frequent furious and long-lasting rain-storms, despite its rich crops of grass. A visit to one of the streams after a rain-storm reveals how rapid is the process of destruction; and if we follow one of these smaller streams to the confluence with the main tributary, we shall see yet greater proofs of the havoc created in the face of the apparently smooth swells of land than would appear at first possible by a few hours' heavy rain.

In the district in view from Kavalli I have estimated that the entire number of cattle cannot exceed 4,000 head. They are almost equal in size to English oxen, and are of a humpless breed, very different from the species south and east of Lake Victoria. The horns are of medium length, though there are some few distinguished for unusual length of their horns. The bulls, however, were well developed in the hump. The cattle of Usongora and Unyoro are mostly all of a hornless and humpless breed, and principally of a fawn colour, while those of Ankori have immensely long horns, and their hides are of variegated hue. It is said that the cattle are made hornless by burning them with fire, with a view to enable them to penetrate jungles. The owners mark their cattle on the ears with one or several cuts, by piercing or excision at the ends.

Kavalli informed me that large numbers of cattle are sometimes poisoned by plants, if they happened to be driven somewhere not generally haunted by them. Repeated burnings of the grass, however, render the herbage innocuous. The plains in the neighbourhood of the Lake are very fatal to the herds. In fifteen days a disease develops, with a running at the nostrils; the milk dries up, the coats begin to stare, the animal refuses to eat, and dies.

The old Wahuma have good veterinary knowledge perhaps, but many of their practices would not bear repeating. I wished to have some butter made with my ration of milk, and sent to borrow a churning gourd, and after the operation directed the servants to wash the vessel; but this produced a storm of reproaches. They believed water in the vessel to injure the cattle. Nor will they permit a person who eats cooked food to put his lips to any pot, basin, or gourd that is used in contact with their cows.

The sound of the churning was heard daily in a hut near my tent, and the operation was performed in a somewhat similar style to agitating a punkah, the milk gourd being suspended to the rafter of a house.

The milk yield of the cattle is very small considering the size of the cattle and the abundance of pasturage. The best milker does not furnish more than half a gallon per diem. Kavalli's boys and young men were employed in milking our cattle. They invariably lashed the hind legs together, and brought the calf to its mother's head; one hand held the wooden vessel and the other milked, and they appeared to leave but little for the hungry calves. The goats often gave us as much milk as an ordinary cow, but I have never observed that the natives cared for the fair supply they might have obtained from these useful animals.

Though a woman is as much a chattel in these lands as any article their lords may own, and is priced at from one to five head of cattle, she is held in honour and esteem, and she possesses rights which may not be overlooked with impunity. The dower stock may have been surrendered to the father, but if she be illused she can easily contrive at some time to return to her parents, and before she be restored the husband must repurchase her, and as cattle are valuable, he is likely to bridle his temper. Besides, there is the discomfort of the cold hearth, and the chilly arrangement of the household, which soon serve to subdue the tyrant.

I was requested to adjudicate a case relating to marriage customs, between Kavalli on the one hand, owner of a slave girl, and Katonza, a Mhuma chief. The latter had sought Kavalli's girl in marriage, and had paid two cows for her out of three that had been fixed as the price. Kavalli therefore detained the bride of Katonza, and this detention was the cause of his grievance. The price was not denied, and Katonza offered a plea that he feared the girl might not be surrendered by Kavalli if he paid the third cow. He was requested to put the cow into court, and in this manner the bride was forthcoming.

Kavalli brought another case to me for consideration. He was already five times married, and he desired a sixth wife. He had purchased her from the tribe of Bugombi, and her parents, having heard something to his prejudice, wished to compel a double payment, and would not deliver her to him. Whereupon I suggested to Kavalli that by giving another cow and a calf the matter might be arranged.

The next case that I had to judge was somewhat difficult. Chief Mpigwa having appeared at the Barza (Durbar), a man stepped up to complain of him, because he withheld two cows that belonged to his tribe. Mpigwa explained that the man had married a girl belonging to his tribe and had paid two cows for her, that she had gone to his house, and in course of time had become a mother, and had borne three children to her husband. The man died, whereupon his tribe accused the woman of having contrived his death by witchcraft, and drove her home to her parents. Mpigwa received her into the tribe with her children, and now the object of complaint was the restoration of the two cows to the husband's tribe. "Was it fair," asked Mpigwa, "after a woman had become the mother of three children in the tribe to demand the cattle back again after the husband's death, when they had sent the woman and her infants away of their own accord?" The decision upheld Mpigwa in his views, as such conduct was not only heartless and mean, but tended to bring the honoured custom of marriage contracts into contempt.

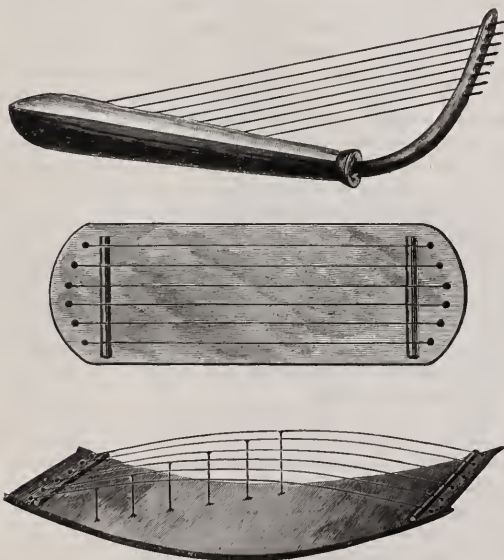
The women have control within the house, and over the products of the dairy and the field. It is the man's duty to build the house, tend and milk the cattle, repair the fence, and provide the clothing, which is naturally scanty; but it is the woman who cultivates the field, makes the butter, and does the marketing. Butter and milk must be purchased from her, as well as the provisions. It is an universal custom in Africa.

The dress of the men consists generally of a single goat-skin, which depends from the left shoulder. It is varied with antelope-hide with the hair scraped off, excepting a margin of three or four inches wide round the borders. The wives are clothed with cow-hides, which are often beautifully tanned and soft: slave women, in the absence of a goat skin, wear a strip of leather round the waist, from which a narrow piece of bark cloth depends

in front and back, or a very limited apron. Girls up to a marriageable age travel about publicly in complete nudity, while boys over ten years old are rarely seen without a kid-skin, aping the adult: on occasions of rejoicing each woman bears in her girdle at the back a bunch of green leaves, corn or sugar-cane leaves, or a piece of banana frond.

The favourite wives of chiefs, or "medicine women," "witches," are also entitled, like the great chiefs, to wear a leopard-skin, or in lieu of that, eat or monkey-skins. It seems to be a pretty general idea that leopard or lion skins prove rank and dignity. If a stranger expresses a doubt that a chief is only a person of low rank, he points to his leopard-skin and asks, "How can I possess this, then?"

In looking over Wilkinson's 'Ancient Egyptians' the other day, I was



MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF THE BALEGGA.

much struck with the conservative character of the African, for among the engravings I recognise in plate 459 the form of dress most common among the Wahuma, Watusi, Wanyambu, Wahha, Warundi, and Wanyavingi, and which were in vogue thirty-five centuries ago among the black peoples who paid tribute to the Pharaohs. The musical instruments also, such as are figured in plates 135, 136—a specimen of which is in the British Museum—we discovered among the Balegga and Wahuma, and in 1876 among the Basoga. The hafts of knives, the grooves in the blades and their form, the triangular decorations in plaster in their houses, or on their shields, bark cloths, boxes, cooking utensils, and in their weapons, spears, bows, and clubs; in their *mundus*, which are similar in form to the old pole-axe of the Egyptians, in the curved head-rests, their ivory and wooden spoons; in their eared sandals, which no Mhuma would travel without; in

their partiality to certain colours, such as red, black, and yellow; in their baskets for carrying their infants; in their reed flutes; in the long walking-staffs; in the mode of expressing their grief, by wailing, beating their breasts, and their gestures expressive of being inconsolable; in their sad, melancholy songs; and in a hundred other customs and habits, I see that old Egyptian and Ethiopian characteristics are faithfully preserved among the tribes of the grass-land.

The boys have games similar to those of "marbles" and ball and backgammon with us. As the ancients bore their watering-pots for irrigating their fields, so the Wabuma convey the milk to their chiefs; and the oil of their castor berries, and butter, serve to perpetuate the custom of old antiquity in their ablutions; and in the respect paid to the elders and their chiefs by the modern youth of Inner Africa may be observed that reverence which was so often inculcated in the olden time. These people, having no literature, and undisturbed by advent of superior influences among them, have only learned what has been communicated to them by their parents, who had received from their progenitors such few functions and customs as were necessary for existence and preservation of their particular tribal distinctions. Thus the unlettered tribes of these long unknown regions are discovered to be practising such customs, habits and precepts as must have distinguished the ancestors of the founders of the Pyramids in the dark prehistoric ages of Egypt.

No traces of any religion can be found among the Wabuma. They believe most thoroughly in the existence of an evil influence in the form of a man, who exists in uninhabited places, as a wooded, darksome gorge, or large extent of reedy brake, but that he can be propitiated by gifts; therefore the lucky hunter leaves a portion of the meat, which he tosses, however, as he would to a dog, or he places an egg, or a small banana, or a kid-skin, at the door of the miniature dwelling which is always found at the entrance to the zeriba.

Every person wears a charm around the neck, or arm, or waist. They believe in "evil eyes" and omens, but are not so superstitious as the Waganda, probably because they are so scattered. Witchcraft is dreaded, and the punishment of a suspected person follows swiftly.

Poor Gaddo, a good-looking, faithful young fellow who accompanied Mr. Jephson as lake pilot to Mswa Station soon after his return to Kavalli's village, was suspected of conspiring against his chief. Gaddo came to me and reported that he was in danger, and he was advised to remain in my camp until we should leave. The elders proceeded with a fowl to a distance of about a hundred yards beyond the camp, and opened the breast. They were seen whispering together over what they had discovered, and it was presently known that the jury had found Gaddo guilty of evil practices against Kavalli, and this was doom. As Gaddo was as guiltless as the babe unborn, a messenger was sent to the chief to say that if he were injured Kavalli would be held responsible. Yet Gaddo felt so uncomfortable in the vicinity of the village, as public opinion had already condemned him, that he sought to escape to Katonza's by the lake, but on the brow of the plateau fate found him. It was reported circumstantially that while standing on a rock he had fallen over and broken his neck. It was very sad to hear the young wife and children and sisters wailing for the dead, and Kavalli was markedly good and amiable in those days.



WEAPONS OF THE BALEGGA AND WAHUMA TRIBES.

The diet of the Wahuma is principally milk. The sale of their butter and hides now and then enables them to purchase sweet potatoes, millet, and bananas, but it is with a peculiar pride they say they are not "hoo-men." The sorghum of the tribes around them is of the red variety. The Indian corn, or maize, is of an inferior quality. It is planted in the latter part of February at the same period as the beans. In two months the latter are fit to be eaten. A month later the corn comes into ear, and in the fourth month it is mature. In September the millet is sown and is ripe for cutting in February. Every village owns extensive tracts planted with sweet potatoes, and along the edges of their plantain groves they grow *colocassia*, or *helmsia*; but the latter are not favourites with strangers, as ignorance in the art of cooking them leaves them nauseous.

The "malwa," or beer, is from fermented millet and ripe bananas. It is in great demand, and a chief's greatest business in life appears to be paying visits to his friends round about, for the purpose of exhausting their malwa pots. Fortunately, it is not very potent, and is scarcely strong enough to do more than inspire a happy convivial feeling.

The climate of the region is agreeable. Five hours' work per day can be performed, even out-door, without discomfort from excessive heat, and three days out of seven during the whole of daylight, because of the frequent clouded state of the sky. When, however, the sky is exposed, the sun shines with a burning fervour that makes men seek the shelter of their cool huts. The higher portions of the grass-land—as at Kavalli's, in the Balcgga Hills, and on the summit on the Ankori pastoral ranges—range from 4,500 to 6,500 feet above the sea, and large extents of Toro and Southern Unyoro as high as 10,000, and promise to be agreeable lands for European settlers when means are provided to convey them there. When that time arrives they will find amiable, quiet, and friendly neighbours in that fine-featured race, of which the best type are the Wahuma, with whom we have never exchanged angry words, and who bring up vividly to the mind the traits of those blameless people with whom the gods deigned to banquet once a year upon the heights of Ethiopia.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

TO THE ENGLISH MISSION STATION, SOUTH END OF VICTORIA NYANZA.

A STRANGER entering Ankori or Karagwé in the dry season, and taking a casual view around, and seeing only vast spaces made black with fire, and lines and massive outcroppings of grey rock, long mountainous ridges heaving one after another, all burnt up, and scorched to seeming desolateness, would be apt to exclaim impatiently, "Show me one beauty-spot on the face of it!" This man is an old acquaintance of mine. He is a spleeny, querulous, joyless fellow, of thin blood and aching liver. He will go to the Congo, or to East Africa, or to Bechuanaland, and standing on an ant-heap, he will ask with a sneer, "Do you call this Africa? Pho!" Nevertheless, within three weeks after the fire which burnt the sere grass, and gave the land an aspect of desolation, the young grass is waving merrily, exulting in its youth, and beauty, and greenness over mountain summit, slope, and valley, and these two pasture-lands, renowned for the

breeding of their cattle, really look beautiful. I have seen them now under two aspects. To Ankori I give the preference. In it are mighty extents of plain stretching in a hazy, billowy manner, broken up here and there by humpy eminences, pap-like hills, and dwarfish mounts, divided by tributaries of the Alexandra like the Rwizi, or by feeders of the Albert Edward like the Rusango, and all within curving lines of grand grass-covered ranges, which separate one broad river basin from another. It seems as though all this was arranged after some cunning plan, to meet



A HOT SPRING, MTAGATA. (*From a Photograph.*)

the exigencies of exclusive tribes. The plan has been defeated, however, for Antari reigns over the basins of the Rwizi, the Namianja, the Rusango, and many another stream, despite the mountainous dyke, and of late years he has annexed Mpororo country, and if his power were equal to his ambition he would probably annex Karagwé and Koki, and Uddu, down to the Victoria Lake.

We are now in Karagwé. The Alexandra Nile—drawing its waters from Ruanda, Mpororo, to the west; and from north, Uhha; and north-east, Urundi and Kishakka—runs north along the western frontier of Karagwé, and reaching Ankori, turns sharply round to eastward to

empty into the Victorian Sea ; and as we leave its narrow valley, and ascend gradually upward, along one of those sloping narrow troughs so characteristic of this part of Central Africa, we camp at Unyakatera, below a mountain ridge of that name, and like the view obtained from that summit two score of times repeated, is all Karagwé. It is a system of deep narrow valleys running between long narrow ranges as far as the eye can reach. In the north of Karagwé they are drained by small streams which flow into the Alexandra.

The second day's travel was terminated when we reached Mtigata hot springs, which I have already described in 'Through the Dark Continent.'

Soon after reaching the camp our Nubians set out to hunt, for the land is famous for rhinoceros, and being good shots, they dropped four of these huge beasts, and captured a baby, which they brought to us. We tied the baby, which was as large as a prize boar, to a tree, and he fully showed what combativeness there was in his nature. Sometimes he mistook the tree for an enemy, and rushed to the attack, battering it with his horny nose until, perceiving that the tree obstinately resisted him, he would halt to reconnoitre it, as though he had the intention of assaulting it by another method ; but at such times some wicked Zanzibari boys prodded him in the hams with a reed cane, and uttering a startling squeal of rage he would dash at the offenders to the length of his tether. He seemed to me to be the stupidest, most irritable, intractable little beastie that ever I had met. Feeling himself restrained by the cord, he felt sure it must be the tree that was teasing him, and he would make another dash at it with such vehemence that sent him on his haunches ; prodded, pricked in the rear, he squealed again, and swinging round with wonderful activity, he would start headlong, to be flung on his back by the rope : until at last, feeling that it would be only misery to him to be carried to the coast, he was consigned to the butcher and his assistants.

On the march of July 31st to Kirurumo, Wadi Asmani, a Zanzibari headman, laid his rifle and box on the path, and disappeared without a word of parting or warning to any person, with nearly thirty months' pay due to him, while in perfect condition of body and at peace with all the world.

Captain Casati was placed in a hammock and carried on account of increasing weakness. The Pasha visited me, and related his opinion that Casati was a curious man. Said he : " I have just come from seeing my friend Casati ; I found him lying on some grass, and the sunshine pouring on his bare head with such heat that, even with my topee, I suffered inconvenience. He has four women, besides two Manyema and his young man from our province. I asked him why he did not make his people build him a shelter with banana leaves, for there were some within forty yards of him. He replied, ' I have no servants.' I then said to him, ' Why did you not send for the bath-tub I promised you ? You should avail yourself of these hot springs.' ' True,' he replied, ' but I have no people.' ' But you have four stout female servants that I know of.' ' Yes,' said he, ' but I don't like to ask them to do anything, lest they should say I work them like slaves. They are widows, you know, and their husbands are dead, etc.' "

The young pigmy damsel who had been with us for over a year began to show symptoms of chronic ill-health, and was left with the chief of Kirurumo. The little thing had performed devoted service to Surgeon



BABY RHINOCEROS SHOWING FIGHT IN CAMP.



Parke, who had quite won her heart with those soft gentle tones of his that made everybody smile affectionately on the Doctor. She used to be the guardian of his tent, and whenever the Doctor had to absent himself for his duties she crouched at the door, faithful as a spaniel, and would permit no intruder to approach the doorway. She performed her work in the most unobtrusive manner, and she was the only one of her sex who did not abuse the privileges we generally concede to women in the camp. On the road she carried the Doctor's satchel, and on nearing the resting-place she was as industrious as a bee in collecting fuel, and preparing the Surgeon's cheering cup of tea, which after patient teaching she learned was necessary for his well-being. There was a little fellow of her tribe attached to another of the officers, who never spoke a word to mortal being except to his master, was one of the first to gain camp, collect the fuel, and make his fire. Though loaded on the march he never appeared fatigued or worried, and never gave any trouble. Sometimes, when by his industry he had collected a stock of fuel, and a big callous-hearted ruffian took it from the boy, he would show his distress by his looks, but presently gathering courage he would abandon it and collect another pile, as though time was too precious to waste in useless argument over the inevitable. And thus the Pigmies showed by their conduct that they were related to all that was best and noble in human nature.

Kibbo-bora, a headman of the Manyema, lost his wife at the Hot Springs, and so great was his grief that he had to be restrained lest he should commit suicide. Sitting apart in the gorge of Mtagata he howled his laments during twenty-four hours, and his followers formed a chorus to respond to his mournful cries. None of us had much sleep that night, and thus we became involuntarily partakers of his woe. It was several days before the poor fellow recovered from the shock.

Continuing our journey along those grassy ridges which run parallel to deep narrow valleys in a S.S.E. and N.N.W. direction, almost invariably across the breadth of Karagwé and Ruanda to the westward, in three marches we arrived at Kafurro, a settlement that was once a favourite resort of Arab traders.

As in Uganda, changes have taken place in Karagwé. Mtesa, first made known to us by Captains Speke and Grant, has departed to the great majority, and within fourteen years Mwanga, Kiwewa, Karema, and again Mwanga, have sat on Mtesa's throne. Rumanika, the gentle pagan, a characteristic Mhuma, has gone too, to sleep only a little more peacefully than he had lived. And after him came Kyensi, his eldest son, who reigned only nine months. Then followed Kakoko, another son, who usurped the throne and reigned for three years, and during that time slew seventeen brothers, and put out the eyes of Luajumba, his youngest brother. Then Ka-chikonju went in unto Kakoko as he lay on his bedstead sodden with *malwa*, and drove his sharp spear twice through his breast, and relieved the land of the tyrant. The same month Hamed bin Ibrahim, who had lived in Karagwé many years trading in ivory, was murdered by his son, Syed bin Hamed. The successor of Kakoko to the rights and prerogatives of King of Karagwé is Ndagara, or Unyagumbwa, for he has two names, who was now in his sixteenth year, and as the son of Kyensi was the rightful heir.

The welcome extended to us through Ankori was extended to the Expedition in our journey through Karagwé. On the road to Kafurro we

had been permitted to help ourselves to bananas and plantains, and as soon as Ndagara was officially informed of our arrival, he despatched to camp a sufficient supply of bananas, an ox, fowls, *malwa*, and some loads of beans, sweet potatoes, and grain. In return I made him a present of a Winchester, and a couple of coils of wire.

Kiengo, also the old guide of Speke and Grant, who accompanied them from Unyanyembé to Unyoro, sent us an ox, bananas, fowls, and milk; and to Captain Nelson, because he bore some resemblance to "Speki," he gave a fat broad-tailed sheep, and the only tax we had to pay was that on our patience while listening to his reminiscences of "Speki," which he was never tired of repeating. ▶

The King of Uganda is greatly dreaded in Karagwé. Before Mwanga was deposed no stranger could pass through the land without obtaining his sanction. The Waganda, after the death of Rumanika, had carried matters with such a high hand that they also taxed Ndagara's Arab guests with the same freedom as they would have exacted toll in Uganda. Two years before our arrival the Waganda were in force at Ndagara's capital, and at Kitangulú to command the ferries across the Alexandra Nile. They found Bakari, a coast trader, occupying the place of Hamed Ibrahim at Kafurro, and demanded from him twenty guns and twenty kegs of powder, which he refused on the ground that he was a guest of the King of Karagwé, and not of the King of Uganda; whereupon he and his principal men were shot forthwith. Considering these things, it is not likely we should have had a peaceful passage through Karagwé had we adopted this route for the relief of Emin, with such quantities of ammunition and rifles as would have made Uganda so intractable that nothing but a great military force would have been able to bring its king to reason.

It was clearly demonstrated what hold Uganda maintained in Karagwé, when, in obedience to a request from twenty-six of the Pasha's people that I should obtain permission of Ndagara for them to remain in the land until they were cured of their ulcers, I sent word to the king that we had several men and women unable to travel through excessive illness. Ndagara returned a reply stating that on no consideration would he permit the people to stay, as if it once reached the ears of the King of Uganda that he allowed strangers to stay in his country, he would be so exasperated that he would not only send a force to kill the strangers, but that Karagwé would be ruined. His reply was given to the Pasha, and he explained and argued with his wearied and sick followers, but, as he said, they were resolved to stay, as they had only a choice of deaths, and as we were already cruelly loaded, there was no help for it.

From Kafurro we moved to Rozaka on the 7th, and the next day marched over dreary wastes of sere grass, in valley and on mountain. The morning was very gloomy and threatened rain, and after we had filed along a tall ridge in the face of a bitter and chilly wind, a drizzly sleet commenced to fall, which paralysed the Pasha's followers. The rear guard advancing after the column saw symptoms of collapse among many cases, and its commander, Captain Nelson, ordered a halt, and directed his men to make fires, but before the freezing people could reach the warmth many fell down and stiffened, and becoming powerless had to be carried to the fires and shampooed by the Zanzibaris, when they soon recovered. Five, however, had perished from the cold before the hard-worked rear guard could reach them. The head of the column, five miles ahead of the rear

guard, had spurred forward to gain shelter in the banana groves of Uthenga basin, utterly beyond recall, as the habit of the Egyptians and their followers was to dawdle along the road and place as much as a mile or two between them and the porters, who by long experience had learned that it was best to hurry to camp and be relieved of their burdens.

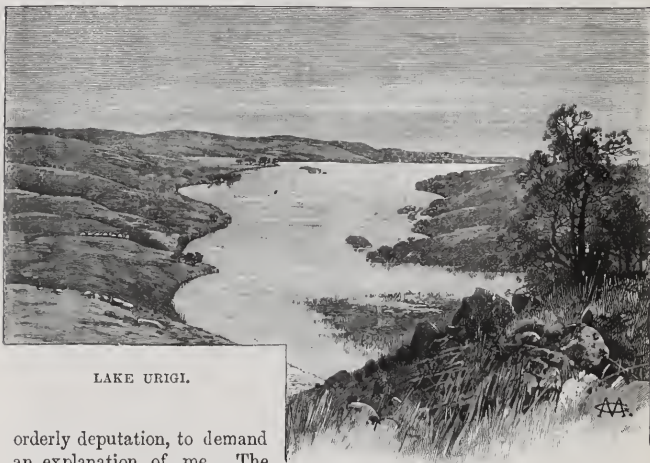
On the 10th we left Uthenga, and crossing two mountain ridges descended 800 feet to the narrow basin at the head of Urigi Lake, then traversed the ancient bed, and winding along a road followed the east shore line of the lake. On reaching camp, opposite to where the lake was about a mile wide, we slaughtered nine head of cattle for meat rations, and tossed two boxes of Remington ammunition into the water. We had already relieved ourselves of African curios from the forest-lands, and of every superfluous article. We were now beginning to relieve ourselves of the ammunition, to carry the sick refugees from the Equatorial Province.

On the 11th we passed out of Karagwé territory, and because of the complimentary introductions from Ndagara we were welcomed in Ihangiro, and were escorted from village to village until we halted at Kavari. But here was the end of the free living. Every grain and banana would have to be purchased henceforward. From the Albert Nyanza to this first important district in Ihangiro, nearly 600 miles, the Expedition had been supplied gratuitously and abundantly. It now behoved us to distribute to each man, woman, and child in the Expedition supplies of beads of various colours, red, white, blue, brown, and pink, of porcelain and glass, and each person would barter these currencies for food as he or she pleased. To people who were accustomed to eat five days' provisions in one day, it was imprudent to give more than four or five days' ration beads at a time. Had we given each person a month's allowance, which would have been a vast relief to our burdened carriers, and the saving of some sick people's lives—as we should have been enabled to have carried more of them in hammocks—nine-tenths of our followers would have expended their ration monies in purchasing only a little grain, but vast quantities of *mulwa*, fowls, and goats, and in ten days they would have applied for more beads or cloth, and the Expedition would have been halted, completely beggared.

The Lake of Urigi is pretty when seen from Useni or Kavari. At this season its hilly frame is all brown, with little dots of dark green bush scattered here and there; the water was of a light blue owing to a bright blue sky. Its receding waters have left great extents of flat plain on the sides and around the bays running far inland into valleys. Its shores and waters are favourite haunts of birds, from cranes, herons, and pelicans, to the small black *Parra Africana*, egrets and waders, which find excellent feeding over the large spaces near the extremities and shore-line of bays, covered with close-packed growths of *Pistia stratiotes* plants, until they resemble green lawns from a little distance off. Hippos abound, and, unfortunately, armies of black mosquitoes. The Eastern shore we found to be littered with bones of slain animals, for the lions and hyenas, it is said, kill much game. A large supply of fish is found in the lake, but they are infested with guinea worm—at least those which we purchased were deemed quite uneatable from that cause. The lake measures about twenty-five miles in length by from one to three miles wide, and is sunk about 1200 feet below the average level of the bare grassy hills around it.

From Kavari we journeyed along the lake shore to Mutara. No sooner

had we arrived than native men, women, and children visited us to barter their surplus provisions of grain, honey, fish, *malwa*, fowls, and bananas. The hard-headed Soudanese proceeded to the village of Mutara, a mile off, and, unduly oblivious of the orders given the day before when the beads were distributed, commenced to loot the village, more especially for *malwa* and beans. In a country where not the least obstacle is placed in the way of travellers, and where they might purchase anything of the product of the land for cash value, as much surprise would be manifested as in Cairo or London at the sight of a mob of men looting stores and markets. Consequently the natives expostulated, and demanded to know what this conduct implied. For answer, a Soudanese, Fathel Mullah, loaded his Remington and shot one man dead, another in the jaw, and another in the leg. As this was perfectly inexplicable to the natives, instead of avenging themselves there and then, a body of fifty of them came to the camp as an



LAKE URIGI.

orderly deputation, to demand an explanation of me. The story appeared so incredible that I sent an officer with them to see the dead man and wounded, and the officer on his return reported that the story was true. Then every man in the Expedition was mustered, the rolls were called, Zanzibaris, Soudanese, Manyuema, Egyptians, and their followers, and the natives were requested to walk all round the rude square, and point out the man who had entered their village to run amuck while the women were bartering in the camp, and after going searchingly about, five of them pointed at Fathel Mullah. As this was not sufficient evidence even, the question was addressed to the Soudanese, and his comrade Sururu stepped out and described the circumstance that a native had tried to prevent him taking a pot of *malwa*, whereupon, calling him *Abid* and *Kelb*—slave and dog—he shot him dead, and fired three or four times at others indiscriminately.

“The man is yours—you can take him; but if you will sell him for cattle, cloth, wire, beads, or anything else, I will buy him.”

"No, no, no, no; we don't sell our people; not for a hundred cattle would we part with him."

"But what good will his blood be to you? You can't eat him; he will not work for you. Take five cattle for him."

"No, no, no, no. We want him, for he has slain a chief man in our village, and perhaps the others will die also. We will take him."

"Take him, then; he does not belong to me, and has no right in my camp."

He was marched away, and we never knew what became of him.

On the next day we struck away more easterly from Lake Urigi, over rough stony ground, which was waterless and uninhabited, with numerous ant-hills covered with sickly and dwarfed bush, a thin forest of miserable acacia spreading out on either hand, leafless, decaying, and dead. Within two hours we reached the base of Unya-Matundu plateau, and, as the morning was yet early, we ascended to the summit, 1200 feet above Lake Urigi, travelled an hour over a rolling surface of pasture-land, through prosperous fields and scattered settlements, and halted at Ngoti after four and a half hours' march.

Mwengi, the chief, was a gigantic young Mhuma, tall as a guardsman, but quiet and possessed, and his people obeyed him with alacrity. We therefore halted to do a day's bartering. A fine bunch of bananas could be purchased for ten cowries, and as eight cowries constituted a day's ration allowance, no one could possibly complain of insufficient food.

An hour's march beyond Ngoti we began to descend the eastern face of the plateau, and 900 feet below reached a rolling plain covered with leafless and sickly acacia, and were in the country of the Uzinja.

We halted after five hours in Kimwani or Kizinga—Chief Kajumba's territory. The chief was another tall person of the Wahuma breed, at the time suffering from ophthalmia. When the Wanganda invaded his territory a year ago he fled to Unya-Ruwamba, the Urigi district of Ihangiro, and hid himself on an island in the lake, whence, after paying a tribute of cattle to Uganda, he was permitted to return to his own land as a subject of Mwanga, but to find his banana groves cut down and the land well cleaned of every product. For the protection afforded him in his distress, Ihangiro claims Kimwani as a district attached to it. Kassasura, King of Usui, having invaded Kimwani and captured Kajumba and held him a prisoner for two months, also lays claim to his allegiance.

Kajumba was liberal to us, as he sent us eighty-one bunches of bananas, one goat, and two pots of *malwa*. As he was on the verge of senility, he was inclined to be despotic and querulous, and it may be imagined that perhaps a small caravan would be differently treated.

Accompanied by guides from Kimwani we set out southward, and three miles beyond Kajumba's we obtained a charming view of Lake Victoria and the islands Ikuta, Majinga, Soswa, Rumondo, and distant Mysomé, and near noon we camped at Nyamagoju, at the south-west extremity of an arm of the lake which receives the Lohugati, a periodical stream draining East Usui.

The next day's march was along a plain which extended from Nyamagoju to another lake arm, at whose extremity we camped at a village called Kisaho. Our route each day now was across flat extents of land, from which the Lake had within twenty-five years or so receded. They are covered over with low bush, which at this season is leafless. The

ground is dry, streamless, hard-baked and cracked, and shows a nitrous efflorescence in many places. To our right, as the land rises, on ridges over fifty feet above the Lake, we find a thin dwarf forest; at a hundred feet elevation we see respectable trees and grasses become more nutritious.

We cut across a broad cape-like formation of land and passed from the bay of Kisabo to a bay near Itari on the 20th, and from the summit of a high ridge near the latter place I perceived, by compass bearings and solar observation, that we were much south of the south-west coast-line, as marked on my map in "Through the Dark Continent." From this elevated ridge could be seen the long series of islands overlapping one another, which, in our flight from the ferocious natives of Bumbiré in 1875, without oars, had been left unexplored, and which, therefore, I had sketched as mainland.

We find that the Wazinja call the Victoria Nyanza Muta Nzigé, as the Wanyoro call the Albert Lake Muta Nzigé, and the Wasongora and Wanyankori call the Albert Edward by the same name.

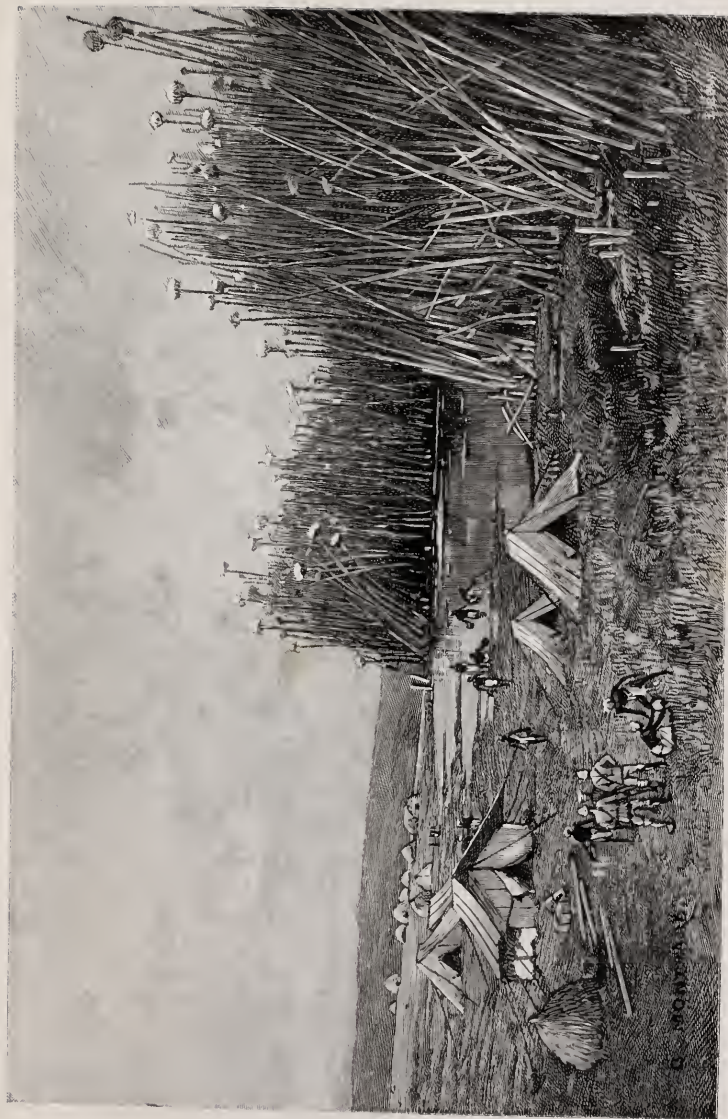
On leaving Itari we were made aware of lions having paid the vicinity of our camp a visit by a dead zebra which had just been killed. We were also astonished at the number of human skulls about, and when we asked the guides the cause, we were informed that at Itari the Wazinja endeavoured to oppose the Waganda during their late invasion. It may be that the Wazinja deserved the cruel visitation. It is well known that Usui needs a lesson like it. The last caprice of Kasasura has been to halt a caravan of 150 guns.

As we reflected on the various events which appear to have occurred in this region in 1887, the Waganda in force in Karagwé, audacious and insolent, and shooting Arab traders, and invading Uzinja, and from Kishakka to the Victoria Lake the land one seething area of strife and bloodshed, it struck us that the events of 1888, the deposition of Mwanga, the revolution and counter-revolution, were simply clearing our track for a peaceful march to the sea.

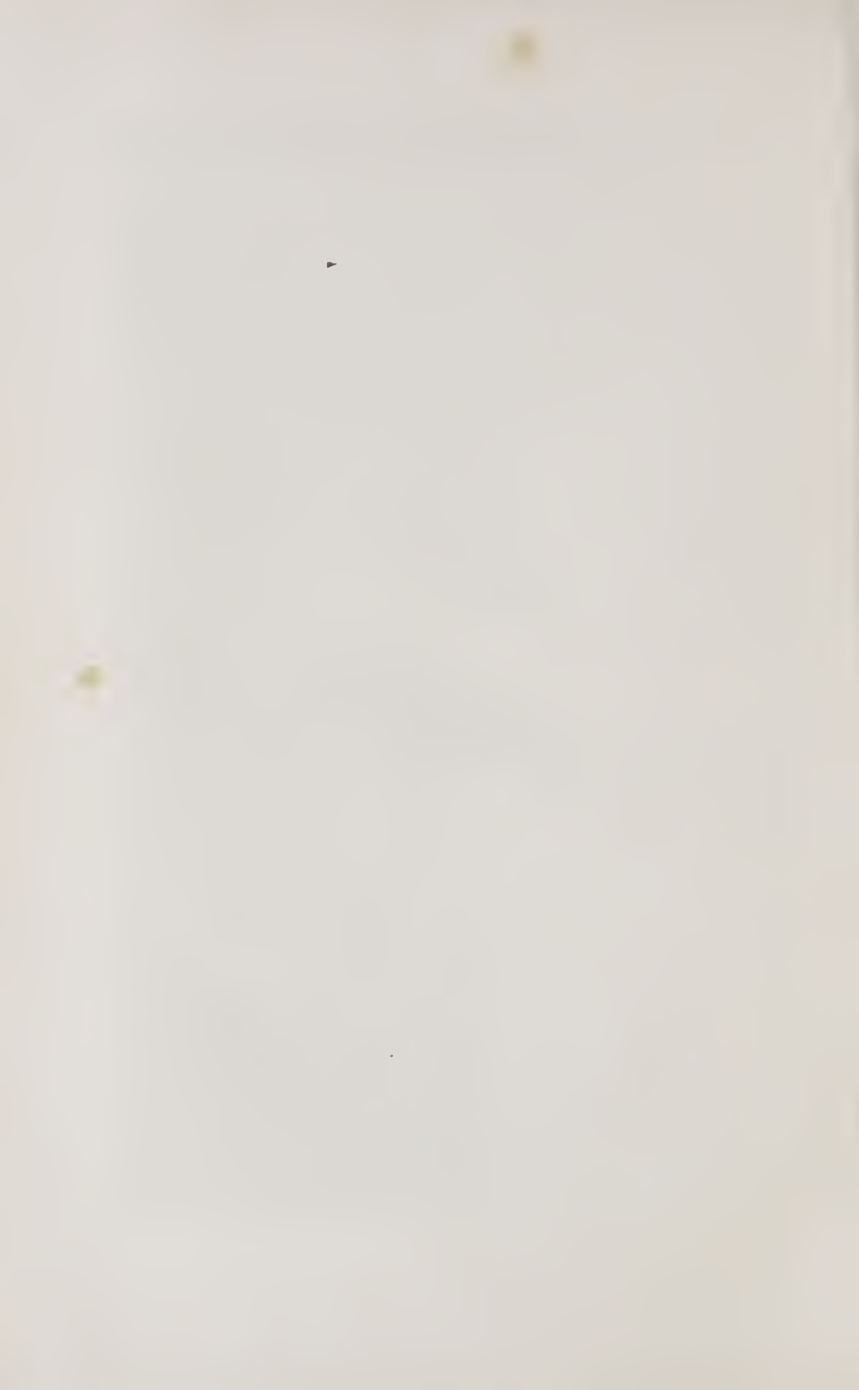
It became impressed on us as we travelled over these dry, waterless plains, with their nakedness scarcely hidden by dwarf acacia and hardy euphorbias, that the forest people were utterly unfit to be taken out of their arboreal homes. Half of those who had accompanied us we had been obliged to leave behind, and yet there had been no want of either food or water. In the same manner the Somalis, Soudanese, Madis, or Baris, when taken into the forest, soon became joyless, dull, and moping, and died. And yet I have read in affectedly learned books that Africa was only fit for the Africans!

To my great surprise and indeed delight, the Lake extended to 2° 48' south latitude, which we ascertained on reaching Amranda on the 21st. The highest elevation reached since leaving Nyamagoju has not been higher than 50 feet above the Lake, while immense tracts of as yet poor flat country have been left bare by the recession of its waters, and until many a season yet of rains has scoured the nitre out of these plains they must remain mean and unproductive.

By a gradual rise from Amranda southward we escape after a few miles out of the unlovely plains to older land producing a better quality of timber. Before we were 100 feet above the Lake a visible improvement had taken place, the acacia had disappeared, and the myombo, a tree whose bark is useful for native cloth and for boxes, and which might be



SOUTH-WEST EXTREMITY OF LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA.



adapted for canoes, flourished everywhere. At Bwanga, the next village, the language of the Wahuma, which we had heard continually since leaving the Albert Nyanza, ceases, and the Unyamwezi interpreters had now to be employed, which fact the sceptical Zanzibaris hailed as being evidence that we were approaching *Pwani* (the coast).

And now we had to turn east, straight for the Mission House, which we began to hear of as being in Usambiro. From Bwanga to Uyombi is a march of 6½ hours, thence another, Kamwaga, of 5 hours, thence to Umpeté, 5 hours, and from thence to the abandoned French Mission Station in Usambiro in 6 hours. In the centre of the circular palisade was a neat church, and above the roof of it was a single cross, which instantly suggested CHRIST and CIVILIZATION, words and thoughts to which I fear most of us had been strangers for many months.

The French Missionaries, we must admit, are not to be excelled in the art of building Stations and developing an appearance of comfort and prettiness out of the most unpromising materials. Those who have travelled the last three or four hundred miles with us will have seen that I have been almost indifferent to the face of the land. We had traversed it during the dry season, when it is difficult to find one acre out of a million worth looking at, and yet equal to the unloveliest of all was that occupied by this handsome Mission Station. There were three rows of low earth-covered structures, forming three sides of a spacious square, and in each row were four or five chambers neatly plastered within and without with grey clay. Midway between the houses were the church, excellently built out of materials in the vicinity; an inner circle of palisades surrounded the civilized quarters, and an outer circle protected the village of the proselytes. Nothing could be better, considering that the myombo forest close by, and the soil around them, furnished the materials, than the plan and execution of it. One realised how patiently and with what love they must have laboured. There were two faults in the place, however, which, had their faith not been so great, they would have known before building. The natives were cantankerous, hard-hearted, worldly Wanyamwezi, and there was no water, and before they had quite completed the Station, the signal for retreat and abandonment was given.

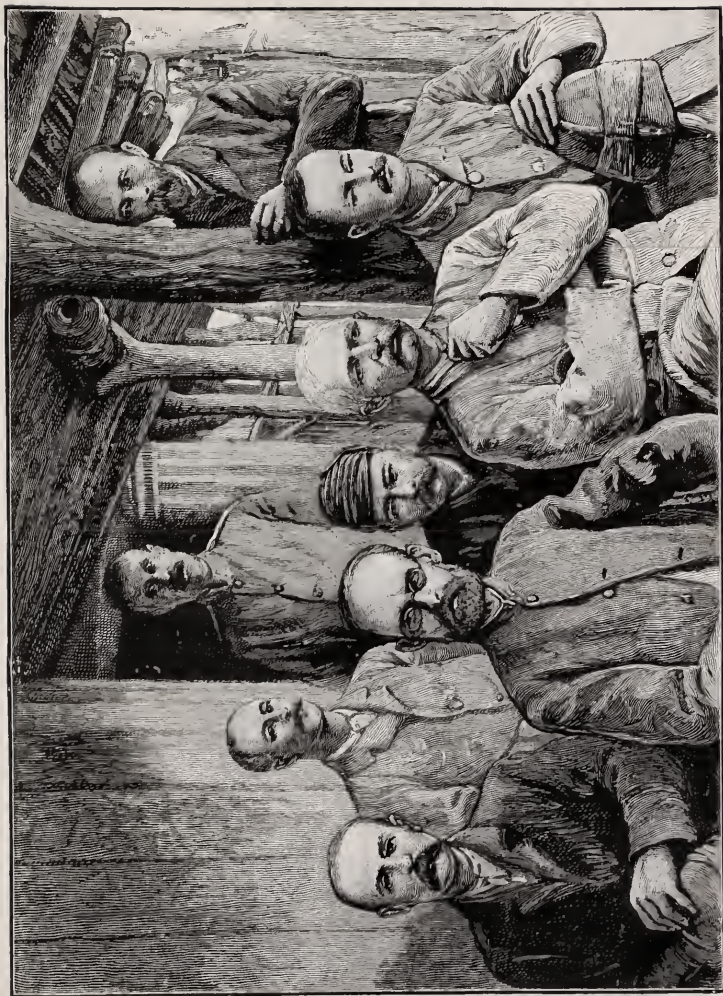
The next day, having already sent messengers ahead, that we might not take Mr. Mackay, of the Church Missionary Society, by surprise, we arrived in view of the English Mission, which was built in the middle of what appeared to be no better than a grey waste, on ground gently sloping from curious heaps of big boulders, or enormous blocks thrown higgledy-piggledy to the height of a respectable hill down to a marshy flat green with its dense crops of papyrus, beyond which we saw a gleam of a line of water produced from an inlet of the Victoria Nyanza. We were approaching the Mission by a waggon track, and presently we came to the waggon itself, a simple thing on wooden wheels, for carrying timber for building. There was not a green thing in view except in the marsh; the aspect was cheerless and melancholy, grass all dead, trees either shrunk, withered, or dead, at least there was not the promise of a bud anywhere, which was of course entirely due to the dry season. When we were about half a mile off a gentleman of small stature, with a rich brown beard and brown hair, dressed in white linen and a grey Tyrolese hat, advanced to meet us.

"And so you are Mr. Mackay? Mwanga did not get you then, this time? What experiences you must have had with that man. But you look so well one would say you had been to England lately."

"Oh, no, this is my twelfth year. Mwanga permitted me to leave, and the Rev. Cyril Gordon took my place, but not for long, since they were all shortly after expelled from Uganda."

Talking thus we entered the circle of tall poles within which the Mission Station was built. There were signs of labour, and constant unwearying patience, sweating under a hot sun, a steadfast determination to do something to keep the mind employed, and never let idleness find them with folded hands brooding over the unloveliness, lest despair might seize them, and cause them to avail themselves of the speediest means of ending their misery. There was a big, solid workshop in the yard filled with machinery and tools, a launch's boiler was being prepared by the blacksmiths, a big canoc was outside repairing, there were sawpits and large logs of hard timber, there were great stacks of palisade poles, in a corner of an outer yard was a cattle-fold and a goat-pen, fowls by the score pecked at microscopic grains, and out of the European quarter there trooped a number of little boys and big boys looking uncommonly sleek and happy; and quiet labourers came up to bid us, with hats off, "Good morning." Now if there is anything on God's earth better calculated than work to make men happy, it must be with some peculiar dispositions the knowledge that their work is ended. Hence, when I entered the Mission House my soul was possessed with some such feeling as this; at any rate before my mission was terminated the welcome we received promised rest and relief.

I was ushered into the room of a substantial clay structure, the walls about two feet thick, evenly plastered, and garnished with missionary pictures and placards. There were four separate ranges of shelves filled with choice, useful books. "Allah ho Akbar," replied Hassan, his Zanzibari headman, to me; "books! Mackay has thousands of books, in the dining-room, bedroom, the church, everywhere. Books! ah, loads upon loads of them!" And while I was sipping real coffee, and eating home-made bread and butter for the first time for thirty months, I thoroughly sympathised with Mackay's love of books. But it becomes quite clear why, amongst so many books, and children, and outdoor work, Mackay cannot find leisure to brood and become morbid, and think of "drearinesses, wildernesses, despair and loneliness." A clever writer lately wrote a book about a man who spent much time in Africa, which from beginning to end is a long-drawn wail. It would have cured both writer and hero of all moping to have seen the manner of Mackay's life. He has no time to fret and groan and weep; and God knows, if ever man had reason to think of "graves and worms and oblivion," and to be doleful and lonely and sad, Mackay had, when, after murdering his Bishop, and burning his pupils, and strangling his converts, and clubbing to death his dark friends, Mwanga turned his eye of death on him. And yet the little man met it with calm blue eyes that never winked. To see one man of this kind, working day after day for twelve years bravely, and without a syllable of complaint or a moan amid the "wildernesses," and to hear him lead his little flock to show forth God's loving kindness in the morning, and His faithfulness every night, is worth going a long journey, for the moral courage and contentment that one derives from it.



STANLEY, EMIN, CASATI, AND OFFICERS AT USAMIRO.

We stayed at the Mission Station from the 28th of August to the morning of the 17th of September, and on the Europeans of the Expedition the effect of regular diet and well-cooked food, of amiable society and perfect restfulness, was marvellous.

We were rich in goods of all kinds, for, in Mr. Mackay's keeping since Mr. Stokes brought them from the coast in 1888, we possessed about 200 loads of bulky currency and forty loads of preserved provisions. Thirty loads of cloth were instantly distributed among the people on account, at cost price, that each man might make amends during our rest for any late privations. We had also fourteen pack-donkeys, which were delivered to the Pasha's followers, and the Pasha, Casati, and myself, were able to purchase riding asses from the French Missionaries at Bukumbi, who were



VIEW FROM MACKAY'S MISSION, LAKE VICTORIA. (*From a Photograph.*)

good enough to visit us with valuable gifts of garden produce. From their stores our officers were enabled to purchase very necessary outfits, such as boots, slippers, shirts, and hats, which made them presentable once more.

We were also able to obtain about twenty carriers, to assist in the carriage of goods, that more of our Zanzibaris might be detailed for ham-moek service; and yet, after a stay of nineteen days, with as much food as they could eat, and as great a variety as the country—by no means badly stocked—could provide, when they were mustered for the march the day before leaving Makolo's, there were over one hundred people who complained of asthma, chest, spleen, liver, or lumbar pains, and declared they could not travel.

The evening before the day we resumed our journey for the sea Messrs. Mackay and Deakes, the only two members of the Mission at present at Makolo's (Messrs. Gordon and Walker having just departed for Uganda before we arrived), gave us a sumptuous dinner, roast beef, roast fowl, stews, rice and curry, plum-pudding, and a bottle of medical wine. And as is the custom in civilized lands, speeches terminated the banquet. It fell to my share to propose the health of Emin Pasha, and to Mr. Mackay to propose mine, and there was no member then present who was not the recipient of most friendly wishes on the part of everybody else, delivered, as I thoroughly believe, in perfect sincerity.

The last letter from MR. A. M. MACKAY.

“USAMBIRO,
“January 5th, 1890.

“MY VERY DEAR SIR,

“I have no less than three valuable letters from you, viz., two dated Usongo, and one from Ugogo. The last arrived here on 1st December.

“Since the French priests passed this way to overtake your Expedition, I have not sent off a post to the coast.

“I was most pleased to hear of your satisfactory progress; and doubtless you are, by this time, comfortably housed in civilized territory, and enjoying a more than well-earned rest after the fatigues and privations of African travel. If any man merits the congratulations of Europe, certainly you do. But you will likely soon be sick of being fêted everywhere, and in disgust retire into some out-of-the-way corner to write the full account of your remarkable adventures. What a strange loneliness hung about this place—physically and mentally—after you left, goes without saying. The looked-for mail did not come; only the carriers returned from Kisokwé, on October 23rd, without any letters from the coast. Although on December 1st we got a batch of letters, but no papers or magazines. These will come some time.

“Deakes has been a good deal unwell, but is now fully recovered, while the commencement of the rains has laid up nearly all my colony of Baganda with protracted low fever. Your man, Ali bin Said, died on September 27th, and one of the Pasha's whites, Mohammed Arabi, died on October 20th. The others, eight in number, have all fully recovered, and are at work.

“I have fitted up my steam engine, and find pumps complete, and also riveted the boiler, both outer shell and firebox. The boiler has been a serious job, as fourteen years of knocking about have thrown every plate out of shape, besides turning the iron, originally of ‘Best’ brand, into a brittle, steely sort of thing, which determined to crack on the first touch of a hammer. But by carefully annealing the whole, I have succeeded. I am now rigging up a steam saw-mill, to cut up the planks for the new boat. The rough boat, or transformed canoe, which you saw here in progress, is now nearly finished, and should have been completed some time ago; but I have not been able to look after it, owing to occupation at other work, including printing for Buganda.

“You will have heard that, after severe fighting, the Christians defeated Kalema and his Arab party, and have replaced Mwanga on the throne. They have taken possession of all the chieftainships for themselves, equally dividing them between the Roman Catholics and the Protestants. An active young fellow named Kagwa Apollo, a pupil of my own, is now the Katekero.

“Mwanga is altogether in the hands of the new Christian chiefs, and they do not seem likely to allow him to have his own way any more. Five of the Frenchmen, including their Bishops, are now there, while our Mission is represented by only Walker and Gordon.

“I can hear nothing of the I. B. E. A. Co., except the old report of February

from Zanzibar, that they were at Ulu. They seem to require a man of determination and pluck at their head: and my joy will be great when I hear of your undertaking to put their affairs on a sound footing. I am glad to hear of Mr. Maekiunon being knighted. He well deserves the honour. I have written to his agents in Zanzibar, explaining the absurdity of their acceding to Germany's wish to draw the boundary-line west of this Lake, along the 1st parallel of S. Lat., as that would cut the kingdom of Buganda into two halves; for Karagwé, Usui, and Usinja, as far south as Serombo, are actually part of Buganda, being tributary to it. No *paper* delimitation, made in Berlin or London, can ever remove these states from their allegiance to Buganda. Therefore, there need be little jealousy about the matter. The only fair boundary-line that I can see would be from this end of the long creek (Smith Sound) diagonally S.W. to the intersection of the 4th parallel with the 32nd degree of E. Long., and then straight west to Bikani on the Tanganika.

"Many chiefs to the S.W. have been visiting here personally, and others sending; and I mean to send these letters their way to Uyin, as the wretched Nindo people are too grasping for my taste.

"I sent cloth, etc., to Nindo, to redeem your rifle taken from your messenger; but the rascally Mwanangwa has stuck to both ransom and rifle, under pretext of some quarrel with Stokes; so I give that crew a wide berth.

"I hear, on good authority, that the Banyoro, whom you fought, were not a chance raiding gang, but Kabba-Rega's own army, which he sent expressly to check your advance. He was so terrified at the defeat of his troops that he took refuge on an island in the Albert Lake. Mwanga sent here a deputation, a month after you left, craving your assistance.

"The Arabs seem now completely discomfited, and have fled from Nagu. Said bin Saif's (Kipanda) dhow, with a cargo of guns and kegs of powder, was captured by Mwanga's people, and the vessel destroyed. Sunguru's likewise. Stokes' boat is, at this moment, the only one on the Lake. The *Eleanor* I have cut up, as being too rotten for further use, but hope soon to launch the other boat, which may do good service till I get the steam launch afloat.

"I have no definite news of the coast. I only heard of the re-establishment of the Germans at Mwapwa. Surely, they will learn wisdom in time, but hitherto, they have made a sorry hash of matters. I only hope they and the English will keep the gunpowder out. In no other way will they ever be able to exercise any control on the chiefs in the Interior.

"To be, or not to be; that is the question.' Is it to be a track to the Lake or not? I see in you the only hope for this region, in your getting Sir W. Mackinnon to see the matter in its true light. I would not give sixpence for all the Company will do in half a century to come, unless they join the Lake with the coast by a line, let it be at first ever so rough. When they have got that, they will have broken the backbone of native cantankerousness.

"Very many thanks for your kindness in proposing to leave the theodolite for me at Kisokwe. I hope it will come this far in safety. I shall value it doubly as a souvenir from your hands.

"With very best wishes,

"Believe me ever,

"My dear Sir,

"Yours faithfully,

(Signed) A. M. MACKAY.

"H. M. STANLEY, Esq."

To my great grief, I learn that Mr. Mackay, the best missionary since Livingstone, died about the beginning of February. Like Livingstone, he declined to return, though I strongly urged him to accompany us to the coast.

CHAPTER XXXV.

FROM THE VICTORIA NYANZA TO ZANZIBAR.

It is fifteen years ago this month since I first saw this Victorian Sea, and launched my boat on its waters, and sailed along the shores, peering into the bays and creeks, and mapping out the area. Six months later those two journals, the "Daily Telegraph" and "New York Herald" published the fact to every person who could afford the small sum of one penny, that the greatest Lake of Africa had been explored, and that at the north end of the Lake there was an African King ruling three millions of cleanly people, who cried out that he was in darkness and required light. And some good men heard the cry, and responded to it nobly. They sent missionaries to the King, and for years they taught him and his people, at first with little success, but by-and-by some of the seed fell upon good soil, and it took root and flourished, and despite the tares and the thistles and rank grasses that grew in the virgin soil, there was a good harvest.

In turning towards the sea, the thought came across my mind that elsewhere, on the Congo, for 1400 miles from the western ocean, it had been permitted to me to float the steamers along that river, and build the Stations on its banks, which in 1887 were to be of great service to me to carry myself and my followers along the great river, and to offer shelter where we should meet with welcome and hospitality in the same manner, as this Missionary Station, which we were about to leave, had received us in 1889 with honour and regard. Truly I felt inclined to use the metaphor of the Preacher, and to admit that the bread I had cast upon the waters had returned to me abundantly after many days.

I do not propose to linger long over the lands intervening between Lake Victoria and Bagamoyo. I have already described them, and it is needless to repeat what is already written.

The road from Mackay's Mission takes a south-easterly direction in order to cross the little stream, which as it approaches the creek at the south-eastward of Lake Victoria forms a swamp about five yards wide. It then turns northerly, runs parallel with the creek a little way, and then strikes easterly over a low plain, where the soil seems to be so poor as to grow a grass not much higher than rock moss. The 500 yards wide swamp reminded me that the French missionaries, since their settlement near the Lake at Bukumbi, have ascertained that the Lake is now three feet lower than when they first settled here—that is about eleven years ago—that Ukerewé is no longer an island but is a peninsula. If this be true, and there is no reason to doubt it, and assuming that the decrease of the Lake has been uniform, a decrease of fifty feet in the Lake has required 183 years. At the time when Frederick the Great was crowned King of Prussia Lake Victoria must have been over 40,000 square miles in extent. It covers now, by this last discovery at the south-western extremity of the Lake, as near as I am able to measure it 26,900 square miles.

The appearance of the country at Gengé, which had steadily improved since leaving the neighbourhood of Makolo inlet, suggested to our coloured people that the missionaries had not made a wise choice in settling in Usambiro. They did not reflect that the more populous a

district in Usukuma, or Unyamwezi is, it becomes less tenable to poor missionaries, that the taxes, demands, and blackmail of the headstrong and bumptious chief would soon be so onerous that starvation would be imminent and the oppression unbearable.

As, for instance, we reached Ikoma on the 20th. At Gengé and at Kungu we had considerable difficulty in preserving the peace. The path was beset by howling mobs, who came up dancing and uttering war-cries. This mattered very little, but some demon of a youth was mischievous enough to push both parties into a wordy war about whether we were cannibals or not. They took the cicatrices on the Soudanese's features as proof that they were maneaters, and maneaters had no business in their country. But while something like a camp was being formed, though bush was scarce and grass was not to be discovered, there came a follower of the Egyptians, a sinister-looking object; an arrow had pierced his arm, his head was gashed with an axe, he had been robbed of his clothes and allowance of cloth at Zanzibar, and his rifle. Two words were only needed to have amply revenged him. We pocketed it, and many another insult that day, and the next we marched to Ikoma, the residential district of the chief, and naturally, being the seat of power, it was four times more populous.

Our business at Ikoma was very simple. Mr. Mackay had informed us that Mr. Stokes, the English ivory trader, had a station there, that the principal chief, Malissa, was his friend, and that at this station Mr. Stokes had a supply of European provisions—biscuits, butter, ham, bacon, &c.,—that he wished to dispose of. Well, we were ten Europeans in number, every one of whom was blessed with devouring appetites. We agreed to call that way and purchase them at any cost, and Mr. Mackay furnished us with two Zanzibari guides. Therefore, though the Kungu natives had been dangerously insolent, we thought that at Malissa's, the friend of Stokes, we should be asked to overlook the matter, as being mere noisy ebullitions of a few intractable youths.

Before us, in the centre of a plain which three or four centuries ago, perhaps, was covered with the waters of Lake Victoria, there rose what must have been once a hilly island, but now the soil had been thoroughly scoured away, and left the frame of the island only in ridges of grey gneissic rock, and ruined heaps of monoliths and boulders and vast rock fragments, and under the shadow, and between these in narrow levels, were grouped a population of about 5,000 people; and within sound of musket-shot, or blare of horn, or ringing cries, were congeries of hamlets out on the plain round about this natural fortress, and each hamlet surrounded by its own milk-weed hedge. In the plain west of the isleted rock-heaps, I counted twenty-three separate herds of cattle, besides flocks of sheep and goats, and we concluded that Ikoma was prosperous, and secure in its vast population and its impregnable rock-piles.

As we drew near there came scores of sleek and merry youths and girls, who kept laughing and giggling and romping about us like healthy, guileless young creatures, enjoying their youth and life. We travelled up a smooth easy pass flanked by piles of rocks rising to 200 feet above us, which narrowed somewhat as we approached the chief's village. Presently a multitude of warriors came forward on the double quick towards us, making a brave display of feathers, shining spears, and floating robes, and drew up in front of the column to drive it back. They were heard shrilly

screaming and sputtering their orders to the guides, who were telling them that we were only a caravan—friends of Stokes and Malissa; but the madmen drowned every word with storms of cries, and menaced the guides and men of the advance. I walked up to ascertain what was the matter, and I became an object to some fellows, who raced at me with levelled spears. One man seized my rifle; two Zanzibaris came up to my assistance, and tore the rifle from his hands; bows were drawn, and spears were lifted; two of our men were wounded, and in a second we were engaged in clearing the crowd away. In this close *mêlée* about ten lives were lost, and a Monangwa was captured. After this burst of hostility there would be no chance of purchasing provisions, and as the rocks had



ROCK HILLS, USAMBIRO.

already begun to be lined with musketeers and bowmen, we had to withdraw as quickly as possible from the pass, and form camp somewhere before we should be overwhelmed.

We found a pool of water near the end of the loose rock ridges; a huge monolith or two stood upright like Druids' stones outside. We completed the circle with bales and boxes, and grassy huts, and camped to wait the upshot.

From our camp we could see the ancient bed of the Lake spreading out for a distance of many miles. Every half-mile or so there was a large cluster of hamlets, each separated from the other by hedges of milk-weed. The plain separating these clusters was common pasture-ground, and had been cropped by hungry herds as low as stone moss. On our way to the

camp a herd of cattle had been captured, but they had been released; we had a Monangwa in our hands, and we asked him what all this was about. He could not, or he would not, answer. We clothed him in fine cloths, and sent him away to tell Malissa that we were white men, friends of Stokes, that we had many Wasukuma porters in our caravan, and that we had no intention of fighting anybody, but of going to the coast as quickly as possible. The chief was escorted within a quarter of a mile of Malissa's village, and released. He did not return, but during the day there were several efforts made to annoy us, until at 4 p.m., from the north, east and south, appeared three separate multitudes, for a great effort. It was then the machine-gun was prepared.

The Wasukuma swayed closer up, but cautiously, and it appeared to me, reluctantly. In front of the mob coming from the south were several skirmishers, who pranced forward to within 300 yards. One of the skirmishers was dropped, and the machine showered about a hundred and fifty rounds in their direction. Not one of the natives was hit, but the great range and bullet shower was enough. They fled; a company was sent out to meet the eastern mob, another was sent to threaten the crowd to the north, and the Wasukuma yielded and finally retired. Only one native was killed out of this demonstration made by probably 2000 warriors.

We had other things to do than fight Wasukuma, and therefore on the 21st we resumed the coastward march. We had been disappointed in obtaining those provisions of ham and bacon, and Malissa had lost his gifts of cloth which we had made ready for him.

We were not long on the march before the entire population of Urima seemed to be gathering on our flanks, and at 8 a.m. a dash was made on the column. There was not much necessity of telling the Egyptians and their followers to keep close together. Nothing could be better than their behaviour for our purpose. They were gathered in a close packed mob. In front of them were two companies, and in rear was the rear guard, Bonny's Soudanese, and Shukri Agha's company. The Wasukuma could make no impression whatever on the column had they been treble their number, and yet they seemed to be so sure that in some manner they would be able to do something. But we continued on our way, pursued on flank and in rear until noon, when we reached Muanza, on the edge of Jordan's Nullah, which was a crooked rift in the old lacustrine deposit forty yards wide and thirty feet deep, whence water was obtained from pits in the sand.

As the natives hovered round us we thought that we should make another trial to cause them to abate their fierce rancour, and we sent Poli-Poli, the chief Wasukuma guide, to talk to them. Poli-Poli literally means, "Go gently, gently." An hour's crying out from a distance succeeded in inducing a Monangwa and four of his men to approach and enter our camp, and the camp was so absorbed with this arrival and prospect of a happy termination to the "war." While we were exchanging tokens of good will and professions of peace, and cutting out some cloth for them as an earnest of our intentions, the Wasukuma had been allowed to approach. The Monangwa and his friends had left my tent about five minutes, perfectly satisfied apparently, when I heard about fifty rifle-shots fired in volleys. Running out I found that the enemy was right among us. One of our men was dying from a spear wound, our goats were in full flight, being

driven away on the run, the bottom of the nullah was covered with leaping forms. We had a very narrow escape from serious loss; but seven natives were killed within ten yards of the camp, the treacherous Monangwa received a bullet in the shoulder and lost his cloth, and we recovered our goats.

We marched on the next morning at the usual hour; the villages were arranged on each side of our track in one continued series, and the population of S. Nera turned out *en masse*. But the natives confined themselves to following us in a dense column stretching for quite two miles, every now and then firing at us from heavily loaded muskets. For three hours we continued in this manner, until, as we were about leaving Nera and entering Mamara, they uttered a series of war-cries, and made another effort. Dropping our loads we raced towards them, and in a minute's time they were on the full trot in retreat. We lifted our loads and resumed our journey; but the natives presently re-collected, and followed us on the flanks as far as Seké—a fatiguing march of six hours.

On the 23rd we proceeded from N. Seké to Seke Kwikuru, or Seke the capital, vast crowds hanging on our flanks as before. Though we knew that trifling mercies, such as we were able to show, seldom made any impression on tribes quivering under extraordinary excitement and rage for battle, nevertheless we abstained from needlessly augmenting this causeless madness against us, and only halted a few minutes to repel a rush.

We were all in sad want of water and rest. Our cattle and riding animals had not been watered for two days, and at Seké the water was brackish and scarce. The sun was at its hottest. Our faces were baked and cracking. The grass was so short that the cattle were feeding upon the roots to obtain subsistence.

The next day was a halt. The natives appeared to within 800 yards of our camp; but after a few shots they dispersed, and we were left to enjoy the first rest gained after seven days' continuous travel and fighting.

Entering Sinyanga on the 25th, we were welcomed with "lu-lu-lus" by the women, and as they had heard all about our "little war" with Usukuma, every elder we met expressed a hope that we had cleared the wicked people out, for they were always a cursed lot, bothering travellers and strangers.

As we marched from one petty district to another, each independent from the other, governed by its own chief and council of elders, exclusive from its own peculiar customs, habits or passion, varying differently from the other according to the age, intelligence, and disposition of the chief, our duties and rule of conduct varied. We moved through petty spheres, wherein our duties varied according to the demands made upon us. Here was the small district of Sinyanga with a population not exceeding 2000. The chief and his headmen were as proud of their little state as any monarch and his senate might be of an empire. The chief was conscious of weakness, and that imprudent aggressiveness would prove speedy ruin; but he exacted his dues all the same. We paid them freely and with kindly words. The chief reciprocated the kindness, returned a gift to mark his pleasure, then his people flocked to the camp to exchange their grain and produce for cloth and beads, during which many a friendship and brotherly act was formed between the natives and our men.

In Urima and Nera again, even on its frontiers, they pounced down on us like wolves, with war-cries and insulting by-plays. Our flanks were thronged with hooting warriors and jeering youths and flouting girls; they



annoyed us by gestures, wounded our sense of hearing by shrill insolent sercams and savage taunts. All this may be borne with equanimity. Words do not hurt, but it makes us circumspect and reticent. When we arrive in camp the mobs are greater; a knot of lusty long-legged youths hang about the tents, flourish their weapons, blow their shrill war-flutes, and artfully pursue a cunning system of annoyance. All this is due to the belief that our forbearance means fear. They look around and see their numbers four-fold more than our own. They whisper to one another like village louts and bullies, "What a pity that we can't kick up a row. Ah, if there was, I would soon make myself master of that cloth, or that gun, or the things in those boxes, &c., &c." The chief is carried away by this consuming desire, and relying upon the assurances that it would be an easy matter to make a row and find an excuse, he commits himself to some imprudent scheme, and, when too late, mourns the failure but not the event. They cannot plead ignorance as the new tribes can. Fifteen years ago I travelled through Usukuma, paying no more than ten or twelve cloths to any chief, and receiving a good ox or a couple of goats in return. Since that time, however, missionary after missionary, both English and French, and Arab caravans have made Usukuma a highway to the Victoria Lake. The tributes have been raised by the chief to 300 doti—£90 per petty district. To three petty districts the French missionaries were compelled to pay 900 doti of cloth—£270. £270 sterling on three days' journey! These cloths will purchase guns which will make them still more formidable to missionaries, and the result will be in a few years that a small tribal chief will demand every scrap of cloth in the caravan, and will halt it until it is paid, as Usui stopped a caravan of 150 guns.

Khambi Mbya—a nickname of an Arab who camped in Nera two years ago—was homeward bound from Uganda with his ivory. The tribute had been paid. A little personal dispute followed soon after between a woman of the camp, and a herdsman at a pool, as to whether the woman should take water first, or the cattle. The herdsman raised the war-cry, which resulted in the massacre of every man, woman, and child in the caravan.

Messrs. Ashe and Walker, C.M.S. missionaries, were seized, I am told, by one of these petty chiefs, and detained until they were ransomed by Mackay. Mr. Stokes, who is compelled by his business of trading in ivory, like many an Arab trader before him, to be patient and long-suffering, must have experienced many unhappy moments when he saw his carriers dropping their bales and flying before a noisy mob of bullies. The French missionaries have abandoned Usambara Station, and taken their residence in Bukumbi. Mr. Mackay has left Msalala, and built a station at Makolo's. If these natives possessed any sense, or could have been touched by shame after being so generously treated and honoured by these missionaries, they would not drive them away by extortion and oppression.

On the 4th of October we arrived at Stokes' boma, in the country of his friend Mittinginya. The king's capital lies about three-fourths of a mile to the south-east, and is a square enclosure of wattle and mud. Bullets might be rained against the walls for weeks without disastrous effects to those within, and provided that the defenders had fuel, food, and water sufficient, and were properly vigilant, these fort-like structures would be impregnable except against cannon. The district of Usongo, of which Mittinginya is chief, is studded pretty thickly with these structures,

and excepting the stubborn old baobab no bush or plant obstructs the view between each tembé.

The chief has the faculty of getting embroiled with his neighbours, or his neighbours must be unusually quarrelsome, or they mutually suffer from an innate restlessness which drives them one against the other with angry muskets. To the north is a chief called Simba, to the west he has the people of Uyogu, behind these he has Kapera and his allies the Watuta or Wangoni,—Equatorial Zulus; to the south the predatory Wataturu, descendants of Somalis; to the north-east Wandui; and we accidentally stumbled into this hornet's nest of angry tribes, led to do it by reports of Mittinginya's good-nature, and in the hope that we should be able to obtain a few carriers for our ever-wailing Egyptians.

To emphasize the visible unrest here, the chief has invited a horde of wild Masai from the district of Lyteri, west of Kilima-Njaro, to assist him in his ambitious projects. The Masai had already distinguished themselves against the Watuta-Zulus; the Wanduis had become as dumb-dogs. Seeing quiet strangers owning donkeys, the Masai quietly made themselves masters of four, which however they were compelled to return, and after eight days' halt we were able to leave Stokes's friend with his hornets humming round him, with twenty fresh carriers to carry the ulcerous Egyptians without being implicated in any feud.

On the 17th we entered Ikungu, where we were overtaken by two French missionaries, Pères Girault and Schintze,* who were invalids—it was said, homeward bound and were desirous of availing themselves of our escort to the sea.

Around the milk-weed hedges that surrounded the chief's village were over a hundred human skulls, while innumerable fragments strewed the vicinity. Inquiring what calamity had occurred, I was told they were the remains of a tribe of Wanyaturu, over 400 strong, who had fled to Ikungu from Ituru, in the hope of saving themselves from famine. What articles they had brought with them were soon sold for food which they consumed, and then they sold their children and their wives, and when they had nothing left they died. The children were of mulatto colour, and very superior to the sable urchins of Unyamwezi.

We met a caravan from Zanzibar at this place belonging to Tippu-Tib, and the Manyema reported that the coast war between the Germans and Coast Arabs was still proceeding, but that the Germans had commenced to be victorious.

On the 26th we entered Muhalala, and by the 8th of November we had

* While the French priest Père Girault has publicly and privately acknowledged the kindness he received, Père Schintze has, I regret to say, assumed quite a hostile tone. We received them with open arms, we supplied them and their people with meat rations daily to the coast. We paid their tribute to the Wagogo. They were invited to every banquet of which we partook at Bagamoyo and Zanzibar, and the British Consul-General, Col. Euan Smith, honoured them with the kindest hospitalities. Meanwhile Père Schintze, by his own account, was taking advantage of the few querulous remarks of the Pasha, uttered during moments of suffering from fatigue, to form a breach between the Pasha and ourselves, by communicating to him certain criticisms reported to be made by our officers on the character of the refugees, which Emiu's extremely susceptible nature took umbrage at. The impressions I received from this person have thus been fully verified.

passed through Ugogo. There is no country in Africa that has excited greater interest in me than this. It is a ferment of trouble and distraction, and a vermin of petty annoyances beset the travellers from day to day while in it. No natives know so well how to aggrrieve and be unpleasant to travellers. One would think there was a school somewhere in Ugogo to teach low cunning and vicious malice to the chiefs, who are masters in foxry-craft. Nineteen years ago I looked at this land and people with desiring eyes. I saw in it a field worth some effort to reclaim. In six months I felt sure Ugogo could be made lovely and orderly, a blessing to the inhabitants and to strangers, without any very great expense or trouble; it would become a pleasant highway of human intercourse with far-away peoples, productive of wealth to the natives, and comfort to caravans. I learned on arrival in Ugogo that I was for ever debarred from the hope. It is to be the destiny of the Germans to carry out this work, and I envy them. It is the worst news of all that I shall never be able to drain this cesspool of iniquitous passion, and extinguish the insolence of Wagogo chiefs, and make the land clean, healthy, and even beautiful of view. While my best wishes will accompany German efforts, my mind is clouded with a doubt that it ever will be that fair land of rest and welcome I had dreamed of making it.

Two days beyond Ugogo we entered the German Station of Mpwapwa, and were welcomed by Lieutenant Rochus Schmidt, who had arrived about a month previous, escorted by Major Wissman, who was said to be the Imperial Commissary of German East Africa. He had already erected a stone breastwork around his little camp, which contained 100 Zulus, on a commanding but windy spot that must needs be fatal to many a white officer whose misfortune it may be to be appointed Military Commandant of Mpwapwa.

The Rev. Mr. Price paid us a visit, and among other benefits resulting from his presence we obtained a year's issue of the 'Weekly Times.' In turning over the pages of the voluminous history of the past year, I was impressed by nothing more than by the smoothness and easy groove in which events were running, without jar or sensible vibration. The hum of their travel seemed to be like that which we hear on a drowsy summer's day at a country house in England, remote from the roll of street traffic and the thundering rush of express trains. A distant murmuring sound of railway waggons gliding over a pair of rails impresses the dull ear, amid the quiet and repose, that the world is spinning safely along without rack or tear. England was still at anchor amidst the silver seas; the Empire was where it ought to be; Europe was amusing herself with peaceful drill; and America was gathering her splendid harvests, and filling the Treasury cellars with gold ingots and silver bricks.

On the 13th, accompanied by Lieutenant Schmidt, the Expedition, about 700 strong, moved from Mpwapwa towards the coast, and five days later exchanged the parched aspect of the thorny wilderness of the interior for one that was fragrant with the perfume of lilies, and pleasant with the verdure of spring. After a two hours' march from Muini Usagara, we defiled out of the Mukondokwa Valley, and emerged into the plain of the Makata, the sight of which, with its green grass and pleasant shady trees and many groups of villages, after four months of droughty views, roused the enthusiasm of each of our officers. A Père from the French Mission

near Feralhani, established near the base of the mountains, brought us a few welcome articles with their compliments and good wishes.

At Vianzi, two marches later, supplies reached us from Major Wissman. They consisted of such assortments of provisions that only an explorer of experience would have known would be most appreciated, and in such prodigal abundance that our camp tables hence to the coast were loaded with luxuries.

On the 23rd we arrived at Simbamweni, which is a town surrounded with a mud wall enclosing about 400 conical houses. During the next day's halt Lieut. Schmidt escorted Emin Pasha to see the good Pères of the French Mission of San Esprit, who have commenced to work at Morogoro with the same earnest thoroughness that has made their establishment at Bagamoyo so famous. They have planted oranges, mangocs, plantains, vanilla, cinnamon and coffee, and almost all fruits known in tropical lands, and have led a clear and bounteous stream of water through their little estate.

Lieutenant Schmidt informed me that he was somewhat taken aback at the fact that the Fathers, in their intense devotion to their own religious duties, were unacquainted with the repute of his illustrious companion. A Père had asked him in a whisper, after eyeing the Pasha in wonder, "Can he speak anything but Arabic?" and was astounded when he heard, with that warmth so characteristic of young straightforward German officers, that he could not only speak Arabic, but could speak French, English, German, Turkish, Italian and Greek, with easy fluency, and that he was German by birth.

"Indeed! And is his expedition commercial, scientific, or military?"

Then Lieutenant Schmidt, all amazed at the extraordinary seclusion of the pious recluse, had to relate the whole story, and for the first time he knew what business had brought me on my third visit to this region.

The Pasha, who enjoyed the relation of the story, was asked to be comforted, and for his solace I related how I had been introduced by a Canon of Westminster Abbey to a well-known bishop—as one who had done some good work on the Congo. The bishop hesitated a minute, and then said blandly, "Ah, indeed, how very interesting! But pray tell me where is the Congo." But sometimes laymen were found to be as ignorant of Africa as bishops, as for instance the British Cabinet Minister, who, receiving a commercial deputation from Manchester, relating to some grievances on the Niger, calmly pointed the speaker to a map of Africa, and asked him to be good enough to show the river in which the great city of Manchester appeared to be so interested.

On the 27th we arrived at Ungerengeri, and for the first time we received a few letters. Never had any such fatality attended mails in Africa as had attended ours. Three several times I had requested our friends to despatch our letters to Msalala, south end of Lake Victoria, bearing legibly a superscription to the effect that they were "to be left until called for." Bushels of mails had been sent, and every packet but one, containing three letters, had been lost in Unyoro, Uganda, and Bushiri, an opponent of Major Wissman, had captured others.

Among many newspaper clippings received, was one which was a tissue of perverted truths. It appeared to have been sent from Zanzibar by a native clerk in a telegram. It read as follows :

Zanzibar, June 12th, 1889.

"Stanley is reported to have arrived in Ururi, where he rested a few days. He returned to Lake Victoria, leaving behind him fifty-six sick men and forty-four rifles. Many of the sick had died. Shortly after Mitchell arrived and took away the rifles. Stanley was reported to have suffered serious losses from sickness and want of food. Later Stanley came himself. Emin Pasha is reported to be in Unyara, north-east of Lake Victoria, fifteen days' march. Stanley having picked up all the men who were left, returned to Emin after having given a letter to the writer to convey to the Agent-General of the Company."

The *précis* of the intelligence received having been doctored by a writer at Zanzibar, rendered the message still more unintelligible. The intelligence was received at Zanzibar by an agent of the ivory raider, Ugarowwa, and was intended to read thus :

"Stanley has arrived on the Ituri (River). He proceeded on his way to Lake Albert after leaving fifty-six sick men and forty-four rifles with me. Most of these sick men died a short time afterwards.

"Mazinga (Lieut. Stairs) came here and took away the rifles. I was informed that Stanley suffered serious losses from sickness and famine. Finally Stauley came here in person.

"Emin Pasha is reported to be in Unyoro, north-east, a fifteen-days' march from here (Ugarowwa's Station). Stanley having picked up all the men who were left (of the Rear Column), returned to Emin, having given a letter to me to give the Consul-General. (Ugarowwa was anxious to obtain a letter of introduction to the Consul, he being known at Zanzibar as Uledi Balyuz, or the Consul's Uledi, in contradistinction to other Uledis, who are as common as Smiths in England.")

What with atrocities on the Aruwimi; Stanley's death by seventeen arrows; communications from an officer of the Congo Free State; letters from missionaries and engineers; Osman Digna's report of the capture of Emin Pasha and another white man; invasions of the Soudan by a white Pasha, &c., there is a good reason why English editors should be not a little perplexed. However, "All is well that ends well."

While halting at Msua, the Baron von Gravenreuth arrived, with 100 soldiers. The Baron is a dashing soldier, fond of the excitement of battle-strife, and in his attacks on the zeribas of the coast Arabs has displayed considerable skill. It was most amusing to hear him remind me how he had once applied to me for advice respecting equipment and conduct in Africa, and that I had paternally advised him to read 'The Congo and the Founding of its Free State,' "an advice—I may tell you now—I followed, and I am glad of it."

Soon after appeared two correspondents of American newspapers, one of whom was Mr. Thomas Stephens, and the other Mr. Edmund Vizetelly, representing the 'New York Herald.' The last-named gentleman brought us quite a number of well-selected articles for personal comfort and some provisions, by request of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the proprietor of the Journal in whose service I had undertaken two previous expeditions into Africa, and had accompanied Sir Robert Napier into Abyssinia in 1867 and 1868, and Sir Garnet Wolseley into Ashantee in 1873 and 1874.

Two marches from Msua an expedition from the Imperial British East African Company arrived in our camp, conveying for our use 170 porter-loads of rice, and twenty-five cases of European provisions, clothing and

boots, so that each person in the column received twenty-two pounds of rice, besides rations of salt, sugar, jams and biscuits.

The evening of December 3rd, as we were conversing in the moonlight, the sound of a cannon was heard. It was the evening gun at Zanzibar, and the Zanzibaris set up ear-piercing cries of joy at that which announced to them that the long journey across the Continent was drawing near its close, and the Egyptians and their followers echoed the shouts as the conviction dawned on them that within the next twenty-four hours they should see the ocean, on which with all comfort and leisure they would be borne to the land of Egypt and to their future homes.

On arriving at the ferry of the Kingani River, Major Wissman came across to meet us, and for the first time I had the honour of being introduced to a colleague who had first distinguished himself, at the headquarters of the Kasai River, in the service of the International Association, while I was building stations along the main river. On reaching the right bank of the Kingani we found some horses saddled, and turning over the command of the column to Lieut. Stairs, Emin Pasha and myself were conducted by Major Wissman and Lieut. Schmidt to Bagamoyo. Within the coast-town we found the streets decorated handsomely with palm branches, and received the congratulations of Banian and Hindu citizens, and of many a brave German officer who had shared the fatigues and dangers of the arduous campaign, which Wissman was prosecuting with such well deserved success, against the Arab malcontents of German East Africa. Presently rounding a corner of the street we came in view of the battery square in front of Wissman's headquarters, and on our left, close at hand, was the softly undulating Indian Sea, one great expanse of purified blue. "There, Pasha," I said. "We are at home!"

"Yes, thank God," he replied. At the same time, the battery thundered the salute in his honour, and announced to the war-ships at anchor that Emin, the Governor of Equatoria, had arrived at Bagamoyo.

We dismounted at the door of the mess-house of the German officers, and were conducted upstairs to a long and broad verandah about forty-five by twenty-five feet, which had been converted into a palmy-bower, gaily decorated with palm branches and German flags. Several round tables were spread, and on a wide buffet was arranged a sumptuous lunch, of which our appetites enabled us to partake fearlessly; but dubious of the effects of fine champagne after such long absence, I diluted it largely with Sauerbrunn water. The Pasha was never gayer than on this afternoon, when surrounded by his friends and countrymen he replied to their thousand eager questions respecting the life he had endured during his long exile in Africa.

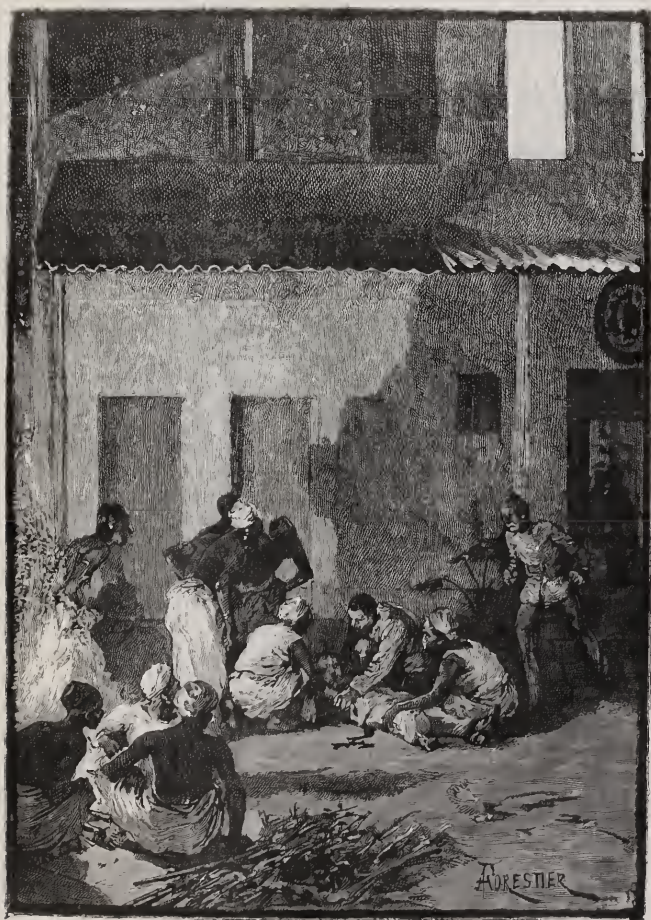
At four o'clock the column filed in, making a brave show. The people were conducted to huts ready constructed near the beach, and as the carriers dropped their loads and the long train of hammocks deposited their grievous burdens of sick men and women, and poor children for the last time on the ground, they, like myself, must have felt profound relief and understood to the full what this arrival by the shore of the sea meant.

At 7.30 p.m. the banquet was to take place. As we mounted the stairs to the broad verandah, the Pasha was met, having just left the lunch-table to dress for dinner. We assembled in the palmy bower, thirty-four persons all told—English Vice-Consul, Mr. Churchill, German Consul, and Italian Consul, Captain Brackenbury, of H.M.S. *Turquoise*, and Com-



BANQUET AT MSUA.

mander T. Mackenzie Fraser, of H.M.S. *Somali*; the Consular Judge, Captains Foss and Hirschberg, of the German war-ships *Sperber* and *Schwalbe*, Officers of the Imperial Commissary's Staff, Emin Pasha, Captain Casati, Captain Nelson, Lieutenant Stairs, Surgeon Parke,



HOUSE AND BALCONY FROM WHICH EMIN FELL.

Mr. Jephson, Mr. Bonny, Pères Etienne and Schmidt of the Bagamoyo Mission, Pères Girault and Schintze of the Algerian Mission, Officers of the German East Africa Co., Baron St. Paul Illaire, and others; Mr. W. H. W. Nicoll of the Imperial British East Africa, Captain of the Commissary's

Flotilla, &c. &c. The band of the *Schwalbe* was in attendance to give *éclat* to what was a very superb affair for Bagamoyo.

The guests having assembled, Major Wissman led the way to the long-banqueting-room, into which the central room of the house had been converted on the occasion. While we were feasting within, the Zanzibaris—tireless creatures—were celebrating the close of a troublous period in the street just below the verandah, with animal energy vented in active dance and hearty chorus. The banquet included the usual number of dishes. I am utterly powerless to describe it. To me it appeared wonderful for Bagamoyo. From extreme sensitive delicacy I omitted to inquire of Wissman where he had obtained his chef, and how it all was managed. Without a particle of exaggeration the dinner was a triumph. The wines were choice and well selected and iced, and had it not been for the Sauerbrunn close at hand in unstinted quantity, which rendered them innocuous by liberal dilution, I should soon have been incompetent to speak of their merits. I had almost forgotten the ceremony which follows banquets; but as the time drew near 9 o'clock, and the music was hushed and Major Wissman rose to his feet, a presentiment possessed me, that with benevolent tolerance of any untowardness manifest during our late mission, he aimed at proposing to the company that they should join him in drinking to the good healths of the guests Emin Pasha, Captain Casati, Mr. Stanley and the officers of the Expedition which had concluded its labours by its arrival in the port of German East Africa that day. As I supposed, so the gallant Major spoke, in well-measured phrases, with genuine kindness and incomparable cordiality; and the company rose to their feet to emphasize the sentiments with hearty hurrahs.

The principles of my reply were first, that I was unaware that Emin Pasha was a German when I offered my services to carry relief to him; that our thoughts were mainly of a brave Governor in difficulties, guarding his province with a tenacity, courage and wisdom, against the assaults of ferocious fanatics who had already eradicated every vestige of civilization from the Soudan. Secondly, that as it had been proved by former expeditions that success was only gained by hearty good-will, unwearied effort, and uttermost striving, my companions and myself, like men animated with one mind, had devoted ungrudgingly every fibre, and all our strength, morally and physically, to accomplish the purpose for which we set out. And thirdly, that as the world educated men to become indifferent to its praise or censure, that as neither perfection nor devotion insured its favour, as misfortune insured its contempt, success its envy or hate, and that as an individual might be won by sacrifice, but that no individual possessed merit or could command fortune enough to win the admiration of all—the safest plan was to seek the approval of one's conscience; and fourthly that though we had but proposed, it was God who had disposed events as He saw fit. "Emin is here, Casati is here. I and my friends are all here; wherefore we confess that we have a perfect and wholesome joy in knowing that, for a season at least, the daily march and its fatigues are at an end."

The Pasha's speech, delivered with finished elocution,—clear, distinct, and grammatical—and a deep resonant voice, took the company with an agreeable surprise, and was mainly an outpouring of gratitude to the generous English people who had thought of him, to his German countrymen for their kind reception of him, and to His Imperial Majesty Wilhelm II. for his gracious message of welcome and congratulation.



UNDER THE PALMS AT BAGAMOYO. (*From a Photograph.*)



An effusive gladness pervaded the company. If there were several whose hearts overflowed with undisguised pleasure at the thought that a period of restfulness was to begin with the morning's sun—others rejoiced from a pure and generous sympathy. But the Pasha was supremely gay and happy. He was seen wandering from one end of the table to the other, now bending over *Père Etienne*; then exchanging innocent gaiety with Surgeon Parke, and many others; while I was absorbed in listening to Wissman's oral account of the events of the East Coast War. Presently Sali, my boy-steward, suddenly whispered in my ear that the Pasha had fallen down, which I took to mean "stumbled over a chair," but perceiving that I did not accept it as a serious incident, he added, "he has fallen over the verandah wall into the street and is dangerously hurt."

The banquet was forgotten. Sali led me down the stairs to the street, and at a spot removed about twenty feet from the place where he had fallen there were two little pools of blood. The accident seems to have occurred within fifteen minutes after the delivery of his speech, and some minutes must have elapsed before I was informed, for the Pasha had been dragged away, and water had been poured over the head of the unconscious man, and then he had been borne to the German Hospital, and the native dance and song had continued undisturbed.

Hastening after my guide, with my mind oppressed by this sudden transition from gaiety to gloom, from joy to grief, from the upright figure glowing with pleasure, and radiant with joy to the silent form on the verge of the grave, I reached the hospital, and at the door met a German officer who with uplifted hands revealed the impressions gathered from his view of the unfortunate man. Guided upstairs, I was shown to a bed surrounded by an anxious-looking group. On obtaining a view, I saw the Pasha's form half undressed extended on the bed, wet bandages passed over the right side of the head and right eye. A corner of the wetted lint was lifted up, and I saw that the right eye was closed by a great lump formed by swollen tissues, and discovered that the lint was crimson with blood oozing from the ear. No one seemed to be able to give an exact account of how the accident happened, but the general impression seemed to be that the Pasha, who was half-blind, and had been so for the last two years, had moved somewhat too briskly towards the verandah, or balcony wall of that "palmy bower" wherein we had lunched, to look at the happy natives dancing in the moonlight, and misjudging its height, had leaned over suddenly and too far, and before he had recovered his balance had toppled on to the zinc shed, over the side-walk and into the street, a fall of about fourteen feet from the edge of the shed. Lieut. Roehus Schmidt had instantly been informed, and hurrying into the street, found the Pasha unconscious, and had attempted to rouse him by pouring cold water over his head, and failing in this had him conveyed to the hospital.

Next morning Surgeon Parke reported to me that the Pasha had remained completely unconscious until near dawn, and that though the accident was undoubtedly a serious one, it need not be considered dangerous, as he had examined him, and could discover no fracture of the skull, the blood from the ear having issued from injured arteries, and that, provided no inflammation supervened, he might be easily removed within ten days. The Pasha was much bruised on his right side and back, and was in a most painful condition.

Two German surgeons from the war-ships, however, announced that after a careful examination they had come to the conclusion that the Pasha's condition was most dangerous, that there was an unmistakable fracture near the base of the skull, and that only 20 per cent. of such cases ever recovered.

There was not one European at Bagamoyo but felt extremely grieved at the sad event that had wrecked the general joy. The feeling was much deeper than soldiers will permit themselves to manifest. Outwardly there was no manifestation; inwardly men were shocked that his first day's greeting among his countrymen and friends should have proved so disastrous to him after fourteen years' absence from them. What the Emir Karamallah and his fanatics, a hundred barbarous negro tribes, conspirators, and rebel soldiery, and fourteen years of Equatorial heat had failed to effect, an innocent hospitality had nearly succeeded in doing. At the very moment he might well have said, Soul, enjoy thyself! behold, the shadow of the grave is thrust across their vision. This extremely dismal prospect and immediate blighting of joy made men chary of speech, and solemnly wonder at the mishap.

On the 6th of December our people were embarked on board H.M.S. *Somali* and three of Major Wissman's steamers, and at 9 A.M. a fleet, consisting of H.M.S. *Turquoise*, Capt. Brackenbury, with Lieut. Stairs, Major Wissman, Messrs. Jephson and Bonny on board, the *Sperber*, Capt. Foss, with myself, Capt. Nelson, and four Algerian Pères, the *Schwalbe*, Capt. Hirschberg, H.M.S. *Somali*, Commander Frazer, and three vessels of Wissman's steam flotilla, after lifting anchor, formed line, and proceeded towards the island of Zanzibar. The sea a clear blue, paling into a diluted green over reefs which flanked the course, was lovely, and as the gentle wind met us, we respired deep draughts of air free from taint and miasma. Oh! the deep relief I felt that this was the end of that continual rising in the morning with a hundred moaning and despairing invalids wailing their helplessness and imploring for help, of those daily scenes of disease, suffering, and unmitigable misery, and of the diurnal torture to which the long-enduring caravan had been subjected during what seemed now to have been an age of hideous troubles far beyond the range of anything we had anticipated when we so lightheartedly accepted the mission of relieving the Governor of Equatoria.

Now let me for a moment speak proudly. Knowing what my companions and I know, we have this certain satisfaction, that let envy, malice and jealousy provoke men to say what they will, the acutest cross-examination of witnesses in a court of justice would elicit nothing more, so far as we are concerned, than a fuller recognition and higher appreciation of the sacrifice and earnestness of the endeavour which we freely and gratuitously gave to assist Emin Pasha and Captain Casati, and and their few hundreds of followers. Money, time, years, strength, health, life, anything and everything—freely, kindly, and devotedly—without even giving one thought to a reward, which, whatever its character might be, would be utterly inadequate as compensation. To one like me, what are banquets? A crust of bread, a chop, and a cup of tea, is a feast to one who, for the best part of twenty-three years, has not had the satisfaction of eating a shilling's worth of food a day. Receptions! they are the very honours I would wish to fly from, as I profess myself slow of speech, and Nature has not fitted me with a disposition to enjoy them. Medals! I



THE RELIEF EXPEDITION RETURNING TO ZANZIBAR ON BOARD H.M.S.S. 'TURQUOISE' 37
AND 'SOMALI'; THE GERMAN WARSHIPS 'SPERBER' AND 'SCHWALBE',
AND MAJOR WISSMAN'S STEAM FLOTILLA.

cannot wear them; the pleasure of looking at them is even denied me by my continual absence. What then? Nothing. No honour or reward, however great, can be equal to that subtle satisfaction that a man feels when he can point to his work and say, "See, now, the task I promised you to perform with all loyalty and honesty, with might and main, to the utmost of my ability, and God willing, is to-day finished." Say, is it well and truly done? And when the employer shall confess that "it is well and truly done," can there be any recompense higher than that to one's inward self?

In the morning I had paid a visit to Emin Pasha. He was in great trouble and pain. "Well, Pasha," I said, "I hope you don't mean to admit the possibility that you are to die here, do you?" "Oh! no. I am not so bad as that," and he shook his head.

"By what I have seen, Pasha, I am entirely of the same opinion. A person with a fractured head could not move his head after that manner.* Good-bye. Dr. Parke will remain with you until dismissed by you, and I hope to hear good news from him daily." We shook hands and I withdrew.

It may be curious, but it is true. Emin Pasha, who breathed a cosmopolitan spirit while he was in the Interior, and who professed broad views, became different in a few days. Only one day before we reached Bagamoyo I had said to him, "Within a short time, Pasha, you will be among your countrymen; but while you glow with pride and pleasure at being once more amongst them, do not forget that they were English people who first heard your cries in the days of gloom; that it was English money which enabled these young English gentlemen to rescue you from Khartoum."

"Never; have no fear of that," replied the Pasha.

Dr. Parke bore up, I am told, against much unpleasantness. But finally, falling ill himself, to the peril of his life he was conveyed to the French hospital in Zanzibar, where he lay as hopeless a case almost as Emin Pasha immediately after his accident. Happily he recovered from the severe illness that he had incurred while watching at the Pasha's bedside.

The reports were more and more unsatisfactory from Bagamoyo, and finally I despatched my boy-steward Sali, who returned from his visit to the Pasha protesting that he had been threatened with a short shrift if he ever visited Bagamoyo again; and never message or note did I receive from Emin, the late Governor of Equatoria.

While writing this concluding chapter there appeared the announcement that Emin Pasha had entered the service of the German Government in East Africa. It was the conviction that he would do this that had caused me to remind him on the 4th of December, that it was English money which had enabled our Expedition to proceed to his relief and rescue. That he has ultimately elected to serve Germany in preference to England appears perfectly natural, and yet the mere announcement surprised a great many of his warmest and most disinterested friends, among whom we may number ourselves.

For among the copies of letters relating to Emin Pasha, and the objects of our Expedition supplied to me by the British Foreign Office, was a copy

* The Pasha arrived at Zanzibar about the beginning of March, 1890, perfectly recovered.

of one purporting to have been written by Emin himself to Sir John Kirk, offering to surrender his province to England before even he had obtained authority from the Khedive to part with it. The appearance of this letter in print vexed him greatly, as it seemed to accuse him of seeking to betray the interests of the Government he was supposed to have served so faithfully. Instead, however, of meeting with an agent of England, empowered to treat with him for the delivery of the province to the British Government, and to appoint him as the Governor of the Province under British auspices, he was informed that the Egyptian Government, acting under the advice of the British representative at Cairo, had only availed themselves of our Expedition to convey to him their wish that he would retire from Equatoria with such troops as were willing to accompany him, failing which he was to be left to stay in the land on his own responsibility. Those who are interested in motives will not find it difficult, therefore, to understand the apparent hesitation and indecision that he seemed to labour under when questioned by me as to his intentions. For nothing could have been more unexpected and unwelcome than the official letters from the Khedive and Nubar Pasha which declared their resolve to abandon the province except the absolute silence of British officials, or British philanthropists, or commercial companies, respecting the future of the country wherein he had spent so many years of his life in contentment, if not in peace. In lieu of what he had expected, I had only the offer of the King of the Belgians to make to him, to which were attached certain conditions, that appeared to him to render the offer of no value. He could not guarantee a revenue—possibly because he knew better than any one else that there was neither government nor province, and that, therefore, revenue could not be collected. It was then I proposed to him, solely on my own responsibility, that he should take service with the British East African Association, because the copy of his letter to Sir John Kirk informed me that it approached nearer to his own proposition than the other. As I could not guarantee the engagement without authority, and could only promise that I would do my utmost to realise my ideas, I could but extract a declaration of his preference, that the second offer was more congenial to him than retreat to Egypt, or service with the Congo State. Yet, as we know, he could definitely accept neither, inasmuch as he did not know whether his rebellious officers would consent to depart from the province, even as far as the Victoria Nyanza. As my mission to Emin was solely to convey ammunition to him, or to assist him in any way desirable and convenient to him, I was as free to carry offers to him from Italy, Germany, Russia, Portugal, or Greece as I was to carry that from Belgium. But as Emin was disinclined to return to Egypt, and declined to accept King Leopold's generous offer of employment, and dared not pledge himself to accept service with the English company until he had ascertained whether any of his people were willing to accompany him, he was compelled to return to his province to consult the inclinations of his officers, in doing which he was deposed from his authority and made a prisoner. When permitted to visit our camp by his rebellious officers, he placed himself under our escort, and accompanied us to the sea, with such servants as we compelled to serve him during the journey.

Therefore, having accomplished our mission towards him faithfully, with every consideration and respect while he acted as the Governor of an important province, with every kindness and tender solicitude for himself

and family during a journey of 1,400 miles, until he was in the arms of his countrymen, we have some reason for being more than surprised that the accident at the banquet at Bagamoyo should have so suddenly terminated our acquaintance without the smallest acknowledgment. Three several times I am aware I offended Emin. The first time was on April 5th, when, finding him utterly unable to decide, or to suggest anything, or accept suggestion from me, my patience, after fifty-two days' restraint, gave way. Even now the very thought of it upsets me. If the Pasha had a whipping-boy, I fear the poor fellow would have had a severe time of it. Secondly, my judgment in the affair of Mohammed's wife was contrary to his wishes, but had he been my brother, or benefactor, I could not have done otherwise than render strict justice. The third was at Mitsora, when Emin came to apologise for certain intemperate words he had used, and when I seized the opportunity of giving him a little lecture upon the mode of conduct becoming a Pasha and a gentleman. "I frankly accept your apology, Pasha," I said, "but I do hope that from here to the coast you will allow us to remember that you are still the Governor of the Equatorial Province, and not a vain and spoiled child. We can but grieve to see you exhibiting childish pettishness, when we cannot forget that you are he for whom we were all ready to fling away our lives at a moment's notice. The method of showing resentment for imaginary offences which we see in vogue with you and Casati is new to us. We do not understand why every little misunderstanding should be followed by suspension of intercourse. We have been in the habit of expressing frankly our opinions, but never above a minute nourishing resentment, and brooding over fancied wrongs. If you could bear this in mind you would be convinced that this forced seclusion in your tent cannot appear otherwise than absurd, and infantile to us."

"Ah, Mr. Stanley, I am sorry I ever came on with you, and if you will allow me, on reaching Mr. Mackay's, I will ask you to let me remain with him," said he.

"But why, Pasha?" I asked. "Tell me why, and what is it you wish. Has any person offended you? I know of everything that transpires in this camp, but I confess that I am ignorant of any offence being done towards you intentionally by any person. Down to the smallest Zanzibari boy I can only see a sincere desire to serve you. Now, Pasha, let me show you in few words for the first time how strange your conduct has appeared to us. When we volunteered to convey relief to you, you were a kind of hero to us; you were Gordon's last lieutenant, who was in danger of being overcome by the fate which seemed to overtake every person connected with the Soudan, and we resolved to employ every faculty to extricate you from what appeared to be the common doom. We did not ask what country gave you birth, we did not inquire into your antecedents; you were Emin, the heroic Governor of Equatoria to us. Felkin, and Junker, and Allen, of the Anti-Slavery Society, had by their letters and speeches created a keen sympathy in every breast for Emin, the last lieutenant of Gordon. We were told that all you needed was ammunition, and from the day when I left New York to take command of this Expedition I had only one thought, and that was to reach you before it was too late. I wrote you from Zanzibar that we intended to take the Congo route, and that we should march for Kavalli at the south-west end of the Albert Lake, and I begged you to prepare the natives for

our coming, for you had two steamers, and life-boats, besides canoes. Well, we reached Kavalli on the 14th December, 1887. You did not reach Kavalli before March, 1888. The omission on your part cost us the life of a gallant Englishman, and the lives of over a hundred of our brave and faithful followers, and caused a delay of four months. We had to return to Fort Bodo, and bring our boat to search for you. During twenty-six days' stay with you, we were not certain of any one thing, except that you would wait for the arrival of the Major and rear column. We hastened back to hunt up the rear column, to find the Major was dead, and the rear column a wreck. Now all this might have been avoided if you had visited Kavalli, and assisted in your own relief. When we returned to you in January, 1889, you were deposed, a helpless prisoner, and in danger of being taken to Khartoum; and yet, though you had written to me that you and Casati and many Egyptians were resolved to depart if I would give you a little time, after fifty-six days' patient waiting you were still undecided what to do. My illness gave you an additional twenty-eight days' delay, and I find you still hankering for something that I cannot guess, and which you will not name. Up to this date we have lost Major Barttelot, and 300 lives; we are here to lose our own lives if they are required. What more can we do for you? Write out in plain words your needs, and you shall then judge for yourself whether our professions are mere empty words."

From this time to the hour I bade him my farewell at the hospital on the 6th December nothing occurred to mar a pleasant intercourse. There was one difficulty, however, under which I laboured, and that was to write my letters to the Emin Relief Committee, without betraying our surprise at the extraordinary vacillation which marked the Governor's conduct. It would have been a more agreeable task to have maintained the illusions under which we had set out from England, but it was impossible. What transpired at Kavalli was visible to every officer in the Expedition, and at some indiscreet moment the mask under which friendship may have attempted to disguise the eccentricities of the Pasha would surely have been brushed aside. It was, therefore, necessary that I should state the truth as charitably as possible, so that whatever may have been deduced by critics, the worst charge would have been no more than that his apparent vacillation was due to excess of amiability.

But the Pasha's conduct at Bagamoyo, from the moment he entered the German Hospital, will not even permit me the privilege of exhibiting him in such an amiable light. The ungrateful treatment which the poor boy Sahi received, the making of my letters common property among the German officers, all of which were urging him to have regard for his own good name and fair reputation, the strange ingratitude shown to Dr. Parke, who ought not to have an enemy in the wide world, the sudden and inexplicable cessation of intercourse with any member of our Expedition, render it necessary that we should not close this book without reference to these things.

In Africa Emin Pasha expressed his fears that if he returned to Egypt he would be unemployed. Within half-an-hour of my arrival in Cairo, I took the liberty of urging upon the Khedive that Emin Pasha should be assured, as early as possible, that he would be certain of employment. The Khedive at once consented, and in thirty-six hours Emin replied, "Thanks, my kind master."

Four weeks later he cabled to the Khedive requiring that a credit for £400 should be given to him at Zanzibar. Col. Euan-Smith, at Zanzibar, was requested by the Government of Egypt to pay that amount to Emin, whereupon he cabled back, "Since you cannot treat me better than that, I send you my resignation."

As he had offered his services to England, the British East African Company were induced to listen to his overtures, and I was aware while at Cairo that a very liberal engagement was open to his acceptance; but suddenly everybody was shocked to hear that he had accepted service with the Germans in East Africa, and naturally one of his first duties would be to inform his new employers of the high estimate placed on his genius for administration by the directors of the British East Africa Company. I understand that he had agreed to serve Germany one month previous to his offer of service to the British Company. It is clear, therefore, why he was negotiating with the latter.

As has been stated above, his desire to serve the Germans has not been a surprise to me; but this reckless indifference to his own reputation, and his disregard of the finer human feelings certainly are calculated to diminish admiration. While most readers of this book would be indifferent to his employment by his own Emperor, and would consider it perfectly natural and right that he should show preference for his own natal land and countrymen, it will not appear so natural to them that the flag which he had stated at Kavalli he had served for thirty years, should have been so disdainfully cast aside, or that the "kind master," the Khedive of Egypt, who had given £14,000 towards his rescue, should have been parted with so unceremoniously; or that Sir William Mackinnon and his English friends, who had subscribed £16,000 for sending to him the assistance he had requested, should have been subjected to such a sudden chilling of their kindly sympathies. Nor will it appear quite natural to us that he should so soon forget his "dear people" for whom he pleaded so nobly in May, 1888, and February and March, 1889, as to leave them in Cairo for four months without a word. Dr. Vita Hassan, the apothecary, his most devoted follower, received a letter from him a few days before I left Cairo, which announced to him that he and the others must look out for themselves, that as he had severed his connection with Egypt he could not be troubled any more with them. Poor Shukri Agha, faithful to the last, with tears in his eyes came to me to ask what it all meant? What had he done to be treated with such neglect? With eight years' arrears of pay due to them, the Pasha's followers remain wondering why their late chief has so utterly cast them away.

We were the recipients at Zanzibar of so much courtesy and hospitality that pages might be filled with the mere mention of them. To Major Wissman, I am vastly indebted for large and unstinted hospitality, and I feel honoured with the acquaintance of this noble and brave German centurion. To the gallant Captains Foss and Hirschberg we owe great gratitude for their unremitting kindness. To Consul-General Col. Euan-Smith and his charming wife, to whom I am indebted for courtesies past counting, and a hospitality as ungrudging as it was princely and thoroughly disinterested, besides favours and honours without number, I am too poor in ought to do more than make this simple record of a goodness which cannot be recompensed. And indeed there was not a German, or English, or Italian, or Indian resident at Zanzibar who did not show to myself and

companions in some form or another, either by substantial dinners and choice wines, their—what was called—appreciation of our services in behalf of Emin Pasha, Captain Casati, and their followers.

The Agent of the East African Company, in company with Lieut. Stairs, having completed their labours, of calculating the sums due to the survivors of the Relief Expedition, and having paid them accordingly, a purse of 10,000 rupees was subscribed thus: 3000 rupees from the Khedive of Egypt; 3000 rupees from the Emin Relief Fund; 3000 rupees from myself personally; 1000 rupees from the Seyyid Khalifa of Zanzibar, which enabled the payees to deliver from 40 to 60 rupees extra to each survivor according to desert. General Lloyd Mathews gave them also a grand banquet, and in the name of the kind-hearted Sultan in various ways showed how merit should be rewarded. An extra sum of 10,000 rupees set apart from the Relief Fund is to be distributed also among the widows and orphans of those who perished in the Yambuya Camp, and with the Advance Column.

Among my visitors at Zanzibar was a Mohammedan East Indian, named Jaffar Tarya, who is a wealthy Bombay merchant, and acts as agent for many Arab and Zanzibari caravan owners in Africa. Among others he acts as agent for Hamed bin Mohammed, *alias* Tippu-Tib. He informed me that he held the sum of £10,600 in gold, which was paid to him for and in behalf of Tippu-Tib by the Government of the Congo Free State for ivory purchased by Lieut. Becker from Tippu-Tib in its name. Jaffar Tarya had thus unwittingly put the means in my hands to enable me to bring Tippu-Tib some day before the Consular Court at Zanzibar to be judged for alleged offences committed against British subjects—the gentlemen of the Emin Relief Committee—and to refund certain expenses which had been incurred by the declarations he had made before Acting Consul-General Holmwood, that he would assist the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition with carriers. Thus, in consideration of his signed agreement that he would furnish the Expedition with 600 carriers, he had been granted free passage and board for himself and ninety-six of his followers from Zanzibar to Banana Point, River Congo=£1,940, and from Banana Point to Stanley Falls=£1,940. At Yambuya he had received forty-seven bales of cloth, about fifty cases of gunpowder, as many cases of fixed ammunition, Remington rifles, elephant-guns, revolvers, and £128 worth of stores for his sub-chief, Muini Sumai, on the promise that he would supply carriers to escort Major Barttelot until the Major would either meet me or Emin Pasha, which he did not do further than for about ninety miles, and therefore caused us a delay of nearly a year, and a further expense of nearly twelve months' pay extra to about 250 Zanzibaris. The bill of claims that we could legitimately present amounted in the aggregate to £10,000. Whereupon I pleaded for an injunction that such moneys should not depart from the hands of the British subject Jaffar Tarya until an English court of justice should decide whether the Emin Relief Committee was not entitled in equity to have these expenses and moneys refunded. After hearing the evidence the Consular Judge granted the injunction. There is not a doubt, then, that, if strict justice be dealt to this arch offender, the Emin Relief Committee may find itself in possession of funds sufficient to pay each Zanzibari survivor a bonus of 300 rupees, and each of our officers the sum of £1000 cash, a consummation devoutly to be wished.



THE FAITHFULS AT ZANZIBAR. (*From a Photograph.*)



After arriving at Cairo on the 16th of January, 1890, and delivering the 260 refugees to the Egyptian authorities, I sought a retired house wherein I might proceed to write this record of three years' experiences "*In Darkest Africa, and the Story of our Quest, Rescue, and Retreat of Emin, the Governor of Equatoria.*" I discovered such a house in the Villa Victoria, and on January 25th I seized my pen to do a day's work. But I knew not how to begin. Like Elihu, my memory was full of matter, and I desired to write that I might be refreshed; but there was no vent. My right hand had forgotten its cunning, and the art of composition was lost by long disuse. Wherefore, putting firm restraint against the crowds of reminiscences that clamoured for issue, I let slip one after another with painful deliberation into the light, and thus, while one day my pen would fairly race over the paper at the rate of nine folios an hour, at other times it could scarcely frame 100 words. But finally, after fifty days' close labour, in obedience to an irresistible impulse, I have succeeded in reaching this page 903 of foolscap manuscript, besides writing 400 letters and about 100 telegrams, and am compelled from over-weariness to beg the reader's permission to conclude.

Some scenes of the wonderful land of Inner Africa, through which we have travelled together, must for ever cling to our memories. Wherever we go some thought of some one of the many scenes in that great forest will intrude itself into the mind. The eternal woods will stand in their far-away loneliness for ever. As in the past, so they will flourish and fall for countless ages in the future, in dumb and still multitudes, shadowy as ghosts in the twilight, yet silently creeping upward and higher into the air and sunshine. In fancy we shall often hear the thunder crashing and rushing in rolling echoes through the silence and the darkness; we shall see the leaden mists of the morning, and in the sunshine the lustre of bedewed verdure and the sheen of wet foliage, and inhale the fragrance of flowers.

And now and then—oh, the misery of it!—athwart the memory will glide spectres of men cowering in the rainy gloom, shivering with cold, gaunt and sad-eyed through hunger, despairing in the midst of the unknown; we shall hear the moaning of dying men, see the stark forms of the dead, and shrink again with the hopelessness of our state. Then like gleams of fair morning will rise to view the prospects of the grass-land, the vistas of green bossy hills, the swirling swathes of young grass waltzing merrily with the gale, the flowing lines of boscage darkening the hollows, the receding view of uplifting and subsiding land waves rolling to the distance where the mountains loom in faint image through the undefined blue. And often thought will wing itself lighter than a swift, and soar in aerial heights over sere plain, blue water, vivid green land and silver lake, and sail along the lengthy line of colossal mountain shoulders turned towards the Semliki, and around the congregation of white heads seated in glory far above the Afric world, and listen to the dropping waters as they tumble down along the winding grooves of Ruwenzori in sheaves of silver arrows, and speed through the impending rain-clouds, and the floating globes of white mist over unexplored abysses, through the eternal haze of Usongora, and up with a joyous leap into the cool atmosphere over Ankori and Karagwé, and straight away over 300 leagues of pastoral plains, and thin thorn forest, back again to marvel at the delightful azure of the Indian Ocean.

Good-night, Pasha, and you, Captain Casati! You will know better when you have read these pages, what the saving of you cost in human life and suffering. I have nothing to regret. What I have given, that I have given freely and with utmost good will; and so say we all.

Good-night, Gentlemen of the Relief Committee! Three years are past since your benevolence commissioned us to relieve the distressed and rescue the weak. 260 all told have been returned to their homes; about 150 more are in safety.

Good-night, oh! my Companions! May honours such as you deserve be showered upon you. To the warm hearts of your countrymen I consign you. Should one doubt be thrown upon your manhood, or upon your loyalty or honour, within these pages, the record of your faithfulness during a period which I doubt will ever be excelled for its gloom and hopelessness, will be found to show with what noble fortitude you bore all. Good-night, Stairs, Jephison, Nelson, Parke, and you, Bonny, a long good-night to you all!

You who never turned your backs,
 But marched breast forward,
 Never doubted clouds would break,
 Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
 Wrong would triumph.
 Held we fall to rise, are baffled to
 Fight better,
 Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday, in the bustle of
 Man's work-time,
 Greet the Unseen with a cheer!
 Bid them forward, breast and back, as
 Either should be.
 "Strive and thrive!" cry, "speed, fight
 On, for ever,
 There as here."

THE THANKS BE TO GOD FOR EVER AND EVER. AMEN.

APPENDIX A.

MAJOR BARTELOT'S Last Report of events at Yambuya :

Yambuya Camp, *June 4, 1888.*

SIR,—I have the honour to report to you that we are about to make a move, though with far less numbers than I originally intended. Tippu-Tib has at last, but with great reluctance, given us 400 men. I have also obtained from another Arab called Muini Somai thirty more carriers; we shall move not earlier than the 9th of June, and our forces will be as follows:—Soudanese 22, rifles 22; Zanzibaris 110, rifles 110, loads 90; Manyema 430, muskets 300, loads 380. The officers who are going are Major Barttelot, in command; Mr. J. S. Jameson, second in command; Mr. W. Bonuy; Sheik Muini Somai in command of Manyema force.

Sheik Muini Somai is an Arab of Kibongé, who volunteered to accompany the Expedition as commander under me of the native contingent.

On May 8, the Belgian steamer *A.I.A.*, with M. Van Kerk-hoven, the chief of Bangala, arrived here, having on board Mr. Ward's escort of thirty Zanzibaris and four Soudanese, one Soudanese dying at Bangala.

May 11th.—They left us to go to Stanley Falls.

May 14th.—I left for Stanley Falls, going overland and catching the steamer at Yallasula, on the Congo. I proceeded with the Belgians to the Falls on May 22nd.

Mr. Jameson and Tippu-Tib, with 400 men, returned from Kasongo.

Mr. Jameson wrote to you while at Kasongo of his proceedings there. He told me on arrival that Tippu-Tib had promised him 800 men, but would make no written agreement with him.

May 23rd.—I had my palaver with Tippu-Tib: he then told me he could only let me have 400 men, 300 of whom were to carry 40-lb. loads, and 100 20-lb. loads. He said the men were present, and ready to start as soon as I had my loads ready. I told him of what he had promised Mr. Jameson at Kasongo, but he said never had any mention of 800 men been made, only of the 400. That it was quite impossible he could give us more men, as he was short of men at Kasongo and Nyangwé, as he was at present engaged in so many wars that he had completely drained the country. I was forced to submit, but hoped that he might be able to collect another 100 or so at and around Yambuya.

Tippu then asked me if I wanted a headman, stating that in the former agreement Mr. Stanley had said that if a headman was taken he should be paid. I replied, Certainly I want a headman. He then presented me to the Arab, Muini Somai. This man agreed to come, and I send you the terms I settled with him.

I got back to Camp Yambuya May 30.

June 4th.—The *Stanley* steamer arrived, and the *A.I.A.*, the former bringing Belgian officers for the Falls Station, the latter Tippu-Tib himself.

June 5th.—I had another palaver with Tippu-Tib, asking him where were the 250 men already sent; he explained to me that they had been dispersed, and on trying to collect them they refused to come, owing to the bad reports brought in by the deserters, and that as they were subjects and not slaves he could not force them. That was the reason why he had brought 400 entirely fresh men from Kasongo for us.

However, Tippu said he could let me have thirty more men of Muini Somai. This, as I was so terribly short of men, I agreed to.

Muiui Somai himself appears a willing man, and very anxious to do his best. He volunteered for the business. I trust you will not think his payment excessive, but the anxiety it takes away as regards his men and the safety of the loads is enormous, for he is responsible for the Manyuema and the loads they carry, and thus saves the white officers an amount of work and responsibility which they can now devote to other purposes.

The loads we do not take are to be sent to Bangala. They will be loaded up in the *A.I.A.*, or *Stanley*, on June 8, a receipt being given for them by M. Van Kerk-hoven, which is marked B. and forwarded to you, also a letter of instruction to him and to Mr. Ward. Perhaps you would kindly give the requisite order concerning the loads and the two canoes purchased in March for Mr. Ward's transport, also for those stores purchased by Mr. Ward on behalf of the Expedition, as it is nearly certain I shall not return this way, and shall therefore have no further need of them or him. Mr. Troup, who is in a terrible condition of debility and interual disarrangement, is proceeding home at his own request. Mr. Bonny's certificate of his unfitness is attached, and his application, marked E, also letters concerning passage, &c., to M. Fontaine, marked F. I have given him a passage home at the expense of the Expedition, as I am sure it would be your and their wish.

The interpreter, Assad Farran, I am also sending home. He has been, and is, utterly useless to me, and is in failing health; and if I took him with me I would only, after a few marches, have either to carry or leave him, and I am terribly short of carriers. So I have ventured to send him home with a steerage passage to Cairo, and have sent a letter to the Consul-General, Cairo, concerning him; also copy of agreement made by Assad Farran with me on his proceeding home; also papers of interpreter, Alexander Hadad, who died June 24th, 1887, both marked G. These two interpreters made no sort of agreement concerning pay, terms of service, &c., when they agreed to come on this Expedition in February, 1887, so perhaps you would kindly inform the proper authorities on that subject. With British troops in Egypt, as interpreters, they would have received not more than £6 a month and their rations, for as interpreters they were both very inferior.

A Soudanese soldier with a diseased leg is also proceeding down country. Besides these there are four other Soudanese and twenty-nine Zanzibaris who are unable to proceed with us. Tippu-Tib has kindly consented to get these to Zanzibar as best he can. A complete list of them, their payments, &c., will be forwarded to the Consul at Zanzibar, and I have requested him to forward on the Soudanese to Egypt.

My intentions on leaving this camp are to make the best of my way along the same route taken by Mr. Stanley; should I get no tidings of him along the road, to proceed as far as Kavalli, and then if I hear nothing there to proceed to Kibero. If I can ascertain either at Kavalli or Kibero his whereabouts, no matter how far it may be, I will endeavour to reach him. Should he be in a fix I will do my utmost to relieve him. If neither at Kavalli nor Kibero I can obtain tidings of him, I shall go on to Wadelai and ascertain from Emin Pasha, if he be there still, if he has any news of Mr. Stanley, also of his own intentions as regards staying or leaving. I will persuade him, if possible, to come out with me, and, if necessary, aid me in my search for Mr. Stanley. Should it for sundry reasons be unnecessary to look further for Mr. Stanley, I will place myself and force at his disposal to act as his escort, proceeding by whichever route is most feasible, so long as it is not through Uganda, as in that event the Manyuemas would leave me, as I have promised Tippu-Tib they shall not go there, and that I will bring them back or send a white officer with them back to their own country by the shortest and quickest route on completion of my object. This is always supposing Emin Pasha to be there and willing to come away. It may be he only needs ammunition to get away

by himself, in which case I would in all probability be able to supply him, and would send three-fourths of my Zanzibar force and my two officers with him, and would myself, with the other Zanzibaris, accompany the Manyemas back to Tippu-Tib's country, and so to the coast, by the shortest route—viz., by the Muta-Nzigé, Tangauika and Ujiji. This is also the route I should take should we be unable to find Stanley, or, from the reasons either that he is not there or does not wish to come, relieve Emin Pasha.

I need not tell you that all our endeavours will be most strenuous to make the quest in which we are going a success, and I hope that my actions may meet with the approval of the Committee, and that they will suspend all judgment concerning those actions, either in the present, past, or future, till I or Mr. Jameson return home.

Rumour is always rife, and is seldom correct, concerning Mr. Stanley. I can hear no news whatever, though my labours in that direction have been most strenuous. He is not dead, to the best of my belief, nor of the Arabs here or at Kasongo. I have been obliged to open Mr. Stanley's boxes, as I cannot carry all his stuff, and I had no other means of ascertaining what was in them. Two cases of Madeira were also sent him. One case I am sending back, the other has been half given to Mr. Troup, the other half we take as medical comforts. Concerning Tippu-Tib I have nothing to say beyond that he has broken faith with us, and can only conjecture from surrounding events and circumstances the cause of his unreasonable delay in supplying men, and the paucity of that supply.

I deem it my bounden duty to proceed on this business, in which I am fully upheld by both Mr. Jameson and Mr. Bonny; to wait longer would be both useless and culpable, as Tippu-Tib has not the remotest intention of helping us any more, and to withdraw would be pusillanimous, and, I am certain, entirely contrary to your wishes and those of the Committee.

I calculate it will take me from three to four months to reach the lakes, and from seven to nine more to reach the coast.

Should you think and the Committee agree that the sum is excessive to give Muini Somai, and are not prepared to meet it, or, may be, are prepared to place only a portion of that at my disposal for that purpose, both Mr. Jameson and I are fully prepared to meet it or the remaining portion of it, as it is entirely for our benefit he is coming; though of course it must be remembered that our object is to reach our destination with as many of our loads as possible, and that our individual hold over the Manyema without outside aid would be *nil*. Should you agree to place the sum at my disposal, please arrange accordingly; if only a portion, that portion, for he has received an advance in powder, cloth, beads, and cowries to the value of £128. In case of not meeting it or only a portion of it, please inform Sir Walter Barttelot, Carlton Club. I insert this as it is most necessary the money should be there when wanted, as Arabs and Orientals are most punctilious on pecuniary transactions.

I have much pleasure in stating that from all the officers of the State with whom I have come in contact or from whom I have solicited aid, I have met with a most willing and ready response, which is highly gratifying. I would particularly mention Captain Van Kerk-hoven, Chief of Bangala, and Lieutenant Liebrechts, Chief of Stanley Pool, and I trust that they may meet with the reward and merit they deserve.

June 6th.—This morning Tippu-Tib sent for me and asked me if I thought he would get his money for the men. I told him I could give no assurance of that. He then said he must have a guarantee, which I and Mr. Jameson have given; terms of agreement and guarantee are attached. All receipts, agreements, &c., made between Arabs and myself and signed by them I have sent to Mr. Holmwood, and the copies to you.

June 8th.—This morning I had the loads for Tippu-Tib's and Muini Somai's men stacked, and Tippu-Tib himself came down to see them prior to issuing.

However, he took exception to the loads, said they were too heavy (the heaviest was 45 lbs.), and his men could not carry them. Two days before he had expressed his approbation of the weight of the very same loads he refused today. I pointed out to him that he as well as I knew the difficulty of getting any load other than a bale to scale the exact weight, and that the loads his men carried were far above the prescribed weight of 60 lbs. We were to have started to-morrow, so we shall not now start till the 11th or 12th of June, as I am going to make all his loads weigh exactly 40 lbs. It is partly our fault, as we should have been more particular to get the exact weight. The average weight overdue was about 2 lbs., some loads being 2 lbs. under. But it is not the weight of the loads he takes exception to—in reality it is having to perform the business at all. He has been almost forced to it by letters received from Mr. Holmwood against his own and more than against the wish of his fellow-Arabs, and, filled with aspirations and ambitions of a very large nature, the whole business has become thoroughly distasteful to him, which his professed friendship for Stanley cannot even overcome. His treatment of us this morning showed that most thoroughly. But should he not act up to his contract I hope it will be taken most serious notice of when it comes to the day of settling up. He has got us tight fixed at present, but it should not always be so.

On our road lie many Arab settlements to within a month of Lake Albert Nyanza, though the distance between some of them is bad, and the inhabitants of that distance warlike. I shall, whenever opportunity offers, hire carriers, if not for the whole time at any rate from station to station, for of course death, sickness, and desertions must be looked for, and I must get my loads in as intact as possible to my destination.

This is when Muini Somai will be so useful. We seem to have paid a big price for his services, but then he is a big Arab, and in proportion to his bigness is his influence over the Manyema to keep them together, to stop desertions, thefts, &c. A lesser Arab would have been cheaper, but his influence would have been less, and in consequence our loads gradually less, and loads mean health and life and success, and therefore cannot be estimated at too high a value. We are carrying light loads, and intend to do at first very easy marches, and when I get into the open country by Uganda to push on.

We weighed all our loads before one of Tippu-Tip's headmen, and he passed loads which had been condemned shortly before in the morning, which fully shows that for some reason or other he wishes to delay us here, but for what purpose I cannot say.

June 9th.—We shall easily be able to start by the 11th, but I am sorry to say our loss of ammunition by the lightening of the loads—for it was the ammunition they particularly took notice of—is something enormous.

Both the *A.I.A.* and the *Stanley* left this morning for Stanley Falls, but Tippu-Tib and his Belgian secretary remain behind; also four ship's carpenters, whom Captain Vangele and M. Van Kerk-hoven left with us to help us. The Belgians have behaved with very great kindness to us, and helped us on our way enormously.

Before I close I would wish to add that the services of Mr J. S. Jameson have been, are, and will be invaluable to me. Never during his period of service with me have I had one word of complaint from him. His alacrity, capacity, and willingness to work are unbounded, while his cheeriness and kindly disposition have endeared him to all. I have given Ward orders about any telegram you may send, and Tippu-Tib has promised he will send a messenger after me should it be necessary, provided I have not started more than a month.

Tippu-Tib waits here to see me off.

I am sending a telegram to you to announce our departure, and I will endeavour through the State to send you news whenever I can; but it would not surprise me if the Congo route was not blocked later on.

I have not sent you a copy of Mr. Holmwood's letter, as it was not official, but of all others I have. I think I told you of everything of which I can write. There are many things I would wish to speak of, and no doubt I will do so should I be permitted to return home.

Our ammunition, Remington, is as follows:—Rifles, 128: reserve rounds, per rifle, 279; rounds with rifle, 20 = 35,580.

June 10th.—The loads have been weighed and handed over; powder and caps issued to the Manyema force, and we are all ready to start, which we shall do to-morrow morning. I have told you of all now I can think of, but I would bring finally to your notice that Tippu-Tib has broken his faith and contract with us. The man Muini Somai I think means business, and therefore I trust all will be well.

I have, &c.,

EDMUND M. BARTELLOT, *Major.*

To MR. WILLIAM MACKINNON,

President of the Emin Pasha Relief Committee.

COPY OF LOG OF REAR COLUMN.

NOTE.—This "Log" may not appear to be very lively reading at first, but it presently deepens in interest, and will repay perusal to the reader who has shared in our anxieties respecting the fate of the rear column.

H. M. S.

June 11th, 1888.—Left Yambuya at 7 A.M. Slight excitement prevailed at first, firing off guns, &c., but this was soon checked. The Zanzibar Company went ahead, Mr. Jameson in advance, Mr. Bonny in the centre, Major Barttelot in rear. The Manyema contingent under Muini Somai started later, but soon caught up the Zanzibar Company: the rear reached camp at the Batuka village called Sudi at noon. One sick man was left behind on the road, but he found his way to camp later on. All loads correct.

The rear column left Yambuya with strength as follows:—

Major Edmund M. Barttelot, <i>Commanding.</i>			
Mr. James S. Jameson, <i>Second in Command.</i>			
Mr. William Bonny, <i>Command of Zanzibar Co.</i>			
Zanzibar Company . . .	108	men.	
„ Boys . . .	7		
Soudanese soldiers . . .	22		
Somali . . .	1		
Manyema carriers . . .	430		
<hr/>			
Total . . .	568		

Distance travelled about five miles.

Road fair, through jungle and plantations, the best roadways being the streams.

General direction S.E.

(Signed) E. M. B.

June 23rd.—Halted in camp to await arrival of search party, who returned at 3 P.M., having done nothing. Major Barttelot went to explore road, following it for five miles to the N.E. Major Barttelot's boy Soudi deserted with his revolver, belt, and 85 rounds of ammunition, owing to Major Barttelot's

thrashing him, though doubtless he was put up to it. In consequence all rifles taken from Zanzibaris. Major Barttelot will proceed to-morrow to Stanley Falls, to see Tippu-Tib concerning deserters, and if possible to obtain fresh men from him to get back loads and rifles. He will send a note to Mr. Jameson to come here and bring as many Manyema as he can to take ammunition and rifles and escort Zanzibari to Abdulla Karoni's (Banalya), where they will await Major Barttelot's arrival, Major Barttelot and Mr. Bonny both thinking this the most feasible plan, as if the desertions last much longer there will not be a load left. Kindness has been shown in every way to the Zanzibaris throughout, and the marches have been uniformly short.

Weather fine, shower in the evening.

E. M. B.

June 24th.—Major Barttelot, with fourteen Zanzibaris and three Soudanese and boys, left here this morning for Stanley Falls. Kuchu, a Zanzibari, who, when ordered to accompany the Major, ran away, came in at 8 A.M. He was tied up and kept in the guard-room.

Copy of Orders to Mr. Bonny, June 23rd, 1888.

- I. Take over charge of the camp, remaining till Mr. Jameson's arrival.
- II. To have special care of all Zanzibari rifles and ammunition.
- III. When move is made, to see that all loads, such as ammunition, are under Soudanese escort.
- IV. Any attempt at mutiny to be punished with death.
- V. To try to obtain information of whereabouts.
- VI. To hand over command to Mr. Jameson when he arrives, and not to proceed further than Abdulla Kihamira's (Banalya).

EDMUND M. BARTELOT.

You will retain command of the Zanzibaris as before.

A case of small-pox I ordered to be removed some distance off from the camp.

Weather fine.

WM. BONNY, *Commanding (pro tem.)*.

Note from Mr. Jameson.

"MY DEAR BONNY,—I have just arrived here. I suppose it is Nassur bin Saifi, and have met Kuchu and soldiers with slaves. They told me that the Major is gone to Stanley Falls four days ago. I don't know how he could have missed us. Have captured sixteen guns and two men, but only part of two loads. No medicine. I will come to your camp to-morrow as early as I can.

"Yours, &c.,

"WM. BONNY, *Commg.*"

"J. S. JAMESON."

July 2nd.—Got away at 7 A.M., and marched till noon. Camping in a village named Mkwagodi, tribe Baburu, general direction N.E., distance about eight miles. Road bad, running through many swamps and old plantations. No desertions on road, or in camp last night. Found some of Tippu-Tib's people here, who say they will carry a letter to Stanley Falls. They knew a road to the Congo which can be traversed in four days' march. The Aruwimi R. distant from this camp about three hours. Tippu-Tib's men state that Abdallah Kihamira's station (Banalya) is but three days' march from here, and that the blazing of trees on his road beyond that place is still visible.

Weather fine.

J. S. J.

6 P.M.—Mr. Bonny reports non-arrival of two Zanzibaris. Each possessed a rifle, and one was loaded with loose ammunition.

July 3rd.—Returned to Ujeli Camp for extra loads, and arrived at 1 P.M. Muini Sumai reported arrivals of letters, stating that the whole force was to return to Stanley Falls. Received two letters from Major Barttelot, dated June 25th, to the effect that we were to proceed with all despatch to Banalya. Muini Sumai told me he had received the news in a letter from Sala Sala, conveyed by some messenger, and that on receipt of it he had sent to stop the men and loads *en route* here from Nassur bin Saifi village. I replied that the Major's orders were still to proceed to Banalya. He sent messengers at once to tell the people behind to come on. He reports many cases of small-pox and other diseases, about sixty men unfit for work, that seven of his men have deserted. Met the two men reported missing last night. Both were sick and had slept at a village close by.

Weather fine.

J. S. J.

July 4th.—Told Muini Sumai that my last orders to him were to get the whole of his force together at once, and come on to my camp with all speed. He promised to leave following day. Rain came down in torrents shortly after leaving, but pushed on and reached Mpungu about noon, when it cleared up for a fine day. Heavy rain until noon.

Double loads borne remarkably well.

J. S. J.

July 5th.—Reached Mkwagodi, Mr. Bonny's camp, about noon. Swamps very bad after rain. He reports all quiet during my absence. One Zanzibari had died. My letters to Stanley Falls left about 9 A.M. of the 3rd. Tippu-Tib's people had brought a few fowls for sale.

Weather fine.

J. S. J.

July 6th.—Sent Mr. Bonny on to next village, which I hear is a large one, and quite an easy march from here, with orders to send back Soudanese escort and carriers to carry extra loads to-morrow. This is a very small village with not sufficient accommodation for our force, so determined to await his arrival at the next. Men returned from Mr. Bonny about 2 P.M.

J. S. J.

July 7th.—Moved up with all extra loads to Sipula, about fifteen miles. Road a bad one, much fallen timber, and manioe very thick. Bonny reported Zanzibari bearer of the chop-box as lagging behind yesterday, and breaking open his box. Was caught red-handed in the act. One tin of corn-beef and one tin of milk were missing, also a broached tin of cocoa still in box. Man volunteered to show where these were. Sent him back with Soudanese, who returned with both tins opened. Dr. Parke's box, whilst being carried here yesterday, fell and burst open; damaged beyond repair. The clothing I packed in Messrs. Stairs' and Nelson's bags, which were underweight; the shot and cartridge cases were discarded, being short of carriers. Collected all the cartridges carried by the Zanzibari, and will have them carried as loads, as I mean to send Mr. Bonny on to Banalya. The road is a perfectly safe one, and food all the way. The small-pox is rife amongst the Manyema, and I wish to prevent it from spreading among our people. Banalya is four easy marches from here, and Mr. Bonny will have guides to show the road. Have sent to Muini Sumai to join me to-morrow here.

Weather fine.

J. S. J.

July 8th.—Mr. Bonny left here for Banalya. Muini Sumai with nearly all the Manyema arrived here. Muini Sumai tells me that he has received a second letter from Sala, saying that the whole force is to return to Stanley Falls. Upon further inquiry I find that the way Sala got the news was the following. Men of Salim Mohamed's returning from Stanley Falls after the steamer had arrived at Yambuya spread this report among the people, who communicated the same to Sala's people.

J. S. J.

July 9th.—Last night, as if at a given signal, nearly every man in the camp began to fire off his gun; several of the shots were fired beside my tent. I jumped out of bed, sent for Muini Sumai, got my rifle, and told him before every one that I would shoot the very next man that fired close to my tent. There were no more shots.

About noon to-day several of Bonny's men came into camp telling me he had lost the road. Started out to Bonny's camp. Met messenger with a note from him on road. He tells me the guides yesterday took him all wrong and then ran away. He afterwards got too far N., sighting the Aruwimi. He is camped at a village about half-an-hour from here. Went with him along road, and found a well-blazed one going to the eastward which he had missed. Got back to his camp at dusk.

Weather fair. Mr. Bonny reports a goat missing.

J. S. J.

July 10th.—Started shortly after daylight and joined Mr. Bonny. Went ahead on road, general direction S.E., which I found he had followed the day before. Had just determined to go to where he had camped when Arabs from Banalya arrived. The headman told me that he had brought the percussion-caps from Stanley Falls to Banalya, and also four letters. He handed over to me three deserters from Mr. Stanley's force, Musa Wadi Kombo, Rehani Wadi Mabruiki, and Jumah Wadi Chandi. (Note from Mr. Stanley: These three men deserted from the advance on or about Aug. 28th, just half-way between Yambuya and Albert Nyanza.) They all declare that they did not desert from him, but were left sick on the road. They say they belong to Captain Stairs' Company. I got them to guide us to the right road, and they took us to the very village where Mr. Bonny and his men slept the day before yesterday, close to the Aruwimi, and from which point he had turned back. He camped there again to-day, and goes on to-morrow morning. Abdulla Kihamira handed me the 40,000 percussion-caps for which Tippu-Tib is to be paid £48.

Weather fine.

J. S. J.

July 11th.—Muini Sumai informed me to-day that he could not leave for Banalya until the day after to-morrow. I warned him that every day lost on the road would be a day less at Banalya, as Major Barttelot would expect us to be ready to start on his arrival. He has not the slightest power over the other headmen.

Heavy and continuous rain in afternoon.

J. S. J.

July 12th.—Muini Sumai requested percussion-caps to be distributed among his men. Told him to address himself to Major Barttelot on the latter's arrival. He made another excuse for not starting to-morrow, as he did not like leaving the white man behind. I told him that was my business, not theirs, and that every man and load must leave this place to-morrow.

Weather cloudy, but fine.

J. S. J.

July 13th.—Muini Sumai and Manyema left to-day for Banalya. One sick chief going on slowly with men. Several dying of small-pox left in village. Stench around village frightful, but all villages near here are in a similar condition.

Weather fine.

J. S. J.

July 14th.—Sent for Tippu-Tib's men from Mampuya, and told them we would remain here some days. They have no news of Major Barttelot's being on the road.

Heavy rain all afternoon.

J. S. J.

July 15th.—Still at Sipula awaiting return of men from Banalya.

J. S. J.

July 16th.—Tippu-Tib's people came from Mampuya with plantains for sale. Purchased some for the sick. Cannot understand the non-arrival of men from Banalya. J. S. J.

July 17th.—Nyombi, Tippu-Tib's headman at Mampuya, came into camp to-day. Reports return of the men who took letters to Stanley Falls. Had seen Major Barttelot, who has gone by a short road to Banalya. Said he would be there to-day. Still no signs of the men from Banalya to carry the extra loads. They are now a full two days over date.

Weather fine.

J. S. J.

July 18th.—Between 3 and 4 P.M. the men from Banalya arrived. Told them to collect plantains and manioc at once, as we should march to-morrow. Much grumbling.

The following received from Mr. Bonny :—

“Abdullah's Camp (Banalya),
July 15th, 1888.

“MY DEAR JAMESON,—I arrived here about 10 A.M. this day. The Zanzibaris did not know the road well, and I had to keep to the front nearly the whole distance. When you arrive at my first camp on the river bank, you had better get three days' manioc—you will not find any for three days. The Soudanese in charge of the Zanzibari prisoner let him escape on my second day's march. You may see this escaped prisoner. (Here follows list.) Twenty-three men have deserted. The Manyuema who came with us left us on the wrong road early on the second day; they had blocked the right road in several places. I did not see any native on the road, although I am certain they look after people left behind. On my four days' march Feraji Wadi Zaid ran away, leaving his load on the road. I hear Selangi, who was sick, is also absent; loads correct.

“Yours, etc.,

“WILLIAM BONNY.”

Weather fine.

J. S. J.

July 19th.—Started about 7 A.M. and marched to Mr. Bonny's first camp. Aruwimi R. distance between five and six miles, general direction north-east. Passed through five villages and over two streams. Road generally good, through old manioc plantations broken up with patches of forest. Halted to let men collect manioc. Threatening thunder, but fine.

J. S. J.

July 20th.—Left camp a little before 7 A.M. and reached Mr. Bonny's camp on the bank of the Aruwimi R. 11 o'clock. Distance between five and six miles. General direction E. Road a bad one, lying along the bank of the river and crossing all the deep cuttings with muddy inlets to them. Latter part of march through old sites of very large villages. The natives were all living on opposite bank. Very large plantations of manioc and plantain.

Weather fine.

J. S. J.

July 21st.—When nearly ready to start this morning a heavy shower of rain fell, and I kept the tent standing; it cleared, however, shortly, and we made a start, when it began to pour again and rained steadily until we reached Mr. Bonny's first camp in forest, when we halted. When about a mile from the camp we were met by messengers from Mr. Bonny, who handed me a letter, and whilst opening it overheard some of the men saying Major Barttelot was dead. This was only too true, for my letter contained the sad news that he was shot dead early on the morning of the 19th at Banalya, and further, that Muini Sumai and all the Manyuema had left.

Mr. Bonny's letter follows :—

" 19th July, 1888.

" MY DEAR JAMESON,—Major Barttelot shot dead early this morning ; Manyuema, Muini Sumai and Abdullah Kihamira all gone. I have written to Tippu-Tib through Mons. Baert.

" Push on.

" Yours.

" BONNY."

J. S. J.

July 22nd.—After seeing all loads ready to start, got away about an hour after daybreak and reached Banalya an hour before sunset—a long march over one of the worst roads in this country. On arrival found all quiet, and that Mr. Bonny had done all that could be done under the circumstances. He had recovered about 300 of the loads carried by the Manyuema, and had succeeded in quieting those who had remained near camp. Muini Sumai halted on the morning of the 19th instant without a word to any one, and has gone to Stanley Falls. The other headmen under him, with the exception of two or three who are camped outside this village, are camped in the bush some distance away. Major Barttelot was buried on the 19th. A full account of the circumstances of his death is given by Mr. Bonny later on.

J. S. J.

July 23rd.—Made an inventory of the effects of Major Barttelot, and packed all things considered necessary to send home, a full account of everything being sent to Sir Walter Barttelot. Offered a reward for the arrest of the man who shot Major Barttelot.

J. S. J.

July 24th.—Made a complete list of all loads recovered ; the majority of the Manyuema headmen came into camp, and from them gathered the following information :—

There are 193 Manyuema carriers still camped in this vicinity ; Muini Sumai, six headmen, and Sangai, the man who shot Major Barttelot, are all at Stanley Falls. On my march to Stanley Falls, I will meet more of the headmen, who will give information about their loads and men. I then told them I was going to Stanley Falls to-morrow, to see Tippu-Tib, and try to make such arrangements with him as would admit of our still continuing the Expedition ; would not remain away long, and when returned would let them know whether it would be an advance or otherwise. Told them I wished them to remain quietly in whatever camp they chose in the neighbourhood, but not in this village, so that there would be no chance of further trouble until my return. They said they were perfectly willing to do this. We have recovered 298½ loads, and are now 47½ loads short.

Letters handed by me to Major Barttelot before our departure from Yambuya. Two loads of the Expedition found missing. Believed them to have been lost on the way, which one of his men (Hamed bin Daoud) ran away with on his return from Stanley Falls.

J. S. J.

Mr. Bonny's Log.

July 11th.—I struck camp early, and starting along the bank of Aruwimi. I soon found out why I had not taken this road. Every village has been burnt down, and everything destroyed. Elephants are very numerous here. New roads have been made, the old ones destroyed ; but after an hour's march I came on Mr. Stanley's road.

WM. BONNY, *Commanding Advance Party.*

July 12th.—Made a long march, taking three days' manioe to enable me to pass through the forest. The Arabs who joined with the Zanzibaris deserted

after leading us an hour on the wrong road, and blocking up the right ones in several places, ran away. I found right road, and continued my march until mid-day. Camped in forest.

WM. BONNY, *Commanding Advance Party.*

July 15th.—I arrived at Banalya at about 10 A.M., after a march of four days and four hours from where I last saw Mr. Jameson. Nothing worth noting occurred on the 13th and 14th instant. Abdullah, the headman of this village, treated me very kindly, giving me a large house, rice, fish, and bananas. Camp quiet.

WM. BONNY, *Commanding Advance Party*

July 16th.—Some of Muini Sumai's Manyema came in to-day.

WM. BONNY, *Commanding Advance Party.*

The dates 17th, 18th, and 19th have been already published in Chapter XX.
—"The Sad Story of the Rear Column." H. M. S.

July 20th.—Sent out to headmen to try and get more loads. I find I am short of the following loads, viz., 8 bags beads, $3\frac{3}{4}$ brass wire, 10 sacks of hkfs., 9 bales Zanzibar cloth, 5 loads of powder, 10 sacks rice, 1 sack cowries; total 47 loads.

I discovered that the man who shot the Major is named Sanga, and is a headman charged with the care of ten loads. He has fled to Stanley Falls with Muini Sumai.

WILLIAM BONNY, *Commanding.*

July 22nd.—It has been raining now thirty-six hours. Mr. Jameson arrived to-day. Camp quiet.

WILLIAM BONNY, *Commanding.*

July 25th.—Mr. Jameson left here for Stanley Falls, taking with him the late Major's effects.

WILLIAM BONNY, *Commanding.*

July 27th.—The Soudanese paraded to-day, without being asked, and said they wished to speak to me. They said—"We wish to fight the Manyema: we are waiting for orders, and are ready to fight." . . . I think they are now ashamed of their conduct on the 19th instant in not following me when called upon.

WILLIAM BONNY, *Commanding.*

Following from Mr. Jameson:—

"Camp in Forest,
"July 26th, 1888.

"MY DEAR BONNY,—We have been doing good work, marching eight hours yesterday, and nine and a half hours to-day.

"Met Muini Sumai. He was on his way back to Banalya, having been persuaded to return by other Arabs coming from Stanley Falls.

"Muini Sumai told me that one of Sanga's women was beating the drum when the Major came up, and the Major went to the house, saying 'Who is that?' Sanga says he thought that the Major was going to beat the woman as he had beaten the man the day before, and so fired at him. He is at Stanley Falls.

"Yours,

"J. S. JAMESON."

August 1st.—I raided the Zanzibari houses to-day, which resulted in my getting ten pieces of cloth.

WILLIAM BONNY, *Commanding.*

August 2nd.—Empty Remington box found in forest. A Zanzibari was found in possession of forty hkfs., being part of stores lost on 19th.

WILLIAM BONNY, *Commanding.*

August 6th.—The natives came last night and stole a canoe from our gate, and not two yards from a Soudanese sentry. I fined the three Soudanese sentries each £1 for neglect of duty.

WILLIAM BONNY, *Commanding.*

August 8th.—About 10 P.M., hearing an unusual noise, I got up, and discovered that it proceeded from about 100 to 150 canoes knocking together. The natives were in force across the river, and I soon posted my men. The natives observing our movements returned up river. No shot was fired. I want to make friends with them.

WILLIAM BONNY, *Commanding.*

August 12th.—The Manyema, through Chief Sadi, brought me a present of 15 lbs. of wild pig meat. I have had no meat since 25th July.

WILLIAM BONNY, *Commanding.*

August 14th.—I received a letter from Mr. Jameson, now at Stanley Falls, in which he states that my letter of the 19th July, 1888, was lost. It was addressed to Mons. Baert, Stanley Falls, announcing the death of Major Barttelot to Tippu-Tib, and enclosed one to Sir Walter Barttelot, Bart., M.P. Tippu-Tib has tried Muini Sumai, and finding him guilty, has torn up his contract. Muini Sumai has to return all rifles, &c. Mr. Ward is at Bangala with letters from the committee, which Jameson has ordered to be sent up. Tippu-Tib has agreed to hand over Sanga, the murderer of the Major, to Jameson for justice. The State officers claim that power, and will try him, as Banalya is within their territory.

WILLIAM BONNY, *Commanding.*

August 17th.—Mr. Stanley arrived here about 11 A.M. this morning in good health, but thin. He came by water with about thirty canoes, accompanied by about 200 followers, some of whom are natives belonging to Emin Pasha.

I briefly told Mr. Stanley the news, handed to him eleven letters addressed to himself, and four addressed to Emin Pasha.

Rain.

W. BONNY.

August 18th.—A Manyema admits to Mr. Stanley that he had two bales of Zanzibar cloth, and knew a man who had a bag of beads taken from me on the 19th July. Mr. Stanley advised the headman to return the goods to me. Kimanga brought two half-bales of Zanzibar cloth, being part of the stores looted on the 19th July. A receipt was given to him. I received a letter dated August 12th, Stanley Falls, from Mr. Jameson. Muini Sumai came in and saw Mr. Stanley.

WILLIAM BONNY.

August 19th.—Muini Sumai has now returned all rifles, revolvers, and ammunition, besides top of tent.

WILLIAM BONNY.

August 20th.—Soudanese and Zanzibaris paraded to-day of their own accord before Mr. Stanley, and complained to him that they had been badly treated.

The following is from Mr. Jameson :—

“ Stanley Falls,
“ August 12th, 1888.

“ MY DEAR BONNY,—The Expedition is at a very low ebb at present, as I think you will acknowledge. No headman will go in charge of Manyema, although I have done all in my power to get one. Tippu-Tib said he would go for £20,000 paid unconditionally, and said further that if he met with any really superior force, or saw his men threatened with any serious loss, he would return. It is not likely that the Committee would agree to this proposal. Secondly, he proposed for the same sum to take the loads *via* Nyangwe and Tanganika to Kibero in Unyoro, guaranteeing first to pay for all loss of loads : secondly, to deliver all loads at Kibero in Unyoro within six months of date of

starting. Thirdly, after delivering loads at Kihero will look for Stanley. But if war between Unyoro and Uganda, could not guarantee delivery of loads at Kihero. I had a final interview with him last night. I told him that Mr. Stanley's very last orders were to follow the same road he had taken. Major Barttelot's intentions were, at the time of his death, to continue on that road. Major Barttelot wrote to Mr. Mackinnon, to say he had started on that road. The reply of the Committee could not have been to go by another, or we would have received it. Emin Pasha's last statement was to the effect that if he were not soon relieved he would put himself at the head of his men and try and get out *via* the Congo. That Emin Pasha had received the messages which Mr. Stanley sent from Zanzibar telling him his route would be by the Congo. That did he start, the Congo would without doubt be the route he would choose to come out. And that finally, in the face of all this, I could not go by a new route unless ordered to do so. Tippu-Tib then said, 'You are right.' I then told him that as regards our old route, he could not get me a headman over the Manyema, no matter what I did to induce them. He said he would command them himself for £20,000, yet told me that if any serious loss was threatened to his men he would turn back. I replied, 'You will accept no less a sum than £20,000, and that unconditionally.' Many of the Manyema openly avow their intention, should I go without a headman from you, they will proceed a certain distance, and when they come to a good village, throw down our loads and begin ivory hunting. (This Tippu-Tib acknowledged.) Therefore if I start from here without a headman it might be fatal to the whole Expedition.

"The only thing left for me to do now was to get a canoe and go to Bangala at once. Read the Committee's reply, and if it was to the effect, go on at all hazards. Then I would take thirty or forty loads to be carried by the men Tippu-Tib is going to give me to replace those of Muini Sunai, bring Mr. Ward with me, as in case the Manyemas chucked their loads, there would be one of us who might get back with the news, and bring no headman. I shall have plenty to do with the Manyema. Return here at once in the *Stanley* Steamer, which will be at Bangala immediately after I arrive there, and start at night away again. If the reply of the Committee would justify my stopping, knowing all I do, I would send Ward with a telegram at once to Banana by same canoes I go down in, return in the *Stanley*, go up to you, and all men and loads would be sent to Yarukombé on the Congo. Tippu-Tib guarantees that he will dismiss his men, and keep them close to the Aruwini, and should the reply from the Committee be to still go on, on either route, he will have them all collected in a few days. There is no one to go down but me. Were I to wait the answer of the Committee here, then if we started at once I would have no loads to replace those lost at Banalya, and Ward could not come with us, and if I thought right to stop and send a telegram, a very serious delay would accrue in Ward's starting with it.

"What I wish you to do now is to stop at Banalya until you hear from me, which ought to be in three weeks or a month.

* * * * *

"If we have to come down to Yarukombé, the thing will be to make Zanzibaris believe that we are going to Zanzibar, then there will not be many desertions. Tippu-Tib has found out the refuge of the deserters. It is at Yatuka, Said bin Habib's place. He has sent men to catch all who are there. Daoud was captured at Yambuya with the Major's sack of cloth with him. Pieces of our cloth are being brought here to Tippu-Tib from villages all over the country.

"Yesterday Sanga (the murderer) was tried before Tippu-Tib and the Belgian Resident. He was found guilty, and shot immediately afterwards.

* * * * *

"My hopes sometimes have been raised to the highest pitch, and then thrown

to the ground the next moment. When Tippu-Tib said he would go for £20,000, I told him I did not think the Committee would give it, but if he would give me certain guarantees I would pay half the sum myself as a subscription to the Expedition. But after what he had said no one would take him.

* * * * *

"You remember that in camp I had serious thought, for reasons you know, of not bringing Ward; but if we do start this time without any headman, it is most necessary that there should be three of us. I assure you that his coming will not in the least interfere with your command of the Zanzibaris. And now, old man, good-bye, and God bless you.

"Very sincerely yours,

"JAMES S. JAMESON."

COPY of pencilled remarks and calculations made in presence of Major Barttelot, June 24th, 1887, when he demanded further light upon his duties, and regarding Tippu-Tib. Fourteen months after it had been handed to Major Barttelot it was restored to me by Mr. William Bonny. It was copied, and the document was returned to him.

"Str. *Stanley*, let us assume, arrives here in August; Mr. Stanley hopes to be at Nyanza same date. He stops two weeks with Emiu Pasha, say to 1st September. September and October to come back.

"So you have got seventy-four days with 550 loads; you have 155 carriers, besides two garrisons of fifty men each, to occupy ends of your day's march.

Going 6 miles per day	.	.	.	155 loads	{	4 trips to make 6 miles
6 "	"	"	.	155 "		forward. 8 trips to make
6 "	"	"	.	155 "		1 day's journey for a
6 "	"	"	.	155 "		caravan.

"Therefore in seventy-four days you will have made nine marches forward nearer to us.

"If Tippu-Tib sends 400 men with your 208 carriers you can march with all goods towards Muta Nzigé. Then I shall meet you thirteen days from Muta Nzigé."

LIST OF STORES landed at Yambuya Camp, August 14th, 1887, per s.s. *Stanley* from Leopoldville:—

- 100 cases gunpowder.
- 129 " Remington rifle cartridges.
- 10 " percussion caps.
- 7 " biscuits (ship).
- 2 " Madeira wine.
- 2 " Savelist.
- 114 bales cloth (assorted).
- 33 sacks beads.
- 13 " cowries.
- 20 " rice.
- 8 " salt.
- 1 " empty sacks.
- 26 loads of brass rods.
- 27 " of brass and iron wire.
- 1 case tinware.

LIST OF STORES left at Yambuya in charge of Major Barttelot, June 28th, 1887:—

12	boxes	general and private baggage—Mr. Stanley.
29	„	Remington rifle cartridges.
38	„	Winchester „ „
24	„	Maxim „ „
24	„	European provisions.
10	loads	officers' baggage.
15	„	brass rods
1	„	tobacco.
1	„	cowries.
12	„	rice.
7	„	biscuits.
1	„	salt.
3	„	tents.

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APPENDIX B.

CONGRATULATIONS BY CABLE

RECEIVED AT ZANZIBAR.

WINDSOR, 10 December, 1889.

STANLEY, *Zanzibar*. My thoughts are often with you and your brave followers, whose dangers and hardships are now at an end. Once more I heartily congratulate all, including the survivors of the gallant Zanzibaris who displayed such devotion and fortitude during your marvellous Expedition. Trust Emin progresses favourably.

V. R. I.

BERLIN, 4 December, 1889.

STANLEY, *Zanzibar*. Thanks to your tenacity of purpose and indomitable courage, you have now, after having repeatedly crossed the Dark Continent, achieved a new long journey full of fearful dangers and almost unbearable hardship; that you have overcome it all, and that your way home led you through territories placed under my flag, gives me great satisfaction, and I welcome you heartily on your return to civilization and safety.

WILHELM IMPERATOR REX.
GRAF BISMARCK.

BRUSSELS, 23 November, 1889.

STANLEY, *Zanzibar*. Many greetings and warmest congratulations on your marvellous and heroic expedition.

LEOPOLD.

WASHINGTON, 15 December, 1889.

STANLEY, *Zanzibar*. I am directed by the President of the United States to tender his congratulations to you upon the success which has attended your long tour of discovery through Africa, and upon the advantages which may accrue therefrom to the civilized world.

BLAINE.

CAIRE, 7 Décembre, 1889.

MONSIEUR STANLEY, Esq., *Zanzibar*. Je vous adresse mes sincères et cordiales félicitations sur votre arrivée à Zanzibar après toutes les péripéties de votre remarquable Expédition pour aller au secours d'Emin Pasha et de ses braves compagnons. Je vous ai envoyé un de mes bateaux, le Mansourah, pour vous ramener et j'attends avec impatience le plaisir de vous recevoir tous.

MEHEMET THEWFIK, *Khedive of Egypt*.

CAIRO ABDIN, 12 December, 1889.

STANLEY, *Zanzibar*. You are authorised to pay 200 pounds as a gratification to your Zanzibar men in recognition of their services. The British Consul-General has been asked to pay you the amount on behalf of the Egyptian Government.

MEHEMET THEWFIK, *Khedive*.

LONDON, 12 December, 1889.

STANLEY, *Zanzibar*. Corporation London invite you to reception Guildhall.

BRAND, *Guildhall*.

BRUXELLES, 11 Décembre, 1889.

STANLEY, *Zanzibar*. Société Géographie Bruxelles félicite invité.

MELBOURNE, 11 December, 1889.

STANLEY, *Zanzibar*. Geographic Society, Victoria, congratulate you. Convey Emin Pasha deep sympathy.

MACDONALD, *Secretary*.

BRUXELLES, 8 Décembre, 1889.

MONSIEUR STANLEY, *Zanzibar*. La Conférence de Bruxelles justement émue des souffrances et des périls que vous avez bravés avec vos compagnons et admirant l'énergie que vous avez déployée dans l'accomplissement d'une noble mission, vous adresse ses sincères félicitations; elle connaît et apprécie les nouveaux et grands services que vous avez rendus à la science et à l'humanité; elle vous prie d'exprimer ses sympathies à Emin Pasha, qui fidèle au devoir a si longtemps gardé un poste dangereux, et de lui faire part des vœux qu'elle forme pour son complet rétablissement au nom de la Conférence.

LE PRESIDENT BARON LAMBERMONT.

LONDON, 11 December, 1889.

STANLEY, *Zanzibar*. Sir Julian Goldsmid, Sir Edwin Arnold, Alfred Rothschild, Earl Wharnccliffe, Prince Gluca, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Beatty Kingston, Charles Wyndham, Colonel FitzGeorge, Lord Ronald Gower, Lord

Ernest Hamilton, Sir James Linton, Count Lutzow, Sir Morell Mackenzie, General Sir Roger Palmer, D'Oyly Carte, Fred Cowen, Anderson, Critchett, Sutherland Edwards, John Pettie, Robson, Rowe, Frank Lockwood, Farjeon, Professor Herkomer, constituting Committee of Arts and Letters Club, heartily congratulate you on brilliant success, safe return civilization, invite you to banquet your honour.

LONDON, 2 December, 1889.

STANLEY, *Zanzibar*. Council Royal Geographical Society congratulate you heartily on success of journey and great discoveries.

GRANT DUFF, *President*.

EDINBURGH, 30 November, 1889.

STANLEY, *Zanzibar*. Hearty congratulations thanks.

SCOTTISH GEOGRAPHIC.

MANCHESTER, 5 December, 1889.

STANLEY, *Zanzibar*. Manchester Geographical Society sends cordial greeting to yourself and brave companions, trusting your health may be spared.

GREENWOOD, STEINTHAL AND SOWERBUTTS.

BERLIN, 5 December, 1889.

STANLEY, EMIN, *Zanzibar*. Geographical Society sends hearty welcome.

LONDON, 4 December, 1889.

STANLEY, *Zanzibar*. I must be first to offer you my warmest hearty congratulations on the completion of your herculean task. Inform me as soon as possible of your movements and telegraph general state of health of your staff. I congratulate them upon their success.

(SIR WILLIAM) MACKINNON (BART.).

LONDON, 25 November, 1889.

STANLEY, *Zanzibar*. My wife and I thankfully rejoice to learn of your safety and success, and anxiously await further information. Accept our most hearty congratulations. We are longing to see you. Offer our kindest sympathy to Emin Pasha and all your companions. All the Company's officers have been instructed to do everything they can to meet your wishes.

(SIR WILLIAM) MACKINNON (BART.).

From the Emin Pasha Relief Committee and the Directors of the Imperial British East African Company to H. M. STANLEY, Esq., and EMIN PASHA—

21 November, 1889.

Most cordial hearty congratulations.

ADEN, 24 November, 1889.

STANLEY, *Zanzibar*. Myself and George Mackenzie hope to organize proper reception for you, which I consider both fitting and necessary.

Col. EGAN SMITH.

ADEN, 24 November, 1889.

Heartiest welcome and sincerest congratulations on your safe return. I hope to come and meet you at Bagamoyo if you do not reach there before 5th December. I only reach Zanzibar 2nd from England. Of course you will stay with us on arrival. My wife joins me in heartiest good wishes.

GEORGE S. MACKENZIE.

STANLEY. Heartiest congratulations yourself and Emin. Am bearer of several letters from friends. It is absolutely necessary must remain Mombasa four days. Must proceed with all haste, greet you as special representative Relief Committee.

G. S. MACKENZIE, *Aden*.

LONDON, 25 December, 1889.

STANLEY, *Zanzibar*. Balinakill sends you united kindest heartiest good wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. They rejoice that at this season you are enjoying your well-earned repose after your hardships and dangers.

MACKINNON.

EMBEKELWENI, 3 December, 1889.

STANLEY, *Zanzibar*. Safe again, thank God!

Col. DE WINTON, *Swaziland*.

LONDON, 3 December.

STANLEY, *Zanzibar*. Thousand welcomes! Your old friend,
(J. R.) ROBINSON, *Daily News*.

LONDON, 14 December, 1889.

STANLEY, *Zanzibar*. The 'Fishmongers' Company send their congratulations and wish to present Mr. H. M. Stanley with their Honorary Freedom. If Mr. Stanley is willing to accept this, they request him to give them the pleasure of his company at dinner during the Month of February, or at any other time he may find it more convenient.

BRUSSELS, 7 December, 1889.

STANLEY, *Zanzibar*. The Burgomaster of Brussels sends in the name of the Administration Communale his warmest felicitations to Henry Stanley for the happy issue of his admirable enterprise, and hopes to welcome him at the Town Hall.

BULS.

LONDON, 22 December, 1889.

STANLEY, *Zanzibar*. Applauds hero; tenders welcoming dinner.

SAVAGE CLUB.

LONDON, 13 December, 1889.

STANLEY, *Zanzibar*. George Club felicitate.

LONDON, 6 December, 1889.

STANLEY, *Zanzibar*. The Turners' Company gave a dinner to the Lord Mayor at which many old friends were present. After receiving a generous telegram from His Majesty King Leopold, an honorary Turner, your health was drunk with stirring enthusiasm. The Company send you hearty congratulations on your splendid achievement and cordially welcome you home.

BURDETT COURTTS, *Chairman*.

LONDON, 19 December, 1889.

STANLEY, *Zanzibar*. Best Christmas wishes. Congratulations from all.

LAWSON, *Daily Telegraph*.

LONDON, 18 December, 1889.

STANLEY, *Zanzibar*. Americans, London, applaud heroic achievement in cause of humanity, science, and invite you dinner. Minister Lincoln presides, name probable date.

WELLCOME, *Snowhill*.

PARIS, 6 December, 1889.

STANLEY, *Zanzibar*. Let me first congratulate you upon your great success, let me secondly thank you for letter, and your kindly treatment of my correspondent. Hoping to see you soon, I am your great admirer,

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, *New York Herald*.

EDINBURGH, 29 November, 1889.

STANLEY, *Zanzibar*. Thousand welcomes, congratulations on safety and brilliant achievement.

BRUCE (Livingstone's son-in-law).

ZANZIBAR, 7 December, 1889.

STANLEY, *Zanzibar*. Pierce says, several congratulations Society of Arts. Elliot says, going to Cairo to-morrow, hopes to entertain you there on New Year's day. Everybody says you are a phenomenally great man; to myself your success truly wonderful, beats romance. Sorry about Emin, hope your able doctor will pull him through, due to you he should be landed safe at home.

FROM MANAGING DIRECTOR, *Eastern Telegraph Company*.

4 December, 1889.

STANLEY, *Zanzibar*. You will have many congratulations on the successful termination of your most heroic work; but none can be more sincere and earnest than those of your friend,

(Sir) JOHN PENDER.

30 November, 1889.

STANLEY, *Zanzibar*. Affectionate congratulations from your oldest London friend on happy return and splendid achievements transcending all that has gone before. Your name on every tongue on Sunday 22 December; Robinson, Sala, Irving, Toole, Yates, Lawson, Wingfield, my guests at Reform Club, when your health and glorious career was only toast of evening.

(J. C.) PARKINSON.

VIENNA, 28 November, 1889.

STANLEY, Zanzibar. Again welcome back from still another perilous African Expedition.

DOUGLAS GIBBS.

LEIPZIG, 5 December, 1889.

STANLEY, Zanzibar. Heartiest congratulations.

BROCKHAUS.

BRUSSELS, 4 December, 1889.

STANLEY, Zanzibar. Warm congratulations.

INDEPENDENCE BELGE AND GERALD HARRY.

NEW YORK, 5 December, 1889.

STANLEY, Zanzibar. H. M. Stanley Africanus.

(J. B.) POND.

LONDON, 5 December, 1889.

STANLEY, Zanzibar. Siuicrest congratulations.

GLAVE, WARD.

LONDON, 4 December, 1889.

STANLEY, Zanzibar. Bravo! welcome home.

SHELDON, MAY, WELCOME.

NEW YORK, 6 December, 1889.

STANLEY, Zanzibar. *Century Magazine* sends congratulations.

&c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

(BY LETTER.)

PARIS, le 8 Décembre, 1889.

MONSIEUR ET CHER COLLÈGUE,—La Société de Géographie de Paris nous charge de vous féliciter de votre retour. Elle a pris le plus vif intérêt aux périlleux voyages que vous venez d'accomplir et tout particulièrement aux découvertes géographiques qui auront été le résultat.

La Société espère que vous voudrez bien la mettre à même d'en apprécier toute l'importance.

Veuillez agréer, Monsieur et cher Collègue, avec nos félicitations personnelles l'expression de nos sentiments les plus distingués.

Le Secrétaire général,

C. MAUNOIR.

Le Président de la Commission Centrale, Membre de l'Institut,

J. MILNE-EDWARDS.

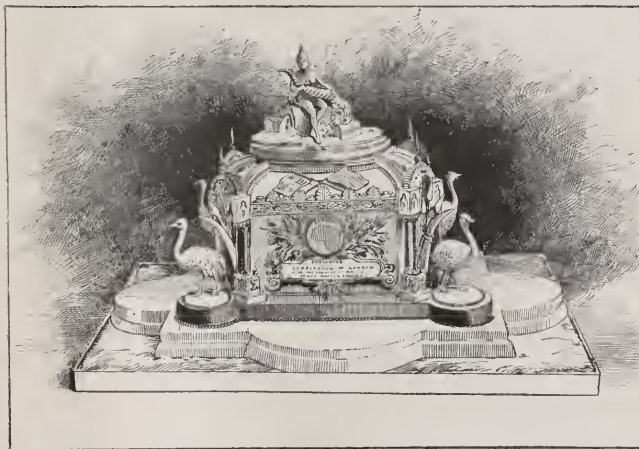
Le Président de la Société, Membre de l'Institut,

COMTE DE LESSEPS.

A Monsieur Henry M. Stanley, Membre Correspondant de la
Société de Géographie de Paris.

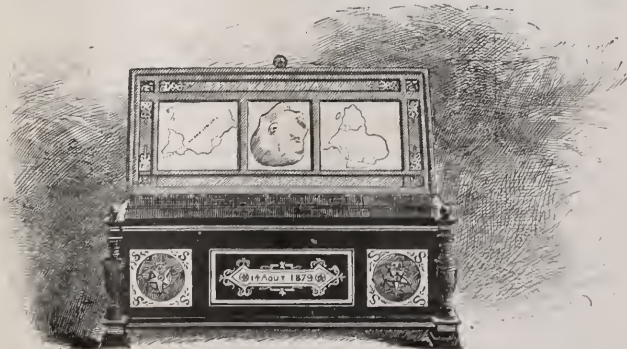
GOLD CASKET PRESENTED TO MR. HENRY MORTON STANLEY
WITH THE HONORARY FREEDOM OF THE CITY.

The design of the casket is Arabesque, and it stands upon a base of Algerine onyx, surmounted by a plinth of ebony, the corners of which project and are



THE CASKET CONTAINING THE HONORARY FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON,
PRESENTED TO THE AUTHOR BEFORE SETTING OUT FOR THE RESCUE OF
EMIN, JAN. 1887.

rounded. On each of these, at the angle of the casket, stands an ostrich carved in ivory; behind each bird and curving over it projects an elephant's tusk,



A CASKET, THE GIFT OF KING LEOPOLD II., KING OF THE BELGIANS, CONTAINING
THE STAR OF AFRICA AND THE STAR OF SERVICE.

which is looped to three spears placed in the pannelled angle of the casket, the pillars of which are of crocidolite, resting in basal sockets of gold, and sur-

mounted by capitals of the same metal. The panels of the casket and also the roof are of ivory richly overlaid with ornamental work in fine gold of various colours. The back panel bears the City arms emblazoned in the proper heraldic colours. Of the end panels, one bears the tricoloured monogram "H.M.S." surrounded by a wreath-emblem of victory, and the other that of the Lord Mayor of London. The front panel, which is also the door of the casket, bears a miniature map of Africa surmounting the tablet bearing the inscription: "Presented to Henry Morton Stanley with the freedom of the City." Above both the front and back panels on the roof are the standards of America and Great Britain, and surmounting the whole, on an oval platform, is an allegorical figure of the Congo Free State, seated by the source of the river from which it derives its name, and holding the horn of plenty, which is overflowing with native products. The design was selected from among a large number submitted by the leading London goldsmiths, and reflects great credit upon the taste and workmanship of the designers and makers, Messrs. George Edward & Son, Glasgow, and Poultry, London.

APPENDIX C.

NOTES.

The Wambutti knew a donkey and called it "atti." They say that they sometimes catch them in pits. What they can find to eat is a wonder. They eat leaves.

Bakiokwa language of Indekaru.

Wambutti call their language Ku-mbutti, or that of Bakwa, pronounced *Bakkwa*. I fancy Schweinfurth may have been unable to detect the subtle sound of v-w and called his dwarfs Akka.

The Ku-mbutti or Bakkwa, the Bakiokwa or Bukumu, and the Babira, between K'nna and Kabongé on the Congo, we perceive speak three dialects closely resembling one another, especially the first and last are remarkably similar, yet there is a distance of forest between them of several hundred miles, and the Lindi, Lenda and Ituri rivers separate them.

The Bavira and Babussé, separated only by the Ituri, both countries being grass-land, speak a dialect remarkably alike. Formerly it was one language; but in two generations the Baviras have become corrupted by using daily the Rukobé, or that of the Wahuma. They migrated from the banks of the Ituri, crossed the Ruki, and dwelt among the Wahuma, who are an exclusive and proud people.

The Rukobé or Wahuma have no single word for thanks, but *yo simire-kurungi* literally means, "I take it to be good of you," or "I accept it kindly."

Wahuma, when children, call their father "baba," equal to our papa; when adults, "tata."

Wahuma, when children, call their mother "mama," equal to our mamma; when adults, "man."

Wahuma, on the other side of the lake, are called Wachwezi.

The number three is the most universally similar. Take from Zanzibar on to the East Coast to Banana on to the West Coast there is but little variation, and

APPENDIX C.
COMPARATIVE TABLE OF FOREST AND GRASSLAND LANGUAGES.

English.	Ku-mbutti or Bakwa. Forest.	Bakiokwa or Bakumu. Forest.	Pigmy's language. Near Indékaru, = Mbarukukaru. Forest.	Babira, near Kinenna. Forest.	Balegga, near Lake Albert.	Rúkobé or Wahuma. Grassland.	Bavira. Grassland.	Babusessé. Grassland.	Dinka.	Monbuttu.	Niam niam.
One	Kadi	do.	Ujju	moti	anderré	Kimu	buigiri	ngilini	Tog	Ona	Sa
Two	Ibari	do.	Ibari	Ibari	andrekwá	Kabili	bala	bali	Rog	Orwi	uwi
Three	Saro	do.	ikaro	isaro	undichikwa	asato	isaro	isaro	ndiya	Otta	Biata
Four	Zinna	do.	ikwanganya	..	goruchi	Kané	iné	aini	Dé	Oswa	Biama
Five	itano	..	bumuti	itano	andekaro	Katano	bitano	five atano	duman	Zerna	Biswi
Six	mutuba	do.	ijju	mutuba	zabandu	mitkaga	madya	kiboko-bari	ndoro	Tengwi Kanna	Batissa
Seven	Kitanai	do.	bumutti-na-ibali	..	karubaro	musansa	lalodu	..	Bet	Tororwi	Batiwwi
Eight	Kibbé	..	bumutti-na-iharo	..	kaibandu	mnani	lalo	..	Deyarkuman	Gwanda	Batti-biata
Nine	ellalo	do.	bumutti-na-ikwanganya	..	bangewadu-una	nuvenda	sobya	..	Hityaro	Tengirigi Kanna	Batti-biama
Ten	mukko	..	mabo	mukko	Boga or zadiehi	ikumi	kumi	ten-kumi	..	Tekkewé	Bauwé
Twenty	mukko ibali	do.	mabo ibari	..	makibo za	ikumu nakimu	..	kumi bali	Bolologowi
Thirty	mukko saro	do.	&c.	„ nabili
Forty	&c.	„ navato
Fifty	&c.	„ naviné
Sixty	&c.	„ navitano
Seventy	&c.	namukaga
Eighty	&c.	na musansu
Ninety	&c.	na minami
Hundred	&c.	na mvenda
Man	moku	mogo	mabo-mabo	mkwa	mbissa	igana	igana bingiri	nabéru	Borro
Woman	kali	kali	muttu	muntu	augirini	mbu	kyyakot	nandro	Dé
Cow	Banzari	ikuma	ukali	inki	adthé	mkazi	mkali	mkali	aiinir	Eyti (imported name)	..
Dog	ibu	ibu	mbua	mbo	atehé	mbwa	nmbwa	ba-umbwa	edju	nessi	Ango
Donkey	atti	makabo
Goat	samanga	meme-apabay	mé-mé	mé-mé	ndiri	mbusi	me-mé	me-mé	etto	name-mé	Vusendé
Foot	itindi	itindi	maguru	itindi	jokoloro	kigeré	bata	subugwata	edjok	nekonso	Gwendwé
Finger	Bukanzigu	kerro	iheu	njaga	nethagwa	mkumo	kiboko	buki kiboko	ityin	nette	uribbé
Head	mo	mabongo	moru	mo	nejjo	kiganza	kiboko	mu	errano	nedru	li
Stool	mbata	mbata	pumburu	mbuta	..	kétebé	mbata	mbata	etotch	nebara	mbata
Canoe	kuku	kungi	bwato	..	achu	uwato	bwato	zabo	ichorya	nekoko	kurumba
Tree	mi	buo	mpaho	mi	achugwaro	viti	miri	apobau	ethim	nekirri	unguwa
House	Indu	kurunbo	bangwari	Indu	adza	enju	ndabo	ndabo	ichalotu	nejji	dima
Arrow	mukwari	appi	bahura	nsob	mburr	engowé	mara	mara	..	nembangu	Gonza
Knife	ngvu	tambi	mbako	mbago	adyo	muyo	mbako	mbago	ewelu	nsapé	Sappé
Spear	Ikunga	murupa	ikunga	ikunga	allé	ichumu	kunga	kunga	ijultar	norru	bassa
Chicken	indumbi	kokko	Kokko	kokko	'a-o	ngoko	bukoko	bukokuki	ejjid	nalé	kondo
River	afi	afi	Faruba or Ruba	ibo	adda	mgera	ntongoro	purupuru	..	nedda	di
Water	libo	akko	Ruba	ibo	addehissi	mije-zi	libo	libu	aypu	eggu	immé
Fire	mosa	musa	ritta	nsa	kazi	muro	musa	musa	icholmatch	nakagu	we
Tobacco	imbazi

English.	Ku-mbutti.	Bakiokwa.	Pigmy's language.	Babira (near Kumina).	Balegga.	Wahuma.	Bavira.	Wasumburu and Babusessé.	Dinka.	Monbuntu.	Niam Niam.
Sun	Kupa	mani	Hehwahi	mani	ajjé	usana	mwani	mwani	Eeholokolo	Neggu	Uru
Moon	Sungi	burugwurru	Timba	Sungi	apiro	ukwezi	Sungi	Sungi	eeholpé	Naugwé	diwi
Stars	Bibi	Passi	Antongera	barerengwa	bibiro	nyezi	tanga-tanga	nzoga	gulypatuil	Etturu	ariho
Sky	Iku	Iku	ligaliki	kupa	abiro	iguru	Kuba	uguru	echolnyalit	Norro	mai
Rain	mbua	mbu	maneri	mbua	ajesi	njiro	mbura	mbula	eddun	Nekuma	mbana
Elephant	mbungu	uku	mbungu	mbungu	addy apesi abbé	njoju	mbungu	mbongu	Hakkon	Nokko	moma
Leopard	mapiranga	mapilongo	Biukabui	mabianga	agoro	engwé	ungwi	ungwi	ekkor	Nokondo	
Hyena	mdondaté		kio	..	nyiahu	mpissi	mpiti	usu	etehoreteh		
Fish	nsu-mbungu	mbungi	Bahi	Su	abbé	enehu	bausu	nyama	etehorin	Neugeré	tiya
Meat	nimbu	kupa	ngai	aboré	aza	nyama	nyama	Neri	posyo
Bird	ndiya	mbabu	banori	mbu	aré	nyonyi	mburu	mburu	ter (Arabie)	Nari	zellé
Country	Imbanda	ango	ensi	nkungu	para	..	Nebba	Boro *
Hill or Mountain	mambu	Ibiko	ligungu	mambu	abero	rusossi	bimba	bimba	Ekgur	Nouru	Gaugara
Food	Ilyapa	Liari	matanja	pikisavia	gussa	viakulya	leri	lissa	benekuu epiehar	Anyo	Niya
Stiek	mbembé	mbeketti	mbau	lenda	aehu	mwigo	mwigo	miri	etehortim	Nekkirri	Negua
Wood	kakala	akari	enku	kubuna musa	bau	..	Ekkirré	Nyaké
Cloth	nangombé	bongo	ngombé	bongo	abbo	rubuku	kibugu	bongo	Ebwam	Noggi	Lokki
Potatoes	mburebbo	lali	viyata	kiatta	kafetta	..	Namanzingi	Abaugwé
Banana	masaba	Ibuki	bogu	ibuku	Setza	vitoké	didi	nderi	..	Ebbugu	Bu
Salt	kua	mabwari	appa	kua	ako	kisura	mukwa	gokoi	..	Nagangu	Tikwo
Flour	keké	amamatubitubi	..	simbo	usaro-u	nsano	mtubu	mtubu	etyolabib	Nekkim-bappu	Ngunga
Road	apendé	nzi	hambi	afi	adzu	muhandu	siyo	sha, midendé	ekgwera	Neyi	Jiné
Road to water	mbungu-a-libo	makwegaru	Nekoppi	Mbia
Stone	Itari	mukuku	libuku	ité	aehu	rubengu	tari	tari	enyer	Nengo	Bunglisé
Eye	mbukesu	koi	liho	isu	ndenyu	lisu	iso	isu	ewum	Namu	Omno
Nose	Erro	mbemberro	hongo	erro	nindu	nindu	ruru	ruru	ketok	Nettiko	Ng waiy
Mouth	medari	medari	uehi	afenogo	kangaroro	mkanwa	noko	daka	eyaless	Ekki	Lindisé
Teeth	minyo	minyo	minyo	mino	nekuro	meno	minyo	mino	ettok	Andwitiki	Ngwa
Lips	pasanioko	basanioko	mbuehuki	mututu	néeho	munwa	noko	gubono	ayit	Ebbi	Turu
Ears	kitu	kitui	matewu	kitui	neppé	mato	kitoi	kitui	eleb	Nekkadr	Milalo
Tongue	idakka	iddakako	limi	iddaka	neehuro	arimi	daka	daga	etehini	Etté	Bebeyo
Hand	ekkakanzikka	ekkaki	rabegi	njaga	nethora	kiganza	kiboko	kibogo	..	Nerikeppi	Kwotto
Hide or Skin	koko	kosso	eddippa	mbogo	akoro-lelé	mbirri or ruhu	mburu	ngufu	..	Kurwengo	Moro
Run	mbango	..	kutiya	kutiya	mandugu-yigu	chuiruki	kite-teha	Eyeyé	Lammi
Sleep	toro	bulangi	toro	toro	..	viamé	kisi-niyha	toro	nyapoto	No such word	
Thanks	batori	..	hek-heh	yosimiré, kurungi	kusimiya mali	mtagako	eteha lûr		
Father	aupa	aypa	Abba	abbé	abbu	baba and Tata	baba	baba	eteholmar	Papa	Ba
Mother	ioyma	eyma	amma	ammé	azha	mana and mau	ma-mé	mamaki	..	Iyangwé	Na
Brother	Baruku	aiyapa	Dadi-mwami	manema	ja-jangwa	mwana-mau	mikima-mama	namako	kojjajitor	Iyandegwa	Uriwemi
Dead	kukwa	ikussa	mutwapwa	kukwa	doro	afwiri	atyaku	kukwa	..	Nunsi	Kupi
No	kimakari	..	agh-agh	nga	kari	atingani	..	Kai	Wotté
Yes	Ruki	..	ibba	kiniha	kimasoni	apongi	..	Kappa	Sudu
Good-day	Kundana	..	ubalya	Kisa	apobangaro	kississi	kuramiehi	lala biuzoni	..	Ingasijé	Muyekonno

* Difficult to distinguish from borro, which translated is man.

through the forest region to Lake Albert, water is almost pretty near alike, especially on the Western half, varying from riba, liba, libu, libo, ibo, rubu.

Chicken = kuku, kokko, ngokko, bukoko.

Spear = ikunga, kunga.

Goat = me-me.

Ten = kumi.

Dog = mbwa, mbua.

} These words seem most popular across Africa.

One would imagine a confusion of languages, as for instance :—

Hottentot.	Babusessé.	Kumbutti.	Mandingo.
Eye = mu	Head = mu	Head = mo	Man = mo
Wahuma.	Galla.		
Milk = mata	Head = matta		
Danakil.	Arabic.		
Cow = la	la = no		
Tuarik.	Kikongo.		
Hair = zau	Elephant = nzau		
Kiyanzi.	Bakiokwa.		
Friend = koi	Eye = koi		
Kisawabili.	East Manyema.		
Bana or Bwana = Master	Bana = four		
Kisawabili.	Bavira.		
Kiboko = Hippo	Head, hand, finger = Kiboko		

Somali. } is in Swahili a vile slang word; and country in Niam-Boro, mountain, } Niam.

Semmé in Hurrur is sky; in Soudanese Arabic it means good.

Kuba in Bavira is sky; is dog in Adaiel, big in Swahili.

Barra in Adaiel is woman; is continent in Swahili.

Ina in Kiyanzi is four; in Yoruba means fire.

Afi in Babira means road; in Ku-mbutti means river.

A-é in Somali means dog, but means mother in Hurrur; so that son of a female dog in Somali, would in Hurrur be a mother's son.

Ariho in Wahuma, or, are you here, is sky in Niam-Niam.

Happa, here, in Swahili, becomes yes in Monbuttu.

The ibuka of the forest, approaches the ebbugu of Monbuttu (Banana).

The Niam-Niam have no words for numerals higher than five; six becomes the second one, battisa; seven the second two, battiwi, &c., &c.

The Wabarukuru likewise.

Posyo, meat in Niam-Niam, approaches the Posho, rations, Swahili. and podzio, Russian for hurry.

Rubu, rain, of the Adaiel is a common name for perhaps a score of African rivers: Rufu, Ruvu, Rufa. The Danakil word for rain, robé, is as nearly related to libo (water). Monbutti, ruba of Mbarukukaru; ibo of the Babira; libu Babusessé.

The ba (father) of the Niam-Niam becomes mother in Mandingo.

While Dé, woman of the Niam-Niam, is the same as the Jalif to the W.N.W. for far, but dé is four in Dinka.

APPENDIX D.—FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE INDIAN OCEAN.
ITINERARY OF THE JOURNEYS MADE IN 1887, 1888, 1889.

Date.	Name of Place or Camp.	Distance in Miles.	Time occupied in Hrs. Min.	Rain during Month.	E. Long.	Latitude.	Above Sea- level.
1887.							Feet.
March 19 & 20	{ From the Atlantic Ocean up the Lower Congo to Mataddi	108	14				
March 24 to {	March overland from Mataddi to Leopold- ville on Upper Congo	235	74				
April 21 {	By steamer up the Congo from Leopold- ville to Yambuya	1050	25° 3' 30"	N. 1° 17' 24"	
May 1 to {	Yambuya to Yankondé	10	6	..	25° 13' 30"	N. 1° 20'	
June 15 {	Bahungi	4	2	N. 1° 14' 35"	
June 28 {	Burnt Village	10	7	..	25° 27'	N. 1° 14'	
July 1 {	Camp	8	5	..			1210
2 {	"	3	1	..			
3 {	"	6	7	..			
4 {	Camp by Aruwini River	5	4	..	25° 33'	N. 1° 17'	
5 {	Bukanda	6½	6	..			
6 {	Camp	2	1	..			
7 {	Bakuti Village	6	5	..			
8 {	Bakoka Village	6	5	..			
9 {	Village	8	6	..	25° 37' 45"	N. 1° 28' 38"	
10 {	"	7	5	..	25° 42' 30"	N. 1° 28' 30"	
11 {	Gwengweré	5	4	..	25° 51' 45"	N. 1° 28' 45"	
12 {	Lower Banalya	8	6	..	25° 58' 45"	N. 1° 31'	
13 {	Upper Banalya	8	6	..	26° 2' 15"	N. 1° 33'	
15 {	Bungangoto	6	4	..			
16 {	Lower Mariri	7	5	..			
17 {	Central Mariri	5	30	..			
18 {	Camp	8	5	..			

	Upper Mariri.	.	.	Forest	2	2	2	2	26° 10' 45"	N. 1° 46'
19	Upper Mariri.	.	.	Forest	2	2	2	2	26° 10' 45"	N. 1° 46'
20	"	.	.	"	2	2	4	4	N. 1° 50' 48"
21	S. Mupé	.	.	"	5	5	5	5	30	30	26° 22' 15"	N. 1° 56'
22	N. Mupé	.	.	"	5	5	5	5	30	30	..	N. 1° 58'
23	Above Humbwa	.	.	"	7	7	6	6	30	30	..	N. 1° 58' 30"
24	Elephant Playground	.	.	"	9	9	8	8	26° 37'	N. 1° 57'
25	Bandeya (Wasp Rapids)	.	.	"	6	6	5	5	26° 45'	N. 1° 58'
26	Camp	.	.	"	7	7	4	4	15	56½ hrs.	26° 46' 30"	N. 1° 58' 30"
27	Below Mukupi	.	.	"	6	6	4	4	30	..	26° 48' 45"	N. 1° 57'
28	Opposite Myuni	.	.	"	9	9	6	6	30	..	26° 50' 45"	N. 1° 54'
29	Opposite Mambanga	.	.	"	7	7	5	5	30	..	27° 1' 30"	N. 1° 53'
August 1	Opposite Ngula R.	.	.	"	4	4	4	4	45	N. 1° 51'
2	Below Panga Falls	.	.	"	1½	1½	30	..	27° 9' 45"	N. 1° 41' 16"
3	Panga Falls	.	.	"	1	1	30	..	27° 16' 0"	N. 1° 45'
4	Above Falls	.	.	"	7	7	3	3	45	N. 1° 40'
5	Njambi Rapids	.	.	"	3	3	2	2	45	..	27° 27' 30"	N. 1° 40'
6	Above Rapids	.	.	"	6½	6½	5	5	30	..	27° 31' 45"	N. 1° 37'
7	Utiri	.	.	"	10	10	5	5	30	..	27° 35' 30"	N. 1° 40'
8	Engwedde	.	.	"	7	7	3	3	45
9	Avisibba	.	.	"	3	3	2	2	45
10	Camp	.	.	"	6	6	3	3	45
11	Lower Mabengu Rapids	.	.	"	2½	2½	3	3	30
12	Upper Mabengu Rapids	.	.	"	6½	6½	4	4	30
13	Avu-gadu	.	.	"	9	9	4	4	30	..	27° 27' 30"	N. 1° 40'
14	Avu-gadu Rapids	.	.	"	8	8	4	4	30	..	27° 31' 45"	N. 1° 37'
15	Fisher's Camp	.	.	"	4½	4½	5	5	30
16	Avé-jeli	.	.	"	4	4	1	1	30
17	Little Village	.	.	"	6	6	4	4	30
18	Camp	.	.	"	2½	2½	1	1	30	..	27° 35' 30"	N. 1° 40'
19	Foot of Basopo Cataract	.	.	"	6	6	1	1	30	56 hrs.
20	Basopo Cataract	.	.	"	2	2	1	1	30
21	Foot of Rapids	.	.	"	6	6	4	4	30
September 1	Carried forward	.	.	.	1698							

Date.	Name of Place or Camp.	Distance in Miles.	Time occupied in Hrs. Min.	Rain during Month.	E. Long.	Latitude.	Above Sea Level.
BY ARUVIMI RIVER— <i>continued.</i>							
1887. September 3 4 5 6 8 9 10 11 12 13 15 16 17 19 20 21 22 23 25 26 28 30	Camp	1698	3 30	N. 1° 40'	1916
	Brought forward						1964
	Top of Cataract	4	2 45	N. 1° 29'	
	Hippo Breads Camp	3	1 30	N. 1° 30'	
	Foot of Bafuido Cataract	8	5	27° 54' 30"		
	Aréyabu	9	5	27° 56'	N. 1° 26'	
	Navaiya Rapids	7	4 30	N. 1° 24'	
	Navaiya Cataract	3½	3 30		
	Navabi Village	4	3 30		
	Camp	6	5 4		
	Amiri Falls	6½	4		
	Rapids	5½	5		
	Below Ugarrowwa's Station	5½	5	..	28° 0' 45"	N. 1° 23'	
	Opposite Ugarrowwa's Station	1½	1	28° 5'	N. 1° 20'	
	Camp below Bunda Village	7	4 30	..	28° 18'	N. 1° 18'	
	Near Lenda R.	9	6			
	Above Lenda R.	2	1 30	..			
	Umeni	5	3			
	Near Cataract	6½	4			
	Old Arab Camp	3	4			
October 3 4 5 6 7	Opposite Avetiko	3	5	28° 20' 45"	N. 1° 16'	2548
	Opposite island	7	5	28° 24'	N. 1° 13'	
	Native Camp at Ferry	8	6 ..	65 hrs.	28° 25'	N. 1° 11'	
	Narrows	4	5			
	Crossed River to right bank	1½	1	28° 30'	N. 1° 10'	
	Nelson's Starvation Camp	2	1			
	(recrossed to left bank)						
	Camp (Inland)	4½	4 30	..			
	Camp on island	7	7	..			

		Camp opposite island	.	.	Forest		2	2	28° 37' 45"	N. 1° 10'	
8		Camp	2	7	6	..	28° 37' 45"	N. 1° 10'	
11		Camp	4½	4½	3	..	28° 43' 30"	N. 1° 4' 26"	2340
12		Crossed Aruwimi River to N. bank	28° 44'	N. 1° 4' 45"	
14		Camp (Inland)	4½	4½	4	..	28° 44'	N. 1° 9'	
15		Camp	7	7	5	30	28° 51'	N. 1° 6' 11"	2935
16		Camp	7	7	5	30	28° 54' 45"	N. 1° 9'	2889
17		Camp	2	2	2	30	28° 58' 45"	N. 1° 13' 22"	2560
18		Ipoto. Kilonga-Longa's Station	5	5	15	51½ hrs.	29° 10' 45"	N. 1° 14' 28"	3607
28		Yumbu	6	6	4	30	29° 14'	N. 1° 19'	3810
29		Busindi	8	8	5	45	29° 15'	N. 1° 20' 15"	3503
31		Camp	8	8	5	45	29° 25'	N. 1° 20'	3310
November 1		Mambungu's	9	9	6	15	29° 39' 15"	N. 1° 22'	3610
3		Camp	5½	5½	3	30	29° 41'	N. 1° 22' 23"	3470
4		Ndugubisha	5½	5½	3	30	29° 46'	N. 1° 21' 40"	3758
5		West Indé-karu	9½	9½	5	45	29° 51' 45"	N. 1° 26'	4350
6		Indé-karu on Hill	2½	2½	1	30	..	N. 1° 24'	3814
8		Camp	11	11	7	2950
9		Camp	9½	9½	6	15	3470
10		W. Ibvirí (site of Fort Bodo)	4½	4½	2	45	
24		Camp	9	9	5	15	
25		Indé-mwani	8½	8½	4	30	
26		W. Indé-nduru	11½	11½	5	30	
27		E. Indé-nduru	7	7	3	15	
29		Baburu	10	10	5	15	64½ hrs.	..	
30		Bakwuru (Mount Pisgah, 4600 ft.)	3½	3½	2	15	
December 1		Three Hut Village.	10½	10½	6	15	
2		Indé-sura	7	7	4	15	
		(End of the Forest)	8½	8½	5	
4		Camp. Cross W. Ituri River.	7	7	5	30	30° 0' 0"	N. 1° 28'	
5		(First in the GRASS LAND)	
5		Babusssé Villages	
6		Crossed Ituri or Aruwimi River	
		Carried forward	2028½	2028½	

Date.	Name of Place or Camp.	Distance in Miles.	Time occupied in Hrs. Min.	Rain during Month.	E. Long.	Latitude.	Above Sea Level. Feet.
INLAND—continued.							
1887.	Brought forward	2028 $\frac{3}{4}$					
December 7	Crossed East Ituri River	4	2 30				4235
8	Undusuma. (Mazamboni's)	13	6 45	..	30° 10' 45"	N. 1° 25' 15"	4657
12	Uzanza or Gavira's	9	5	5282
13	(Brow of Plateau overlooking Lake)	
14	Lake Plain	13	8 ..				
	Shore of the Albert Nyanza	5	2 30	..	30° 20'	N. 1° 19' 6"	2400
	By Aneroid No. 1	2235
	Altitude of Lake	2400
	above sea.	2400
	No. 2	2245
	No. 3	2245
	By Hypsometer	5353
	Balegga Hills above Lake	
(Returning from Lake.)							
16	To foot of Plateau	9	6				
17	Uzanza (Gavira's)	10	4 45	4657
19	E. Undusuma	12	6	4235
20	W. Urunangwa	12	6	
21	East Ituri River	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 30				
23	Main Ituri River	4	2 2				
24	To Bridge across River	2	1				
28	Village W. of Mbiri	11	5 4				
29	Indé-sura.	8	4 30				
30	Edge of Forest	7	5				
31	Three Hut Village.	9	5 45	31 $\frac{1}{2}$ hrs.			
1888.	Imburungu	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	3	..	29° 42'	N. 1° 29'	
January 1	Indé-tongo	..	30	..			

2	Indé-sodi	.	.	.	Edge of Forest	5	3					
3	Barikunga	.	.	.	"	7	5					
5	Indé-mwani	.	.	.	"	9	4	45				
6	Pigmies' Camp	.	.	.	"	8½	5	5				
7	Fort Boro	.	.	.	"	7½	4	15	29½ hrs.	3503
January 16 to { April 26 {	During Building of Fort Bodo Lt. Stairs } proceeds to Ipoto and returns } Then proceeds to Ugarrowwa and back .					157½	43½ hrs.			
						400	60½ hrs.			
SECOND JOURNEY TO ALBERT NYANZA.												
April 2	Camp	4	2	30				
3	Pigmies' Cross Roads Camp	.	.	.	Forest	8½	6	10				3510
4	Indé-mwani	.	.	.	"	5½	3	20	
5	Pigmies' Camp	.	.	.	"	6½	4	20				3610
6	W. Indé-nduru	.	.	.	"	5	3	45	3470
7	E. Indé-nduru	.	.	.	"	7	3	45	3758
8	Baburu	.	.	.	"	10	5	30	
9	W. Mandé	.	.	.	"	9	5	30				3000
10	Ituri River Ferry	.	.	.	"	3½	2	30	3565
11	First Camp	.	.	.	Grass-land	7½	4	30				3718
12	Bessé	.	.	.	"	7	3	30	4235
13	Near Mukangi	.	.	.	"	7	4	30	4657
14	Undassuma	.	.	.	"	12	6	45	4803
16	Uzanza (Gavira's)	.	.	.	"	9	5	45	N 1° 28' 33"	
18	Kavalli's	.	.	.	"	9	5	30	N. 1° 25' 33"	
25	Bundi	.	.	.	"	6	3	45	N. 1° 25'	
26	Badzwa	.	.	.	"	3	2	45	..	30° 24'	30° 33' 45"	2400
29	Albert Nyanza, Meeting with Emin.	.	.	.	"	7	3	30	48½ hrs.	..	N. 1° 30' 15"	
30	Nsabé—Along Lake shore	.	.	.	"	5	3	..				
	Carried forward					2893½						

Date.	Name of Place or Camp.	Distance in Miles.	Time occupied in Hrs. Min.	Rain during Month.	E. Long.	Latitude.	Above Sea Level.
	IN SEARCH OF REAR COLUMN.						Feet.
	Brought forward	2893½	4				
1888.	Badzwa	10	3				
May	Bundi	3	3				
26	Uanza (Gaviru's)	8	3				
27	Usiri	5	3				
29	Udussuma	6½	3				
30	Mukangi	12	5				
June	Ukuba, Bessé.	8	4				
1	Ituri River Ferry	14½	6				
2	W. Maudé	3½	4				
3	E. Indepessu	13	1				
4	W. Indé-karu	13	30				
5	W. Indé-nduru	13	6				
6	Pigmies' Cross Roads	13	7				
7	Camp	12	20				
8	Fort Bodo	11½	7				
16	Camp	12½	7				
17	Indé-karu on Hill	12½	8				
19	Ndugubisha	12½	15				
20	Nzali's	11½	5				
21	Camp of 31st October	12	45				
22	Busindi.	12	7				
23	Ipoto (Arab settlement)	7	20				
25	Ituri River Ferry	4	50				
26	Camp of October 14th, 1887	5½	15				
27	Camp	11	8				
28	Nelson's Starvation Camp	10	6				
29	Iyuku	8½	7				
30	Camp	9	7				
July	"	4	45				
1	Camp on Lenda River	9	7				
2				43 hrs.			

Date.	Name of Place or Camp.	Distance in Miles.	Time occupied in Hrs. Min.	Rain during Month.	E. Long.	Latitude.	Above Sea Level. Feet.
IN SEARCH OF REAR COLUMN—continued.							
1888.	Brought forward	3438 $\frac{3}{4}$					
August 13	S. Mupé	11	4 30				
15	Below Mariri Rapids	9	10				
16	Bungangeta Island.	20	7				
17	Banalya. Discovery of Rear Column	7	1 30				
THIRD JOURNEY TO ALBERT NYANZA.							
21	Bungangeta Island.	7	3				
31	Opposite Central Mariri.	12	6	47 hrs.			
September 1	Mariri Rapids	8	3				
2	Upper Mariri.	4	4				
3	S. Mupé	5	3				
5	Batundu	11	7				
8	Elephant Playground	10	6 30				
9	Below Bandeya	5	30				
10	Bandeya	3	3 45				
12	Opposite Manguni.	10	6 30				
13	" Myyui	9	7				
14	" Mambanga	9	5				
17	" Ngula R. mouth	9	5 30				
18	" Island	7	4 35				
19	" Panga Falls	4	4 30				
20	Camp above Falls	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	1				
21	Nejumbi Rapids	4	4				
24	Camp above Utiri	9	15				
25	Eugwedlé	9	6 45				
26	Avisibba	7	3 30				

Date.	Name of Place or Camp.	Distance in Miles.	Time occupied in Hrs. Min.	Rain during Month.	E. Long.	Latitude.	Above Sea Level.
THIRD JOURNEY TO ALBERT NYANZA— <i>contd.</i>							
November 1888.	Brought forward	3848					Fet.
	Camp	9	6				
	"	8½	6				
	Andikumu	6½	4	..	28° 54'	N. 1° 29' 15"	3414
	Camp	4½	3	45			
20	"	5	4				
21	"	7½	5	30			
22	"	8½	6	..	29° 2'	N. 1° 44'	
23	"	3½	2	30			
25	Indé-nan	6½	3	30	29° 7' 45"	N. 1° 47' 16"	3635
December 1888.	Dui River	9	5	30	3296
	Andi-uba	9	5	30	3360
	Addi-ghlha	6	3	..	29° 18' 30"	N. 1° 39'	3462
	Ngwetza	7½	4	3565
	Camp	7½	6	30	
	"	7	5	30			
	Starvation Camp	8½	6	15	29° 21' 30"	N. 1° 27' 15"	3600
	Camp of 7th December	8½	5	30	3472
	Starvation Camp	8½	5	30			
	Ihuru River	5	3	30		..	3380
18	Camp	5	3	45			
19	Plantations of Fort Bodo	6	5				
20	Fort Bodo	3	2	3503
23	Pignies' Cross Roads Camp	9	5	30	3683
24	Pignies' Camp	5	2	30	3865
	(A portion of the Column proceeds from Fort Bodo to Ihuru River and returns to Pignies' Camp)	106½	52	16½ hrs.			

Date.	Name of Place or Camp.	Distance in Miles.	Time occupied in Hrs. Min.	Rain during Month.	E. Long.	Latitude.	Above Sea Level.
RETREAT TO THE SEA— <i>continued.</i>							
1889.	Brought forward	4801½	2 15	..	30° 11' 45"	N. 0° 47' 3"	Feet.
May 23	Baki Kundi	4	2 30	..	30° 14' 45"	N. 0° 45' 49"	2942
25	Village	5	3 2	N. 0° 38' 48"	3345
26	Ugarana. Edge of Forest	4	2 30	6¼ hrs.	..	N. 0° 40'	3950
29	Butana	7	4	N. 0° 38'	3861
30	Bukoko	8	5	N. 0° 37'	10,677
June 2	Banzombo	3	3	N. 0° 29'	3200
3	Bakokoro	8	3	4500
5	Murega	4	2 30	3990
	Stairs' Highest ascent to below Twin Cones	..	4 45	3613
9	Forest Camp	7	4 45	3401
10	Ulegga. UKONAU	6½	5	29° 46' 45"	N. 0° 20' 39"	4850
11	Misora	7	4 30	..	29° 49'	N. 0° 2' 30"	3710
	Plain, Ancient bed of Lake below Mitsora	..	4	30° 1' 30"	S. 0° 8' 15"	3461
11	Muhamba. USONGORA	10	4 30	3307
	Upper Senhiki River nearly opposite	..	4	3265
15	Karimi	8½	4	29° 49'	N. 0° 4' 30"	..
16	Rusessé. ALBERT EDW. LAKE—USONGORA	11	4 45	..	29° 53' 30"	N. 0° 2' 30"	..
17	Katwé	12	4 20	..	30° 1' 30"	S. 0° 8' 15"	..
	Lake Albert Edward
	Salt Lake	18½	6 45	..	30° 11' 30"	S. 0° 1' 30"	..
20	Mukungu	11	6 4	..	30° 11' 30"	N. 0° 8'	..
21	Muhokya	10½	4 15	..	30° 16' 15"	N. 0° 13'	5320
22	Buruli. ALBERT EDWARD LAKE—TOSO.	12	5 45	..	30° 20' 30"	N. 0° 19'	3320
25	Nsongi River.	7½	4	30° 24' 45"	N. 0° 15' 30"	3875
26	Kavandare	6½	3 45
28	Camp	6½	3 45	7½ hrs.
29	Chamlerikwa.	6½	3 45

July 1	Kasunga-Nyanza	.	.	.	6	3	15	..	30° 22' 30"	N. 0° 0' 45"	4829
3	Katari. Ankom	.	.	.	9	4	15	..	30° 19' 45"	S. 0° 11' 45"	5260
4	Kilete	.	.	.	8	4	45	6160
5	Kibwiga	.	.	.	5	3	5002
6	Kinyua magara ridge	5750
9	Buzimba	.	.	.	5	2	30	..	30° 28'	0° 10'	5353
10	Kitega	.	.	.	9	4	45	..	30° 31' 30"	0° 16'	4960
11	Katara	.	.	.	6	3	30° 31'	0° 23' 15"	4860
12	Wanaganga	.	.	.	5½	2	45	0° 32' 15"	4860
14	Kasari	.	.	.	7	3	30	..	30° 42' 30"	0° 36' 30"	5300
17	Nyamafoso	.	.	.	10½	4	0° 41'	4890
21	Kasusu	.	.	.	10	4	45	..	30° 47' 30"	0° 43'	4835
22	Namianja	.	.	.	6	3	15	..	30° 51'	0° 45' 15"	4835
24	Viaria	.	.	.	6	3	15	..	30° 54'	0° 46' 45"	4130
25	Mavona	.	.	.	8	4	15	4460
26	Alexandra Nile	.	.	.	11	5	4890
28	Ferry across River (Alexandra Nile)	.	.	.	1½	..	45	..	30° 56' 30"	0° 57' 45"	4720
29	Unya Katara. KARAWE	.	.	.	6	2	50	..	30° 58' 15"	1° 5' 45"	5160
31	Hot Springs, Magata	.	.	.	11	5	31° 0'	1° 9' 10"	5000
August 1	Kirurumo	.	.	.	9	4	3930
2	Buteté	.	.	.	10	4	31° 7' 15"	1° 23'	4220
3	Kivona	.	.	.	11	5	31° 11'	1° 30' 15"	3900
7	Kafuro.	.	.	.	12	6	1° 39' 45"	3900
8	Rozaka.	.	.	.	10	5	4220
10	Utenga	.	.	.	7	3	3900
11	Urigi Lake	.	.	.	9	4	30	..	31° 25' 45"	1° 55' 15"	3930
12	Urigi Lake, Kavari.	.	.	.	9½	4	45	..	31° 29' 45"	2° 0'	4220
13	Urigi Lake, Mutara	.	.	.	7	3	30	..	31° 31' 45"	2° 7' 15"	3900
15	Ngoti	.	.	.	10	4	30	2° 11' 30"	4220
18	Kimwani, Victoria Nyanza.	.	.	.	10	5	31° 48' 45"	2° 17' 30"	3900
19	Nyamagoin, Victoria Nyanza.	.	.	.	12	4	45	..	31° 46' 30"	2° 19' 30"	3900
	Kisaho, Victoria Nyanza.	.	.	.	13	4	45	..	31° 51' 45"	2° 30'	3900
Carried forward					5294½						

Date.	Name of Place or Camp.	Distance in Miles.	Time occupied in Hrs. Min.	Rain during Month.	E. Long.	Latitude.	Above Sea Level.
RETREAT TO THE SEA—continued							
1889.	Brought forward	5294 $\frac{1}{2}$					
August 20	Itari, Victoria Nyanza	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	5	31° 54'	S. 2° 37' 30"	3869
21	Amranda, Victoria Nyanza	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 30	..	31° 56' 30"	S. 2° 48'	3969
22	Bwanga.	11	4	31° 58' 15"	S. 2° 56'	4190
23	Uyombi.	18	6 45	..	32° 12' 15"	S. 3° 0'	4569
25	Kamwaga	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	5	32° 22' 15"	S. 3° 0'	4669
26	Umpeke	13	5	32° 30' 45"	S. 3° 2'	4410
27	French Mission. Usamungu	15	6	32° 42' 45"	S. 2° 59' 15"	4019
28	English Mission, Victoria Nyanza (Makolo's)	13	4 45	15 min.	32° 48' 45"	S. 3° 1' 45"	
September 17	Muzimu, Victoria Nyanza	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 30	..	32° 56' 45"	S. 2° 53' 45"	
18	Genge, near Victoria Nyanza	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 30	S. 3° 6' 30"	
19	Kungu, Uruma. USUKUMA	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 30	..	33° 16' 15"	S. 3° 12'	4160
20	Ikona, Uruma	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 30	S. 3° 24'	4410
21	Muanza, Nera	9	6	33° 28' 30"	S. 3° 31' 30"	4055
22	Soké, Nera	13	6	33° 25' 45"	..	
23	Seke Kwikuru	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 30	
25	Sinyanga	12	5	
26	Sinyanga Kwikuru	3	1 30	
27	Kizumbu	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 30	
28	Masari's	10	4	33° 21' 45"	S. 3° 32' 54"	3810
29	Usongo N.	22	9	33° 26'	S. 4° 5'	4660
October 1	Usongo Central	3	1 15	
9	Nyawa	11	4 45	
10	Singwizi	8	3 45	S. 4° 35'	
11	Manu Tombolo	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 45	4110
13	Camp in Wilderness	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 15	3810
14	"	16	6 15	
15	"	16	4 39	S. 5° 14' 30"	
16	N. Ikungu	12	4	

Date.	Name of Place or Camp.	Distance in Miles.	Time occupied in Hrs. Min.	Rain during Month.	E. Long.	Latitude.	Above Sea Level. Feet.
RETREAT TO THE SEA— <i>continued</i> .							
1889.	Brought forward	5918½	5				
November 26	Mikessé	13	5 30	500
27	Ungerengori River	14½	5				
28	Msua	17	6 45	350
December 1	Mbiki	15	6	250
2	Mbnyuni	6½	2 30				
3	Kibiro	12½	5				
4	Bagamoyo	10½	4				
6	Zanzibar Island by Sea	25					
	TOTAL MILES	6032½					

APPENDIX E.

STATEMENT OF THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF FUND.

RECEIPTS FROM SUBSCRIBERS.

	£	s.	d.
Egyptian Government	14,000	0	0
Sir William Mackinnon, Bart.	3,600	0	0
Peter Mackinnon, Esq.	1,500	0	0
Peter Bonny, Esq., of Dumbarton	1,500	0	0
Baroness Burdett-Coutts	100	0	0
James Sligo Jameson, Esq.	1,000	0	0
Comtess de Noailles	1,000	0	0
Gray, Dawes & Co. London	1,500	0	0
J. Mackinnon, Esq.	450	0	0
H. T. Younger, Esq., of Benmore	500	0	0
Duncan MacNeil, Esq.	1,050	0	0
Alexander L. Bruce, Esq., Edinburgh.	750	0	0
James F. Hutton, Esq., Manchester	250	0	0
Royal Geographical Society	1,000	0	0
W. Burdett-Coutts, Esq.	400	0	0
J. M. Hall, Esq.	375	0	0
N. MacMichael, Esq.	375	0	0
J. Siltzer, Esq.	100	0	0
Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton.	250	0	0
Col. J. A. Grant	100	0	0
W. P. Alexander, Esq.	250	0	0
A. F. Walter, Esq., of the <i>Times</i>	500	0	0
Received from newspapers on account of letters from H. M. Stanley :			
<i>Daily News</i> , London	£500	0	0
<i>Standard</i> , London	250	0	0
<i>Daily Telegraph</i> , London	200	0	0
<i>Manchester Guardian</i>	200	0	0
<i>Scotsman</i> , Edinburgh	200	0	0
	1,350	0	0
H. M. Stanley, refund of cash received from Beyts & Co., Suez.	597	4	1
Eastern Telegraph Co., refund of half rates on Zanzibar Telegrams	167	4	6
Interest on deposits, Ransom & Co.	171	6	4
Gray, Dawes, & Co., refund of Transport	489	0	11
B. Edgington, refund from bills	5	6	10
Messrs. S. Allnatt	3	0	0
Rev. S. Stevenson	2	2	0
African Trading Company (sale of Stores)	152	12	2
Gray, Dawes & Co., amount refunded	30	15	2
Lord Kinnaid	100	0	0
Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington, Limited	250	0	0
	£33,268	12	0

	EXPENSES.	£	s.	d.
Transport and Travelling Expenses		7,202	3	5
Stores		5,046	8	4
Expedition Equipment		2,307	15	7
Wages advanced to Porters.		2,627	15	4
Salaries and Commissions		636	16	8
Telegrams		518	18	0
Insurance		30	2	10
Medical attendance		96	4	9
Special Messenger to Khartoum		65	0	0
Two drafts drawn in Africa for Goods		225	0	0
Petty expenses in London		97	14	10
Eastern Telegraph Co.		35	4	1
Printing		1	7	9
Petty Cash		10	0	0
Wages of Soudanese (Suez Draft).		1,200	0	0
Edinburgh Draft		0	5	0
William Bonny's balance of Salary		242	0	0
Captain Nelson's Expenses		30	9	4
Passage, Stairs and Jephson		41	13	6
Expenses on "Katoria" and "Rewa".		24	11	2
Smith, Mackenzie & Co.'s Draft for Payment of Expedition		6,066	18	10
1st Donation to Lieut. W. G. Stairs		400	0	0
" to A. Mounteney Jephson, Esq.		400	0	0
" to Capt. R. H. Nelson		400	0	0
" to Surgeon T. H. Parke.		400	0	0
" to William Bonny, Esq..		200	0	0
		<hr/>		
		£27,709	9	5

To contributions to Widows and Orphans of deceased Zanzibaris 10,000 rupees

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